

# KANE

75

The Ultimate in C.P Journalism for Adult Enthusiasts



Featuring  
Susan Ellis

Not for sale to  
persons under 18

PUBLISHED BY **son Marks £10**

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

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403 916

MISS  
STEELE  
CHASTISING HER  
SUB TV HUSBAND



0896 403 915



Madam Sin  
Punishing Her  
Transsexual  
Slave

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403 917



BOTTOM  
MARKS

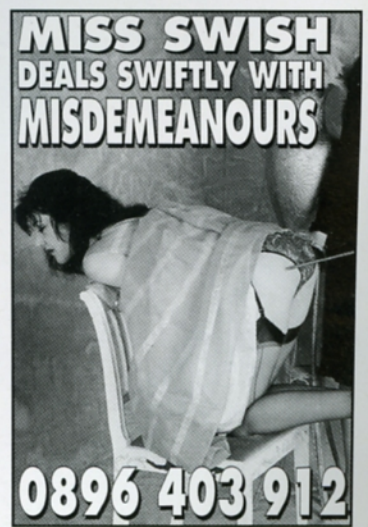
SAM LEARNS  
HER LESSON  
THE HARD WAY

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403 914



MISS  
STERN  
SHOWING  
NO MERCY.  
POOR SUE!!

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403 913



MISS SWISH  
DEALS SWIFTLY WITH  
MISDEMEANOURS

0896 403 912

# KANE 75

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.*

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*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.*

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# A Tot of Brandi

*Interview by: Josie & Cliff James*

*Photos & Spanking by: Cliff James*

Cliff: Tell me Brandi. Just how did you get into spanking?

*Brandi: It started about eight or nine years ago. I was seeing a guy who I'd been going out with for a few months. One night when we were in bed together, you know, making out and whatever, he just started spanking me, quite lightly at first but then heavier. At first I was a little bemused and thought, ooh what is he doing? But as he continued, my thoughts changed, I realised, I was enjoying it. The gentle slapping of his firm hand on my bare skin felt quite erotic. That's how it started and it became a regular part of our foreplay.*

Cliff: Did the spankings progress further than that? Did your boyfriend ask you to dress-up for him, say, as a schoolgirl or nurse, and did he ask you to act out the part of a naughty girl?

*Brandi: No he didn't, that happened with my next boyfriend.*

Cliff: Can interrupt you for just a moment, as I'd like to make sure I have this right. The first boyfriend would only spank you in bed and it would be impromptu, he would just turn you over and give you a few slaps to excite you?

*Brandi: Exactly! Just as part of the love-play, a gentle spanking to warm me up, and it wasn't just my bottom that it made warm.*

Cliff: Nothing hard enough to make you complain or pull away from him.

*Brandi: No! Nothing like that at all. The way he slapped me was very erotic and nice, we both enjoyed it and he could see me getting more turned on*

*and that would make him more turned on and...*

A long pause ensues, as Brandi suddenly becomes lost for words.

Cliff & Josie: And...?

*Brandi: ...a good time was had by all!*

Cliff: Do you think your liking of being spanked stems from something that happened in your childhood?

*Brandi: I don't think it relates to anything that happened in my childhood. I was never spanked or caned. When I was at school children were not spanked or caned. I was never formally punished as a child, although I was given the occasional clip round the ear.*

Cliff: If you had been punished formally, it's quite possible your reaction to your boyfriend's slaps may have been quite different! Many people relate spanking to something unpleasant and had that happened to you, you could have easily thought, oh no, what's he doing - this is not for me!

*Brandi: My liking of spanking definitely does not have anything to do with my childhood. It's just something that was introduced into our love-play and I found that I enjoyed it, and as I said before, it was very erotic and I had the best orgasm I'd ever had while having my bum slapped.*

Cliff: We keep trying to get Josie to try it but unfortunately Larry and I still haven't succeeded and we're still working on it.

*Brandi: What! You're trying to get her spanked?*

Cliff: Larry and I think it's a case of lead by...

Josie: I think example's the word you're looking for.

Cliff: Exactly!

*Brandi: Perhaps the longer Josie's around the spanking scene, the more likely it is she'll try it - or maybe it'll happen just like it happened to me, someone will spank her and she'll find it enjoyable.*

Cliff: I'd like to think you're right, but it will be a very brave person who tries to spank Josie, and it's not going to be me! Well, not just yet. Anyway, back to you Brandi. Just what did happen with your next boyfriend?

*Brandi: It was early on, in what became a long-standing relationship. While we were in bed one night, I just asked him to spank me.*



Cliff: Wow! How did he react to that? I mean, if you were to ask me to spank you I'd have you across my lap before you could even think about changing your mind.

*Brandi: He was more than a little surprised at first and he didn't want to do it. I vividly remember him saying, 'But I don't want to hurt you Brandi,' but I said he wouldn't be hurting me as I enjoy it and find it a*

*very erotic experience, and after a more than a little persuasion, he did start spanking me.*



Josie: It's very difficult when you bring something from a previous relationship into a new relationship, isn't it? Something you enjoyed with a previous partner that you want to bring in with your new one. It's really difficult. How are you supposed to bring it up?

*Brandi: I don't know. With any fetish or dressing up, to come out and say do this or do that, new partners might think, God, am I dealing with some kind of weirdo! Like I said, he kept saying I don't want to hurt you, and I kept telling him that it's not going to hurt me. I tried so hard to explain that being spanked gives me pleasure and that I enjoy it; I enjoy the whole sexual experience a lot more when I'm being spanked. It took was quite a while before he accepted that I really did enjoy being spanked and having my bottom made red.*

Cliff: That's when it becomes a problem.

Josie: Because that is people's stereotype of CP in general and any form of spanking.

Cliff: People who aren't into spanking do not understand!

*Brandi: But then I wasn't into spanking at one time and neither was he, but I got him into spanking - and in a big way!*

Cliff: But you broached the subject. Generally, People who aren't interested don't understand. For example, had your boyfriend slapped your bum and you didn't like it, there's no way you would have understood where he was coming from. People who aren't into the spanking scene don't understand how you can possibly get pleasure from being spanked.

Josie: They think it is all pain.

Cliff: They think it is brutality.

Josie: All they see is a cane or a whip or...

*Brandi: Well it can be. It can be both ways!*

Cliff: Of course, it can be! But we don't like brutality. I personally don't like brutality. Yes, I'm into the spanking scene; no, I don't like brutality! There is a fine line between it.

*Brandi: I quite agree.*

Josie: What I'm saying is: I think Joe public doesn't actually realise, that, as you said Brandi, a few gentle slaps on the bum can be sexual and erotic, they just think of a whip or a cane going "Wham!" They don't understand it goes from one to ten.

Cliff: It's a very fine line. But some people find a whip and cane very erotic. I personally find the crook-handled cane and whip most erotic.

*Brandi: It is a fine line, because for a lot of people pain equals pleasure. For some people the more pain they have enables them to obtain a lot more pleasure.*

Cliff: It's a gradual approach. For example, if you were with your boyfriend and you wanted to be spanked but he only wanted to cane you, I'm sure you'd say no.

*Brandi: I'd have said, I'm out of here, and done a runner!*

Cliff: Straight out of the door - exactly my point. But if he were to spank you first, build it up, then use the strap, I would expect, given half-an-hour or so of this treatment you would be able to take the cane.

*Brandi: It was me that instigated most of the things in my*

*second relationship. It was me that asked him to spank me and it gradually evolved from there. One Christmas I was wondering, what can I get him? I always get him clothes, after-shave - whatever, I wanted to get him something different.*

Cliff: Just a sec. Remember this, Josie, because my birthday is Christmas and last year all I got was a box of chocolates!

*Brandi: All right if I continue?*

Cliff: Just making a point.

*Brandi: And I thought I want to get him something inventive. I was looking around the Soho sex shops and I came across a paddle so I got him that. It was a lovely leather paddle that was embossed with "Spank Me" and I wrapped it up and gave it to him on Christmas Day!*

Josie: Rather a subtle hint? Like a sledgehammer to the head.

*Brandi: So that was my Christmas present. Christmas morning he opened it and he saw this paddle with spank me embossed in it and I got a really good spanking in front of the Christmas tree.*

Josie: That's excellent! I love it. I think that is brilliant.

Cliff: Can you imagine it? Brandi on her hands and knees, her backside up in the air in front of the Christmas tree with all the fairy lights on and this guy slapping her bum.



*Brandi: Tinsel all around!*

Josie: Rockin' around the Christmas tree.

Brandi: He liked it too. We made such a lot of use of that paddle; he certainly decorated my bum with it. It was the best Christmas I've ever had!

Cliff: Oh puh-lease, Santa, make it my turn this year. Joking aside, it's really nice when you hear of couples who are open and in tune with each other.

Brandi: Well we certainly were! And I instigated many more scenarios with him like dressing up.

Cliff: Do you think you have a high pain threshold?

Brandi: I don't know. Everyone has a different pain threshold, so in comparison to say Jo, I might have a high pain threshold.

Cliff: Very high.

Brandi: But compared to you Cliff - I might have a very low one. It really depends who you are comparing me to. I think mine is quite high, but it really does depend on who...

Josie: ...and what is being used.

Brandi: Right!

Cliff: I think it mainly comes down to *who*, as you do need to be turned on by the person who's is doing the spanking, you have to be attracted to them.

Brandi: Most certainly. I wouldn't let anyone near my rear if I didn't fancy them or find them a turn on. I wouldn't enjoy that at all, it has to be an erotic experience to be enjoyed. You want someone with a nice pair of hands, you don't want someone just laying into you, like I said, it has to be an erotic experience or what's the point in doing it?

Cliff: Are you still with this lucky man?

Brandi: No, sadly we split up a few months ago and I'm without a partner at the moment and the only time I get spanked now is when I come to Kane to make the videos. And I get so turned on. At the shooting of *Errant Wives and Secretaries*, I was so turned because I hadn't

been spanked for so long. Luckily though, I'd packed my vibrator that morning in my handbag - and I managed to slip up to the bathroom for fifteen minutes.

At this point, the interview comes to a grinding halt as raucous laughter caused by Brandi's confession takes a grip on the three of us.



Cliff: Join the queue boys - join the queue - there's somebody in front of you. Boy, and I thought the interview with Micki got out of hand!

After a brief respite that allows for the much-needed breakout of alcoholic refreshment, we return to the task in hand.

Cliff: Let me get this right, on the making of *Errant Wives and Secretaries*, you were upstairs in the bathroom for fifteen minutes with your vibrator?

Brandi: At the end of the video shoot. But you have to understand, that day I was as I am now, without a partner, and it had been a long time since I'd been spanked. I'd come to do a video, I got on well with everyone, they were a great crowd. We were telling each other our spanking experiences before getting down to the actual role-play, and when the spanking began it was so hard I ended up really wet and turned on. That's why I disappeared up to the bathroom for fifteen minutes. It was the perfect end to a perfect day.

Josie: Apart from the two boyfriends, have you had any other spanking experiences you can relate to us?

Brandi: There was one incident, it was quite some time ago though. I used to go to fetish night-clubs because I like all the fetish wear and I like watching everyone walking around in all the different types of gear and seeing what they're getting up to. It was one of those clubs where anything goes. I'd wandered off from the group I was with and was in this bar corner where I noticed a woman who was dressed in PVC, thigh high stiletto boots and she had, well, what can only be described as a slave with her. She had him on a collar and leash and was walking him round like a dog.

Cliff: I feel like that sometimes. "Woof!"

Josie: Would you like Brandi and me to beat you then and put you in a dog kennel?

Cliff: Don't tempt me!

Josie: ...and give you some rabies jabs?



Brandi: Oh this woman, she gave him more than a rabies jab. She got out her cane and she started laying into him really fiercely, and after each stroke, he said "Oh thank you mistress" he was so grateful. She saw me watching, I was standing in a darkened corner

and it was really strange, she turned round and said, "Would you like to have a go?" Well I'd had quite a bit to drink by this time...

Cliff: Looking at Josie - You'd say yes, wouldn't you?

Brandi: I think any woman would say yes to the chance to humiliate a man.

Josie: I want to keep that line in.

Cliff: I thought you would.

Brandi: There you are then - I did what any woman would do. I had loads of drink inside me, so I took the cane from her and I started giving her slave six of the best. The feeling was fantastic. I gave the cane a big swing and really laid into his bottom and all he said was "Oh thank you mistress. Thank you." And then he turned round and began kissing my feet, and he was so grateful. I'd never come across anything like this in my life before; it was a really weird experience - especially when he started kissing my feet. Anyway, I continued speaking to this woman as she dragged her slave round on the leash. And it turned out that he was her slave and that he actually paid her to do all her housework, washing up and gardening, pulling out the weeds and thistles, and basically all she did was treat him like a slave. She didn't have to do any housework. She just beat him when he didn't wash up enough dishes and he was paying her for this. She didn't have to pay for a housekeeper, she was being paid, and the housekeeper was paying her for the privilege of doing her menial chores.

Cliff: It happens. So, you thought it was it was an easy way to make money?

Brandi: But of course. I thought it would be a great way to earn some money, but where on earth do you find people like this? It certainly beats the hell out of working in a shop or an office.

Cliff: Have you spanked a guy since or was this the one and only time?

Brandi: sadly no. That was the

*first and only time I've had the pleasure of whipping a man. You will not believe how much pleasure it gave me Cliff. You see; the first thing I notice about a guy is his bum. Some people like nice legs, but the first thing I notice is their bum, and I got so much pleasure from just looking at the slave's bum, let alone the pleasure I received from whipping it with the cane. But the best part was the feeling of having total power over him. The feeling of being in total control of a guy was out of this world.*

Cliff: And poor little you hasn't had the opportunity to repeat it?

Brandi: *That's right. Sadly, that's the only time I've spanked a guys bum. I'm still waiting for an opportunity to repeat my performance, but I've no idea how to go about finding a guy who would enjoy me spanking and whipping him.*

Cliff: Oh come on, I'm sure there are loads of guys out there who've got a few bob to spare and would willingly pay to come and cut your grass, do your vacuuming, dusting, wash your dishes and even your smalls.

Brandi: *I'm sure there are too but where are they?*

Cliff: Well if you're seriously interested, we could ask anyone whose interested to write to you care of Kane Magazine, then perhaps you would be able to fulfil your desire to spank and cane some male bums.

Brandi: *That would be really great, otherwise what should I do. People just don't come up to you in night-clubs and bars and say 'Will you spank my bum?' Where do you meet these people? Yes, If anyone wants me to spank or cane their bum they're welcome to write to me and I promise you I'll reply. Ooh I can't wait. The thought of being in control again and thrashing a bare, manly bottom with a slender cane until it is covered with red stripes has made me all damp.*

*Do you really think guys will write in and ask me to dominate, spank and cane them, Cliff?*

Cliff: I'll stake my pittance of a wage on it Brandi. Mind you, let's make it known that if somebody does want to meet you they can't expect to come and have their bum spanked just like that. They'll have to wine and dine you first and shower you with lavish gifts, perhaps a night on the town, a classy restaurant and dinner for two. I'm certain Brandi doesn't come cheap? Well it doesn't in my pub.

Brandi: *Mmm, I do have very expensive tastes.*

Cliff: We've talked about your introduction to spanking and learnt that through an experience in a fetish night-club you've found you can be, and also enjoy being a very dominant young lady who relishes having a man grovelling at her feet before walloping him.

Brandi: *Especially after a few drinks.*

Cliff: You've already said you like to dress in fetish wear. Do you also like dressing in uniforms and have you been asked to wear a specific type of uniform?





*Brandi: I haven't been asked to, but yes I do enjoy dressing up in uniforms. In fact, I did instigate dressing up scenarios with my second boyfriend. The first time this happened was just after I worked as a waitress in quite a posh establishment. I liked the uniform so much that when I left I kept it. It was similar to a maid's uniform with a little white cap and apron. One time, I dug it out from the back of the wardrobe; it had been there for absolutely years. It still fits because my size hasn't changed very much over the years, and I put on this skimpy outfit and bought it into our role-play. What happened was, one morning I took my boyfriend Scot, a cup of tea while he was in bed, but as I was about to leave the room he called me back saying "Waitress, this tea's cold!" I replied by saying, "I'm sorry about that sir, I'll go and fetch you a hot one," but his reply was, "Well that's not good enough, miss. I'm afraid I'm going to have to give you a bloody good spanking! I don't expect my tea to be brought to me cold!" And that's how we brought the role-play into our bedroom.*

*Cliff: Do you especially like maid's uniforms, and what about PVC?*

*Josie: I bet you're dying to try out your PVC on some poor guy?*

*Brandi: Oh yes! I just love PVC. I've got quite a lot of it because I used to wear it to the fetish clubs, I like the look of it and like the feel of it against my skin and I think it looks brilliant. Yes I do love PVC wear. I actually have a maid's uniform made from PVC.*

*Cliff: If I may change the subject. If I'm not mistaken, you've made three videos for Kane? Starting with, "The Beak, the Mistress and the Schoolgirls" when you were quite young, just over nineteen in fact, I suppose we could say, just a tot of Brandi!*

*Brandi & Josie: Ha, ha - very witty.*

*Brandi: That's like a bad \*\*\*\* joke I once heard.*

At this point Brandi and I exchange extremely distasteful jokes concerning a well-known pop star, but for want of keeping Kane Magazine up and running and not wanting to have the pants sued off of us we'll have to keep the jokes and the stars identity to ourselves.

*Cliff: The Beak, the Mistress and the Schoolgirls, was made quite some time ago. What made you approach George Harrison-Marks for video work?*

*Brandi: Again it was in a night-club. Gosh, you must think I spend my life in them. I got chatting to a girl at the bar and she told me she had worked for Kane, for George. The club we were in was a fetish club and I had already told her of my experiences and my boyfriend as we were talking about the fetish scene in general. That's when she told me she had worked for Kane and suggested that as I liked being spanked I should contact George and get paid for doing what I enjoy.*

*Cliff: As I said in Micki's interview, we get many recommendations, in fact that's how she came! Going back to the first video you made, namely "The Beak, the Mistress and the Schoolgirls" were you apprehensive the day before the shoot, knowing that you were going to get whacked for real and possibly caned. For instance, in the video "Errant Wives and Secretaries" one of the male cast was over enthusiastic which was caused by a misunderstanding during direction. He really did whack the girls hard, although the girls of whom you were one took it really well.*

*Brandi: I wasn't apprehensive about the spanking or any of the implements because I had done that with boyfriend number two; but I was slightly apprehensive about the cane. I don't think I'll ever get used to that it has a stingy sensation whereas the other implements (i.e.) the hand, and strap,*

*paddle and tawse are quite pleasurable. I really don't think I'll ever get used to the cane. So no, I wasn't really apprehensive at all.*

*Cliff: In "The Beak, the Mistress and the Schoolgirls" you worked with Susan Ellis who has become a real favourite with Kane readers. Not that Brandi isn't a favourite. Tell me, does it make any difference to you working with a woman and being spanked by a woman? I ask because Susan Ellis is a very good friend of mine and I know the way she is. Susan isn't*





Or are women just catty and bitchy towards each other.

*Brandi: Yes, that is a problem sometimes. Women can be very bitchy towards each other, but it's mainly because I don't get turned on by women and because of that it becomes just a job. Whereas if a man is doing the spanking I do get turned on and it does become really pleasurable. Women can be very catty. I remember Sue Ellis really did go for*

vicious or spiteful but her attitude when spanking other girls is that, When she works she takes a bloody good thrashing, so if she's dishing it out she expects the other girls to take it as hard as she does. I remember her once telling me that sometimes the girls she is going to smack ask her not to do it too hard, but that she doesn't answer them. She just gives them a sly wink so they don't know how hard she's going to spank them and she certainly does spank them. Bums are always sore after Susan has spanked them. Susan certainly doesn't pull any punches; she spansks for real.

*Brandi: I think I prefer to be spanked by men because all of the men I've been spanked by seem to have had a better touch. Sue Ellis was probably the worst person I've ever been spanked by; she really did go at it. Some men I've been spanked by, really slap hard, but they have a better touch. On reflection, I think men are more considerate. Also, I don't get turned on by women, so I'm more likely to get turned on if I'm being spanked by a man.*

Cliff: Do you think it's because, as Micki said, a woman knows the target area and knows where a slap, a stroke of the cane or strap would be most effective?

*it, I certainly recall that well enough.*

Cliff: Perhaps this is caused by jealousy?

*Brandi: There's always some reason or another and being jealous of the other girls certainly comes into it. I certainly prefer being spanked by a man.*

Cliff: I'm glad to hear it. Well thank you for coming and revealing all to us today, Brandi. It's been a real pleasure talking to you.

*Brandi: You're welcome. I've had a brilliant day and I really enjoyed meeting you Cliff.*

Cliff: Before you go there's one last thing I have to ask you.

*Brandi: Oh, what's that?*



Cliff: We always give our readers what they want and I'm certain there would be an uproar if we didn't prove that this interview really happened by printing some pictures of you being spanked and showing you with a reddened rear.

*Brandi: You mean, you want to spank me, now?*

Cliff: That's right.

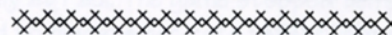
*Brandi: Thank the Lord for that. I thought you were never going to ask! How do you want me?*

Cliff: As you seem so taken with your maid's uniform, I've asked Josie to fetch ours. I'm sure you'll look ravishing in it.

*Brandi: Flatterer. I'll go and slip it on right now.*



*Cliff James: After Brandi had changed into the maid's uniform, I began taking the photos I wanted to accompany her interview. However, things did not go as planned; they went better. It was four thirty in the afternoon, I had just finished the first roll of film when Josie suddenly remembered she had an important meeting scheduled and rushed off leaving me alone with Brandi. Christmas had come early. Not only did I get to take the photos; I got to spank, strap and cane Brandi's gorgeous rear. Heaven! And as the photos show, nothing, but nothing was faked. Brandi, you were a dream come true.*



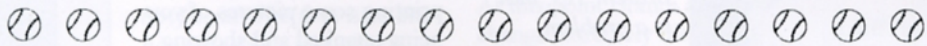
*If you enjoyed our interview with Brandi, why not treat yourself to one of her videos and see her in action.*

*Brandi features in the videos: Errant Wives & Secretaries; The Beak, the Mistress & the Schoolgirls, and, Discipline in the Office. All of these are available at £60 each plus £1.50 P&P.*

*Also available are sets of the accompanying photos. These are full colour glossy prints and are available either as set (A) at £25 which contains 10 photos or set (B) that contains the 18 photos from Brandi's interview plus another 7 unpublished photos taken on the day of the interview.*

*If you would like to meet or just write to Brandi, send your letter and photo addressed to Brandi, Co, J. Harrison-Marks 23 Wellington Avenue, London N15 6AS, enclosing £5 for handling and forwarding costs. Who knows, you might just be the person she is looking for.*

# Game, Set and Match



When Miranda Parkinson had joined her local tennis club six months ago, the last thing on her mind had been that of becoming a regular member. Initially she had gone along one bright summer evening in mid June with her friend Joanne, to see what the club had to offer. Now here she was in mid December, a regular and committed member who took the game seriously, and was often to be seen on one of the three indoor courts.

She had developed from a raw beginner with little talent into one of the club's best players. The transition into the player she now was had been extraordinarily quick. This was partly due to her love of the game, which had inspired her to push herself hard and take in everything she had been taught. Partly also was her dedication to the game; her appearance at the club three times a week had epitomised this. It must be said also that she was lucky being surrounded by many fine, competitive players of both sexes, which spurred her on even more. It was this will to win which had first caught the attention of the club's senior instructor.

Paul Wilson had seen her on that first night and had set himself two goals. The first was the very professional aim of turning this lively young girl into a top class player. This, by the very nature of her enthusiasm and stature, he knew he could do. Having watched her play for thirty minutes at, it had to be said, a poor level, Paul instinctively knew nonetheless that this girl would be going places in the not too distant future. The second aim was one that applied to all new female members, to eventually take her over his knee and give her a jolly good spanking. This he also knew he could do, but more often than not, it was a tougher challenge, than the more acceptable coaching aim.

However in the five years he had been a coach at the club he had spanked no less than fourteen bottoms, and up till now without any recriminations. He had what could only be described as a knack for engineering a situation so that it seemed very reasonable to spank his victim.

Paul had looked at Miranda and was totally confident that sooner or later he would find a good excuse to perform his favourite off-court stroke. This one was a must; a sexy eighteen year old who had caught his roving eye instantly. She was very tall, six foot at least, and possessed long

tanned legs that were enhanced by the short red mini-skirt she was wearing. Her long blonde hair had been tied back into a ponytail that hung loosely down the back of her tight fitting white tee shirt.

The same garment had shown to good effect also that she had a fine pair of pert breasts that stood proudly in front of her. Facially she was very pretty with clear blue eyes, a cute little nose and full red lips, which, Paul mused, had probably been kissed on several occasions. But without doubt, she had the most eminently spankable tight little bum he had ever seen. The sight of it encased in a short mini had caused him to temporarily leave the courts and head for the changing room, before the tingling in his loins became an acute embarrassment. In the safety

of the cubicles, he started to reflect on some of the spankings he had administered over the years. He wondered how and when this next one would come about. It was to be a long and frustrating wait of six months.

When he had first joined the club, he had no idea that the opportunity would present itself so easily to upend a girl and tan her bottom. In fact, the idea had never entered his head, as, up until then, he had always satisfied his whim by regularly



spanking his girlfriend Jade. The first month had passed and Paul had acted like any other sporting coach. He pushed and shoved, shouted, demanded pleaded and praised. He was not afraid to rebuke anybody of either sex, and could regularly be heard scolding players, all in the aim of improving their game. Paul was an excellent coach; he knew it and they knew it. As a result of this, he commanded an almost awesome respect. He was also extremely popular with the ladies, having a strong, charming and persuasive personality to supplement film star looks and finely tuned body. In short, Paul was a lucky bastard who had everything going for him and could get woman to eat cake from his hands. More interestingly though, he could get away with spanking a girl, but he had been in his employ for a month before he realised it.

\* \* \*

The thought of that first spanking caused him to smile as he reminisced. How funny it had been, both to him and Jenny the willing recipient, and the other three players who had made up the whole game of mixed doubles he was coaching. The game had been good to watch, with the exception of Jenny. She had hit four successive smashes into the net and each time Paul had corrected her but to no avail.

'I know you can do better than that!' he had said with a mock severity. On the fifth occasion, he merely shrieked 'Jenny!'

Her rather sarcastic reply had caught him off guard.

'Sorry sir' she had said and pouted at him with a mischievous grin. His reply was instantaneous as he looked the little minx straight in her gleaming eyes and said 'You will be if it happens again.'

All four players giggled, obviously fantasising some kind of schoolroom scenario, before the other girl, Lucy, said: 'Go on sir, keep her in for detention while we go to the pub.'

'I'll do more than that,' he added 'I'll give her a dose of the slipper!'

This caused a major outbreak of laughter after which the game resumed without incident. Needless to say, Jenny and her partner Pete had been easily defeated, mainly due to mistakes made by the female partner. It was all in good spirits though and Jenny couldn't resist putting a finger in her mouth and saying 'I'm sorry if I was naughty sir.' Paul watched her then walk away, her pleated white skirt swaying with movements of her pert bottom.

'It's a good job I'm not really sir,' he joked 'Because if I was I wouldn't hesitate to punish you.' Her cocky reply to this had initiated spanking number one, when she had said: 'Keep on dreaming Paul.' Two seconds later, in full view of the others, he had grabbed the twenty-two year old teacher and pulled her over to a conveniently waiting chair on the other side of the court. 'Sir is not going to dream on young lady, sir is going to smack your bottom!'

The girl blushed furiously and looked at the others. All wore wide grins across their perspiring faces.

'You wouldn't dare?' exclaimed Jenny. But he had, and without any fuss pulled her over his knee as he occupied the chair. Swiftly he lifted her skirt, and oblivious to her pleas,

gave her a good, solid twenty spanks on her white frilly knickered bottom. He had not hit her hard enough to hurt her, but enough to prove his point. When he had stood her on her feet and said 'There my girl, let that be a lesson to you,' the ensemble burst into hysterics that Jenny found hard not to join in.

The episode circulated like wildfire and before long Paul found himself inundated with young girls asking for a spanking in one way or another. There had been some memorable ones. Janice had knocked on his changing-room door, after having showered and changed, and literally threw herself across his desk and demanded a spanking. He vividly remembered lifting her skirt to be greeted by the sight of sheer, black silk knickers with matching stockings and suspenders. He also vividly remembered tanning that wonderful, jiggling arse with a table tennis bat until his arm ached. Then there was Tracy who had got a bit irritable with him when he told her she needed a spanking. The racquet had been thrown at him in disgust, and seconds later she had suffered the humiliation of being bent tightly across the centre of the net and soundly walloped with her own plimsoll while her practice partner looked on in amazement.

\* \* \*

The best one to date though had happened only last week. Yes, spanking number fourteen was his favourite. Sue had a great body and for a long time had been at the top of his fantasy list. She was a well-behaved girl unfortunately and also, alas, very good at tennis. However, just when Paul had given up hope on this one, fate lent a helping hand. One night during a game, Sue's father came bursting into the club demanding to speak to his daughter immediately. He wanted an explanation for the piece of paper he was waving in his hand, which looked very much like a parking ticket. The petite auburn haired student had blushed scarlet and looked over apologetically at Paul. The game stopped temporarily whilst the girl tried to placate her irate father, and resumed some five minutes later. Afterwards, Paul could not hide his curiosity and asked the bubbly girl what the outcome was.

'Oh daddy's a big softie at heart, he just told me that if I get another ticket he'll stop me using his car; but he won't,' she replied almost rebelliously. Paul had looked at her with the look of mock severity he had made into an art. 'Well I hope you don't ever treat me like that young lady,' he warned.

'What and risk getting spanked; no thanks!' she sneered.

'I would you know; and I would even tell your dad I had done it.'

'Good for you. It's just a pity that I'm a bit too old for that sort of thing,' she declared confidently. This was just what Paul wanted to hear. 'Oh no you're not. The ensuing answer surprised him, especially coming from the hitherto well bred Susan. Being told to "fuck off" had annoyed him, and he knew that this was probably the nearest he would get to administering a punitive spanking. However he set about his task in a light hearted manner and relished every moment of it. Susan was grabbed by a firm arm and taken to a bench



**HIS GRIP TIGHTENED ON THE GIRL'S FLAILING ARMS UNTIL  
THEY WERE PINNED IN THE MIDDLE OF HER BACK**

in the now deserted changing room. Despite several threats, bad language and the odd kick, Paul easily dragged the vibrant young miss over his manly thighs. The girl was wearing tight white ski pants through which could be seen the outline of an extremely tiny pair of knickers. The sight of this transfixed Paul and he had almost forgotten what he was about, until a timely 'Let me go you bastard!' had brought him back to reality. His grip tightened on the girl's flailing arms until they were pinned in the middle of her back, and then with his free right arm he raised his hand high in the air and brought it down with a resounding splatt on the upturned derriere. The feel of his hand on this particular bum was wonderful and it was no surprise that this young lady stayed over her coach's knee for a good fifteen minutes. It was a spanking that neither of them would forget in a hurry. Only when she repeatedly yelled and promised to be a good girl in future did Paul relent, and concluded the session with six real stingers that left his right palm numb.

All he wanted now was the ultimate prize - Miss Miranda Parkinson wagging her beautiful little bottom over his lap. He had drooled for six months now and had only hesitated for one very reason. He feared she would leave the club if he spanked her. He had intimated his intention on several occa-

sions, but the cold stares of defiance he had always received in return, had caused him to refrain. He couldn't risk losing his best player, and therefore resigned himself to the fact that this one was to be a fantasy rather than a fulfilment. It was very frustrating; made worse by the fact that, out of all the women he had previously spanked, she merited it more than all of them; not for her tennis, for, under his guidance that was now excellent, but because of her personality. What people disliked about her was her arrogance and poor sportsmanship. It was her will to win and hatred of losing that had first caused the discerning coach to take her under his wing. He had thought at the time that he could calm her down, polish up her game, and court etiquette, without detrimental effect. He had succeeded in every area except control of her temper on court. She had in fact got worse and could be likened to McEnroe when in full tantrum.

In the tournaments recently introduced to the club she had won very easily and had overcome opposition from every other club who visited. There was no doubting her tennis ability, but it was the way she won her games that was infuriating. Intimidation of the linesman and lengthy, vociferous outbursts were

the expectation each time she took to the court. Paul knew she needed a good spanking, and one, which would produce tears, to make her into a more likeable person. What irony. Here was somebody who didn't need manipulating to succumb; instead, here was a girl who was earning what she deserved.

\* \* \*

The next tournament was to be her undoing. Exactly six months after joining, with a series of victories behind her, Miranda prepared for the big one, an area final against opposition from another town. Her opponent was Jane Willis who was a better player and had a superb temperament. Paul, of course, told Miranda none of this, just his usual pep talk that was a mixture of encouragement and pleas to moderate the outbursts. The latter request was greeted with the customary "drop dead" look from the impatient girl. Having made Paul feel totally inadequate she then turned and marched onto court with a look of supreme arrogance. Paul was totally unaware that in less than one hour from now his long awaited fantasy would come true and he would deliver a hearty public spanking to his spirited protégé.

The match had started favourably enough with the first set going to Miranda 6-2. The second set redressed the

balance with the visitor taking it by six games to four, and early signs that Miranda was becoming displeased with aspects of her performance and some of the decisions against her. By the middle of the third set she had become the hissing wildcat that Paul had feared and began hurling abuse at officials; this on top of calling her opponent a cheat for not supporting one of her colourful attempts to reverse a decision. With the score at 5-3 in favour of Jane Willis, and the opposition serving for the match, a disconsolate Paul sat with his head in his hands, totally appalled by the spectacle on the court that had ruined an otherwise good tennis match. God knows what the couple of hundred spectators must have thought.

Paul prepared to accept the tantrum he knew would come with defeat and was on his way to the changing rooms when a female voice accosted him. He was surprised to learn that it was Miranda's mother, who was very upset at her daughter's behaviour and suggested that Paul had been too soft with her. Apparently, her father had always worked away and as a result, Miranda had grown up spoilt and undisciplined. 'What she really needs Mr Wilson is a good spanking, and you have my permission to do it here and now.' Paul's face showed visibly the shock of what he had just heard; his dream was about to come true and inside he was dancing with joy.

Oh how he itched to spank this girl and avenge the way she had treated him over the last six months. His thoughts were then disturbed by the cheer from the crowd as one final volley sealed victory for the Willis girl. The visitor threw her arms in the air and ran to the net where she received a grudging handshake from the loser, who then quickly retreated to the changing-room ashen faced. A smug look of satisfaction came over Paul's face as he watched those lithe legs march defiantly off court. He scrutinised every millimetre of the perfect bottom as it swayed within its short white skirt, thrilled by the fact that he would be making it dance very soon.

Paul decided to wait for her to reappear for the presentation on court rather than chastise her privately. After all, he was sure everyone here today would want to witness this young brat getting her comeuppance. Loud clapping greeted the reappearance of both play-

ers who had now changed into tracksuits and were carrying their bags with them. The presentation to the victor was dignified and met with generous applause. The presentation to Miss Miranda Parkinson however involved the loser skulking onto the stage, snatching her losers medal and skulking down again.

A triumphant Jane stood in the middle of the court trophy aloft. Cameras clicked all around the arena and the applause continued. An extremely dejected Miranda sat on the side and stared into her sports bag. Paul almost felt sorry for her but felt his anger rise again when she pushed away a photographer and became involved in a touchline



**PAUL HAD WAITED A LONGTIME FOR THIS MOMENT  
AND HE SAVOURED EVERY SECOND**

argument with the umpire. In a trice Paul was there, apologised to the umpire for all he had endured and gestured for the photographer to return.

'I don't bloody well want my photo taking Paul!' she spat.

'Well I'm afraid you are Miranda. It's one for posterity,' he answered bluntly. So saying he grabbed her by the arm and wrenched her up from where she was sitting. Then, taking her by the wrist he marched both her and the chair she had just vacated into the middle of the court. Jane Willis looked on with astonishment, as the crowd hushed and all that was heard was the following



**THIS DONE, SHE TURNED AND HEADED FOR THE TENNIS COURT, GIVING HIM A GLIMPSE OF ANOTHER PAIR OF SCANTY KNICKERS AS HER SKIRT TWIRLED AROUND WITH HER.**

*R*

dialogue: 'Paul, what are you doing?'

'Something I should have done ages ago.'

'What - what do you mean?'

'I'm going to spank you.'

Before she had time to utter a single objection, the crowd roared with approval. The chair was placed in position and before she knew where she was, a bewildered Miranda found herself staring at the court just inches from her head. The long legged beauty, now wearing a tight silver tracksuit, was stretched across Paul's lap so that her nose almost touched the floor on one side and her trainer covered toes rested on the other. In the middle was a tightly covered upturned bottom awaiting punishment. Paul had waited a long time for this moment and he savoured every second. For a full minute he grinned as he, along with the rest of the crowd listened to the abusive comments emanating from the form draped so indignantly over his knees. Even before the spanking had started Miranda was bawling like a baby and kicking her legs up and down. In about ten minutes from now thought Paul these will be real tears.

So, with one quick glance at Miranda's mum for approval, Paul began. He encircled the girl's waist with his left arm and raised his right arm high in the air. The smack when it came was solid and landed on the right buttock. Miranda yelled loudly and as she did, received an equally hard one on the left side of her now madly wriggling bottom. Paul set up a lively alternating rhythm that was causing the recipient a great deal of pain and the on looking crowd a great deal of joy. From where she was lying she could twist her head and just about see Jane Willis standing close by along with a local man of the media who clicked away merrily with his camera. Paul in the meantime was starting to feel the pressure on his palm and decided to conclude this demonstration of court etiquette on the bare. The tracksuit bottom was hauled down to the girl's knees to reveal a bottom hugging pair of lacy pink knickers. In desperation Miranda reached back with her

hands to try and prevent what she had obviously anticipated was going to happen next. In doing so she twisted her face upwards and presented the excited photographer with his best shot yet, of her tear stained face. This proved to be too much for the luckless girl and she visibly capitulated under the torrent of spanks, allowing herself to lie limply across her punisher's lap. Her anger had dissipated now and was replaced by self-pitying appeals for Paul to stop. Paul of course had other ideas, and slowly peeled down her knickers to reveal an already well-chastened plum red bum.

The concluding spanks were as spectacular as the tantrum that had earned it in the first place, comprising of sixty alternating smacks to each upturned cheek. All were delivered with force and caused Miranda to thrash her legs up and down and hammer her fists on the floor beneath her. Well before the final few spanks she was crying loudly. The lesson had been learnt; and as Paul released the sobbing girl, the sting in his hand told him that he had just meted out his best spanking ever.

\* \* \*

One week later, after Miranda had stormed away vowing never to return, Paul sat in his small office at the club and beamed at the photograph on the sports page of the local newspaper. It bore the caption "Tennis Tantrum Tamed" and showed the losing finalist receiving her runners up prize. As he folded his newspaper and put it into a drawer for safe keeping a timid knock on his door interrupted his thoughts. He looked up incredulously; half with delight, to see Miranda standing there, racquet in hand and dressed in her usual tennis outfit. She smiled at him and merely said 'Sorry' before planting a huge kiss on his cheek. This done, she turned and headed for the tennis court, giving him a glimpse of another pair of scanty knickers as her skirt twirled around with her. Game, set and match to me he thought, and hoped it would not be too long before his tennis ace found herself across his knees again. ○○○

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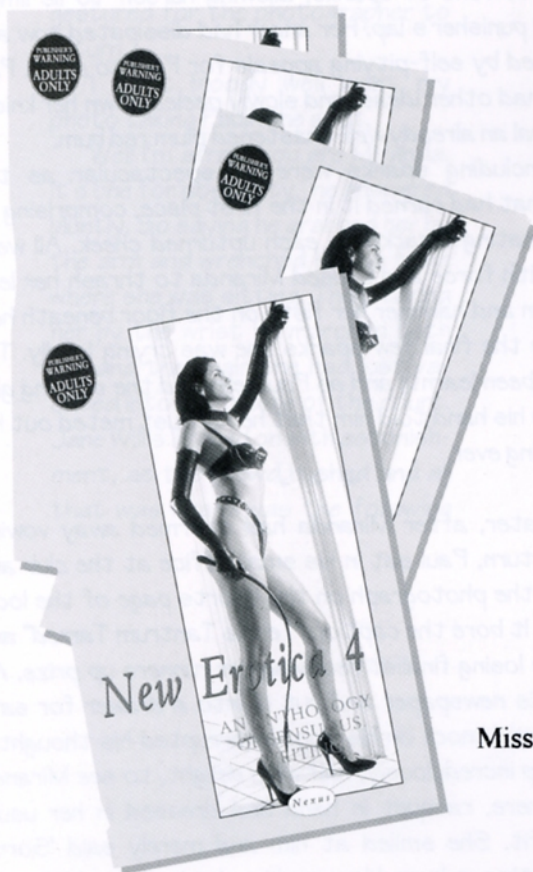
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# THE DULL LECTURE

When I was promoted to senior engineer, I began to attend the technical talks, lectures and discussions arranged for members by the branch committee of my professional institution. These are monthly meetings held in one of the bigger hotels, or the local country club. Some of us younger members bring our wives, who either sit throughout the talks trying not to look bored, or wait in the bar, or lounge until they are over. Linda and I always enjoy the monthly night out.

My wife, Linda, often comes a long, though the talks are of no interest to her, she likes to meet the other wives for a chat afterwards.

One talk they were keen to hear was on the equality of women in industry. There was good attendance of wives that night. Linda sat with me looking slim, dark, and very elegant as usual. She has an easy, natural charm and wears her clothes so well. She still fascinates me after over ten years of marriage.

That night, the speaker was tedious and made heavy going of his subject. When he'd finally concluded we gathered in the bar, as usual. The chat centred on the dreary talk we'd just sat through and been bored by. 'He's certainly laboured the point of male dominance in industry.'

Ken Wilson's wife, Mary, said, 'What a weary man! How did he ever manage to choose women for his subject?' She still seemed confused. The rest agreed with her.

Ann Boyd, a small fluffy blonde added, 'But he made some good points, that I found very interesting! Women being spanked, for one!'

Another woman said, 'No wonder! He talked about women from the Stone Age to the present. He couldn't help saying something interesting.'

With a very thoughtful look, Linda said 'I liked the bit about woman's complex psychological make-up being the result of the harsh treatment by men.' She looked vaguely annoyed, or piqued.

Tom Boyd winked at me as he asked, 'When was the last time you were harshly spanked, Linda?'

Tom's another big, mild chap, like me.

Linda didn't reply and Anne said seriously, 'I know what you mean. Take no notice of him!' They smiled as if they knew about spanking.

We men got into our own lines of chat, mainly about work, but the wives went on chatting about the lecture. Mary and Linda were into a fairly deep discussion that seemed very serious. Other girls chipped in now and again. They all seemed to agree for once...

Getting ready for bed, Linda took her time as she does when she wears her best undies. I lay in bed and watched her, as usual. She's convinced this has some erotic effect - and she's probably right! We had our usual sexy session to end our evening out.

Over breakfast the next day, Linda had a lot more to say about the talk we'd sat through. This surprised me, but I made few comments. I never am too bright at breakfast so I didn't state any firm opinions. Driving to work, I forgot about this. I had

other things to think about.

That evening she began again, about the talk. 'What do you think about women being psychologically unsuited for senior positions?' she asked seriously. 'And about women being spanked. For centuries!'

We were sitting comfortably. I was content, well fed and relaxed. I didn't want to get into any arguments with her. I'd had a hard day.

'Haven't had much time to think about it yet,' I said, not wanting to get into any deep discussions. The mental effort needed to disagree with her wasn't what I had in mind to ruin my evening. 'What's on TV?'

'Oh, come on!' she said eagerly. 'You must have some opinion!'

'Hmm, yes,' I said mildly. 'He may have been right. You girls can be hard to understand - not too logical at times.'

'I knew you'd say that! There was a tone of triumph in Linda's voice. 'And what makes females so hard to understand?' I shrugged non-committal, trying to think up a good reply.

'It's as that man said last night. It's a fact! Men have used their strength for ages to make women submit, haven't they? By tanning them!'

'Umm, yes, I suppose so,' I nodded. 'But only because we've been trying to understand for thousands of years and failing. In the old days, they probably gave up when they couldn't and tanned hell out of the girls. Ladies bottoms were designed to be slapped you know.'

'Oh I see!' Linda nodded now. 'So if we don't agree you'll just bash me until I change my mind, will you?'

'No, but you may get a good spanking - you're built for it anyhow.'

'What! Because they used clubs in the Stone Age to get their girls?'

'No,' I smiled, 'Because I might enjoy doing it to you.' As I spoke I realised this was probably true. I'd never thought about it before.

'You!' she snapped. 'You're far too slow, or is this a new cave man act! Forget that idea. You're not the type!'

'No,' I said mildly. 'But the cave men may have been as charming as Robert Redford, to the girls, and just used clubs on each other, to make a point. Stone Age man may have been as appealing as Paul Newman, or.'

'Humph!' Linda interrupted. 'So now you're taking it as a joke!'

'Who me? When I can see you're serious - no way! There is one thing though - but I don't want to argue about it. Someone has to run a family and make the decisions, even if it does mean a spanking now and again.'

'So I'd better watch my step then.' Linda spoke with hands on hips, still looking for an argument perhaps. She was in that mood, standing close and almost daring me to. I didn't, but I felt a stab of mildly erotic interest in the possibility. She was wearing the right skirt.

'You know,' I said calmly. 'There are a few odd things...'

'Such as?' she snapped. 'Name one!'

She had no idea what was in my mind, and I wasn't too sure.

But it concerned me spanking her hard...

'Those blasted holiday brochures of yours,' I said quietly.

'Oh those don't matter!'

'Okay, they don't matter. But they are damned annoying at times.'

'Why? Because you prefer to stay in England?'

'No, because we can't afford to go abroad for our holidays yet.'

'That's no reason! It's just as cheap - anyhow I like looking through them and reading about the places...' Linda paused, then she added, 'Oh, I suppose you're right.'

She can spend an evening looking through holiday brochures and trying to get me interested. With my dark colouring I tan easily, but Linda has dark hair with blue eyes and a pale skin that make her into a sun worshipper. She wouldn't get a tan if we went to Death Valley, or the Sahara. But she'd try hard enough to get burned to a crisp.

We stared at each other for a long few seconds, and then she went off to the kitchen without a word. I settled down to watch a programme on TV. Later, as I was getting into a good book she was back with some tea. She'd forgotten her concern about our talk now. We sat chatting and drinking tea. Suddenly she said brightly, 'You'll never guess what!'

'No? Go ahead then, tell me about it.'

'Just look at this!' She whipped out a travel brochure, thick and coloured, and came to stand close by my chair, leafing through it, and adding, 'This is really terrific!'

I could imagine, but waited until she found the right page. She found it and leaned down to show me, pointing. 'What do you think about that?' she asked proudly, as if it was something special. It was the usual beach, sea, sun and hotel scenes.

I took the brochure, dropped it, grabbed her, pulled her down across my knees, and held her there struggling, neatly upended.

'What do you think about that?' I asked quietly. That is terrific! Remember what we were saying about brochures? This is where you get yours, lady! A good spanking won't do you any harm, as you're interested.'

'Oh, no!' She remembered all right. 'I forgot!'

Up to then I hadn't intended to spank Linda, but the sight of her well-rounded bottom in that skirt decided me very suddenly. My hand slapped down firmly while she was still trying to think of a name to call me, or some threat, 'Slap!'

'You - you - ow!' she cried, going rigid. 'Oh you moron!'

I slapped her again on both cheeks. Not as hard this time, my hand was stinging. I leaned down to her as I struck, to hold her. Smack!

'Ow! Oh, you damned -' Slap - 'Ow!' she shouted furiously, tense now and wriggling madly. I held her very firmly.

This was something new for us, Linda wailing and kicking over my knee.

Linda and I very rarely argue, and when we do it usually ends up amiably. I let her do most of the talking; at six-foot-one I'm too big to argue. Later, we agree on the best answer, often in bed when she, or I, have an advantage at that moment. She'll agree to almost anything, asked at the right moment. The same thing works with me, but I don't complain about it afterwards. We found that this works well for us, so we've kept it up. Linda gets a lot of her own way to avoid us arguing. I'd rather this than lose my temper and perhaps hurt her without meaning to. Spanking her was different though.

She had one hand on the carpet while the other pounded away at my leg. Her long dark hair was spread on the carpet and the highest part of her bottom, nicely outlined by her skirt. I was getting a terrific sensation now.

Again I slapped her. Harder this time. She yelled, kicking madly. My hand stung from slapping at her skirt and I was feeling this very erotic sensation, surprisingly. I paused to consider and Linda tried to twist to look up. She couldn't see for her

hair was over her face. So far she wasn't too happy.

'That hurts!' she cried. 'What do you think you're doing?'

This decided me. 'If we're going to do it,' I said slowly, 'Let's do it right!'

She was busy squirming and muttering she didn't hear me. I eased up until her feet touched the carpet, and eased my hold on her.

'I should damn-well think so too!' she snapped tartly as she tried to slide further back, rubbing her bottom with both hands.

I crossed her wrists and held both in my left hand and pushed her back down, leaning on my left arm. She gasped in surprise. As I raised her skirt and laid its hem under her arms she squealed, then again, louder, as I did this with her slip. I smoothed them across her shoulders, high under her arms, while she swore softly and kicked furiously. I eased her into the best position, bottom high again, and she went rigid and awkward, knowing what came next.

Now the trim, smooth curves of her buttocks were squirming slowly arched by her plain white panties and glowing a dull pink colour.

'Oh, no! You wouldn't she wailed. 'Please!'

'Stop wriggling! You asked for this; now you're going to get it!'

'I didn't! I didn't! I forgot that's all!'

'You won't forget this! This is what happens when a man can't understand his wife. I was telling you about it earlier.'

I slapped her again, hard and sharp and her flesh distorted and flattened as my palm connected. She howled as it bounced back quivering. Another quick solid slap on her other cheek had a similar effect and her long legs kicked while she yelled 'Yeow!' A red blotch showed on both cheeks now. Linda struggled madly to get herself free, with no success. I slapped her hard and fast on both firm cheeks in turn until she was wailing a high continuous squeal and both were flushed dull red.

Oddly, the louder she wailed the more I enjoyed it, but I stopped.

She shook her head, then tried to squirm round to look up. She tried to shake the long dark hair from her face and didn't manage this either. For a few seconds she wrestled with these small problems, then she subsided, gasping, and muttering, 'You rotten devil! You low-down pig!'

A sharp smack stopped that and rippled her angry flesh as she howled, shaking her head with her hair falling by my ankle. Her brochure was almost under her nose but she had no time for it. She wasn't even interested in it, she just lay there panting and gasping. Her buttocks were looking hot and quite red now, and she wasn't wriggling and kicking so much. She waited, quietly furious and rigidly indignant, no doubt hoping I'd let her up. She'd no chance, yet.

'Since we haven't done this before,' I said calmly, as I hooked my fingers into the tops of her panties, 'Let's go all the way with it - seeing you're so damned interested!'

'Oh, no! No! Linda was immediately frantic and crossed her ankles, knees tightly together. 'Leave my pants alone!' she cried as I worked them down over her hot buttocks.

'Too late!' I tugged them down further, exposing her red cheeks.

'Don't take my pants down!'

I tugged them well down her thighs. She clenched her bottom tightly, even more indignant. We were getting into this spanking thing well now.

My next smack wobbled both cheeks, making the flesh ripple. Linda's breath whistled between her clenched teeth and she groaned. A red imprint of my fingers showed against the dull red skin of one cheek. I did the same thing on the other one, with the same results. Linda tried to arch-up under my left arm, but I held her down firmly.

Until she calmed down I patted her flank and watched her buttocks quiver and ripple softly. I was still surprised at the wildly erotic effect spanking her had given me. Just looking at her hot,

red flesh had me madly aroused. Even if it did nothing for her, it turned me on! When I raised my hand Linda just lay there helpless now, waiting. Suddenly all the fury and fight had gone out of her. There was no real point in going on; she refused to shout or struggle. She's had enough, I thought, having no idea I was about to blow the whole thing. I let her wrists go and helped her slide off my knees backwards. Tears flowed as she knelt there rubbing her bottom gently and gasping softly. She made no attempt to stand up. I sat and felt very awkward. I gave her a small squeeze and said, 'Come on, love.'

She gasped, snuffled, and stayed there, leaning on my leg and refusing to look at me. My fierce arousal faded quickly. With hand under her chin I raised her head. 'It was only a bit of fun. I'm sorry if I hurt you, Linda.' More small sobs and snuffles from her. She still refused to look at me, just pushed her hair back from her face.

'It was my fault,' she said softly. 'I'm sorry I pestered you with my brochure.'

'Good heavens!' I laughed sharply. 'That was no problem. What was it you wanted to show me?' I looked down at her gaudy brochure. She stood up, slowly, turned her back to me and pulled up her panties without a word, gingerly. She came and picked up her brochure.

'It doesn't matter now,' she said in a martyred tone. 'It was just something I liked.' And I knew then that I'd stopped spanking her too soon!

'Okay, then. Show me now.'

She snuffled. 'It's not important.'

She stood a moment, not looking at me, then went quietly into the kitchen with our used cups and her brochure under her arm.

She was too quiet in there! I felt I should go after her and tell her again that I was sorry. But I didn't. It wouldn't have done any good. Better to let her get over it herself a bit first perhaps.

Linda didn't come back. Later she said a quiet, 'Goodnight,' from the doorway as she went up to bed.

A few moments later I went up also. She was in bed, lying with her back to my side. I couldn't leave her like that, still upset. I undressed quickly and slid into bed behind her. She snuffled softly and moved away rigidly. I rested my hand on her hip and she twitched, but didn't speak.

'Come on, Linda,' I whispered. 'I'm sorry, love.'

More low snuffling came from her, but not a word. Slowly I moved my hand up to her breast, and she gasped and said, 'I might have known.'

'Known what?' I asked as I found her firmly erect nipple.

'Damn you! You know what!' she gasped. 'Leave me alone!'

A short while later she sighed and squirmed over to face me and lay there panting softly with me fondling her gently with my arm round her waist. Suddenly she was wildly urgent and demanding, lying on her back and moaning while I slipped her nightie off.

She was warm, wet and willing. She squealed as I entered and we went up to a frantic climax, arched up rigidly and making an odd little shriek as she gasped quickly. I went ahead steadily then, with her clinging to me hopelessly enthusiastic. This wasn't our normal routine by any means. Later, when we'd both simmered down a little she stirred.

'Well,' I said. 'That was a surprise. What happened?'

'Humph,' she said mildly.

'Not your usual style that.'

'Nor yours! Surprising?' I muttered doily.

'Doesn't matter now. Go to sleep,' she sighed softly.

My last thought as I slid down into sleep was how unusually we had reacted to each other... Very odd!

As we finished supper one Friday evening a few weeks later, Linda took away the tray. She was soon back, with a book that looked as if it might be a holiday brochure. I thought, not again! This time Linda stood well clear and gave it to me to read at

arms length.

'Read page thirty-eight' she grinned, 'You'll find it interesting.'

I sighed loudly. 'Remember what happened last time?' I asked as I took the book and began to find page thirty-eight. I found it and gave her a glance before I began to read. She was standing well away, smiling.

'Just read it. It's not a travel brochure, so you're safe.'

'I'm safe! Who got spanked last time?'

'Oh, just read it.' She left me with the book open; thinking it must be a travel article - or something on holidays. I wasn't interested. By the time I'd got to, "continued page 56," I was thoroughly interested. According to scientific fact, to get the best from sex the female should be submissive and the male aggressive. This is normal in most animals, apparently. The article put forward the view that many of the modern female nerve-problems stem from the fact that women now are too self-controlled, while many men are too worried about their own problems to do very much about this. Linda and myself qualified well.

I read the rest and agreed with most of the article. By the time I'd finished reading the kitchen light was out and I was alone.

When I crept into the bedroom Linda said, 'It took you a long time to read that.' She didn't sound at all sleepy.

I switched on the light. 'You were right; it was interesting. Not what I'd expect to find in a ladies' magazine, but.'

'Wasn't it just, perhaps that explains the other night.'

I was down to my shorts. 'What other night?'

'About the brochure,' She smiled, 'When you spanked my bum.'

'Oh, yes. You mean afterwards, in bed?' I wasn't too sure what Linda did mean. But we rarely get to bed early on Friday evenings.

'Perhaps that's why you - we were so terrific that night?'

'Hmm, you're probably right. I wasn't sure why you gave it to me to read.'

'And now you are?' she asked slyly.

'You could say I have a pretty good idea now.' I pulled the quilt back to slide into bed and saw she was only wearing her pyjama pants and she was naked from the hips up. She smiled thoughtfully, and mused:

'Perhaps we should try it again?'

'Try what?'

'You spanking me again. But not so hard this time.'

'After the fuss you kicked up! We can't.'

'Why not?' she pouted, 'It's not late'

'You haven't got a holiday brochure, or anything.'

'Oh, come on you fool!' she smiled, her eyes shining, while I felt a sudden stab as I said, 'Turn over then,' reluctantly, as if I wasn't too keen. This was a real surprise!

'Not here, like this - across your knees.'

'If that's what you want.' I shrugged, feeling the same sharp sensation I'd felt before and trying to keep this to myself.

I sat on the end of the bed and Linda crawled down and lay across my thighs. Already her nipples were firmly erect and I was mildly excited. I kissed her shoulder and felt her quiver. Then I slid her well over my knees. Already I was well aroused.

'Ready?'

She nodded and a shudder ran through her. I patted her bottom gently, rippling its smooth curves. Her long dark hair hung over her face. Both hands were taking her weight; her hair covering them. Her buttocks were relaxed and silky under my hand. As I stroked her she gasped in pleasure. That made two of us!

A sudden sharp feeling of erotic anticipation flashed through her. I patted her bottom gently, rippling its smooth curves. Her long dark hair hung over her face. Both hands were taking her weight, her hair covering them. Her buttocks were relaxed and silky under my hand. As I stroked her she gasped in pleasure. That made two of us!

A sudden sharp feeling of erotic anticipation flashed through me, Linda was about to get a real spanking that she wasn't expecting. I didn't want to hurt her, as she'd done nothing to annoy me, or deserve it – but I knew that if I began I'd enjoy doing it to her. I was in no way sure I'd know when to stop this time, but this momentary hesitation was soon swept away. She had no ideal

'Go on then,' she said. 'I'm ready and waiting – and remember, not too hard this time.'

Her pyjama pants were loose fitting; made to be easily slipped off. The sight of her slim buttocks in these pink lacy panties was very exciting. Suddenly I had a strong feeling: don't begin.

Linda wriggled. 'What is the matter? A penny for your thoughts.'

'Nothing. I'm thinking about the last time,' I lied, 'the way you howled.' And those panties will be no protection, I thought.

'Don't take too much notice if I shout – unless I shout loudly. I'm going to shout, and squeal and scream, perhaps. I won't lie quiet, like this. You go ahead like you did last time. Don't pat any attention, or you may as well not begin... Perhaps I'd better annoy you first?'

'Don't worry about annoying me,' I growled as my thoughts stopped wandering. I added, 'You don't need to.' And the odd flash of wild erotic sensation came again. Her damned panties were almost transparent!

I raised my hand high, still reluctantly perhaps, knowing that my first slap would be the awkward one. After that I'd have no trouble, and the louder she shouted, I knew instinctively, the harder I'd spank her. I paused, hand up high, and felt Linda tense her legs and quiver.

'Relax!' I muttered. 'Stop tensing-up!'

As she relaxed with a low sigh, I slapped her hard enough to make her yell and leave a red imprint on her pale skin and make her kick madly. She clamped her thighs against my leg and clapped both hands to her bottom. Still kicking, she began to slide off my knees.

'Too hard!' she cried. 'Not so hard!'

I waited until she moved her hands, with my hand high, ready. As she relaxed I connected hard enough for it to sting my hand and again she yelled.

'Owl! Oh, you swine! Not so hard!' As she tried to cover-up again with both hands, still unsuccessfully.

The next couple were lighter, to lull her into a sense of false security, but she still squealed as I slapped her flushed cheeks. I admired the two red hand and finger-marks I'd put on her, one on each cheek. 'Are you sure you want me to go ahead?' I had to ask her. Not that this mattered a great deal, but it showed my concern.

'Well – yes, but not too hard. Please!'

If she'd said, no, I'd have been bitterly disappointed and she'd have been unlucky. I was too deeply aroused now to stop; I'd have gone ahead anyhow, and to hell with it. But Linda didn't know this.

'You asked for it, lady!' I said softly. 'Here we go.'

Holding her firmly I slapped her steadily, each slap between each slap. Linda squealed as my slaps landed on her pliable buttocks, each being flattened in turn and bouncing back rippling with red marks. She squirmed, kicked, and pleaded. Finally, she put her hands up to cover her red quivering cheeks again.

'Oh no you don't!' I held her wrists in my left hand, shoved her further over my knees and slapped her harder.

'Yeow! Oh, you – you're still doing it too hard!'

I didn't even pause now, I just gave her six more fast and hard and listened to her howl as each connected at the tops of her thighs with her buttocks fluttering and wobbling. I was breathing hard, and felt wildly aroused, but I stopped. Linda shook her head, wriggling madly.

'You dog!' she cried. 'That's much too hard! Let me go! That's not fair!'

For a second I considered her clenched bottom and tensed thighs, then I pulled her loose panties back, then down.

'Not again!' She jerked and struggled, as she shouted 'Don't take my pants down' as I slowly slipped them over her flushed hot cheeks.

'Oh!' she gasped. 'That's a low, rotten trick – and you know it! And it's not fair.'

I leaned forward and tugged the panties down to her knees. 'I know; you've already said that.'

Now she was fully exposed and a much more inviting target, in spite of the way she was squirming about. The top of her cleft reminded me of a Victoria plum, apart from the colour. Linda wasn't that dull red yet.

'I suppose you're satisfied now,' she gasped. 'I feel ridiculous like this, with my pants round my knees.'

'Don't worry about it.' I patted her flank gently and watched her hot flesh bounce. They'll be round your ankles if you keep kicking.'

She lay still with the panties hanging from her calves.

'Now see what I'm doing, I'll spank you properly.'

'You do and I'll scream!' She struggled to free her arms. 'I will!'

'Okay. Scream if you want to. It was your idea.'

She relaxed and breathed in deeply. I waited until she had to breathe out and slapped her again.

Linda could only gasp, so I kept going, steadily and relishing each jerky move she made and the way she shrieked as her buttocks shuddered and rippled.

Just as before the fight went out of her suddenly. She lay there wriggling slowly and sensuously as I kept on with this. When I paused, she lay there panting and softly sobbing a little.

'How do you feel?' I asked quietly.

'You know how I feel!' she panted. 'And you're not doing very much about it. Oh, my bum feels like it's on fire... Oh-'

She was right. The sharp musky tang of her was in my nostrils and she was warmly moist to my gentle fingers.

'Right, madam. Now, your word is my command.'

'Ah.' She sighed. 'And about time too! Just tell me what the word is – quick!'

'Hmmm, well...' I considered this. 'You could try, yes – or, please.' I ran my fingers lightly up the inside of her thigh and into the warm moist area above... 'Or perhaps-'

She squirmed, gasped, and interrupted, 'Yes, damn it!' she sobbed once, yes, please! Now!'

I slid her off my knees. She stood stooped, rubbing her buttocks very gently; her panties round her ankles now unheeded. I picked her up and as I laid her on the bed, she kicked them off with a quick decisive movement of her long legs. She lay totally relaxed, legs apart and her breasts heaving to her panting breathing. She'd stopped sobbing now.

Laid beside her I touched her. She moaned and her eyes opened wide as she whispered, 'Yes darling. Oh, please, yes. Now – quickly!'

As I entered, her eyes closed and she reacted strongly as she moaned. In seconds she went up to a rigid shuddering climax with her arms and legs locked round me and her nails digging into my back until I groaned at the sharp pain. She lay beneath me, teeth clenched, her head rolling slowly from side to side. Her back arched as she spasmed and quivered and moaned softly to herself. I kept going...

Later she said calmly; 'Now what have I got myself into?'

I said nothing. My last thought as I slipped into a deep sleep was, you swine, she'll be black and blue tomorrow. This didn't prevent me from sleeping the sleep of a very satisfied man. We'd done it again! Even more strongly than last time.

The following morning I awoke, moved, and a sharp pain in my back snapped me wide-awake. I slid out of bed and trotted to the bathroom to see the damage from Linda's nails.

The light was on when I got back and Linda stood naked before the dressing table mirror, facing me, but on her toes with

her head turned over her shoulders as she tried to see her bottom. She hadn't heard me.

'You vixen! My back's in ribbons from your nails!'

She turned to stare at me, smiling slightly. 'You should see my poor bum!' she turned to show me, but there was little to see.

'Look at my back.' I turned to show her.

'Good heavens!' she said, mock-severely. 'You must be more careful!'

'Or cut your nails first!'

'Well,' she mused. 'You could be right, but I don't think so. In any case you deserve that; the way you spanked me last night.'

As she spoke I remembered, and the erotic feeling ran through me with its usual effect. I sat on the end of the bed to slip my socks on, thinking she hadn't noticed.

She came and knelt behind me.

'Let me see.' Her cool fingers ran lightly along my scratches, making me shiver and bringing me more erect.

'Don't gloat over them, or you may be sorry,' I muttered.

'Gloat! Who me?' she chuckled softly. 'I'm just wondering how I managed to do that to you. What were you doing to let me?'

'You know what I was doing, and, and-'

'Oh, yes,' she interrupted, 'Of course. I remember now. I'm sorry, but it was your fault, for spanking me too hard.' She leaned over my shoulder and nibbled at my ear.

'Damn it, woman, leave me alone!'

I struggled with my socks. I had enough problems. 'You should be ashamed; clawing me like that.'

'Oh I'm ashamed.' She went back to her busy nibbling, and stroked my scratches lightly again. 'I'm sorry,' she breathed into my ear.

I got my sock on. 'Do you want more of what you got last night?' I meant the spanking, which thought made my problem bigger, of course. She put her arms round me and pressed her firm nipples into my back. Suddenly she pulled me over backwards and quickly held me and knelt astride with her eyebrows raised innocently, her eyes wide and full of fun and her nipples rosily erect. She smiled down at me slowly.

'Yes, please,' she said softly, as she reached under to guide me into her soft moist warmth.

With my arms around her, I pulled her down until her cheek was on my chest, and patted her bum cheeks. I hadn't expected that! My back was forgotten now.

Linda purred as she wriggled slightly, making me squirm as well.

'That's one way to keep your bottom out of my reach.'

'I wasn't thinking of that,' she said very softly. 'It just seemed to be a good idea, to me, seeing you so enthusiastic so early.' She raised her heads so that her long thick hair covered my face.

With my hands under her shoulders, I raised her until she knelt erect, with her weight on me. She groaned as and wriggled her hips slowly, gasping as I achieved maximum penetration. Her head fell back as she wailed, 'Oh, you! - Let me down! - Let me down!' As she went slowly frantic. Her hands gripped my wrists and she shook her head, her long hair flying wildly.

I cupped her breasts and rolled the firm nipples, making her gasp.

As she sank down onto my chest I held her tightly and stroked her flanks until she climaxed strongly after me, moaning quietly.

Spanking Linda certainly works wonders, I thought as we lay quiet. No problem to see why men have been spanking women for ages, if that's the result. I'd never realised the powerful erotic feeling I would get out of it. And again the strong erotic sensation was happening! I only had to think about Linda, bottom up, buttocks flushed, howling... Where was she anyhow? I glanced up over my shoulder.

'Damn you, and your spanking,' I muttered to myself.

She was behind me, completely relaxed, on her back, eyes closed and a small smile on her lips. I moved slowly, but she

didn't. She may have thought I was getting up from the bed. Her eyes opened wide as I spread-eagled her and held her so.

'Not again,' She smiled lazily, making no attempt to move.

'Again, damn it! Just lie still, this won't take long.'

She was quivering and receptive again almost as soon as I touched her. She responded mildly, not moving very much, or trying to, beyond rolling her head slowly, still smiling slightly. She climaxed easily, with no drama, miles ahead of myself. I had to work for mine - hard. I rolled onto my back, and winced as I recalled my deep scratches when they stung. I was hot and breathless, but Linda lay there spread-eagled, still and limp, with her breasts moving to her rapid breathing. She looked very contented.

'Now, that's what I call an attentive husband,' she mumbled, with her eyes closed. She was so completely relaxed she didn't move, or even open her eyes, when I crawled off the bed and stood up to get dressed.'

'Linda,' I said, without urgency.

'Hmmm,' She opened her eyes lazily.

'Breakfast in about half an hour. Okay?'

She stretched, still smiling. 'You'll be lucky,' she laughed, not looking at me. 'And what will happen if you don't get it?'

We both knew damned well: nothing much now. Not from me anyhow. Ah, well, I thought, it's a good thing it's Saturday...

After that, Linda was spanked regularly, every few weeks. She's never complained afterwards. Before, sometimes, during, always - loudly and with tears at times - but afterwards, not a word! Plenty of action and no comments beyond her usual: too hard!

We never repeated that first marathon though. But we came close. One evening some months later she did it again! - Came into the lounge with another book I thought was a travel brochure. A thin one this time.

She saw the way I looked surprised from it to her, and back. She threw it onto my chair and skipped back out of reach.

'Read that!' she said, chuckling. 'You'll be surprised.'

'What page?' I thought: now what has she found?'

'Oh, almost any page.' She walked away and left me with it.

The magazine was "KANE". I had a surprise at the cover photo before I began reading. Very quickly I realised that Linda and myself were only beginners at this spanking game. What we needed was a cane, or a strap. A cane was the prime tool apparently. There was a certain appeal to the thought of me using a cane on Linda's trim bottom. She'd howl at that! Very quickly I dismissed this erotic thought. In my hand, a cane or strap would be serious! - I read more... Linda would really squeal! I read on, of more and more canings. I shut that thinking off very quickly and went on with my reading. More canings, and photographs, and drawings.

A couple of hours later I'd read the magazine through and was sitting thinking about it all. I'd never even dreamed about - never guessed!

Linda and I didn't need a cane; we did very well with me spanking her by hand. But how much racket would she make if I caned her? Where the blazes would I buy a cane anyhow? Then I saw the advert. Perhaps I'd talk to Linda about it? No - forget that! Why had she given me the damned magazine in the first place? Interest perhaps? Hers, or mine?

What can you use instead of a cane - just to try?

Linda had taken her spanking a few evenings before. It wasn't too important just now, this caning thing. Too many snags and no answers. She came in and asked: 'What do you think about that magazine?'

'Hmmm,' I mused, not sure.'

'I'd like to find out a bit more about it, just for-'

'About what?' Not about being caned!'

'Why not?' She smiled a tight little smile. 'It may surprise us.'

'It's your bottom,' I said, knowing then that she was willing to try it...

# GEORGE'S GULLIBLE GIRLS

Starring

Sexy Kelly Hearn as Julie Brittain, the clairvoyant

The absolutely stunning Lorraine Ansell as Gillian Brunel

and by popular demand, Kane's all time favourite the blonde bomb shell

Susan Ellis



Julie sits on the bed amongst the drapes and netting. Next to her on the edge of the bed, sits Marianne, her maid and assistant. Julie's eyes are closed tight and she gazes skyward. 'Yes George, I can hear you...' she whispers in her state of trance. Julie has made contact with the other side and is hearing speaking to the Godfather of spanking, George Harrison-Marks.

'What's he saying?' asks Marianne nervously.

'He is telling me to spank your bum. He wants to see me spank you - he say's he always loved spanking your bottom, he loved the way it wobbled.'

'I know he did,' Marianne answers surprised, but there's no way he'll ever get to see it wobble again!

Julie screws up her eyes even tighter, 'He say's, If you don't do as he asks he'll get very angry!'

Marianne still refuses. Suddenly, a tawse flies across the room and lands on Marianne's lap. Shocked by what she has seen she throws herself

over the bed and pleads with Julie to beat her, and is given one of the soundest thrashings she has ever received.

A short while later the doorbell rings and Julie instructs Marianne to open the door and bring her eleven o'clock appointment, Mr French, straight in. As instructed Marianne ushers Mr French into Marianne's boudoir. She is about to leave when her mistress calls her back. She listens intently as Julie explains to Mr French that George has spoken to her, and that she has just spanked Marianne, but that she isn't very good at doing it properly.

Adam French seizes the opportunity and admits that spanking is his favourite turn on and that he'd love to have a go at spanking Marianne, especially as it would be for the master of spanking. Marianne remonstrates but to no avail and ends up going over Adam French's knees for another session.

After a bum blistering session of whacking Marianne's bare cheeks with the tawse, martinet and cane, Adam begins talking to the invisible George, 'Yes, of course George - I quite agree,'

'What is it?' asks Julie, 'What's going on?'

Adam looks at the bemused Marianne and explains that he too is a mystic and that George has instructed him to beat her bottom as well.

'Don't be so silly!' laughs Marianne, who somewhat perturbed by Adam's declaration orders Julie to leave the room. After Julie has gone, she turns to Adam and tries to discourage him from carrying out George's new instruction, but to her despondency, no avail.

When Adam has finished his second helping of smacking bums, he goes to his car to call Danny, a friend of his. Adam explains to him the events that have taken place and suggests that he should meet him and join in the fun.

Meanwhile, Julie is soothing her tender, red bot-





tom when Marianne enters and screams at her for laughing and for not helping her when she knew she was being beaten. She orders Marianne to get herself bent over, saying she is going to get the thrashing of her life. 'Oh no I'm not,' Marianne answers, and runs from the bedroom towards the lounge with Julie in hot pursuit.

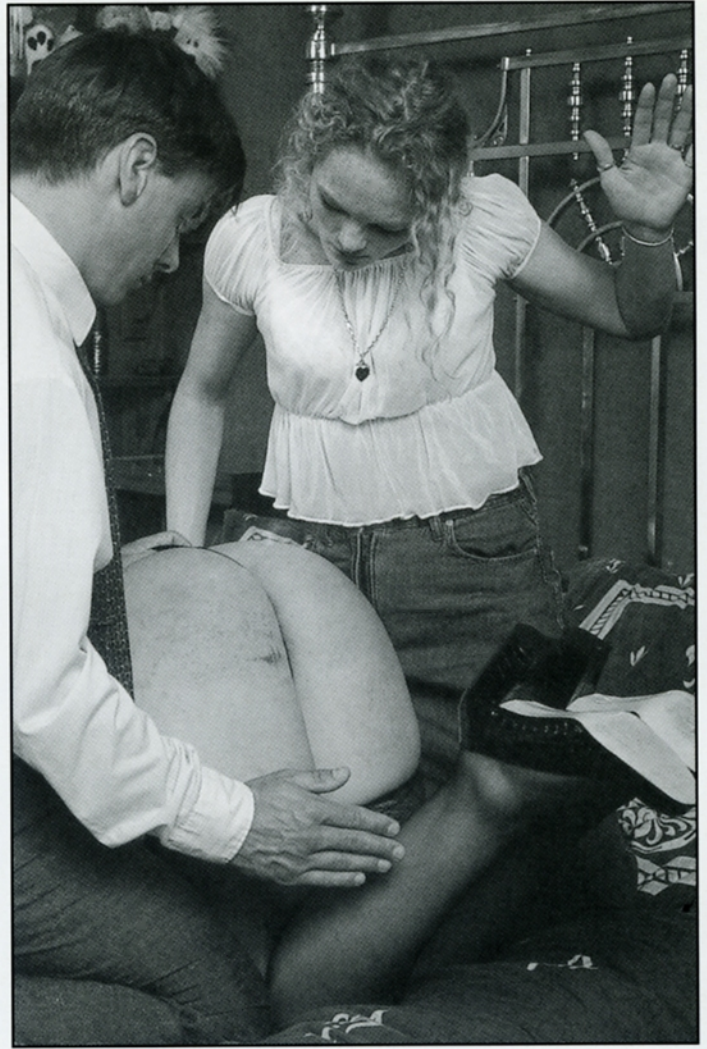
Once in the lounge, Marianne realises she is cornered with no means of escape.

'Now you get yourself bent over that chair and take what's coming or you can kiss your job goodbye!'

At that moment a whole pile of canes, martinets, tawses and paddles fly across the room towards Marianne. 'What the fuck's going on!' she screams. Julie explains that George is really mad at Marianne and that if she doesn't take her punishment, things will get much worse. Marianne freezes for a moment, then meekly bends over, lifts her skirt, drops her pants, and is soundly with everything Julie can lay her hands on.

Whilst this is going on, Gillian heads up the front path and rings the doorbell while unknowingly being watched by Adam and Danny who have arrived back on the scene. Marianne opens the door and beckons Gillian in, she begins to enter but Adam and Danny rush in behind her before the startled Marianne has a





chance to stop them.

From inside the sanctuary in the lounge, Julie hears the commotion and is puzzled. Though, before she can ask what is going on, the two men enter the room. Julie asks what they are doing there and is shocked to hear Adam explain that, he is following George's instructions and that he and Danny (a master in the craft of CP.) should finish properly what he started earlier. Also he tells her that he has instructed Marianne and 'the other girl' to bring some refreshments. Julie is livid. 'That "other girl" happens to be a very important client who has an urgent appointment!' But Adam doesn't listen, and continues what he started with Julie and, to her dismay, invites Danny to join in.

As this is happening, Marianne arranges some light refreshments while Gillian asks what's going on. Marianne explains that Julie received a message from George Harrison-Marks, telling her to beat her bum, but that Adam, who is also a clairvoyant, had also received a message from George to beat Julie's bum. Marianne realises that Gillian has become quite excited by all this talk of bum whacking and asks why, and is

bewildered when Gillian tells her that she loves nothing better than to receive a "damn good whacking"

Adam is enjoying thrashing Julie's backside when the two girls enter with a tray of refreshments, and is delighted when Marianne blurts out Gillian's secret for all to hear. Realising this is his chance of scoring a "Hat Trick" of bottoms; he gets up and hands Julie over to Danny. He instructs him to deal with both Julie and Marianne whilst he takes Gillian into the other room to deal with her as he can hear George giving him further instructions.

After two great sessions, Adam leaves Gillian soothing her red bottom and returns to the lounge. Julie glares at him, 'You bastard!' she screams. Adam closes his eyes... 'Yes George?' Yes I know, they are bloody gullible, aren't they?' Julie shrieks at him, 'You're not clairvoyant: you're a fraud!'

'I may not be a clairvoyant – but I'm certainly not a fraud; I really did have an appointment with you – but it was to inspect your books – I'm from the V.A.T office...'















LORRAINE ANSELL IN ALL ACTION STILLS OF  
**GEORGE'S GULLIBLE GIRLS**  
KANE NEVER FEATURES POSED PHOTOS





# A GENTLEMAN'S AFTERNOON

A KANE LIVE EXTRAVAGANZA  
FEATURING THE LIKES OF



SUSAN  
ELLIS

KELLY  
HEARN

MICKI

BRANDI

LORRAINE  
ANSEL

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THE DATE OF OUR GENTLEMEN'S AFTERNOON, WHICH IS TO BE HELD ON WEDNESDAY OCTOBER THE 28TH, 1998. LADIES, DON'T BE PUT OFF BY THE TITLE, THIS EVENT IS FOR ALL SPANKING ENTHUSIASTS NO MATTER WHAT GENDER. TICKETS TO THIS ARE £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. THE ENTRANCE FEE ALSO INCLUDES A SUMPTUOUS THREE-COURSE MEAL. PLUS, NOT ONLY WILL YOU BE ABLE TO FEAST YOUR EYES ON THE GIRLS IN THE FLEASH, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO MEET THEM AT THE BAR, SPEAK TO THEM IN PERSON, AND HAVE SOUVENIR PHOTOS TAKEN WITH AS MANY OF THE GIRLS AS YOU WISH. A CHARGE WILL BE MADE FOR EACH PHOTO TAKEN.

AS TICKETS FOR THIS EVENT ARE STRICTLY LIMITED AND ARE SURE TO BE IN GREAT DEMAND, IF YOU WISH TO BE A PART OF THIS KANE LIVE EXTRAVAGANZA, COMPLETE AND RETURN THE APPLICATION FORM BELOW IMMEDIATELY TO AVOID ANY DISAPPOINTMENT. TICKETS WILL BE DESPATCHED BY RETURN POST.

Please find enclosed my cheque/postal order no..... for £..... made payable  
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Kane Club Private Members please quote your membership number here.....

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NAME:.....

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I hereby confirm I am over eighteen. Signature..... Date.....

Please note: due to the expense incurred in producing this event, refunds will not be possible once a booking is made.  
You may photocopy this form if you do not wish to cut your copy of Kane

# RAISING AWARENESS

By

SARAH VEITCH

Was she ever going to grab Gordon Wesley's attention? Jo-Anne simmered with frustration as she crossed the Petroleum Refining Plant. Once again she'd flirted with her employer. Once again she'd been subtly rebuffed. She knew that she was alluring and alert, with a reasonably curvaceous figure. Had heard that he was single but had dated other employees in the past. Yet the most intense dialogue she'd extracted from the man was 'Memorised the Fire Hazards Manual yet, Ms Kern?' and 'Don't forget to wear your safety hat.'

He was obviously a stickler for protocol, Jo-Anne mused - and suddenly a dare-devil thought raced through her. She could arouse his wrath then burst into tears when reprimanded and seek solace in his arms...

Ten minutes later the twenty-two year old deliberately hopped over the ground-painted red line. It signalled an area where all staff were supposed to wear goggles. Gordon walked past at his usual time, then stopped and stared.

'Ms Kern - you're infringing the rules! Put those protective glasses on this minute!'

'What if I don't?' Jo-Anne parried, with a please-make-me smile.

'You'll get a black mark on your record.'

Her belly tingled as she envisaged a red mark on her bum. What on earth had made her think of such a flagrant image? It wasn't as if she'd ever been spanked...

The next morning the trainee manager flagrantly crossed a blue line without donning her earmuffs.

'Good grief, woman! Have you taken leave of your senses?' Gordon Wesley asked.

'My senses are sound - they can handle 90 decibels,' Jo-Anne replied.

Angrily, the forty-year-old man shook his head. 'You're demonstrating unsafe working practices to our newer staff, and you could get us into all sorts of trouble with our insurance.' He told her to follow him through the Control Room into his adjoining office space.

'I'm going to have to make an example of you, Ms Kern,' he said coolly, picking up the Employee Records book.

'Oh no! Surely you aren't going to spank me, sir?' the twenty-two year old said.

There was an eerily long silence after the words 'spank me, sir' had faded away. Jo-Anne closed her eyes and wished that she'd kept her shut mouth likewise. What on earth had made her issue such a provocative dare? Would he ignore her challenge or stroll over and aim a few slaps at her fully clothed backside?

'A sound thrashing does indeed seem called for,' the older man said pensively before marching her across to the long low couch.

He sat down then hauled Jo-Anne imperiously over his lap. His knees supported her tummy. The twenty-two year old wriggled about like a caught fish then reached both hands forward to steady herself. As she did so, Gordon caught and imprisoned her wrists in one of his hands and held them in front of her. 'As you seem incapable of obeying instructions, I won't ask you to keep your

palms away from your reddening backside.'

Without further ado, he began to whack hard at her boiler-suited bum. The padding absorbed virtually all of the impact. *At least he was touching her*, Jo-Anne exulted, *and it didn't hurt a bit!* Deep down she felt just a little disappointed: she'd wondered what a genuine adult spanking would be like.

Seconds later she realised she was about to find out.

'This boiler suit will have to come off,' her employer instructed, lifting her up and depositing her gently on her steel-capped safety shoes. 'Unbutton it now,' he continued, 'And push it down to your knees.'

Telling herself that hugs and kisses would soon follow, Jo-Anne tremulously obeyed him. The yellow material bulked at her ankles and she took off her footwear and kicked the suit out of the way. Now the only garments, which clung to her five foot five frame, were a plain white cotton T-shirt and white cotton pants.

'Good girl. Now get those girlish globes over my knee again,' the dark-haired man said impersonally.

Her loins turned to warm syrup at his words.

Nevertheless, she had to use up most of her courage to bend over his lap, especially now that she knew he'd be contemplating her knicker-clad bottom. Would he lust after her audaciously oval-shaped cheeks? Jo-Anne was glad that she'd worn her newest and most buttock-hugging panties as she arched her small rump over Gordon Wesley's knee.

'A girl who's been disobedient

WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, HE BEGAN TO WHACK HARD AT THE BOILER SUITED BUM



doesn't get to keep her panties on,' the man explained. Jo-Anne tensed as she felt him drag the cotton down her soft pale buttocks.

'You can't pull my pants off!' she whispered, both excited and afraid.

'I prefer to spank bare bottoms,' Gordon Wesley replied, immediately letting go of her knicker elastic, 'But if you'd rather return to work...?'

If she returned to work, he'd return

to being distant, and she really and truly fancied him.

'I give you permission to bare my buttocks, sir,' Jo-Anne whispered, hoping that the chastisement would lead to affection and at least one date. At the moment he simply saw her as a trainee manager who organised the lube oil unloading. After this, he would appreciate her own inner oil...

Her belly rubbed against his dark

grey suit as he pushed her panties down to her mid-thighs and unveiled her peachy bottom.

'Right, let's get this backside nice and naked, and give it the spanking of its life.'

'No one's ever spanked it before, sir,' Jo-Anne muttered, hoping for leniency.

'In that case,' Gordon Wesley said, 'It's well overdue.'

*A GIRL WHO'S DISOBEDIENT DOESN'T  
GET TO KEEP HER PANTIES ON.*



The first spank on her bare bum was exploratory rather than reproof, as were the next eleven or so. Thereafter, her boss started to put more ire into his arm.

'You must obey all safety instructions! Show due deference to your superiors!' he instructed, punctuating alternate words with a hard buttock-slap.

Jo-Anne grimaced at the heat radiating through her bare bum, squealed as handprint followed handprint. 'I'll wear the goggles and earmuffs from now on, sir!' she gasped.

The senior manager stayed his hand, and for a moment Jo-Anne thought that her spanking was over.

'I'm truly sorry,' she whispered, twisting her head round to look up at his face. Surely now he'd comfort her with kisses and the relationship would swiftly and erotically progress?

'I have to make you truly sorry,' the man said, beginning to trace the hot marks left by his lashing fingers.

Erotic arrows winged their way to her pubis, and Jo-Anne flopped down again with languid need. 'It would be easy for me to leave this at a few token smacks,' the forty year old continued, 'but as your employer I should impart a prolonged and painful lesson to those upturned cheeks.' He fondled those same squirming spheres again, kneading firmly at the redness. 'When you think of your soft sore bum you'll remember to wear your hard safety hat.'

'It was my goggles and ear muffs I forgot to wear!' Jo-Anne shot back, her spirit reasserting itself.

'And now you're forgetting your manners,' Gordon countered, doling out eight full-force whacks.

Jo-Anne yelled from the first to the last and moved her bare bum from side to side in a futile attempt to avoid each buttock-based smacking. Her haunches felt slightly swollen and had an all-over glow. She looked around reproachfully at her writhingly vulnerable little hemispheres and

pitied their scarlet shading. God, he knew how to make a girl's buttocks dance! At the same time, Jo-Anne felt a grudging new respect for her employer. After all, she could have got him into trouble with her acting-out.

'How many more spanks am I due, sir?' she gasped out between stern whackings.

'Oh, I'll know by the colour of your arse when you've had enough,' Gordon Wesley said.

The conversation obviously over, he began to spank her again with easy vigour. He spanked the top of the right orb, then the top of the left. His palm connected with the centre of the right sphere before landing with similar impact on its twitching twin.

'Ah! Ow! Oh!' Jo-Anne squealed as the heat in her naked red rotundities intensified. She'd wanted to gain her boss's attention, but hadn't quite bargained on this!

'Let's stop for another little break,' the forty-year-old said after a few more resounding smackings.

Jo-Anne nodded, glad of the opportunity to catch her breath.

'I'm being a good girl now, sir,' she said submissively as the telephone to one side of them began to ring. Gordon let go of her wrists to flick on the answering machine, and she used the moment to lever herself up and sit, kitten-like, on his lap, looking sweetly sexual. Beginning to feel in control again, she kissed the side of his neck.

'What are you doing, Ms Kern?'

His voice was neutral, unreadable. Jo-Anne faltered.

'I was... just being friendly, sir.'

'Well, I'm in the midst of disciplining your ill-behaved bare bottom. Save your offers of friendship until I've finished tanning your naughty cheeks.'

Jo-Anne blushed with new shame. 'I thought that you were finished, sir,' she muttered, shifting about on her

radiant extremities.

'No, failure to obey the house safety rules requires a much more severe spanking,' her employer said. He slid both palms underneath to cup her rosy hemispheres. 'Of course, if you prefer, you could have an official warning instead?'

Jo-Anne bristled at the thought. 'God, no - I want promotion one day,' she muttered. She shivered with delight as he continued to caress her hot bare bum. Maybe there was a way to make him keep touching her which would also ensure that today's hard spanking stopped?

'I've a confession to make,' she whispered, nibbling briefly at his nearest earlobe. 'I ignored the safety measures deliberately in the hope that you'd notice me.'

She grazed again at his ear then sat back on her haunches and looked fully at him, expecting to see the self-satisfied smirk of bolstered male ego. Instead, her boss looked even more grim.

'Are you really trying to tell me that you deliberately risked your own health and the reputation of this company in order to flirt during working time?'

Put like that, it sounded reprehensible. For once lost for words, Jo-Anne nodded her head.

Gordon Wesley helped her to her feet.

'A sound spanking obviously isn't going to be enough,' he sighed, running his fingers through his hair in a distracted gesture.

Jo-Anne caught her full lower lip in her small white teeth. 'What... what do you mean?'

'Lucky that I keep a pair of slippers here for when I'm working the late shift. They'll connect nicely with a flirtatious female arse.' So saying, he marched her across the office to a four-legged square stool. 'Let's call this staff training session *Raising Awareness*,' he said with a half laugh as he helped her bend her body over

the seat.

Her buttocks were indeed vulnerably raised - and it was a vulnerability that increased as Gordon Wesley brought a cushion over.

'Just to stop your belly from rubbing against the wood as you squirm,' he said evenly, pushing the bolster into place.

'Very thoughtful, I'm sure, sir,' Jo-Anne replied with as much sarcasm as she could muster. She'd wanted to make him notice her good points - not redden her badly-behaved arse! Still, he'd made it clear that she could walk away at any moment. It must be the more brave and curious part of her psyche that was making her stay.

The brave part faltered as Gordon Wesley laid on the slipper for the very first time. The smooth rubber size nine lashed her upturned buttocks.

'How many, sir?' the trainee manager yelped out, holding on tremulously to the rungs of the stool.

'Mm? Oh a slippering is like a spanking - one tends not to decide a specific number of whacks in advance,' the older man said.

'You mean I'm getting more than six of the best, then?' Jo-Anne whispered.

Gordon applied his slipper to her elevated rump again. 'That depends on your attitude, doesn't it, my dear?'

'Yes, sir. I'm a reformed character, sir. I'll be the best employee in the whole world from now on!' Jo-Anne promised as she sensed him raising the slipper in the air.

'Let's prove that,' her boss murmured after a moment's gloating reflection, 'Let's have a little test.' He set the slipper down on Jo-Anne's back, and her bottom gave a little twitch of trepidation. She could feel the rubber resting against her skin and knew how it felt as it whipped her bare backside.

'A test, sir?' she muttered warily.

'Mm,' said Gordon, 'An impromptu safety quiz.' He stroked her raised

sore bum and Jo-Anne moaned with lust and pubes-based wanting. 'Obviously a girl has to be able to think quickly in a hazardous situation,' he continued in a merciless voice.

'Yes, sir,' a baffled Jo-Anne whispered.

'So I'll expect an immediate answer to my questions, or that arse will pay a punitive penalty.'

'I'll answer right away! I promise, sir!' Jo-Anne gasped out. She reckoned that she knew all that there was to know about the plant's security measures. She knew where every safety station and outdoor shower had been built.

'What does the sign by the lined tank say?' Gordon asked. As he spoke, he ran a finger down Jo-Anne's bum cleft and all non-sexual knowledge went out of her memory. Moaning, she opening her thighs in a gesture of need. If only he'd slide a finger up and down her feminine opening. It was so hollow that it hurt.

'No answer equals another application of my slipper,' Gordon said.

He picked up the footwear and brought its sole smartly down on her upturned bare cheeks.

'Ah! Ouch! Ask me another question,' Jo-Anne muttered, tensing and untensing her bottom in a centuries-old cadence.

'How many burners are in each furnace?' her employer quizzed. Again he stroked his way down that most sensitive secret crease and the girl almost swooned with wanting.

'Please, sir,' she whispered huskily, 'Oh, please!'

'No, please wasn't the correct answer. Forty-eight was,' the man said matter-of-factly, 'That raised rump simply isn't trying, is it, my sweet?'

'It means to try, it just...' Jo-Anne's focus again shifted to her hot hindquarters.

'It doesn't know the safety drill,' her employer murmured, 'So it'll have to taste the nasty hard slipper

again.'

Jo-Anne could sense him moving about, doubtless lining the footwear up with her tenderised buttocks. She trembled with uncertainty and anticipation as he got into place. She couldn't decide which was worse - the aching glow in her upturned hemispheres or the unquenched heat between her parted legs.

'Can't we just negotiate?' she muttered raggedly. The rubber sole smarted its try-harder message into her posterior and she bucked and yelled.

'Safety measures aren't negotiable. Protective rules are there to be obeyed,' Gordon said.

He, too, was here to be obeyed. She was getting the message. And she wanted to obey him, Jo-Anne thought lustfully - she really did!

'Let's try again, shall we?' Gordon continued in a conversational tone.

Jo-Anne felt a sudden streak of irritation as his complacency. 'Oh, lets!' she muttered in a challenging voice.

'A bum can earn extra marks for insubordination,' her employer continued.

'It'll be a good bum from now on!' a contrite Jo-Anne said. She wasn't so sure that her clitoris would be good for much longer. If he fondled her furrow again she might spontaneously disobey...

Gordon Wesley seemed to sense the sexed-up state she was in. 'Lewd wriggling and wrong answers will result in a more disciplined derriere,' he said matter-of-factly.

'Going on to the French test, are you?' Jo-Anne sparred, then gasped as he clapped the slipper across both elevated cheeks. A percentage of her being wanted to mock him so that he chastened her arse to its absolute limit. Another percentage wanted to cup both well-punished globes in her small silken hands.

'Back to the safety exam, Ms Kern. What does PH stand for?' Gordon

Wesley queried.

'Potential hazard!' the trainee manager gasped out as he fondled her secret gully from start to end.

'Good girl. You got that one right.' She felt a small surge of disappointment as he put the slipper down.

'Now for a question about the pressure control valves...' Gordon Wesley continued. He rimmed her anal ring with a knowing finger as he completed the question and she moaned and squirmed and her answer didn't

make sense. 'At this rate your grievance procedure will go on all day,' the older man warned, fingering the eroticised groove between her up-turned buttocks again.

Jo-Anne groaned wildly and pushed her haunches back, unable to bear his teasing.

'Slipper me as much as you like later,' she half-sobbed, 'But for God's sake let me come!'

'You're forgetting who's in charge here,' Gordon Wesley murmured, slip-

pering her scarlet spheres for another thirty seconds. 'Is this what you've been begging for?' he continued, gliding a hand between her legs...

Exactly six months later Jo-Anne was in reminiscent mood as she wandered around the plant's outdoor section. She and Gordon had had a good half-year, but their relationship had recently reached its natural end.

But their beginnings in bed had been great! She smiled contentedly as she looked at the factory's feedstock, then shivered with delight as she contemplated the splitter and control valves. She must be yearning for a new lover: leastways everything today was reminding her of sex! Jo-Anne gazed at the steam that rose from the fireman's lake and identified with its churning heat.

Lost in thought, she turned towards the methanol unloading area. Belatedly she realised that one of her superiors was watching each unprofessional move.

He stared coolly: 'You were day-dreaming on duty, Ms Kern.'

'I didn't mean to, but... well, yes, Mr Andrews.'

'You've also gone missing from your post most weeks for at least an hour.'

'I know, but...' She could hardly admit that she was often in Gordon Wesley's office getting a sound spanking! 'I'm very sorry, sir,' she said.

The grey-haired director sighed. 'But saying sorry isn't enough, is it, my dear young woman? You'll still have to be disciplined for going absent without leave.'

So, the rumours about him had been true! Jo-Anne felt a new rush of lust at his use of the word *disciplined*. She peeked up through her lashes at his challenging grey eyes.

'I deserve the most stringent correction. How exactly will you do that, sir?' she whispered, then stared hopefully at his heavy leather belt.



HE CLAPPED THE SLIPPER ACROSS BOTH ELEVATED CHEEKS

# MY DAYS IN CANADA

## SARAH'S

# CONFESSION

**I** have recently returned from studying in Canada. During this period I stayed with a Canadian Family where I was soundly disciplined and loved it!

I was quite surprised to find the family I was due to stay with was coloured and I had never expected this. I have no prejudice but I was concerned that I may feel out of touch and isolated. Mrs Dujon was a large and imposing lady; she had a daughter Ruth who was seventeen and Jackson her son was in his early twenties. Right from the start they were very friendly and I soon settled in at college. After the novelty had worn off I became restless and homesick and one evening got myself drunk and knocked a large plant pot over in my room.

The following morning at breakfast Mrs Dujon placed a leather paddle in front of me and told me if I did not show more respect for the house I would get it where I would feel it most. I couldn't take my eyes off it and squirmed in embarrassment at the thought of me a nineteen-year-old young lady submitting to such a shameful act. I was given the paddle and told to keep it safe as Mrs Dujon laughed that she was sure I would feel it soon enough. Ruth and Jackson laughed as I picked up the paddle and walked red faced to my room.

I was sat on the bed when Mrs Dujon walked in and I knew what was about to happen. She asked me if I deserved the paddle and I could only stammer "yes". The next few minutes were incredible as she stood me against the wall and held my skirt up above my waist to deliver six hard slaps with the paddle to my backside. They really hurt and I was almost in tears when she pulled the waistband of my panties away from my bottom and laughed that if she had to do it again she would bare my ass completely and paddle me in the main room in front of whoever was there. I lay on the bed and rubbed my red bum, I couldn't get the picture out of my head of me being paddled with everyone watching.

About two weeks later I was stood in the kitchen and I had this uncontrollable urge to spill coffee on the floor. Jackson came in and laughed "looks like we'll get to see your white ass turn a lovely red when Mom gets back".

It was three in the afternoon and I was dressed for bed in my short nightie and stood in the room with a grinning Ruth and Jackson staring at me. I had the

paddle in my hand and I gave it to Mrs Dujon as she led me over her knee. I was almost sobbing now at the spectacle I was making as she lifted the nightie right up over my bum. "Please, no, I whimpered with my bare bottom now on full view and after a few smacks I was crying openly. The pain was intense and I wriggled and thrust my burning bottom not caring what I showed to the amused onlookers.

She finished off with some real stingers to the backs of my legs, which really had me howling, and then I was helped to my feet and made to stand in the corner as I rubbed furiously at my throbbing backside. The nightie was up round my waist but it kept falling down and to my horror I was made to remove it completely. I had to stand for a full hour as the family had coffee and remarked on what a picture I looked. My sobbing died down and I felt a delicious mixture of pain, excitement and shame. My bum was literally glowing and I didn't care who saw me naked. After the hour I had to face them and thank Mrs Dujon for giving me what I deserved, my full frontal display only added to my excitement. Jackson laughed to his Mom that I had certainly been taught a lesson and Ruth openly laughed that she thought I had enjoyed it anyway.

For the remainder of my stay I was punished every week, the marks of my last thrashing had barely gone before I received more. Even Ruth and Jackson were allowed to administer my punishments although it was plainly obvious that I was receiving intense pleasure not punishment. I think the fact that I was a long way from home had really made me lose all my inhibitions and I would spend long periods naked carrying out household chores. One or two of Mrs Dujon's close friends were permitted to see me get my paddle and this was to lead to the most memorable occasion.

One Saturday afternoon I was waiting in my room as usual to receive the paddle and I heard Ruth and Jackson leave. I felt somehow disappointed that they would not see me in action as their presence really added to my enjoyment. However, I was in for a surprise when I entered the room, Mrs Dujon was sat with two of her friends. I had seen them before and they were the same age and stature as my landlady. They gasped at my naked state as I nervously shielded my boobs and my bum from their gaze. "Come on, don't be shy my girl," laughed Mrs Dujon, I have told these ladies all about your fascination with the paddle'. I was as red as could

be, standing in front of three middle aged black women waiting to be reduced to a sobbing snivelling spectacle. Instead of going over her knee, I had to fetch a chair from the kitchen and kneel over the back. As usual the paddle soon had me in tears and the women seemed to love the sight of me thrusting and gyrating my tormented buttocks. Then one of the women was given the paddle, she walked up to my head and I was shocked when she roughly grabbed my hair and lifted my face to look at her "so your a horny white tart who loves being thrashed are you" she spat. I was made to answer yes as they laughed. Then I was led off the chair and made to kneel on all fours on the floor with my legs spread wide apart, I could imagine what I would be exposing.

The woman laughed that she was going to give me a real thrashing now. Each smack of the paddle was much harder than I was used too and she waited about a minute between strokes. Every time the paddle came down my whole body surged forward and soon I was desperate to prevent myself failing to the floor. When I did my hair was grabbed again and she spitefully gave me several quick smacks "get your lily white ass up in the air" she laughed. Now she concentrated on my legs and as they were so wide apart, she could get right to the insides of my thighs. She actually took hold of my bum to steady herself so she could reach down and get a good swing of the paddle. I was really crying by now and sweat was running down me "Please, please no more," I begged and she once more took hold of my hair "What's the matter, don't you like it?" she mocked. She allowed me to rest and I lay on the floor sobbing, I wasn't even allowed to rub my tortured bum.

I had to then stand in front of each woman and let them feel my backside. The woman who had paddled me pinched my bum hard and brought fresh tears to my eyes, then she made me gasp with shame as she pulled apart my bum cheeks and laughed that she could still see some white skin. I was back on the floor again and with one hand she grabbed each bum cheek in turn to get the paddle on to my fully exposed bum crack! I was stood in the corner and left to compose myself as the women talked about the state of my "well paddled fanny". They laughed that this English Miss certainly looked red white and blue.

Despite having the most severe thrashing ever I soon began to feel my usual excitement and couldn't wait to get to my room but my ordeal was not over yet. Mrs Dujon told me I had to stand in the middle of the room and put my hands on my head, if I moved one inch they would paddle me all over again and not be so lenient with me. I couldn't comprehend what they were going to do next as the harsh woman came up to me. I was shaking with fear and excitement as she walked round

me grinning. Then without warning she took hold of my breast, I looked down and saw her black hand examining my pale and quivering boobs. She reached for my nipple and it felt so hard as she laughed, 'She's a typical white girl,' I shook visibly when she moved her hand downwards. I pulled my body away as she reached my tummy. She then went to pick up the paddle; I got one really hard smack. "Now do you want some more or shall I put my hand where I like" she asked sarcastically. I was then made to beg her to touch me anywhere she liked and had to stand and suffer the shame of her placing her fingers on my most private place. With the two women watching was brought to climax much to the delight of my tormentor who grinned triumphantly.

On the day before I came home I was naked from the moment I woke to when I went to bed and was paddled for five minutes every hour. I was even made to take a thrashing from one -of Ruth's friends who giggled the whole time and couldn't take her hand from my burning bottom amazed at how hot it felt. I was in agony on the plane but I knew I would really miss the feeling of a well-tanned bum.

This was two years ago and I still have the paddle that Mrs Dujon gave me. My flat mate has seen the paddle and one night after too much wine I told her; I had felt its sting on my bare bum. She seemed fascinated. She held the paddle in her hand and smacked her palm, "Well Sarah you better behave or I'll put you over my kneel. I can't get the thought out of my head and soon I know I will provoke her, but I can't bear the thought of her just giving me a few playful smacks. I hope you can print this and I will show her so she knows exactly what I need.

I apologise for going on a bit but once I started writing I couldn't stop. I even left out a few of the rude bits like what I had to do for Mrs Dujon and her friends. God it was so humiliating, I had never even heard of Queening, but I felt so wicked and helpless. The most daring was having to obey Jackson, he used me as a total slut for him and his friends and one day took me to a bar and stripped me naked -to serve beer all night. He told the owner that I wanted to do it for a bet and I was treated like a complete whore. I felt safe knowing I couldn't be recognised and acted outrageously but it was an experience to remember although I would never do such a thing in this country.

I hope you find this interesting and I don't blame you if you don't believe it but if you print it I'll write and tell you if I manage to engineer a sound paddling for myself. If the worse comes to the worse I'll have enough money saved in a few months to visit Mrs Dujon and her family again, I can't wait I am absolutely hooked surely I can't be so rare, can I?

---

*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.*

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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 COUNTIES. NK10

DO YOU WISH TO PAMPER THEN BE CANED BY A SEXY YOUNG BLONDE MODEL WHO HAS FEATURED IN KANE MAG-

AZINE AND VIDEOS. 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

DISCREET CLEAN MALE 25 OFFERS OVER KNEE BARE BOTTOM SPANKING TO NAUGHTY WOMEN 20-60 NORTH EAST AREA. NK12

MALE WILL GIVE SPANKING HOLIDAY IN SWINGING DUBLIN FOR PRETTY LADY 25-35, CINEMA THEATRE HOTEL GRADE A RENTED CAR PROVIDED, MAX STAY ONE WEEK. NK13

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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 75**

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**

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*Wow, what a month it has been. I've been inundated with offers from readers: One offered to be my personnel slave; another wanted me to thrash his bare bottom with the canes that he had just purchased; but the biggest surprise was when a customer arrived at my front door clutching the largest bouquet of flowers that I've ever seen, plus two bottles of vodka! However, the slaves offer I declined, as did I the customer who wanted me to thrash his bare bottom. Although I love my readers dearly, I am not in the habit of keeping slaves or whacking people who turn up at the Kane office. As for the man with the gifts, thank you.*

*Cliff and I also featured on Liberty radio's Clare Ashton show. I wonder how many of you caught it?*

*Now that we have a firm date for our "LIVE EXTRAVAGANZA" I'm looking forward to meeting as many of you in person as I can. See you there!*

*Josie*

Dear Josie,

Life has been, on the whole, pretty good to me. My rise up the corporate ladder was swift, though not without sacrifice. I worked hard to get to the top of the tree and now, as Managing Director, I try to instil in my staff the same drive and commitment that took me to the top. To be honest, I am probably hard to work for and have a reputation as a no nonsense disciplinarian. Consequently, I know it would amaze many people if they knew how I spend the other part of my life - being disciplined.

Outwardly, my wife is the opposite of me. At social functions, I am as outgoing and brash as, at work, whereas she is quiet and reserved. She dresses conservatively and is never happy as the centre of attention. I'm sure all of our friends are convinced that I rule the roost at home. If anything they are concerned that, Helen is too timid to stand up to me, perhaps a bit put upon. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Helen is happy and very supportive of my career but made it plain early on that, because of my long hours, our routine of once-a-week marital sex was not to her taste.

At first I was surprised that she even raised the

subject, but eager to avoid the drudgery and unhappiness that has overtaken some of our friends, I was keen to help. We discussed sex aids, videos and even the possibility of her taking other partners. I made it clear that although I was not keen, if she wished to go with someone else I might approve providing I had full knowledge beforehand and she did not get emotionally involved. In the end, it took some coaxing from me and a spot of luck to finally discover what she really wanted.

Once a week we attend the local sports centre to play badminton, squash or table tennis. The first two are often booked up, but we can always get a table in the small sports hall for a game of ping-pong. There are rarely any others playing when we are there, so we have the hall to ourselves.

One weekday evening, in the middle of one of our closely competitive games, I hit a topspin return that seemed to glance the table on her side of the net and bounce away into the corner of the deserted hall.

'Yeeees' I held my arms victoriously aloft. She glared at me. 'It was out!'

'No it wasn't!'

'The edge of the table is out.'

'No way' I vigorously protested.'

Her eyes blazed and we started to argue the point in earnest. Neither of us likes to lose, especially to each other. Within a minute we were toe to toe, fingers and voices raised in protest at the crucial sporting decision. Then, quite unexpectedly, her voice's shrill tone gave way to a confident calm.

'Bend over Sam'

'What?' I asked uncomprehendingly.

'You heard me. Bend over the table.'

'What on earth for?' Her request made no sense to me. 'Because I am going to spank you.'

I was lost for words. This was not like Helen. 'What, here? This is a public place!'

'If you say another word I will make you drop your trousers' she replied sternly, as if she had ordered me around like this all her life.

I surrendered to her bizarre request, prostrating myself over the green table. The slap of the table tennis bat against my rump rebounded off the games-hall walls. I was amazed that we were behaving like this. Even more surprisingly, I found that it turned me on immensely.

Our behaviour seemed quite outrageous. She dealt me six strokes, each heavier than the last. Abandoning the game

there and then, we quickly changed and drove home.

I can remember clearly the sense of euphoria we both felt in the car. We both knew we had found the key to Helen's deepest sexual desires. I was happy with the role of submission that had been cast for me. I knew her imagination would work overtime from now on. That night our lovemaking was proceeded by a dozen strokes of the bat, with me leant over a dining room chair. Our sex had an intensity that was then new but has since never dimmed.

Over the years, we have refined our routine to suit us perfectly. My wife prefers twenty four-hour periods during which she has complete control of me. I have even signed an agreement with her that I follow all instructions issued during these times without question. I pledged that I would never go with another woman though she was allowed sexual freedom if the chance arose. At work, I have final say in all-important decisions; at home, I am often little more than her slave.

Several weeks ago, I was in a meeting with two of our senior sales representatives when I took an urgent call passed on from my secretary.

*'The kitchen floor is disgusting. I'm very angry with*

*you.' My wife sounded calm and composed and I shifted uneasily in my leather chair. I motioned to the reps to exit the room. They looked at each other, grateful to leave as they had been carpeted by me until the interruption. Unbeknown to them, I was also about to suffer this fate! As they quietly closed my heavy office door behind them, I murmured into the receiver 'What do you want from me, Miss?' There was a short silence. 'Bob-a-job' she answered, and I heard the receiver click.*

\* \* \*

I was delayed by traffic on the way back, by which time she was pacing our hallway. 'What time do you call this?' my normally demure wife asked as I shut the front door.

She had on a long stern black cape and I could just make out her stockings above her leather high-heeled boots.

'I'm sorry darling I... I stopped, mortified that I had broken one of our rules. 'You mustn't call me that must you?' she smiled, thinly. 'No Mistress, I'm very sorry' I blurted. 'Now put down your briefcase and drop your trousers around your ankles. Stay bent over until I return'.

I did as I was told. Two minutes later she returned with a short stiff bamboo cane. My fingers held onto our steel rimmed letterbox as she dealt me a dozen sharp strokes. Praying that no surprise quest would suddenly appear at our front door, I counted them aloud, as is our habit. At the conclusion of my inaugural beating and still with my expensive suit trousers crumpled around my ankles, I shuffled to our bedroom.

A scout uniform was placed carefully on the bed and I began hurriedly to dress into it. Helen is very

fussy about my appearance during our role-playing.

In truth, the kitchen floor was clean. I had scrubbed it spotless only the night before. But to argue would have been out of the question. My humiliation was far from complete. She stood over me as my bare knees touched the cold floor. I had to be careful not to let my neckerchief touch the soapy floor, as I knew an inspection of my uniform would follow. I began to scrub hard with the familiar brush until the floor was sparkling. Finally, I stood up and said 'I'm finished Miss'.

She looked at the floor. 'Your work is unsatisfactory. You will receive a hiding for this. Now, lick the floor at my feet'.

I obeyed, tasting the horrible soap with my tongue. When I lifted myself up to stand to attention, she handed me the shoe polish.

'Now, I am going to watch T.V. You will attend to me while you finish your jobs. And then you will line up for inspection.'

I raced through to fluff up the pillows for her in the living room and turned on the television. After bringing her fresh grapes, a glass of red wine and a small brass bell to summon me with, I returned to the kitchen to look at the list of tasks she had drawn up. In our house, when Helen is in the mood, I do all of, the housework, pausing only for inspection of my work and my uniform. If I do a good job, each task will mean only ten or so strokes with the of the punishment implements. But often it is more, much more. My mistress keeps the items in a wooden box. I am never allowed to touch these without her permission. They include a pair of

handcuffs, the table tennis bat, a school cane, a slipper, a thick leather belt, and the dreaded, very painful riding crop.

After cleaning every pair of shoes in the house, and scrubbing both of our bathrooms until they gleamed, I turned my attention to the ironing. It was a short list of jobs compared with some I have been handed, but I knew this really had no correlation to my punishment.

One Sunday I was kicked out of bed to provide her with breakfast in bed, and was not been able to change out of my school uniform until she was tucked up in bed at 10 PM.

I was near the end of the ironing when I heard the bell ring. I ran down to the lounge. 'You've had enough time to complete your tasks. You are a lazy good for nothing. Stand to attention when I am talking to you!' I stood rigid to obey and remained there until she returned from inspecting my handiwork.

Five minutes later she reappeared. 'You lazy little sod!' she said in my face. 'The shoes are poor, the bathrooms are a disgrace and you haven't even finished the ironing. Your neckerchief is crooked, your socks are not properly pulled up and your knees are filthy. How many strokes do you think you deserve?' It was the question I always feared. If I said too little, I may be forced to repeat one or more of my jobs. I had to judge her mood.

'Please miss, may I have forty with the slipper?' Was this too few? I paused for a moment and then added 'And three with the crop'.

Her eyes widened. 'You are asking for the crop? I wasn't considering that. What have you to hide?' I

shook my head and cursed my big mouth. She stood for a minute facing me. 'Fetch me the slipper and the crop.' You will receive fifty with the slipper and... Six with the crop as you are so keen to receive it.' I was struck dumb as I climbed the stairs and dutifully retrieved the implements from the box in the cupboard. The slipper was less painful than the cane or the strap, but six was the maximum with the riding crop, as it always left its mark on my bum.

While she pulled on a pair of leather gloves I removed my neckerchief and woggle and held out my hands to be tied. She pulled them roughly behind my back and secured my wrists. Then my mistress undid my shorts and let them fall loosely around my ankles. Without a word, I bent over the couch. I was bound up and helpless to receive the flogging. She beat me steadily and I counted out the number of smacks, stopping at twenty as instructed to stand up straight while she yanked down my pants. The strokes of the slipper were more painful now, but I was rock hard with the thrill. I called out my thanks for each stroke. I knew I had no chance of sex tonight, as it was part of my wife's fantasy that I cannot touch her with any other part of my body than my tongue, while our session was on. Occasionally she allows me to lick her, but this is a special treat.

Completing my slipping, she made me kiss the warmed up sole before I was allowed to stand up. At this stage, she said 'Your bob-a-job money is £100'. 'That is very generous mistress' I said, and was allowed to free my hands, raise my shorts and go to my wallet. Luckily I had enough cash, and as I

nelt and placed it at her feet. 'Thank you miss' I said. She stood, tapping the riding crop lightly into the palm of her gloved hand. 'Please may I have the crop now, miss'. Then I stood up, dutifully let down my shorts and pants once more and bent over.

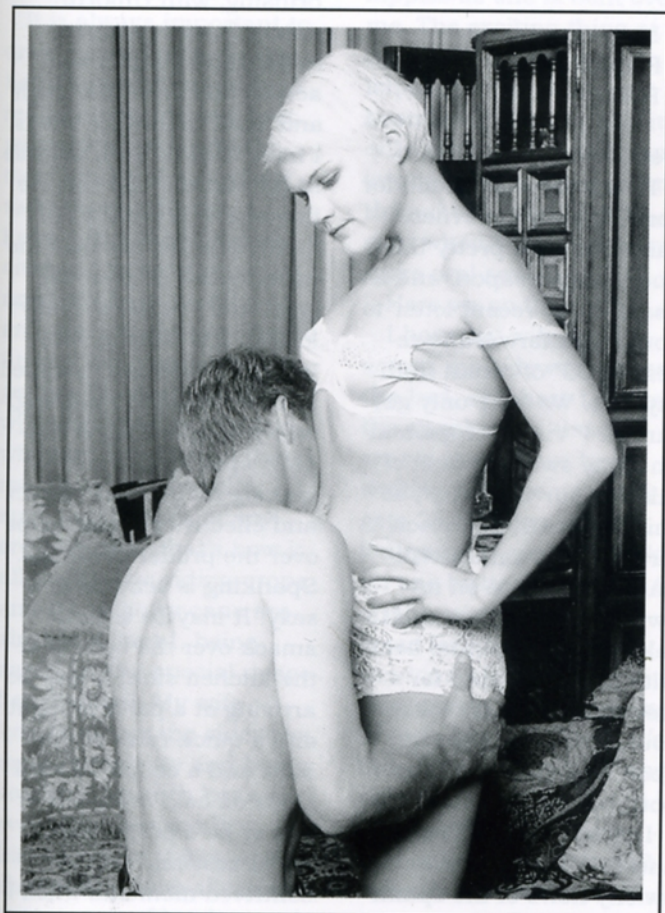
The next day, Saturday, I completed my swimming laps and sat chatting in the sauna to Davies, my opposite number at one of our company's main rivals. We had been colleagues at one time, until our then boss Victor and he had a furious fall out. I never liked Victor much, and Davies absolutely loathed him. Thankfully, Victor had left himself shortly afterwards, after sensationally running off with an office junior, Judith, a blonde woman who in my opinion was never up to the job.

Davies and I often play squash together. Helen and I are still friends with him

and his wife - Linda despite the business rivalry. Without thinking, I lay face down on the warm wooden slats. 'What are those marks on your ass, Sam?' he asked. I hastily moved to cover myself, my face beetroot with more than the heat.

'Oh I, er... A gardening accident' I stammered, foolishly. 'I sat on the rake'. He smiled coyly. 'Really? Looks more like you've had a bit of a thrashing old boy'. I was petrified but he laughed heartily. 'Don't worry. Linda does it all the time to me. Look.' He shifted his towel and I could see the faint outline of a fairly recent beating on his bum! 'In fact, when she and Helen find out about this,' I reckon we could be facing the cane together!'

Sam Carlisle  
Sunderland



THE DOMINANT LAUREN, FOR PAUL O'HARA, IF ONLY...

Dear Josie/Lauren,

As I am a newcomer to the spanking scene, forgive me if I come across as a little nervous as this is the very first letter of this kind that I've written.

Firstly, could you tell me if the dominant Lauren (Kane 70) appears in any other issues, and if she does can I obtain back issues?

Secondly, I have an idea for a photo-story.

Here it is.

Waving my girlfriend (Lauren) off to work (CJ: you should be so lucky!) one morning, I proceed to indulge in my secret fantasy that I'm too scared and ashamed to tell her about. I dress up in Lauren's sexiest clothes, lingerie including seamed-stockings and slip on her elegant high-heels. Then I make-up my face with her mascara and lipstick and curl my long red hair using her curlers. However, unbeknown to me Lauren has changed her shift and she returns home earlier than I expected catching me dressed as a woman. Quite naturally, she hits the roof, and being so ashamed, I have no option but to indulge her in her own secret fantasy.

Lauren begins by telling me in no uncertain manner that there's one thing she's always disliked about me. She then produces a pair of scissors and orders me to bring and sit on a kitchen chair, and then she hacks off all of my long red curls, right down to stubble.

Then comes the cane.

Well, I'm sure you can imagine the beating I get, (cropped in both senses of the word).

I would love to hear any suggestions Lauren may have, as I would be more than happy to go through with this idea.

Being a transvestite as

well as being into spanking, I feel this would appeal to a great number of like-minded people. And besides, who better to do it!

Yours faithfully

Paul O'Hara

Bath

*Josie replies: Sadly Paul, Lauren has returned to her native Australia, although we do understand from recent correspondence we've received from her that she will be returning to London early next year. Lauren also features in the video "Get your Pants off now!" Stills of this can be seen in Kane 71, which is available from the Kane office priced £1.50 that includes P&P.*

*Cliff James: Mind you, if you're still interested in meeting a dominant female, Paul, why not write to Brandi? Whose interview "A tot of Brandi" features in this issue. Brandi is beautiful and possesses a sternness that makes every man she meets, including me, want to worship her. And, she is looking for some masculine bottoms to cane.*

*For anyone who wishes to write to Brandi, send your letter to Josie, including £5 to cover administration costs and we will forward it to her.*

Dear Harrison-Marks,

I am a black lady in my forties who is into spanking, which is something I get immense pleasure from doing. I particularly enjoy spanking plump, elderly ladies, as I just love to see a large white bottom start to turn pink, then red as the spanking continues.

Then, slowly run my hands over the nice red bum and feel how hot it has become.

One such lady who I am on spanking terms with is Mrs Bray, who is a voluptuous 58-year-old divorcee and who responds to a good bum warming. She has broad, mare-like buttocks on which I use both

tawse and riding-crop. I always commence with the tawse as a preliminary warming followed by several good hard strokes of the crop, which brings forth a gushing climax. I always have her naked of course when I tan her big bum with her bending over a table, legs well apart.

I am planning to have some photos taken of her over the table that I will send to you to publish in Kane.

Mrs Tama.,  
Maidstone, Kent

*Josie replies: I do hope you send me some photos of your friend, Mrs Bray, as I receive many requests from readers asking me to publish pictures of more mature bottoms.*

Dear Kane,

My boss is a regular Kane reader, and I was very intrigued by the feature in no. 73 "Discipline in the Office". It happens in real life too, as I'm sure you know. My boss is ex-public school and very upper crust and is always going on about the benefits of discipline and corporal punishment. He reckons that most secretaries, especially those like me from a council school background, would be greatly improved by an occasional sound tanning. He's no fuddy duddy, but a red-blooded male, and usually has some upper-class bimbo in tow. He loves a leg show and insists I always wear very short minis.

My job is a very good one salary wise and my boss is generous with bonuses at Christmas and when I go on my holidays. I am not a kid, I'm 26, but I've had a number of spankings from him – not joke spankings but for real, with his hand, leather-soled slippers, panties removed.

About six weeks ago I had a bad day and was very lippy when he told me off. He gave me your advert for crook-handled canes and ordered me to send for one. The day it arrived I had to touch my toes in his office, skirt up and panties down, and got a painful six of the best. I realised then that I'd made



a big mistake in ordering the junior 1/4" cane. Your ad describes it as 'whippy' and by golly it is. While lecturing me before I was punished, he bent it into a semicircle as you are doing in your photo.

Today I disgraced myself. The office junior and I had a row and we ended up having a stand-up fight, hair pulling, the lot. When my boss stormed out of his office, I tried to put all the blame on the other girl, but he didn't believe me. This evening I got what he called, a proper whipping. I had to kneel sideways in his big chair, push my panties and tights down to my knees, then go across the arm, fingers touching the carpet. Up came my bum and down whisked the cane. Before long, my resolve to grit my teeth and take it went by the board, and I was squirming, sobbing, and finally

blubbering like a two-year-old. My punishment over, I was given a glass of his best brandy and then sent on my way. I stood on the underground and on the train home, not only because sitting would have been too painful, but also because I was pretty certain that if I sat the weals on my thighs would have been visible.

If your cane is meant for punishing bad behaviour and for persuading head-strong girls like me to think before we act, I can assure you it's carrying out its function. I shall try very hard indeed to avoid another session with the bossman's Kane cane. But I'm not sure I shall succeed. His last words to me were "Don't forget Fiona, the cane's here ready for next time – and next time you won't get off so lightly." Lightly! I ask you! I'm still stiff and throbbing after a hot bath.

Love  
Fiona S.,  
Berk

Dear Josie,

Thank you very much for sending your Governess cane it looks a pretty thick and wieldy weapon, and as I said in my recent letter to you, I look forward to receiving 36" of rattan from my wife. We have only got three 24" riding crops and an army swagger stick of mine in our 'armoury', so this is something to look forward to. I am unfortunately in France on my own at present, but shall take the swishy cane back with me to England for a week very soon. I reckon it could leave some pretty good weal marks across both buttocks, don't you?

I must go back in time and deliver to you the swishy news of the spanking, the riding-crops and the military stick. I am one

of those lucky husbands who has had his few fetishes and loves fulfilled. First, I married a young nubile girl of eighteen when I was thirty-eight with several affairs behind me: secondly, I was transfixed by my new spouse's backside in tight jeans when I first met her, and thirdly: she was into riding in a passionate way. What better therefore in the summer to see her with simply a singlet top, and then the cream tight-fitting jodhpurs and boots! And to any man's wish if so inclined, the inevitable riding-crop.

Although it took a few months of our married life to become accustomed to CP., it has become now dramatic, lengthy and sustained. For my own part, my pert white buttocks of which I am very proud have never gone a week without constant reddening, marking, striping and bruising, with Unfortunately those occasional missed aims which land across and down the thigh and leave marks for weeks. I have tried to train my wife to get matters right on the line when it comes to CP! Sadly, she will not take the cane herself or even the crop, and I've never really known any woman who has enjoyed being thrashed in that way, but spanking, well yes, spanking is foreplay, spanking is love-making if I give the correct and effective sensual slaps over the proffered cheeks. Spanking is sensual and sexy. It may be a hard smack over the bottom at the kitchen sink; it may be arriving at a party at night and a quick raise of the skirt and a couple of hard slaps on cold buttocks; or it may be a proper contrived session. We have contrived moments when I pop back to England for a week or so, and this is



when the mother-in-law is at the hairdressers

It is always important to dress accordingly. So for her it's most frequently in red lace bra and her best white jodhpurs, and for me, I am liked in a white satin thong with zip. I know I find the initial excitement to be intense, so I normally have a stiff gin and tonic to slow me down. Strangely enough, I don't get the 'brewers droop' when being whacked and whipped, even when that mouth of hers engulfs, sucks and feasts on my erection. And that's how it all starts. The riding-crops and the military cane are already to hand, being saved for the special usage I shall detail. My wife kneels across me sideways, myself prostrate and being sent into seventh heaven every time her mouth kisses, sucks, bites, and chews. She soon slides her breasts out of her bra and uses my glistening tip to

rub and tease across her nipples as she is bent over me. The exciting thing at this stage is that the punishment to be meted out hasn't even begun, and it only does start to develop into the slaps, swishes and thwacks of considerable pain when I can't take any more oral sex.

Here we go then.

I have my wife laid across me sideways across the bed, and here I deliver the spanks and the caresses that I have been waiting for. She normally gets 24 over her white jodhpurs, 6 gentle smacks on one buttock, another 6 on the other and then some far harder ones at random, all thrown in with a caressing, and kneading of each buttock. Then, it's time for much sterner and painful action.

Off with the jodhpurs and out with the four GP instruments we have always used - 2 whippy riding crops, and one thicker

one with a nasty long flitch at the end, plus my army swagger stick which can zing quite noisily and certainly leaves its mark! It's her in the matching red lace panties and me in my thong as I climb onto a chair in front of the dressing-table mirror. I know exactly what I'm going to receive, as we have done this countless times, and it's not six of the best, it's a calculated, mathematical 100 strokes! Have any readers tried this before? The first 48 strokes are taken on the chair, but they are delivered carefully and lovingly and aimed to arouse than to inflict real pain. If they were given really hard, I'd be jumping out of the chair after every welt. 48 strokes then, 12 with one crop, 12 with another, 12 with the lengthy flitch at the end which gets whacked under my balls every two or three and then the nasty swagger stick which I know will cause pain at the end. Phew! 48 strokes over and we stand and hold each other close, moistness and expectation bringing us closer and closer to final fulfilment.

Before I receive my second dose of 48 strokes, it's wonderful to have her lie over the obvious erection busting through my satin thong, and giving her that kneading of the buttocks again. The lace panties I adore pulling up tight into that crack exposing both round cheeks and giving me something rotund, wobbly yet firm to aim the palm of my hand on. She gets another two dozen hard slaps on either side, each buttock now reddening in an expanse. Her total is 48, but then two unexpected quickies with the army cane, which I know she doesn't like, but I like to see the weals.

And so it's into the final

frantic 48 for me, totalling 96 before I get the hardest four imaginable for the warming blistering hundred! I enjoy this last stage best because I can lie on my stomach and wriggle, sometimes with my toes extending out across over the bed reaching between her legs and those moist red panties. I say enjoy, but it's certainly painful. Twelve fairly hard thrashes with one riding-crop again, another 12 whacks with another one and then the final 24, which I know, are going to hum and sting. I get six of the best slow but hard and then six at full quick pelt - Wow! I normally have my head buried into a pillow at this stage. And for the penultimate - the army swishy swagger stick, which, only 24", bends like the Governess cane you have sent me.

Like any good wife, mine has learned how to build up to a climax not only in our lovemaking but also in her caning and whipping, and she delivers them in a very measured fashion. A pause and a crack; a pause and a harder crack; a teasing rubbing of the cane over the buttocks as a violinist plays over the strings, and then "Wham", "Wham" and "Wham" with a final 10.

I would now just simply make love to my wife since I am absolutely done for, and I turn over from being spread-eagled on my stomach. But of course, another, extra 4 hard beltings, to make the ton-up! My buttocks, one side more than the other, are stinging and burning and feel well and truly marked, and it's now to a final bend over position by the corner of the bed. These are the final 4 strokes to be administered I haven't done anything wrong! I just love that cane being swished around before it lands on my bot-

tom for the final moments. Crack! Thwack! Swish! Wham! And then it's into moisturised heaven as we let our love systems go wild, both sets of buttocks being held and kneaded hard in, the punishment weapons having been thrown all over the room!

Well, there you go Josie! You asked for a gentleman's letter and you've got one to read at your leisure and pleasure, I hope. If you are going to print it for Edition 76 at the end of July, could you write and let me know. Thanks.

Yours sincerely.

P. H.,  
Ille de Reinembault  
France

Dear Josie,

After many months of deliberation and delay, I have at last managed to put pen (or word processor) to paper in praise of a most

talented but also relatively unsung star of the excellent Kane video series.

For me, the extensive Kane series of which I possess about 30 titles is unique for many reasons: Kane offer a wonderfully varied range of scenarios, a delightful selection of actresses in a range of pleasing shapes and sizes. Preview opportunities via tapes and the magazine itself, and, unlike most others every production tempers its subject with a sense of humour which reminds us all that CP., is meant to be fun!

But for me the single thing that recommends the Kane series is that, despite searching high and low elsewhere, it appears to be a unique source of the work of that Queen of CP., the amazing Liz Leather!

Even so I count only four appearances in your 70+

range (Country Cousins - When the Cat's Away - Three Cases to Answer For and Rawhide in Rotherhithe) plus appearances in three of your "Live Shows!"

It is for this reason that I feel compelled to write in the hope that the lovely Liz might be tempted to further appearances in future features, and including a scenario which, if nothing else I have enjoyed writing!

But first a little more in praise of the star herself. Just what, for me, makes Liz Leather out-rank all others? After all, I must reluctantly admit that Kane has occasionally featured girls that might rank higher in terms of sheer head turning "page-3-ness" though a more shapely and spankable bottom would be hard to find anywhere. It is I think a combination of style, enthusiasm, and a significant amount of acting talent

that puts Liz on a pedestal above all others. When it comes to the time for the sort of action for which Kane is famous, no-one arches a back more elegantly and presents a tantalising target more invitingly than this girl! No-one plays their part with more enthusiasm but tempers it better with that hint of mischief and good humour that makes Kane special. No one convinces the viewer better that the character being played actually enjoys his or her hot-bottomed discomforts more than our Liz does!

It is the amazing combination of all these things that makes "Country Cousins" such an astonishing film and undoubtedly my No. 1 amongst all the Kane titles. Not only does this classic show Liz's character actually demanding her spanking from the much missed master himself (GHM), but in that mind-blowing early

solo scene she arouses herself to such a state that only a self-administered spanking will bring her the satisfaction she craves - astonishing! Oh to see a similar solo session in a future Kane production?

It is time now to sign off with just a few final comments. I am convinced that Liz leather's prodigious talents have in the past rewarded her with much work, so while waiting (and hoping) for her next Kane appearance I continue to search for earlier examples of her work. Although I've scoured many shops that sell second hand magazines such as Kane, for no. 40 that features stills from Country Cousins, I fear that those remaining are securely in the hands of fellow fans.

Darren.,  
West Midlands

Dear Josie,

I don't know if you remember me, but I recently visited the Kane office and purchased one of your canes. I also had quite a long chat with you and told you that I was going to pay a visit to a lady friend who spans me as reward for doing odd jobs. You did ask me to let you know how that afternoon progressed, so here's what happened.

As I drove from your office with my new crook-handled cane, I hoped that my lady friend would be at home alone. I was in luck! As I turned into her road, I saw her car parked in its usual place. Filled with excitement I parked my car and walked the thirty or so steps to her front door. Tingling with anticipation, I rang the bell. A few moments later the front door opened as far as the safety chain would allow and my lady friend, Hannah, peered through the gap.



LIZ LEATHER

'Oh hi, didn't expect to see you today. Fancy a cuppa?'

'Yes please,' I replied eagerly. Hannah unhooked the safety chain allowing me to enter. I followed her into the lounge. 'Are we alone?' I whispered. 'But of course,' she replied. 'Good,' I continued, 'I have something in the car that I'm sure will be of interest to you.'

I rushed back to the car and collected my new purchase.

When I arrived back in the lounge I placed the brown-paper package on Hannah's dining table, unwrapped it and presented the cane to her.

'Wow - I haven't seen one of these for years!' she exclaimed, as she ran it teasingly through her fingers. I watched intently as Hannah swished the cane menacingly through the air before taking up a stern stance whilst bending the cane into a deep arc to test its pliancy.

'I guess you'd better get 'em down then, and bend yourself over!' she snapped in the tone of voice I know so well.

As instructed I unclipped the clasp of my belt, undid my trousers

and dropped them along with my underpants before taking up my usual position, bending over the arm of the settee. Hannah rested the cane across the centre of my bum, pushing it quite hard into my flesh. Then she raised it high above her head. I could see her reflection in the dark screen of her television. I waited nervously as she took aim with the crook-handled rattan. The silence was broken by the sound of the cane cutting through the air before landing with an almighty "thwack" as it met its target.

I cried out in agony. The pain of the caning was much worse than I had anticipated, it was sheer agony. My cries however did nothing to dissuade her from stopping or easing up the severity of my thrashing. I twisted from side to side trying to escape the stinging onslaught but unsuccessfully. 'Oh do keep still.' She ordered, 'I haven't started yet.'

The cane continued to descend upon my now burning rear-end, and, although each new stoke stung like blazes, each one was delicious agony. I've never known such a plea-

surable pain before. I pushed my bum up and outwards, urging her to cane my undefended rear as hard as she could. Hannah, realising my state of euphoria duly obliged with six of the hardest strokes she could lay on to finish with. The stinging, throbbing pain and intense heat gave me a real buzz.

'Let that be a lesson to you,' she barked harshly. 'Now cover yourself you wretched little man.'

I pulled up my trousers and pants and walked gingerly out of the room. Wow Josie, my bum was really throbbing, I just had to have a look at it. I dashed upstairs on the pretence of using the bathroom and snuck into her bedroom. As quickly as I could I pushed down my trousers and looked at her handiwork in the mirror. What a sight! Dark red weals covered my entire bum; there were ridges everywhere. Thank God my wife was away! I don't know how long they will take to go. As it happens, I am writing this the day after all this happened and surprisingly there are only a few marks left.

As I made my way downstairs I heard a

swishing followed by a low "ouch!". I was intrigued. I eased the lounge-door open just far enough to see what was going on and the sight that befell me really surprised me. Hannah was caning herself! I pushed the lounge-door open a bit further, just wide enough for me to discreetly enter yet not so far so Hannah would notice.

'Would you like to have a taste?' I said quietly, not wanting to spoil the moment. Although I have spanked Hannah's cute little bottom it has only been with the palm of my hand.

Hannah looked up in surprise. 'Oh, I didn't see you there. Yes I would like to try it but no where near as many and definitely nowhere near as hard as I caned you.'

'Then let us begin.' I said in my most authoritative voice, 'Lift up your skirt, push down your knickers and bend yourself over the arm of the settee.'

Hannah hesitated for a moment but then slipped her hands underneath her skirt and thumbed her lacy black knickers down to mid thigh, bent over the arm of the settee as I had instructed and in one deft

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**J.HARRISON-MARKS**

movement flipped her skirt up and onto her back. Although Hannah's bottom does not quite come to Kane standards, it was a pleasing sight, totally bare and twitching nervously with anticipation.

I was absolutely dying to whip the cane as hard as I could across Hannah's offered cheeks but resisted the temptation. I placed the first stroke across the apex of her upturned rear with temperance but firmly enough to cause her to squeal. Hannah not only squealed at this stroke she jumped up, clutched her bottom and began rubbing it furiously, complaining that her bum felt like it had been "stung by a hundred bees!".

Then there are five hundred more bees coming,' I informed her, 'Now get back over the arm of the settee.' I completed Hannah's caning with another five more firm strokes, each one making her wince slightly and leaving only the tiniest of weals before

letting her get up and rub her stinging rear.

'Cor,' she said as she rubbed her blushing rear, 'doesn't it make your bum hot!'

If you've any cold cream I'll be only too happy to rub some in to your bottom,' I offered sympathetically.

That sounds like a good idea to me. I'll fetch some.'

A few moments later she returned with a large bottle of moisturising cream. I sat down on the settee, patted my lap as indication that she should lay across it. When she had positioned herself I flipped up her skirt and pulled down her knickers and gently applied the soothing cream, paying particular attention to where the cane had landed. I never touched her anywhere else, as I told you, our relationship is purely C.P no sex of any sort. I again patted her rear and told her to get up, asking her to do the same for me. Thankfully, Hannah agreed, and I lay myself

face down on the settee.

As she came close, she said she could feel the heat in my bum from several inches away. Hannah applied the cold cream by rubbing it very gently, but it was like trying to put out a forest fire with a bucket of water. Eventually she stood up and slapped my bottom sharply saying, 'I think you've had enough for one day, and went into the kitchen to make the cup of tea she'd offered earlier.

Whilst we drank the tea we didn't speak except to clarify the work she wanted done in the garden.

Later that evening I was sitting on a barstool in my local when one of the barmaids who had taken a break asked if she could have my stool, saying, her feet were killing her. Of course, being the gentleman that I am I gave it to her. When she sat down she said, "you've got one hell of a hot bum mister," I just smiled.

Best wishes  
Jeff  
Herts

*Josie replies: Of course I remember you, Jeff, and I'm delighted you're pleased with the cane you purchased.*

*Pleasantries over. How dare you say Hannah's bottom isn't up to Kane standard! Every woman's bottom is up to Kane standard.*

*As Kane's editor, I insist you show Hannah your comments, and as a means of penance, I hereby instruct you do her gardening and housework for a whole month. You must also treat her to a huge bunch of flowers and giant box of chocolates. But that's not all. After you've made your apologies to Hannah, you must insist that she canes your bare bottom severely and that she send me a hand written letter along with a photo of your bottom after she has severely caned you for your thoughtless and rude remark.*

*Cliff James: Nice one Jeff! Any chance of getting the lovely Hannah to contact me?*

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