

KANE

93

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and JoJo pay a visit to
The Headmasters Study

The arresting
policewoman
WPC Sam Johnson
stirs up trouble for our
schoolgirls
Lucy and Morgan

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Spanking stories
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Kane's agony aunt
Sarah Veitch
John Paul Ballard's
cartoon heroine
Sexy Susie
and much more...

Sally & Steph enjoy some
Red Hot Punishment on a
Red Hot Afternoon

cover girl
Therese

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*..will make your cheeks
 glow you bad boy.*

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KANE

93

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All stories in most part are fictional, although all readers letters are genuine and have been received at our office from readers. Josie & Cliff will be pleased to receive any contribution readers wish to make.

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

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

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Roger didn't think he was asking too much from his wife. She knew how busy he was at the office and how tiring his work was these days, but what did she do for him? NOTHING! Absolutely NOTHING! He'd had enough.

Sally looked at the cooker and shook her head side to side. It was much too much of a lovely day to slave over a hot stove, anyway, she thought, why should I have to cook *him* breakfast. Who does he think he is, I'm not a skivvy! If he wants a cooked breakfast then he can make it himself.

She was just about to take a long cool drink and the mornings newspaper into the garden when Roger appeared in the kitchen. 'And where do you think you are going?' he questioned, 'And where is my breakfast?'

'If you want to pig out in the morning,' Sally snapped back you can



Red Hot Punishment on a Red Hot Afternoon

Featuring Sally & Steph



cook for yourself - I'm not your slave.

Roger was takenaback. 'Excuse me, but you are my wife and one of your *duties* is to cook my breakfast!' he bellowed.

'You're nothing but a chauvanistic pic,' Sally replied heatedly, 'Cook it yourself, I'm going to



the garden to sunbathe.' But before she could go Roger took hold of her by the arm, and bent her over the solid wooden kitchen table.

'Chauvanistic pig am I? Well if that's how you view me I'll behave like one,' and before Sally could protest she found herself up-ended and spanked with vigor.





Later that day, and with her bottom still smarting she chatted to her friend Sophie who had decided to pay her friend a visit. As they lay in the sun Sally told her friend about the mornings event's, her husband's tantom and how he had walloped her bare bottom until it was stinging like crazy, though, she confessed, as she lay in the sun she found the burning it her bottom quite a turn on and suggested that her friend should try some of the same.

Perhaps it was the drink, perhaps the heat of the day that made Sophie go along with her friends suggestion of going to her bedroom for some spanking fun and to her surprise Sally was right! She did enjoy being spanked and spanking! 'Mmm, now we both have sore bottoms, I think we should kiss each other's better.' purred Sally. And that is not all they did, kiss each others sore bottoms; they stroked and carressed each other in a very intimate manner



'Blimey,' snapped Roger as he saw the two girls in full flight stroking each others pussies. 'When was the last time I had some of that? No breakfask, no dinner, no pussy! And as for you...' his words were directed at Sophie. I've had the hots for you for ages but it seems you prefer my wife to me! Well now it's my turn to have some fun. Get down stairs and into the front room now, both of you. Go on. NOW!'

Roger was exhausted. He'd spanked, strapped and caned his wife and her best friend. He had walloped their bare behinds until his arm ached, now it was all over and teh good news was that he had send two women to the kitchen, their rightful place where they would cook him his favoutite meal. 'Now all I need is an ice cold beer, a good meal and as a dessert Sally and Sophie in my bed - together...



*ALL ACTION
STILLS FROM
OUR LATEST*

*RED HOT
PUNISHMENT
ON A RED HOT
AFTERNOON*

*KANE NEVER
FEATURES
POSED
PHOTOS*



Sally's caning of Jo Hadley the previous day had been an outstanding success. At 19, Jo was one of the older girls at the college and had been the ringleader of a girl gang which had had such a disrupting influence as to cause the exam results and league table position of the college to be appalling. To reverse this situation and re-introduce effective discipline into the college the Board of Governors had, after much procrastination, agreed with Sally's plan to set up a Punishment Office that was properly staffed and equipped to deal with troublemakers. This Sally had achieved the previous day when she had marched a cocky and impudent Jo out of the lecture room and, six hard strokes of the cane later, returned her as a tear stained and very sore butted young lady to be paraded in front of her classmates.

Today, Sally decided, was to be the day when retribution came to Jo's henchmen. Soon after classes had started Sally walked back along the corridor to Jo's lecture room and went in. Seeing who it was, the whole room went instantly quiet. Sally deliberately refrained from noticing or acknowledging Jo. Instead she announced to the class "Today's normal lecture is cancelled. Instead there will be a test on yesterday's topic. For those of you that paid attention the test will be quite easy. Because it is easy the minimum pass mark will be 75%. All those that get less than this will receive one stroke of the cane. If you get less than 50% the penalty will be two strokes. Any one getting 25 percent and below or attempt to cheat will receive four strokes. As I am sure Miss Hadley can tell you four strokes are extremely painful so I would recommend that you make some effort in this test." Sally had prepared the question papers the previous evening and in a continuing stunned silence Sally passed half the papers to the form lecturer, Miss Fulbright, and together they quickly distributed them face down around the class. "Miss Fulbright and I will invigilate the test and mark the papers at the end", Sally continued, "So turn your papers over now, the test has started and you have exactly 20 minutes to complete it". The stunned silence remained for another 2 seconds and then the class burst into frantic activity as the students started hunting for the calcula-

tors and writing instruments that should have been on their desks ten minutes earlier. They had thought that Jo's experience the previous day had been a one off. Now they realised it wasn't.

Sally had not told Miss Fulbright beforehand about the test because she was a weak teacher and would almost certainly have let it slip to the class. Miss Fulbright was good at her subject and Sally actually quite liked her. But something would need to be done to put more resolve and fortitude into her thought Sally. Nevertheless she walked over and thanked the lecturer for her quick and ready co-operation on the test.

After the initial flurry of activity the class settled down to answering the questions. The looks on some of the faces as Sally patrolled up and down the aisles was a picture. She could reasonably believe that some could not even answer the first question which was: What was the topic of yesterday's lecture? Sally had deliberately kept the test short to minimise the time available for the students to dream up ingenious ways to cheat. She kept a very keen eye on them as she knew many would be desperate to find some way to at least minimise the number of cane strokes they would receive.

Sally chanced a quick glance at Jo. She was busy completing the paper but was sitting in a stiff and unnatural way that confirmed how sore her caned bottom still was.

Quite quickly the twenty minutes was up and the two teachers collected the papers. Because the questions were so easy, marking them and returning them to the students was the work of only a few minutes. Surprisingly only eight out of the class of 23 had fallen below the 75% mark; but it did include all of Jo's cohorts. Very surprisingly however it did not include Jo herself who had scored 82%. This, thought Sally, would need some further investigation.

Sally stood up and announced to the class, "Eight of you scored less than 75 percent. Would those eight stand up and come to the front of the class". Very reluctantly five girls and three boys stood up and shuffled towards the front. And as they moved Sally continued, "All of you will now follow me back to the Punishment Office. Miss Fulbright, would you please bring up the rear to

make sure we have no stragglers, then you may return and start normal lectures".

Sally was thinking on her feet. She judged that the Punishment Office was big enough to hold the eight students to be caned plus herself and the two PE teachers who she knew would be there when she arrived. She also saw no good reason why she should separate the boys and the girls for punishment. If any of them were embarrassed at the thought of being caned in front of the opposite sex then so be it. Any abashment would disappear very soon after they were mounted over the Punishment Frame. So Sally ushered all eight students into the office and, with the help of the two PE teachers, lined them up against the longest wall to the side of the Punishment Frame. With all the delinquent students in the room, Sally now had to deliver her pre punishment warning only once:

"You all scored less than 75% in the test. This demonstrates your serious lack of attention in class and for that you will, in turn, bend over the Punishment Frame and be caned. During punishment you must keep still and under no circumstances are you permitted to touch your bottom. Failure to obey will lead to an increase in your punishment. I should warn you that yesterday Jo Hadley could not resist touching her bottom after the first stroke. Yesterday I was lenient but today I will not be, so if you think you too may not be able to resist then I recommend that you ask to have your wrists velcro strapped to the frame. This will ensure you are not awarded any extra strokes". There was a complete and utter silence in the room so Sally continued "OK, will the four of you that scored between 75 and 50% give your Test Papers to the PE Mistress and then move across to the wall facing the Punishment Frame and remove your jackets and skirt or trousers ready for punishment".

Sally glanced briefly at her punishment summary sheet and then looked up. Quite correctly, two boys and two girls were moving reluctantly forward. The students' minds were racing, everything was happening so fast. None of them had expected to be caned this soon nor to be caned altogether and with clothing removed. Each member in the first group waited awkwardly for one

THE PUNISHMENT OFFICE *part two*

By David E

of the others to be the first to start removing their clothes. Sally walked over to the old umbrella stand and selected the same stinger cane that she had used the previous day on Jo. Being made from carbon fibre, it was a menacing black colour and made a dreadful tone as Sally slashed it through the air a number of times. "Please remove your clothing immediately" said Sally in a quite friendly voice "otherwise the last student to be ready will receive double strokes". Instantly there was a rush of activity and the required clothing was hastily shed. Standing now only in their shirts, or blouses and undergarments, there was no embarrassment. Suddenly they were all far too concerned about what the next few minutes would hold in store.

Sally pointed to one of the boys and said "You will be first, go and stand by the Frame". The boy's face turned pale as he moved forward. Sally judged his leg length and slotted the appropriate Standing Blocks in position by the splayed feet of the frame. "Stand up on the blocks, bend right over the Punishment Frame and grasp the handles" commanded Sally and then, as he grudgingly complied, she continued "Bearing in mind what I said a few minutes ago, do you wish to have your wrists strapped in place". After a few agonising seconds of indecision he replied "Yes Miss". Sally produced two lengths of velcro from her pockets and quickly bound the boy in place. She then picked up the wooden bar designed to restrain the culprit's upper legs and slotted that into place. Finally she grasped both sides of his underpants and pulled them smartly upwards and inwards so that they disappeared into the cleavage between the cheeks of his buttocks. The boy's bottom, like most of his kind, was a lot narrower and less well padded than a girl of equivalent stature. Even this single stroke might hurt quite a bit thought Sally as she stood back and took aim with the cane. The boy was quite still and passive over the frame so she issued no further warnings. Lightly she touched the cane on his bottom and then raised it in the air. With the confidence gained from the previous day she brought the cane down with force and accuracy to its target point in the middle of the boy's rump. His body instantly jerked sharply forward on the frame and he let out a little cry of pain. Not only had the cane landed hard across both bottom cheeks but the tip had whipped excruciatingly into the side of his right leg and Sally could see the pained limb alternately straining and easing against the wooden restraint bar as he tried wretchedly to find a way of alleviating

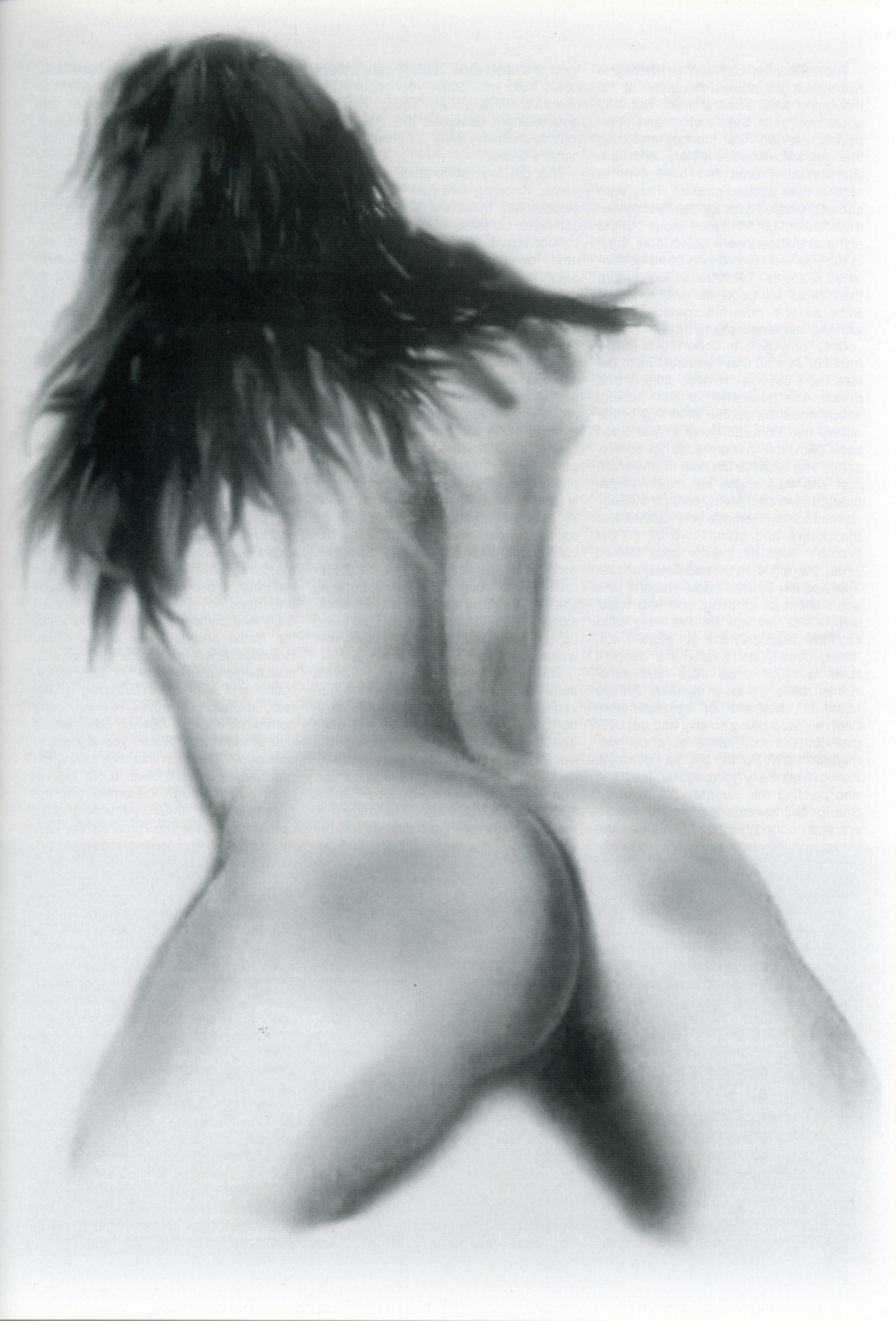
his extreme discomfort. Sally watched for about thirty seconds while his struggles slowly stopped and the single red stripe developed across his bottom. Then she removed the leg restraint bar and undid the velcro bindings. His right hand instantly flew back and started massaging the point where the tip of the cane had made contact. "Get down and go and stand by the wall behind me" said Sally. The boy lay there clasping his bottom for a few seconds and then heaved himself back onto the floor. Sally noticed that he was no longer looking pale. One down and seven to go she thought with some satisfaction.

"OK" said Sally, "now you have all got the idea of what's going to happen, let's try and hurry this along". Sally pointed to the nearest girl in the group and indicated with the cane for her to move to the frame. "You next" said Sally. This girl was of a well-proportioned and comfortable build and her legs were of about the same length as the previous boy. The girl looked even glummer than had the boy before her. Of course she now knew exactly what was going to happen to her. As she moved forward her mind was racing as she desperately tried to think of some way out. But finding no answer she soon found herself reluctantly stepping up onto the waiting Blocks and bending over the Frame. As she did so Sally grasped both sides of her knickers and, like she had done with the boy's underpants, pulled them upwards and inwards to disappear into the anal split between her buttocks. Sally never ceased to be amazed at just how wide the average girl's bottom was when it was bent over for caning. It was almost designed for it she mused. As Sally slotted the Leg Restraint Bar in place the girl said, almost pleadingly, "Please tie my wrists too Miss. I really don't want extra strokes - Please Miss". Sally swiftly strapped the girl in place and then took up her now familiar caning position. She took a quick aim on the waiting posterior, raised the cane and delivered the stroke with a loud crack to the centre of her hind quarters. Instantly the girl's body convulsed with the shock of the sudden intense stinging. Predictably her legs flew up, her head jerked and she pulled frantically on her wrist bindings. Less predictably she emitted a most unladylike grunt of anguish. Once again Sally waited until the antics had subsided before releasing the girl to stand with the other caned boy.

And so the punishments proceeded. Sally quickly dealt with the last two single stroke culprits and, after their inevitable painful wriggling had subsided, she released them from the frame to join the others that had paid their penalty.

Sally had arranged the culprits in the room to maximum effect. Those students that had removed their clothing and were in the group awaiting immediate punishment were arranged along the wall facing Sally and the student that was presently mounted over the Punishment Frame. In this position they could witness the anguished expressions that washed across the delinquent's face as the strokes bit home. Those students that had received their punishment were arranged along the opposite wall behind Sally and with a clear view of the bottom that was currently being punished. The remaining students, all of whom were expecting a thrashing more serious than the one currently being administered, were lined up along the side wall where the two PE teachers watched them intently for any signs of rebellion.

Sally briskly called the next group with marks between 75 and 50 percent to come forward and prepare themselves for punishment. "Remember" said Sally "If you are slow I will announce that the last one ready will receive double punishment". This group comprised two girls and one boy and, with the threat now of two additional strokes, they were quickly disrobed and ready. Sally selected one of the girls and indicated with the cane for her to stand by the Frame. Sally changed the Standing Blocks to suit and said simply "mount"; and the girl did. All the students so far had elected to have their wrists tied to the frame in preference to risking the possibility of extra strokes. With two strokes now to be applied, Sally decided that this binding would now be the norm. With a speed borne of practice it was the work of only a few seconds to secure the girl's wrists and position the leg bar. Like Jo the day before this girl was wearing a thong. This, straight away, fully exposed both her arse cheeks and her thighs down to the tops of her stockings. The girl gave an almost inaudible sob but Sally ignored this token of submission and vigorously applied the first stinging stroke to her bottom. Unlike the others, this girl reacted with a howl of anguish and a synchronised nodding and kicking motion that was so strong that both her shoes flew off. Thirty seconds later as the girl was calming down Sally unleashed the second stroke. This was received with a shrill screech of pain and her body, this time, went into desperate motion. A bit OTT thought Sally as she released her from the frame. The girl grasped frantically at her bottom and immediately started dancing round and round the room uttering repeatedly "Oh; Oh; Oh; Oh; Oh". "Stop your silly antics and stand with the others" commanded Sally harshly. Eventually the girl did as she was told.



The remaining boy and girl from the two stroke group were dismayed at the thought of what awaited them. But they could not resist Sally's strict and compelling manner. First the boy and then the girl followed the others onto the Punishment Frame and bent over to receive their allotted strokes. They both showed more appropriate behaviour than the first girl from their group but the signs of distress were obvious as they, in turn, joined the growing band of punished students. Two strokes were more than twice as good as one reflected Sally as she now anticipated dealing with the last remaining victim.

Only one girl, a cohort and close friend of Jo, had done so badly as to get less than 25% in the test. Like a bad dream, she now saw her own caning, which would be double what any of the others had endured, was almost upon her. With her tummy turning somersaults she wished, Oh how she wished, that she had made an effort. These thoughts were suddenly broken by Sally commanding, "Remove your clothes like the others and stand in front of the Frame". "And do it now" she barked when the girl didn't immediately move. This had the desired effect and she was soon shorn of clothing from the waist downwards, except for her very brief knickers. Suddenly the girl blurted out. "Miss, I really don't need the cane. It hurts too much. I do work hard miss. Honest Miss it's all a mistake. Please Miss" she trailed off into incoherent babble. "Stop being so silly and get over the Punishment Frame at once" demanded Sally, but the girl did not move. No way was Sally going to start pleading and cajoling this naughty girl to obey. She looked towards the two PE Teachers and nodded her head. This was the signal and they both moved forward and together they bodily lifted her up and positioned her, struggling, over the frame. While the PE teachers held her in place Sally quickly bound the girl's wrists and then, for the first time, used the Body Strap to firmly restrain her lower back and posterior. As an added punishment for the trouble she had caused Sally then removed completely the girl's knickers and strapped her knees to the side of the frame. This stretched her thighs much more widely apart than normal and exposed all her delicate feminine attributes to the students standing behind her. "Think yourself very lucky that you are still only going to get four strokes" said Sally as she walked over to her desk. From a bottom drawer she took out one of the man sized linen handkerchiefs that she had previously folded neatly away. As she walked back to the frame she proceeded to twist the handkerchief into the

form of a short rope. "I don't want a lot of noise from you. Open your mouth and bite on this", said Sally. The girl obeyed and willingly accepted the impromptu muzzle, which Sally offered, like a horse's bridle.

The girl lay motionless across the frame. Knowing that her fate was now sealed, her mind set suddenly did a complete somersault and she now felt comfortable and secure. She knew the next few minutes were going to be painful; were going to be very very painful in fact. But she had carefully watched the other students that had already been caned. The pain had obviously been intense but they had all recovered their composure within a few minutes after release from the frame and in fact each of the boys were now proudly sporting erections that threatened to burst out from the tops of their underpants. The punished girls, for their part, were intensely interested in this phenomenon to the exclusion of any lingering pain in their own buttocks. What sort of erection would the boys be sporting now, she thought, with her vulva, thighs and backside strapped wide open for them all to see. Her reverie was brought to an abrupt end as she felt the cane lightly touch her backside. She bit hard into the gag, screwed up her yes as tight as she could and waited.

She had but a few moments to wait before the first stripe of the cane galvanised her body in reaction to the sudden pain. The noise she made was quite muted because of the gag and the movement of her hindquarters was limited by the body belt and the knee ties. There was however no doubt as to the effectiveness of the stroke from the now familiar demented movements of her head and lower legs. Sally waited patiently for the girl to quieten. Sally knew of course that she could apply all four strokes in quick succession and it could be argued that this would get it all over quickly and, in that way, it would be a more merciful method of punishment for the culprit. But Sally knew that applying further strokes before the sting of the previous ones had subsided a little was excruciating and anything but merciful. Sally was not a fierce teacher so she waited a short while and then applied the second, and, after another short wait, the third stroke, each with similar, but progressively more frantic, results. As had happened to Jo the previous day, the first stroke had been plum centre across both cheeks of the girl's bottom and each successive stripe was spaced about one inch below the previous one. The marks on the girl's backside were already quite visible and the fourth and final cut was obviously going to land

right along the sensitive crease line, which divides the lower bottom from the upper thighs. Having given the girl, this time, an extra few moments to recover, Sally now aligned the cane carefully, raised it and brought it down precisely and with a force that buried it momentarily in the crease line. The girl gave forth with a choking and stifled cry that this time continued for nearly thirty seconds. Sally rightly judged that she was torn between giving full vent to some violent expletive while, at the same time, biting desperately hard on the gag in her mouth. Both of these were instinctive reactions to try and relieve the dreadful pain in her bottom. Sally took a step back and admired her handy work. The girl's arse was panting in and out across the padded top of the Punishment Frame to take advantage of the only degree of freedom that was available to her. Her rhythmic pulsating movements she knew would be highly erotic to the line of students now standing behind her and who would still be very aware of the stinging afterglow remaining in their own bottoms. Deliberately Sally did not turn round but, instead, she started to free the girl by unfastening her hands. Quite naturally, these immediately flew back and grasped her flaming rear. When Sally had completely released her from the frame she told her to get down. However, apart from some now residual pulsating movements of her body on the frame and a gentle massaging of her rear, she did not move. "Are you quite comfortable there" queried Sally with a hint of sarcasm. "Would you like me to continue?" The truth was that having the gag to bite on had been a big help in getting her through the ordeal and the girl was once again becoming quite comfortable over the rame as the very worst of the stinging began to wear off. Now it was all over, she was beginning to take pleasure from lying there, with an arse cheek firmly grasped in each hand, and all her other parts on full display. Yes, it had hurt enormously but all she could think of now was those three huge erections waiting behind her.

Slowly and carefully the girl eased herself off the frame and turned to face Sally. Still clutching her bottom, her breathing was heavy and her eyes were very puffy although there were no visible signs of tears. Sally was most surprised. For someone who had had to be manhandled onto the frame and then held in position while she was bound, it was amazing that she wasn't now showing a more dramatic reaction to the caning. Sally quite correctly guessed that the gag that she had given the girl to bite on had had a good effect. The girl had however not yet collected her thoughts sufficiently to realise that she was still

knickerless. Like all of the other girls in Jo's gang, she had an almost completely shaved pubic region and the boys, who could see the girl just as well as Sally, were hugely pleased by this full frontal view of her exposed genitals. The other girls in the punishment group were also showing a critical interest in the view. Suddenly the girl grasped the cause of this rapt attention. Very deliberately she parted her legs and, facing directly at the boys, used both hands to push her bottom and pelvis provocatively forward. At the same time she made fixed and unblinking eye contact with each of the boys in turn. The invitation could not have been more explicit. For the boys it was an erotic moment that would live in their memories forever. As Sally surveyed the scene the idea was dawning on her that the punishment room could have an alternative second use. The words "Pain and Pleasure" sprang very firmly into her mind.

A black leather upholstered executive chair had been the only item of luxury that Sally had ordered when furnishing the Punishment Room. Into this chair Sally now collapsed with the cup of coffee that had just been brought to her. She felt both tired and elated but, as she sipped carefully at the hot drink, what she wanted most was to collect her thoughts.

Any forceful stroke of the cane on a bare backside was very painful but, as Sally had just witnessed, one, two and even four stroke punishments with the stinger cane could be recovered from quite quickly and, in the knowledge that "it was all over now", the pain would quickly fade into a warm sensual glow. Sally also knew however that within the walls of the Punishment Room, the relationship between the teaching staff and

a student could only ever be one of punishment and correction. Anything else would result in a complete breakdown in the discipline that Sally was working so hard to restore. But, she thought, what happened between the students, and even between staff, was completely another matter!

After the canings Sally had instructed the students to get dressed and, with the staff and student relationship firmly in her mind, she had continued, "Next time the punishment will start at four strokes and escalate from there. I will also be using the senior cane where I think appropriate". The little babble of conversation that had just started died immediately upon this pronouncement. They all could imagine, or knew at first hand, what four strokes with the stinger cane was like. They had also seen the effect that just two strokes of the senior cane had had on Jo the previous day. It had taken her about twenty minutes to recover and she was still having some obvious difficulty with sitting on a hard chair when she joined the class that morning.

Sally had never caned that many bottoms before in one go, it had been almost a production line of punishment. Nine culprits in two days had allowed her to reflect thoughtfully on the variety of reactions she had seen. Not one of the guilty students had been able to remain silent during their punishment. But each had been very distinctive in the noises they made; gasps, grunts, profanities and howls of anguish had all been the instantaneous and unscripted reactions to the sudden unbearable sting in their rear. Sally decided that overall she had had the desired effect.

Sally's thoughts turned to the instruments of punishment that she had used.

The carbon fibre cane had performed extraordinarily well. She did a quick mental calculation; six strokes on Jo's behind the previous day and, today, four single strokes, three double and one of four strokes, a total of twenty strokes of which 18 had been applied with the Stinger. She picked the high tech Carbon Fibre instrument up off the desk. It showed no signs of wear and felt wonderfully supple, flexible and powerful in her hands. The effectiveness of this instrument on the student's bare and exposed bottoms had been proved beyond any doubt.

Sally thought the caning posture that she had imposed on the last girl had some distinct possibilities for the future. She was sure that, after the caning, the girl had quite enjoyed the posture. But, for the right culprit and maybe without the restraint of the Body Strap, it could be humiliating beyond belief to be stretched wide open and naked like that while squirming and twisting under the onslaught of the cane. However tying the culprit's knees to the sides of the Punishment Frame looked a bit clumsy and amateurish Sally thought. As a more professional way of achieving the same ends, Sally decided that she would invest in a second Leg Restraining Bar. This would have an additional plank fitted facing in towards the centre of the frame. Made to the right width and suitably profiled, this Sally judged would captivate a culprit's upper legs and knees hard against the sides of the frame.

Overall, Sally thought, a most successful start for the Punishment Room; with lots of lovely possibilities for the future.

COMING IN KANE 94

Teresa May's Punishment Party

featuring

*Teresa May, Sam Johnson,
Rachel Lloyd &
new girl Morgan*

KANE PHOTO SETS

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Ask Sarah

The Question

I've found a very nice and reasonably good looking man to erotically enslave – and we've had several enjoyable sessions where I've caned him, made him kiss and lick my toes, etc. He's as submissive as I'm dominant so we're a perfectly matched pair.

The only problem is that I like to lie down and rest with my sub after a disciplinary session – and frankly he's not so nice to know up close. I'm talking two or three days of stale perspiration and slightly greasy hair. I want to keep this as a sexual relationship so it wouldn't be appropriate for me to give him a gift such as soap and bubble bath. And the few hints I've dropped have so far fallen on deaf ears.

Anna
Sheffield

The Answer

Make his shower or bath an essential – and introductory – part of each disciplinary session. You could take the 'let's get you well scrubbed, you dirty little boy' approach and march him to the tub. You could also have a few floating ducks and similar bath time toys in there to further humiliate him. Use coal tar soap and an equally strong shampoo (such as an anti-dandruff shampoo) to get rid of even the most lingering odours and give him a good rub all over afterwards with a rough towel.

Incidentally you are not lone. Apparently this is one of

the most common problems that call girls encounter. Even nice, educated men sometimes have a mental block about personal hygiene. Those who live alone seem most likely to skip that essential daily bath or shower.

Male readers who haven't had much luck with the opposite sex should also look at their cleanliness levels. Are you cleaning your teeth at least twice a day to avoid dragon breath? Are you changing your underwear, socks and shirt at least daily? Jackets, suits and coats also benefit from a regular dryclean.

It's also important to hang clothes out to dry on the washing line or to at least dry them in an airy space indoors – clothes which remain damp for too long can mildew and produce an unpleasant scent.

A good CP scene will produce lots of sweat and genital wetness. These natural scents can be pleasant when they emanate from a clean body, but if they arise from an already stale skin, they can be overpowering!

The Question

For as long as I can remember, I've had a fantasy about knicker wetting. At first, the fantasy simply involved a young woman wetting her knickers against her will e.g. she couldn't get to a loo and eventually her bladder gave out. I must have had this fantasy hundreds of times from the age of sixteen or so until I was in my mid twenties. At that

stage I saw a knicker wetting video for the first time and it had a scene where the girl pees all over the man every hour or so for an entire night.

To cut a long story short, this became my preferred fantasy but the few girlfriends I dared mention it to just said 'Oh yuck.' In the end I figured I'd never find a girl to try this out with and just bought more and more water sports videos.

But earlier this year I got off with a girl who is really broad minded. Her thing is being spanked, which is why I subscribe to Kane. I've carried out her fantasies to the best of my ability and we've both enjoyed it. Now she's agreed to carry out mine.

The problem is, she lives with her parents and I rent a room in a private house where my landlady changes my bed-linen once a fortnight. In other words, there's no way my girl can really pee over me for hours without my landlady thinking I've turned into an incontinent.

I've said that I'm happy to spring for a hotel for the night – but my girl thinks that the hotel staff will suspect what we've been up to. She feels very embarrassed at the thought of this.

What would you suggest?

Adrian,
Manchester

The Answer

I think that you have the right idea. It would be madness to upset your landlady so you definitely want to play – or in

This issue Kane's agony aunt, Sarah Veitch, gives advice on three more punitive problems from her readers.

If you have a CP question that you'd like Sarah's advice on, please send it in to:

Ask Sarah, co. The Kane office and it may feature in a future Sarah Says.

Sarah regrets that she is unable to respond personally to the many letters that she receives.

<http://www.sarahveitch.co.uk>

your case pee – away from home.

As to shocking the hotel staff? Hotels see such wet bed sheets all the time. Remember, our bodies respond best to a regular schedule, and travellers and holiday-makers are suddenly robbed of their usual routine. People are also eating and drinking exotic foods, and in greater quantities, so accidents occur.

If you're afraid that the amount of urine is excessive, try bringing a large rubber sheet with you and putting it on top of the mattress. You can also minimise embarrassment to your girlfriend by going to a hotel where you order bed but not breakfast. That way you can book out first thing in the morning before the staff have had a chance to discover your damp sheets.

The Question

I've just started a relationship with a truly beautiful man. He's good looking, interesting, well travelled and well educated. Girls whom he finished with several years ago still write to him. We have several shared hobbies and work in the same field so we have lots to talk about.

So why am I writing to an agony aunt, I hear you ask! The problem is, he's much more experienced sexually than me. Until recently, this wasn't a bone of contention as I was happy to experiment. So far he has introduced me to spanking, mild beatings

with a wooden paddle, a little bondage and oral sex in the 69 position. I've had numerous orgasms from these experiments and have even thought up a couple of variants which he loved.

But now he keeps trying to persuade me to have anal sex. This started about three weeks ago when we'd had a brilliant spanking session and I was still lying on my tummy with my hands tied behind my back. I thought that he was entering my vagina from the back but suddenly felt his erection nudging at my anus. I laughed and said 'wrong entrance' and he laughed too and said 'oops.' I thought no more about it until three nights later when it happened again. This time I said his name quite loudly in a disapproving voice and he said 'don't knock it till you've tried it' and was somewhat distant for the remainder of the night. At the end of the evening I said 'maybe we can try it tomorrow' and he kissed me enthusiastically and said 'I promise we'll have a great time.'

Sadly, we didn't. As soon as he started to push forward I tensed up. He kept pushing and got in a little way but it hurt like hell. I felt so panicky that I shoved him off and rolled onto my back, close to crying. He said 'none of my other girlfriends have complained' which made me feel even worse.

Since then, he's said that gay men do this all the time so what's the big deal? I've tried to get into the right frame of mind to try again but I'm not

sure that I can relax enough to go through with it. Yet I'm terrified of losing him, especially with so many of his ex girlfriends waiting in the wings.

Tamara,
Essex

The Answer

No matter how beautiful this man is, he's trying to blackmail you – and that's wrong. Don't give in to his bullying. Try looking at the situation dispassionately.

First, you are hardly a boring lover. After all, you've tried spanking, paddling and sixty nining. Did every one of his previous girlfriends do that? I'll bet that they didn't, that he's been secretly surprised and pleased at how sexually adventurous you've been so far.

As to his previous girlfriends: if they were so brilliant, why on earth did he finish with them? My guess is that some of them finished with him, perhaps because he was too demanding in the bedroom. Time tends to blur our bad experiences so that may explain why they want him back. But a relationship which failed the first time rarely works the second time around so you really shouldn't regard them as a threat.

Now to his statement that gay men have frequent anal sex. Yes, some do but many don't. Some of my gay male friends tell me that their love lives consist of mutual masturbation and oral sex. They've

found anal sex too painful or too risky in terms of sexually transmitted diseases. Others only have anal sex occasionally. To facilitate this, they use lots of lubricant and sometimes the man widens his partner for a while first with his fingers. To plunge right in can cause anal tearing and bleeding, and there's nothing erotic about that.

If you don't want anal sex, don't have it. You may even want to turn the tables by procuring a vibrator and using it on your lover. Get a non-doctor type as they have a cross bar so that the entire vibrator can't disappear inside the anus. Revenge is only sweet if it doesn't involve a trip to casualty.

Be assertive with this man. Tell him that you love being with him and love everything else you've done in bed, but that anal sex isn't for you and that you won't be brow-beaten. Be nice but firm – you've got a mind of your own and it's your ass that's literally on the line!

Further Training, Sarah Veitch's latest CP novel, is published by Palmprint Publications at £6.95 and is available from selected high street shops and amazon.co.uk. To buy a copy by mail order just send a cheque or postal order for £8.00 (which includes postage and packing) payable to Palmprint Publications and send it to:

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The Headmaster's Study

featuring

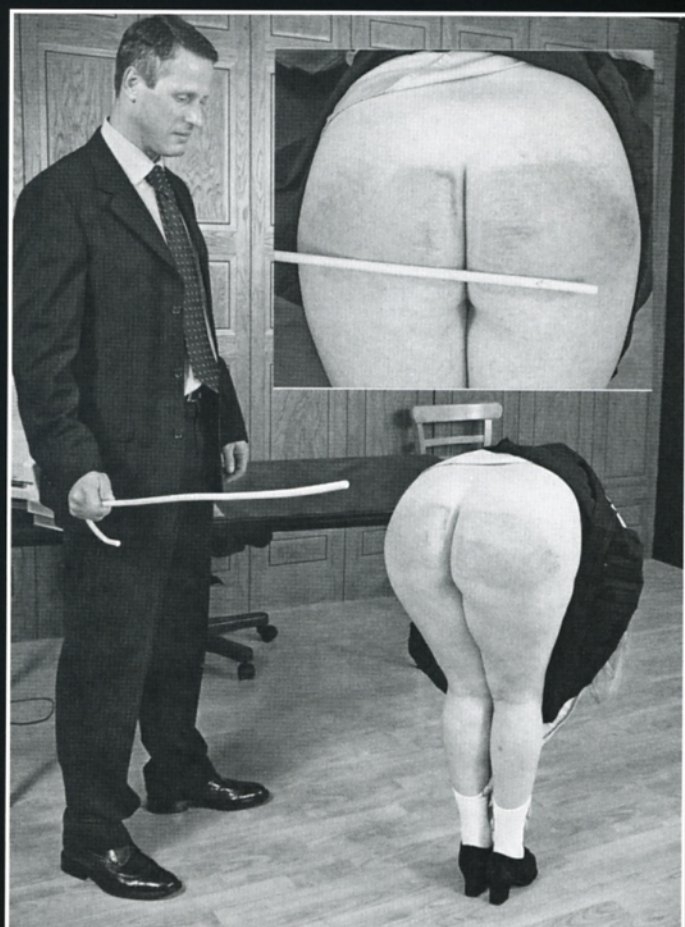
Brandi, Therese, Natasha & JoJo

Brandi looked up at the headmaster, 'It was all Therese's fault,' she sniffed. 'It was her idea to replace the nature study video in Miss Cleary's class with a rude one, a naughty video that showed how a headmistress of an all girls school dealt with naughty girls by spanking and caning them on their bare bottoms. I really didn't want any part of it. I knew it was wrong and that we'd get into trouble.' She was not wrong, because now she is in trouble, deep trouble and knows that she is going to be punished just like the girls in the video. Now it is she who will suffer the painful consequences of her misbehaviour by having to suffer the indignity of taking her pants down and offering up her bare bottom to be spanked and caned.



The Headmaster's Study

featuring Brandi



All actions stills from our latest The Headmaster's Study



love thy neighbour

by

jean phillipe auburg

Samantha had been suspicious of her new neighbour within a couple of days of her arrival. Denise had been pleasant enough when Samantha popped round while she was moving in, just to say hello and offer any help which might be needed, but Denise's general demeanour had left her in no doubt she did not really want her there, that or any morning. Her manner had been brusque and short, and Samantha realised she was not the sort of neighbour on whom you dropped in unannounced for coffee.

Then came the noises. The walls in the flats were solid, if not completely soundproof, so the sounds must have been loud to penetrate into her living room. They were during the day, when Samantha, who worked from home as a beauty magazine journalist, was at her word processor. Distracted from the comparative merits of five different lipsticks, she listened more closely, then got up and put her ear to the wall to make them out properly.

It was a series of regular percussive cracks, two objects being struck together in a steady rhythm. At first she had thought it was Denise trying her hand at DIY, nailing something or assembling a piece of furniture. But as she studied the noises she realised that what was being struck was not something as solid as a piece of wood or the wall. The crisp impact was almost as if it were human flesh.

As she listened on, feeling slightly guilty at eavesdropping, but being unable to control her curiosity, she heard something else. After each of the noises she heard a human voice gasping and drawing breath, as if in pain or distress.

The noises stopped and Samantha heard shuffling and voices, although not clear enough to make out what was being said. She returned to her work, only to be dragged away from it a few minutes later. This time the sound that floated through the brickwork was similar but slightly different. The blows were less of a crack, but, as she put her ear to the wall again, she realised each was preceded with a swish. It almost sounded as if a long, thin implement were being used. Once again the noises were followed by a human voice, but this time the cries were more high-pitched and spoke of genuine pain.

Now no longer able to concentrate on her

article, Samantha listened on, her mind conjuring up all sorts of images over what could be going on in the flat. She was beginning to wonder if Denise might be in some sort of trouble and she should call the police, when the sounds stopped as suddenly as they had begun. Once again voices followed, but they seemed civil and friendly, not raised in anger, so Samantha decided drastic action was not needed on her part.

Five minutes later she heard Denise's front door. Rushing to her own hallway, Samantha peered through her security spy hole. Her front door was at a right angle to Denise's, so she got a good view through the distorted lens. She saw the back of a middle-aged man in a sober business suit, walking away down the corridor, waving and saying goodbye as he went. Denise leaned out of her doorway after him to acknowledge his parting wave. Her clothing was more eye-catching. Her long blonde hair had been pulled out into a pair of girlish pigtails. She wore a white blouse and a short blue skirt, pleated and flared, like a school gymslip. Her legs were bare apart from white ankle socks, and Samantha peered down at Denise's feet, on which were trainers, not expensive modern ones, but traditional white plimsolls. As the man disappeared down the stairwell Denise turned to face Samantha's door for a second before vanishing behind her own door. In the seconds her front was visible Samantha could clearly see she was wearing a tie, not the kind an executive would wear, but a short blue, white and green striped tie. Denise was dressed as a schoolgirl.

For the rest of the day Samantha's mind turned over what she had seen. She was a beauty journalist, not a detective, but the deduction she drew from all the evidence was obvious. She had heard the sound of something, or probably someone, being hit. She had seen Denise bidding goodbye to a man who was obviously quite flush. Denise had been fully kitted out as a schoolgirl. The logical conclusion was that her new neighbour was a call girl who specialised in pervy fantasies.

Samantha liked to think of herself as broad-minded. She had her fair share of numbers in her personal organiser, and had let some of her boyfriends try things which could be consid-

ered unusual. Some of them she had enjoyed, and had tried again. And she saw prostitution as a necessary trade in any society. But, whilst she was not about to spray paint the word 'HARLOT' across Denise's door, it was a little different when it was happening right under her nose, or rather, her ears. But she could not approach Denise and ask her about what she had heard and seen. It happened in the privacy of Denise's flat and it was, strictly speaking, none of Samantha's damn business.

The more she thought about it, the more she came to terms with the situation. Once she had recovered from her initial shock, she found her overwhelming emotion was curiosity. Just what did go on behind that door? Why does a grown man enjoy such juvenile fantasies? And how did Denise put up with the pain?

Samantha's nosiness was one of her worst features, and she knew it. What she did not know was just how far it would lead her, and how it would be her downfall. It began the following morning, when she heard Denise's door open. Samantha rushed to the spy hole, hoping to see another of her neighbour's clients arriving or leaving. She was disappointed when she saw only Denise, wearing her overcoat. She closed the door and double-locked it, and stooped to slip the keys under her doormat before walking down the corridor.

Samantha's stomach gave a lurch. She realised the implication immediately. Denise had left her the means to get into the flat. Should she? She had no idea where Denise had gone or how long she would be gone for. But still? She knew she was going to do it, even as she slipped her trainers on and opened her own front door.

She picked up Denise's keys and unlocked the door. She pushed it open tentatively, half expecting to have to slam it shut again as the screech of an alarm sounded. Nothing happened. Breathing a sigh of relief she slipped the keys back under the mat so she would not forget to leave them there, then closed the door behind her.

She had been in this flat many times before to visit the previous occupants, a very nice accountant and his wife, who had moved to a semi in Pinner to start a family. She went into the living room and looked around. The décor was the same – Denise had not had time to

make any major changes – but the furniture was completely different.

The curtains were drawn and the room was illuminated by the five spotlights, three in the centre of the ceiling and two on the wall, with the dimmer switch turned down to half power. There was very little furniture, no sofa or armchair, but there was a desk. Not an office or computer desk, but a small wooden school model, complete with lift-up lid and inkwell. A plastic chair accompanied it. By the floor to ceiling window, with its Austrian blinds securely drawn, was a small easel and blackboard. Every schoolroom detail was perfect, including the chalk that lay in the groove in front of the board.

And the board was not blank. Underlined at the top in large capitals were the words 'DENISE'S PUNISHMENT,' followed by the date. Underneath was a table of five more words: Hand, slipper, strap, paddle, cane. Next to each was a figure: fifty, twenty, twenty, fifteen and twelve.

Samantha moved to the bedroom, which she found in darkness. She switched on the light and what she saw on the bed took her breath away. Laid out on the duvet were four of the five implements chalked up on the board in the living room, the only obvious absentee being the hand. Next to them was a carefully folded pile of clothes. Samantha recognised the white shirt and socks, the blue slip and the tie Denise had worn the previous day. There was even a pair of big white knickers, and the plimsolls were poking out from under the bed.

Samantha picked up the heavy brown leather strap. It was about sixteen inches long and two inches wide. One end had been shaped as a handle, with a piece of black cord looped through. She swung it experimentally, landing it on the fingers of her left hand, not particularly hard, but still enough to cause an uncomfortable sting. She replaced it carefully before examining the size eight carpet slipper with a worn leather sole, the wooden paddle, which resembled a table tennis bat without the rubber covering and the thin wooden cane, three feet long and with a curved handle. Samantha swished it and guessed it was the implement she had heard yesterday.

Her curiosity was satisfied. It was clear Denise was about to welcome another guest, and would be providing special services for him. Still, Samantha wondered what would actually happen. How would the scene be played out? Would they just get straight down to it, or would they act some elaborate fantasy, pretending it really was a schoolroom. She wished she could be a fly on the wall for a couple of hours, or maybe make herself invisible. But she knew she had pushed her luck already, and it was high time she made herself scarce.

She was back in the hallway when she heard the keys being picked up. She froze, wondering whether to duck back in the bedroom and hide in the wardrobe, as if this were a clichéd sitcom. A couple of seconds later and there was no point as the door opened and Samantha was caught.

She prepared her speech for Denise, deciding

in a split second not to try and think up any bizarre excuse, such as she thought she smelled something burning, and just to tell the truth and confess her curiosity. Then she saw she did not have to.

It was not Denise, but a man, and not the same one as yesterday. He looked at Samantha with a question in his eyes. She was about to speak, but he beat her to it. 'Denise?' he said. 'I got your message that you had to pop out. I found the keys. So you made it back in time? That's great, we can start straight away. I found the address without any problems. I see you haven't even had time to change.'

Samantha's brain processed the information at top speed. This man, who was in his early forties, with tidy hair greying at the temples, dressed in a blue blazer and white chinos, with a white shirt and paisley tie, was obviously a new customer and had never met Denise before. So he naturally assumed the young brunette he found in the flat was the lady he had come to see. For years after the event Samantha would ask herself why she did not just say 'no, I'm a friend, Denise will be with you soon,' and leave, probably because Denise would then get to hear about her illicit visit. What possessed her to say what she actually did she could never understand.

'Go and make yourself comfortable in the living room and I'll be right with you.' She went back into the bedroom and closed the door.

She had no idea how she was going to get away with it. Perhaps she hoped Denise would be delayed long enough for her to get it over with, send the client away and make her escape. More likely, she told herself, she had panicked and made one of the stupidest decisions of her life. Whatever the reason, now she had to continue down this very tricky path as best she could.

She looked at the pile of clothes, guessing she was about the same size as Denise. She pulled her sweatshirt over her head and threw it on the bed. As she kicked off her trainers and unbuckled her jeans it began to sink in that she was actually going to have to take a real punishment, probably on her bare bottom, if she was going to get away with this. 'I deserve it' she whispered, as she tossed the trousers onto the bed, closely followed by her pink panties. She kept on only her own her bra, as she pulled the big white knickers up her legs. They fitted snugly about her tummy and bottom, almost large enough to be shorts in their own right. She slipped the white blouse on, then wrapped the slip around her waist and fiddled with the complicated arrangement of a zip, a catch and a strip of Velcro, to fasten it. She rolled the socks on and sat down to lace up the plimsolls.

Finally she picked up the tie and looked at herself in the bedroom mirror. Turning up her collar, she put it round her neck and began to knot it, trying to remember how it was done from her own schooldays. It took her a couple of minutes, but eventually she was happy with the result. She was about to button up the blouse all the way to the top, but suddenly thought it would be better left undone. She was supposed to be a rebellious schoolgirl,

after all.

She ran her fingers through her shoulder-length brown hair. It looked too mature, in contrast to the rest of her outfit. She remembered how Denise had put hers in pigtails, and looked at the dressing table in search of hair bands. She could only find a single pink ribbon, so pulled her locks back in a ponytail. She was ready.

She took a deep breath and walked into the living room. The man had taken off his blazer and hung it on a coat stand in the corner. He gave Samantha an approving look, but seemed a little puzzled. 'What about the implements?' he asked.

'Implements?' Samantha was foxed for a second, then she remembered the four tools on the bed. 'Ah yes, I'd better bring them in, hadn't I!' She returned to the bedroom and scooped them up in her arms. She shivered as she felt the solid leather of the strap and the supple length of the cane. She wondered how they would feel when they were applied to her bottom, and whether she could really take it. If Denise did this for a living she would be able to take a pretty severe beating, but this would be the first time Samantha had tried anything like this.

'Here we are' she said, as she returned to the living room. The man took the implements from her and placed them on the carpet beside the coat stand. 'Shall we begin?' she asked.

'Why not?' The man coughed and cleared his throat, as Samantha put her hands behind her back and looked down at the floor. She was beginning to feel like the naughty girl she was trying to play. She had, after all, been caught trespassing red-handed, even if the man about to punish her did not realise it. 'Now Denise' he said, his voice suddenly turning from affable to authoritarian, 'you've been sent to me because of your continuous bad behaviour in class, your appalling truancy and some of the worst exam results in the school's history. We've tried everything else to get you to behave. I only have one option left – corporal punishment.' He laced his last words with special emphasis, relishing saying it as much as doing it.

'Yes sir.' Samantha felt she had to add something at this stage, and this was the only appropriate answer she could think of.

'And it will have to be severe corporal punishment, you understand that, don't you?'

'Yes sir.'

'As you can see from the blackboard, your sentence has already been passed. These are the implements I shall use, and those are the number of strokes you'll receive from each. Do you have anything to say before I begin?'

'No sir.'

'Then let's not waste anymore time. Get over my lap.' Samantha was keener than him not to waste time, so when he pulled the chair into the centre of the room and sat down she practically leaped over his knee. It was a strange sensation, stretching into this submissive position. She still could not believe that she, a grown, confident, successful career woman, was about to willingly submit to physical punishment at the hands of this older man, purely

for his sexual gratification.

Sexual gratification! The words shouted themselves in Samantha's mind. What if Denise offers more than just slap and tickle? For all she knew this man might be expecting proper relief once he had built up his head of steam. Denise had been fully-clothed when the other man had left yesterday, so Samantha hoped that meant there was no other hanky-panky. But should it come to it, she decided she would just have to go along with what her "customer" was expecting. After all, he was not repulsive or really that much older than her, and so long as it was safe sex it would probably be nothing she had not done before. Nevertheless the thought still made her break out in a cold sweat, which she could feel soaking the thin blouse.

By now the gymslip had been lifted and her knickered bottom exposed. He was taking his time, enjoying a good feel of her generous cheeks through the tight material. Like most women, she felt she had a bottom far too big for its own good, but now it was the centre of attention it seemed positively enormous. His left hand rested in the small of her back, not exactly holding her down, but reminding her she was at his mercy. Then his right hand was lifted and she held her breath.

The first smack caught her by surprise, and knocked the air out of her with a sharp whooshing sound. It had hurt, but not as much as she had feared, and had landed exclusively on her right cheek. A few seconds later and the left cheek received the same treatment. He continued the pattern, going from one to the other, and getting harder and harder. Samantha felt the pain rising, from bearable to un-

comfortable, as he built her punishment up.

She judged she had been given about twenty when he stopped. How many did it say on the blackboard? She lifted her head and saw the figure fifty. So why had he stopped? 'I think we can remove these now' he said, his fingers delving into the elastic of her knickers. A moment later they were being pulled down, revealing her naked bottom. 'Don't just lie there girl' he barked, obviously used to more co-operation from his submissive partners, 'lift your tummy so they can come down properly.'

'Yes sir, sorry sir' Samantha said, obeying and feeling the garments which had been providing her last bit of modesty being hauled to her knees. She relaxed back into place, knowing she had thirty to come with his hand, and that everything else from now on would be on the bare. She almost hoped the real Denise would come back right now so she did not have to go through with it.

The rest of the spanking was much harder to take, and she found herself gritting her teeth and gasping as his hard hand slapped down on alternate cheeks, building up the heat and pain till she thought she would burst into tears and try to escape. But just when she believed she could stand it no more it stopped. They had reached the full fifty.

She got her breath back as she lay across his lap, and was actually beginning to enjoy having her sore bottom massaged. All too soon though he ordered her to stand up. 'Go and stand against the wall with your hands on your head' he said. 'You can wait for your next dose. No, don't pull them up, you can leave them where they are' he added, as Samantha made to restore her underwear.

The next five minutes were the most humiliating of her twenty-five years so far, as she stood with her knickers around her knees. She had to part her legs to stop them falling to the floor, and was appalled when he stood behind her and lifted the back of her skirt to expose her bottom. He tucked the hem into the waistband of the gymslip and stood back to look at her. Samantha did not know how red her bottom was, but she was sure it could not be more scarlet than the cheeks of her face.

She was pleased when that part of her ordeal was over, and was almost relieved when he told her to assume another position. But her legs shook as she realised this meant the next stage of her punishment. 'Stand in front of the desk and bend over it. Hold onto the edge of the lid and keep your legs straight. You're going to get twenty with the slipper.'

Her whole body shook as she braced herself. She told herself it could be no worse than the hand spanking, and there were going to be far fewer strokes. She could do it.

The wide sole of the slipper patted her bottom twice, and was then lifted. A moment later it slapped against the centre of both cheeks. The pain was much duller than the palm, but spread over a wider area. She yelled and shook her bottom from side to side, but stayed in place. Now she had a measure of what it was going to be like, she realised twenty with the slipper was going to be just as hard as fifty with the hand.

The slippering became harder for Samantha to tolerate. She counted each stroke in her mind. She got to seventeen, then eighteen, barely able to believe she had reached this far. Nineteen landed, then the last and she cried



out, as much in relief as pain. But even as she lay across the desk, trying to return to normal, she knew she was only two-fifths through the prescribed punishment.

Next on the list was the strap, the wicked looking length of leather. She was due twenty with that too. Denise's customer was nothing if not creative. She had to take her knickers off completely, fold them up and place them on the desk, then bend over the back of the chair with her hands on the seat. The hem of her skirt was still tucked in, leaving her bottom exposed and vulnerable. She was surprised to find the strap a little easier to take than the slipper, although not by much. It hurt most where it landed across marks already left, of which there were many. But she bore it stoically, even starting to feel pride at the way she had handled everything so far.

Next was the paddle, and only fifteen with that. She had to take her skirt off altogether this time, and lie across the seat of the chair with her fingertips and toes dug into the thick carpet. The broad blade covered more of her bottom than any of the other implements, and Samantha was not sure if that was a good thing or not. By the time she had endured her fifteen strokes the sting was incredible.

She was told to stand and immediately clasped her hands to her abused bottom, not caring that her pubes were fully exposed at her front. She knew what was going to happen now. It was the moment she feared most. She had seen the cane, handled it in the bedroom and noted the number twelve on the blackboard. She had no idea how painful the cane was going to be, but she guessed it had been kept to the end, and the number of strokes was lower, for a reason. So far the rule seemed to be the larger and broader the implement, the less intense the sting. This made the narrow cane a fearsome prospect indeed.

She was told to take off her tie and blouse. They joined the rest of her uniform on the desk. She felt slightly ridiculous stripped to her bra, ankle socks and plimsolls, but she knew she had far more to worry about at the moment. 'Touch your toes' her master (for that is how she had come to think of him over the last half-hour) ordered. Thanking her persistence for keeping up with her aerobic classes, Samantha obeyed, feeling her bottom cheeks part as she stretched into the embarrassing posture, exposing everything she had to his gaze. Tears of fear and humiliation welled in her eyes, but she was angrier with herself for getting into this scrape than she was with the man about to cane her.

The rod tapped her bottom as he took aim. It vanished and she closed her eyes and held her breath. She heard the swish then her entire being was focussed on her bottom as the thin strip of wood scorched a trail across the centre of her cheeks. 'Aaaah!' She could not help herself and jumped upright, her hands rubbing her cheeks furiously.

'Now Denise, don't make it harder on yourself. Get back in position and stay there for the rest of your punishment, or I'll add extra strokes.'

The message was clear. She just had to grin

and bear it. 'Yes sir, sorry sir' she muttered as she bent over again. This time it was easier to stay in place, not because it was any less painful, but because she knew exactly what was coming. 'Ooooh, two sir.' She had not been told to count out loud, but knew she had to keep score for her own sanity, and it may as well be for his benefit too.

His caning style was methodical. His aim was spot on – only twice did he cross weals left by earlier strokes. He took his time too, pacing the bent semi-naked girl and savouring every inch of her exposed flesh, as well as rubbing her sore bottom with his palm. Much as she was grateful for the breaks, Samantha was very conscious that Denise could return at any time, and just wanted to get the whole thing over with. But he probably could not afford this sort of session very often, so was not going to be hurried.

She was also not very keen on another of his habits, making as if to land a stroke, then swishing the cane through the air. He did this four times, and each occasion had Samantha wincing and twitching in dreadful anticipation. That she found almost as bad as the vicious rod actually landing.

Finally she counted 'twelve, sir!' with real relief in her voice. She could hardly believe it herself, but she had made it, right through the whole punishment. Now all she had to do was get him out of the flat, grab her clothes, replace the uniform and implements in the bedroom, and scarp. Denise would return and wait in vain for her client, and when she finally caught up with him she would never believe his story that he really turned up and had what he thought was a session with her.

The man did not seem in a great hurry to leave, though. 'That was fantastic!' he enthused, as Samantha stood up and massaged her tender bottom. 'You're a terrific actress – I honestly believed you were an innocent college girl who'd never been spanked or caned before! You should be on the stage.'

You don't know the half of it, Samantha thought, but she just smiled her appreciation, hoping to keep conversation to a minimum. She was about to usher him out, but had forgotten the most crucial aspect of the session, at least from Denise's viewpoint. 'Now, the fee' he said, and pulled out his wallet, from which he produced a large bundle of twenty pound notes. Samantha stared at it for a second, then remembered she was supposed to be a professional submissive.

'That's great, thanks' she said taking the cash.

'Would you like to count it?' the man said as she went to put it with her discarded uniform.

'No need!' she said a little too keenly, 'I trust you, now I'm sorry to hurry you, but I have another...' The words froze in her mouth as a key turned in the front door. A few seconds later both Samantha and the man were staring at Denise.

Denise stared back, lost for words herself. The man was the first to break the silence. 'I didn't realise you allowed other people to use your flat Denise?'

'No, I...' both Samantha and Denise spoke at

once, then stopped together. Denise started again. 'I don't. And I have no idea what she's doing here'.

'Denise?' The man was totally confused by now and looked at Samantha as he spoke.

'Samantha actually' she replied sheepishly. 'Denise's...'

'...Next door neighbour' Denise finished the sentence for her. 'And one who takes the creed of loving her neighbour a little too seriously. I would ask what's been going on, but I can see from the state of your arse, and the fact you're almost naked with my client, with a big wedge of my daily earnings in your hand, that you seem to have taken it on yourself to do my job for me. My only questions are how and why?'

Suddenly very aware of her nudity and the incriminating situation, Samantha blurted out the whole sorry tale. The client sank onto the chair, hardly able to believe what he was hearing, but Denise stood impassively, her beautiful face not giving any clue to her emotions as she listened.

Samantha came to the end of her story. Denise took off her coat, to reveal a white blouse and short black skirt over black stockings and knee-high stiletto boots. Taking the coat to the rack, she turned and walked back to the centre of the room, stopping to pick up the cane as she went. 'First' she said, 'I'm not a prostitute. I do not have sex for money. I'm a discipline professional and the only service I provide is the one you've just had a taste of. Second, I don't take kindly to nosy neighbours poking around in my business. Third, take off your bra.'

'I'm sorry?' Samantha was completely thrown.

'Take off your bra. Or do I have to call the police and tell them I've caught a trespasser on my property? Oh, I'll do it; I think it'll be much more embarrassing for you than for me.' Realising Denise was right Samantha did as she was told. She heard a gulp from the man as her pert breasts were revealed. 'I'll have my socks and plimsolls back too, if you don't mind' Denise added. Samantha lifted each leg in turn and now stood completely naked before them. 'Now get back over the desk.'

'What?'

'You heard me. If you really want to find out what it's like doing this for a living, then you're going to have to learn to take a much more severe beating than the one you've just had.'

Samantha stretched herself over the wooden surface. 'I take it you want to stay?' she heard Denise ask the man. His stammered reply was unintelligible to her, but seemed to be positive. As Denise lined the cane up against her bottom Samantha gripped the edge of the desk so tightly her knuckles turned white. She closed her eyes and braced herself, but already an idea was forming.

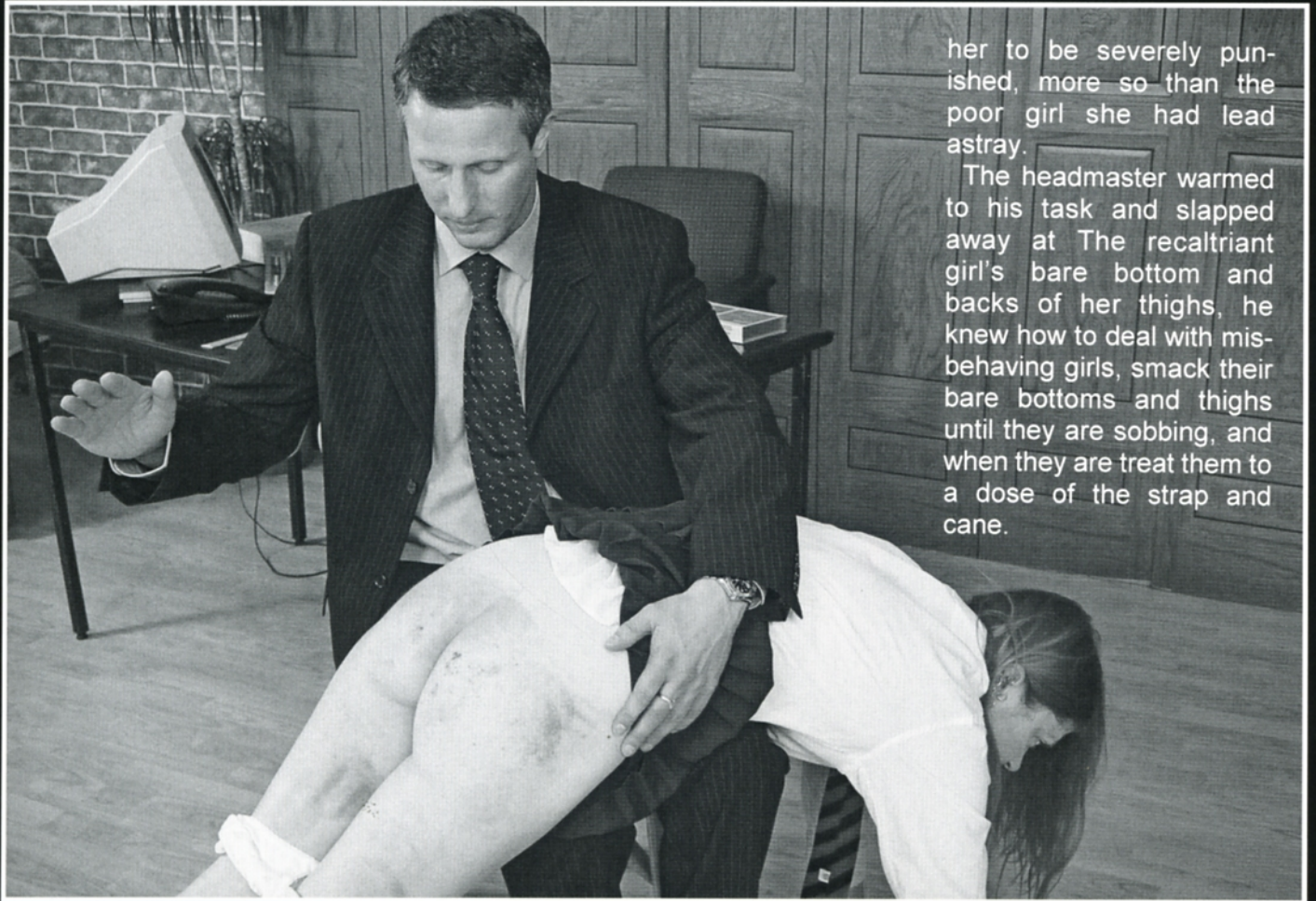
She had handled the money and survived the punishment. Even as Denise's first stroke landed, forcing a high-pitched squeal from Samantha's lips, she wondered if she had any clients who might like to deal with two girls at the same time. ♦♦♦

The headmaster confronted young Therese with the incriminating evidence. 'Where on earth did you get this from?' he asked, surprised that any pupil of his could get hold of such material. The reply he got from Therese shocked him, 'Are you certain? Mary the head girl is selling spanking videos to earn herself pocket money!'

'Oh but she is sir,' insisted Therese as she tried to decrease the severity of the punishment she knew she was about to receive, 'believe me, she has a bag full of them now.'

The headmaster still had his doubts, 'surely Mary wouldn't do such a thing, not with her religious background.'

His mind returned to the task at hand, Therese had owned up, albeit reluctantly, to swapping the videos over and now her time had come for

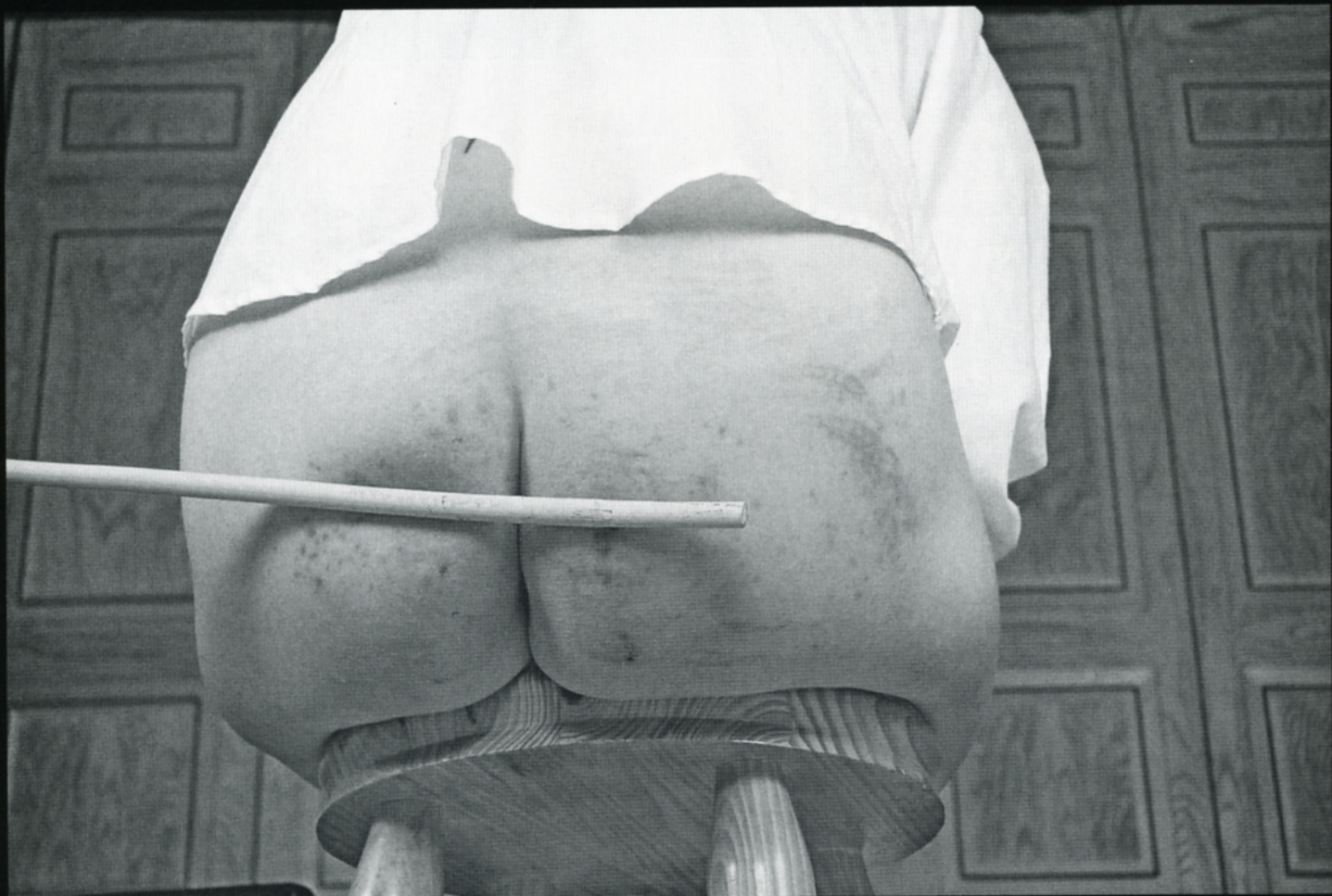


her to be severely punished, more so than the poor girl she had lead astray.

The headmaster warmed to his task and slapped away at The recalcitrant girl's bare bottom and backs of her thighs, he knew how to deal with misbehaving girls, smack their bare bottoms and thighs until they are sobbing, and when they are treat them to a dose of the strap and cane.

The Headmaster's Study

featuring Therese



All actions stills from our latest The Headmaster's Study



All action stills from our latest the headmaster's study
Kane never features posed pictures

Mary breezed into the headmaster's study in the same happy-go-lucky way that she did every day. 'Here's your afternoon tea sir, would you like a biscuit to go with it?'

'No thank you Mary,' he replied assertively, 'what I'd like is to see what you have in your bag.' The head girl took a step back and clutched the bag tightly. 'My bag sir, it's only got a few library books in it. Why do you ask?'

The headmaster lent forward and took the bag away from the girl who had begun visibly shaking. One by one he took out the bag's contents and placed them on the table in front of her. 'Library books eh. Is that what these are?' Knowing the game was up and not knowing what else to do she hung her head in shame and waited to hear her fate.



The Headmaster's Study

featuring Natasha



All actions stills from our latest The Headmaster's Study



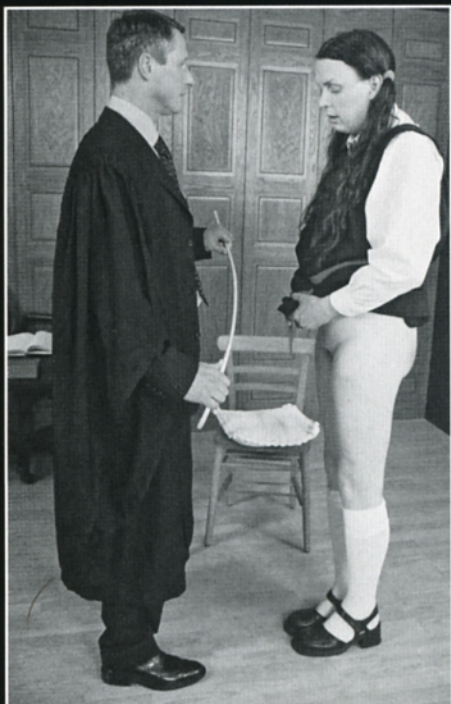


JoJo knew her time had come. The only reason she enrolled in evening classes was to relive her school-days. It was strange, when she was punished at school as a girl she hated it, yet here she was a grown woman dressed in her old school uniform paying a visit to the headmaster. Her plan had succeeded! She didn't really want to Learn Italian, it was just a ploy. That's why she had only attended one class this term - a wasted of a place - the headmaster had called it. That may be true, but not on her eyes for now she was where she wanted to be, in the headmaster's study, in her old school uniform, wanting so much to be punished by the dishy heamaster whom she wanted to be caned by so much... Perhaps one day he would see her for what she was, a woman who fancied the pants



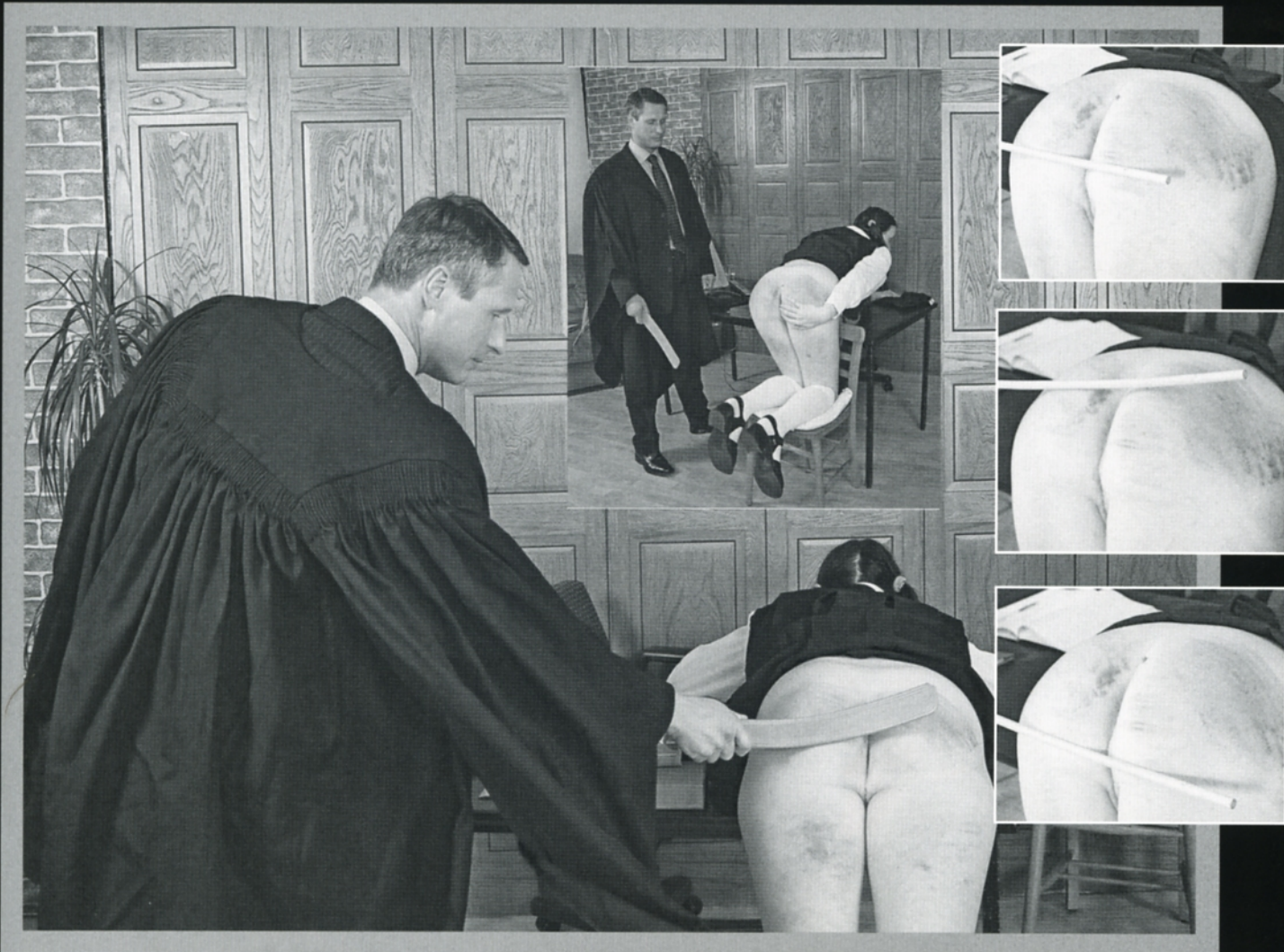
off him and one who wanted to keep him all for herself so that she could serve him and be

punished severely by him whenever he chose to do so...



The Headmaster's Study

featuring JoJo



All actions stills from our latest The Headmaster's Study

The Headmaster, the Policewoman *and The SkoolGirlz*

featurin~~g~~ **Lucy** and **Monica** as the **SkoolGirlz**

and **Sam Johnson** as W/C Johnson

The headmaster was shocked when he saw the WPC arrive in his office with two of his pupils, and he was even more shocked to hear her say that she caught the two girls throwing stones at passing traffic. 'What have you got to say for yourselves, girls?' he boomed. 'It's a lie sir, we didn't do no such thing. She's making it up, and she's not even a proper...' 'Silence! I've heard enough. You are in serious bother, girls.'

'I'm afraid I need you to accompany me and the girls to the station,' demanded the WPC, 'though if you ask me they'd be better off receiving a damn good thrashing on their bottoms from you and I.'

Surprised at the WPC's offer the headmaster gives the matter some thought and not wanting to have the good name of his school tarnished he agrees, to the WPC's suggestion - the pair of them will be thrashed on their bare bottoms.





*ALL ACTION STILLS
FROM OUR LATEST*

*THE HEADMASTER,
THE POLICEWOMAN
AND THE
SKOOLGIRLS*

*KANE NEVER
FEATURES POSED
PICTURES*







SERIOUS TROUBLE

By D.G.S.S

Saturday morning, the sun was shining, the birds were singing and John Ericson the postman was nearing the end of his round. John liked his job, he was usually finished by 12-noon and had time for a couple of pints before going home to spend the afternoon asleep on the sofa. Mrs. Ericson was not too happy about this situation and placed the blame for his frequent inability to perform sexually on his drinking habits rather than on her own vanilla attitudes towards sex.

He checked the letters in his hand, 222 Acacia Avenue Miss. Corina Templar. He pushed his cycle along the road and leaning it up against the low wall of number 222 slowly mounted the steps. A noise suddenly caught his attention and made him glance at the bay window and the sight almost made him choke on his chewing gum. There kneeling on the sofa, legs spread wide, was a gorgeous slim blonde, her dress was rucked up around her waist, and her tiny knickers were stretched around her stocking tops, her buttocks showed marks of a very severe punishment. Even as he watched, a hand wielding a large wooden hairbrush swung into view, the brush made contact and the noise that had alerted him initially was repeated. He watched spellbound as the blonde girls right buttock wobbled in the aftermath of the blow.

Realising that his lack of motion might draw attention to him, he tilted his head down and began shuffling the bundle of letters in his hand. To the casual observer it would look like he was checking there was no more mail for this house. In reality as he lowered his head he raised his eyes. It was far from a perfect viewing position but it was better than nothing.

John felt a strong stirring in his loins as he watched the brush strike again and again. The blonde girl stood up and gently rubbed the tortured flesh of her buttocks, grasping and squeezing the pert mounds she arched her back as if trying to stretch the pain out of them.

He heard a disembodied voice say, "Now fetch me the cane!"

The blonde girl moved out of view, and he saw the hairbrush land on the sofa as the wielder discarded it. bugger he thought, now I can't see bugger all. He continued shuffling the letters for a moment when he heard the snap crack of a cane striking flesh twice. He envisaged that beautiful bottom jiggling under the impact of the cane, although he was sure that it had already born the easily recognisable marks of the rod before.

Once more the disembodied voice came, "Now the other hand please!"

Suddenly John became aware of someone coming up the steps towards him, as

he looked around he saw a woman in her early fifties approaching. Her movements were purposeful and she exuded authority from every pore in her body. Realising that his voyeuristic delights were at an end for today he proffered the letter to her. "Just one today madam" he said. She took the letter and examined the address. The sound of a cane striking flesh twice broke the silence. "Now bend over that stool!" came the voice. John took his cue; tipping his forefinger against his eyebrow he said "good day." and descended the steps in far greater haste than he had ascended minutes earlier. Mrs Templar, for that is who the woman was watched as the post man grabbed his bike and hurried off down the street as best as his burgeoning erection would allow.

Mrs. Templar walked to the window and looked in. The sight that met her eyes caused an involuntary sharp intake of breath. Her daughters' flatmate was standing in her underwear brandishing a long straight cane. Another girl was bending over a stool, skirt raised, knickers around her ankles, the reddened bottom and thighs in stark contrast to the white material of the panties and skirt. Mrs Templar did not need to be a great detective to figure out that if it was Lisa holding the cane, the welted bottom must belong to her daughter.

Just as Lisa lined up her first stroke Mrs Templar banged the flat of her palm on the window; the glass shuddered under the contact. Inside the house the two girls froze for an instant then burst into frenzied activity. Corina leapt from the stool, stumbling as she attempted to pull her panties up, Lisa looked around for somewhere to hide the cane. In the shock of discovery it still hadn't dawned on her that the effort was futile. The two girls looked at each other despair and resignation in equal amounts registered on their blushing faces. Corina with head bowed made her way to the front door to let her mother in.

A squeak of indignation and the sound of the door slamming to followed the sound of the door opening. The living room door burst open as Mrs Templar entered dragging the hapless Corina by her right ear. Beckoning to Lisa "Come!" was all that she said, before heading towards the sofa her forlorn captive still in tow. On reaching the sofa Mrs. Templar thrust Corina towards it leaving her no option but to put her hands out to catch herself. Losing her balance Corina found herself once more kneeling on the black leather seat, the sudden movement and the act of catching herself aggravated the stinging in her buttocks and palms. Feeling her mother attempting to lift her skirts she put her hands behind her to prevent her bottom being exposed. It took

just a few seconds for the powerful Mrs. Templar to wrestle both hands into the small of Corina's back and grasping both wrists in her left hand delivered a veritable fusillade of resounding slaps to both buttocks and the back of Corina's legs.

Crying unashamedly now Corina submitted to the ignominious raising of her skirt and slip. She felt her mother grasp the waistband of her panties and in one swift movement they descended to her knees. She buried her face in her hands.

"Stop snivelling girl, or I'll give you something to wail about for real!"

Mrs. Templar examined her daughters' sullen red and welted buttocks for a moment, and then turned to face the stunned Lisa.

"You young lady need some lessons with the cane, and not just in the use of it either I might add."

"Lisa's initial thought was to say that she wasn't responsible for the stripes but seeing the look on Mrs. Templar's face thought better of it. The result was a stuttered "B but." Lisa thought of herself as a dominant character but in the presence the self-assured and assertive Mrs. Templar she felt like a naughty little girl. Unable to withstand the withering gaze levelled upon her she averted her eyes.

Mrs. Templar gazed at the cowed girl, standing with her head bowed arms dangling in front of her with the cane held across the tops of her thighs just below the lacy edging of her French knickers.

"I entrusted the care of my daughter into your hands and this is how you repay me is it! Not only do you sweep her away into your world of decadence and perversion, but you do it not even in private but full view of the world."

Lisa began stammering her defence that the window was well above the level of the footpath. Mrs. Templar cut her off.

"When I arrived, just moments ago the Postman was standing on your doorstep eagerly watching my beloved daughters shameless nakedness, and you, you standing there dressed like, like - a brazen harlot.

Mrs. Templar was not normally stuck for words but the image that had presented itself to her moments earlier had shocked her beliefs to their very foundations. Her sweet innocent daughter indulging in such debauchery, her misguided trust in the apparently prim and proper flatmate. Her mind drifted back to her days as a schoolteacher. Before the use of corporal punishment was outlawed she had swished many a cane and strap across many a bottom and many hands. She had never used it excessively but she was well known throughout the school as someone to avoid being punished by. One girl after

being punished in front of the class had said that she would rather have a dozen strokes off the Head than the two she had just received from Mrs. Templar. Corina had just reached an age when she might have been subjected to the cane when this legislation came into effect. Mrs Templar's view was such that if it wasn't legal in school then that applied to the home too. She had only spanked Corina once when she had deliberately disobeyed a direct instruction. Whereas in her youth she had felt her fathers belt across her own naked buttocks on numerous occasions. Whether it was to avoid a repetition or just Corina's natural common sense that took over the mere mention of the possibility of a spanking for an action prevented its requirement, until now.

"Give me that cane and fetch me the stool." She said to Lisa.

Lisa's knuckles turned white as she tensed her grip around the slender rod.

"You can't mean to?"

Her voice petered out as she saw the look of unshakeable resolve in Mrs. Templar's eyes. Slowly she raised her hands and unfurled her fingers from around the cane. Flinching as she felt it lifted from her upraised palms.

"The stool please."

Mrs. Templar's voice was calm now; she was no longer in any doubt that she was in control. That moment's reflection had been enough to show her what had to be done. Spare the rod and spoil the child, she thought to herself. Yes, that was the old saying. She had indeed spared the rod and this was the result. Maybe, just maybe, she could bring her daughter back into the fold at this late stage.

Lisa placed the stool in the middle of the living room floor. And stepped hurriedly away.

"Don't go far my girl, you're going over as well. Corina come here now!"

Corina lifted her tear-streaked face from her hands and looked incredulously at her mother as she flexed the cane between her hands, bending it nearly in half.

"I'm too old." She said. Then realised how stupid that must sound in light of this mornings and last night's events. Slowly she rose from the sofa and approached the stool. Her arms hanging limply at her sides, her head bowed in shame. Her breath came in short gasps and she could feel her heart beating rapidly as she looked at the stool. Is this how people felt when they walked to the gallows she thought? She knew there would be no reprieve; she had seen that look in her mother's eyes before. She still remembered the spanking that had followed. The barely concealed grin of her younger sister as she watched the proceedings intently, while she, Corina, the older and wiser, squealed and wriggled over the back of the armchair. Her jeans and panties pooled around her ankles, buttocks bouncing with each and every smack, the burning, stinging sensation in her nether regions.

"Bend over the stool and grip the legs."

Mrs Templar emphasised her statement by tapping the black leather upholstered seat with the end of the cane. Corina stared at the stool like it was the executioners' block. Although she was only one pace away she could go no further. Frozen to the spot in anticipation of what she was about to receive, wishing the world would open and swallow her. She looked up at her mother, her eyes silently pleading for clemency. Mrs. Templar had seen it all before. Some went resolutely to their just desserts, some crying and pleading, some struggled and had to be held. Others just needed a little help. She had seen them all, and, she had caned them all. Years of experience guided her actions, she reached out placing her hand on her daughter's shoulder, gently, almost tenderly. The slightest pressure was all it took to coax Corina forward that last step. Taking one last deep shuddering breath Corina lowered herself slowly over the stool and grasped the cool chrome plated legs, her mind a whirl with a myriad of confused images and thoughts. The last thing she saw before she closed her eyes was Lisa, standing across the room trembling, her hands clasped together in front of her private parts. Shock and horror written all over her face at what she was about to witness and experience, the cold-blooded resoluteness of Mrs. Templar's actions.

"I am now going to punish you for your sinful behaviour. I will give you six strokes, but if you attempt to rise I will increase the amount by half for each instance. Do you understand?"

Corina nodded then winced as she heard the whoosh of the cane slicing through the air. She felt no impact. Mrs Templar was just gauging the flexibility of the rattan before she administered the first stroke. The next time she heard that sound it was followed by a loud cracking sound. A line of intense fire ignited across her already tortured buttocks. Corina sobbed loudly and the tears began to run freely down her cheeks. Five more times the cane visited it's stinging agony on Corina's bare bottom as the good Mrs. Templar fought the imaginary devil inside her daughter. Corina's buttocks bounced furiously with each stroke, she whimpered, she sobbed, she grimaced with pain but she clung resolutely to the legs of the stool, determined that she would have no more strokes added to her punishment.

John Ericson reached the end of his round, his mind still partly on the proceedings at 222 Acacia Avenue and, more importantly the surprise Mrs. Ericson was going to get as soon as he got home. Dutiful as ever he checked his bag, there was one small envelope lying at the bottom, hoping it wasn't too far back along his route he turned it over to look at the address. 222

"Oh blimey!" The exclamation startled the young man who was just jogging past him.

"Sorry" he called after the disappearing figure. Collecting his bike he made his way slowly back towards Acacia Avenue fer-

vently hoping that the older woman had departed. The look she had favoured him with, as he departed had been venomous to say the least. Hadn't he always said, "If it wasn't for bad luck I'd have no bloody luck at all!"

Back at the flat Mrs. Templar was admiring her own additions to her daughter's scarlet buttocks. "Haven't lost the touch." She mused.

Gesturing for Lisa to approach she indicated the fresh lines imprinted on the flesh.

"That is how one administers a caning." She said.

Lisa stared open mouthed at the results of Mrs. Templar's ministrations. Six almost perfect sets of tramlines, she was certain that if you measured the distance between them they would all be equal. The gently sobbing Girls buttocks quivered slightly each time she drew breath.

"You may get up when you are ready and go and stand in the corner for me."

Corina gently eased herself up from the stool. Her fingers tentatively touching her aching bottom. Mrs. Templar tucked the hem of the dress into its own belt and sent her daughter scurrying towards the corner with a slap that set her buttocks wobbling once more and induced further furious pain signals to course through Corina's scalding hot rump. Without being told she pressed her nose against the cool painted wall and placing her hands on her head interlocked her fingers. That particular movement brought a slight twinge of pain and reminded her of the four strokes Lisa had given her on the hands. In the furore after her mother had arrived they had been forgotten, supplanted by a more intense pain in her bottom.

Mrs. Templar gestured to the stool with the cane

"Right then my girl!" We had better deal with you now, hadn't we." She punctuated her remark by tapping the seat with the rod.

"No! I won't do it. You're not going to punish me like some silly girl. I'll sue you for assault if you touch me with that!"

Mrs. Templar's eyes narrowed and she swung the cane around and over her head in a vicious arc. Lisa closed her eyes as she heard the dreadful hiss of its passage through the air. When she opened them again the cane was about 3 inches from her arm. She looked over her shoulder along the length of the stick. The still quivering tip pointed at Corina's red raw rump.

Mrs Templar saw that she had the full attention of her prey.

"And in the same court of law, she paused, who will take credit for the majority of that little lot!"

She flicked her wrist and set the tip of the cane quivering once more. Lisa nearly said that it wouldn't be her. Then, realising that if she mentioned strange men pulling down Corina's panties she would be sentencing the poor girl to more punishment.

Giving Mrs Templar a look of defiance she walked purposefully to the stool and



bent over. The hem of her short nightie lifted with the movement. Mrs. Templar flicked it clear of the target with the end of the cane.

"Raise your hips lady." She said.

Lisa complied and felt Mrs Templar grasp each side of the French knickers and pull them slowly over her delicate mounds. When she released them the loose fitting knickers slid down her thighs and she only managed to stop them just above her knees by opening her legs wide.

Mrs. Templar looked on, she was not aroused by the view but she did not complain. If the girl didn't know it would hurt more in that position then that was her fault. She flexed the cane then shook it, the rod quivering with its own suppressed vitality. Addressing the target like a golfer addressing the ball, slow movements, the cane never quite touching the trembling buttocks, assessing the pliability of the wicked wand. Raising the cane high Mrs. Templar swished it straight down about three feet behind Lisa's exposed nakedness. She saw Lisa's buttocks clench in anticipation of the stroke, then pulling back her arm, she struck. The timing was perfect. Just as the muscles relaxed the cane bit into Lisa's flesh with a resounding thwack. Lisa's head shot back and she howled with pain, her face etched with a rictus of sheer agony, her hands flew to protect her tormented flesh. The cane rapped against Lisa's knuckles.

"Get a grip girl, get a grip."

Lisa renewed her grasp on the legs of the stool just as the second stroke landed. Unable to stop herself she leapt up hands clutched to her injured bottom she began hopping around the floor. The French knickers detached themselves from her legs and crumpled, forgotten on the living room carpet.

"You've just earned yourself another three strokes Missy." Mrs Templar advised the still dancing Lisa. "That makes nine. If you move again I will add another four and a half strokes." She continued. "For the half I will only hit one cheek."

She watched the girl for a moment longer, then began tapping the seat with the cane once more.

"I'm ready when you are."

The once haughty young woman moved with evident trepidation back to the stool and resumed her ignominious position. The cane caught the delicate under-curve of her ripe buttocks this time.

"Yahh hoogh!" Lisa exclaimed.

Her legs were shaking uncontrollably, but she maintained her grasp on the stool's legs this time.

Outside the window John Ericson nearly fainted. He could clearly see the three angry red welts in stark contrast to the creamy white flesh of the girls quivering buttocks. Even as he watched a fourth joined it followed by a fifth and sixth in rapid succession. Lisa's hands clasped her aching rear.

"Please stop, I can't take any more of those."

The fact that she was still over the stool surprised even impressed Mrs. Templar.

"Very well. We'll finish off with a good old fashioned spanking then shall we?"

Before Lisa could reply Mrs Templar grabbed her ear and dragged her up off the stool and moved towards the sofa. Spying the discarded hairbrush on the cushion, she picked it up and brandished it almost gleefully.

"This will save my hand a bit."

Mrs. Templar sat down and pulled Lisa over knee. Lifting the flimsy nightie up she squeezed the girl's right cheek. The red welts whitened under the pressure and Lisa gasped with pain.

"You had three strokes of the cane still to come, so I'll give you six with this brush. Three on each cheek that seems fair doesn't it?"

Without awaiting a reply she began. Lisa yipped and yelped with each blow.

John couldn't see the marks that the hairbrush was making, the silly old fossil was sitting the wrong way around, but he could see the effect it was having on the recipient. The girl's hands were on the carpet supporting her upper body. He could see the tears falling from her face as her head shook from side to side with each blow.

"I think it's time you joined Corina in the corner young lady"

Lisa rolled off the older woman's lap clutching her bottom. Then to avoid the slap that Corina had been despatched with, she hurried over to the wall and assumed the hands on head position of her flatmate.

After taking one last longing look at the two girls glowing red and striped bottoms before stealthily tiptoeing down the steps. He retrieved his bike and set off towards home and the sometimes waspish but certainly un-expecting Mrs. Ericson.

Appraising the marks on the two girls exposed bottoms Mrs. Templar felt quite satisfied that justice had been done.

"Well, I had intended to you ladies out shopping today, but, I dare say you don't feel like it quite so much now, do you?" She left the question unanswered. "Naughty girls don't get presents, only punishment."

Picking Lisa's panties up off the

floor she draped them over the girls shoulder.

"Remember that won't you."

Mrs. Templar left the room, collected her belongings from just inside the door where she had left them she let herself out.

Even after hearing the door close and the gate squeak shut on its rusty hinges, it was still a full five minutes before either of the girls dared to move. It was Lisa who moved first. Clutching her bottom she bent almost double.

God's teeth and toenails, for someone who only spanked you once your mother certainly knows how to go about it.

"Didn't I tell you, she was a teacher at a boarding school for years. She's probably spanked or caned hundreds of girls. After my first spanking I was damned sure I wasn't going to have another one off her!"

Lisa looked at Corina's blazing cheeks, the angry red ridges standing proud.

"Well you certainly screwed up today then."

Despite the pain both girls began to giggle.

"Coming to bed then?" Said Lisa lasciviously.

"Yours or mine?"

"God you sound like a bloke sometimes!"

The two girls made their way upstairs caressing each other.

In the living room a cane and a hairbrush rested atop a tall stool, a monument to the folly of not closing the curtains when you are up to no good...



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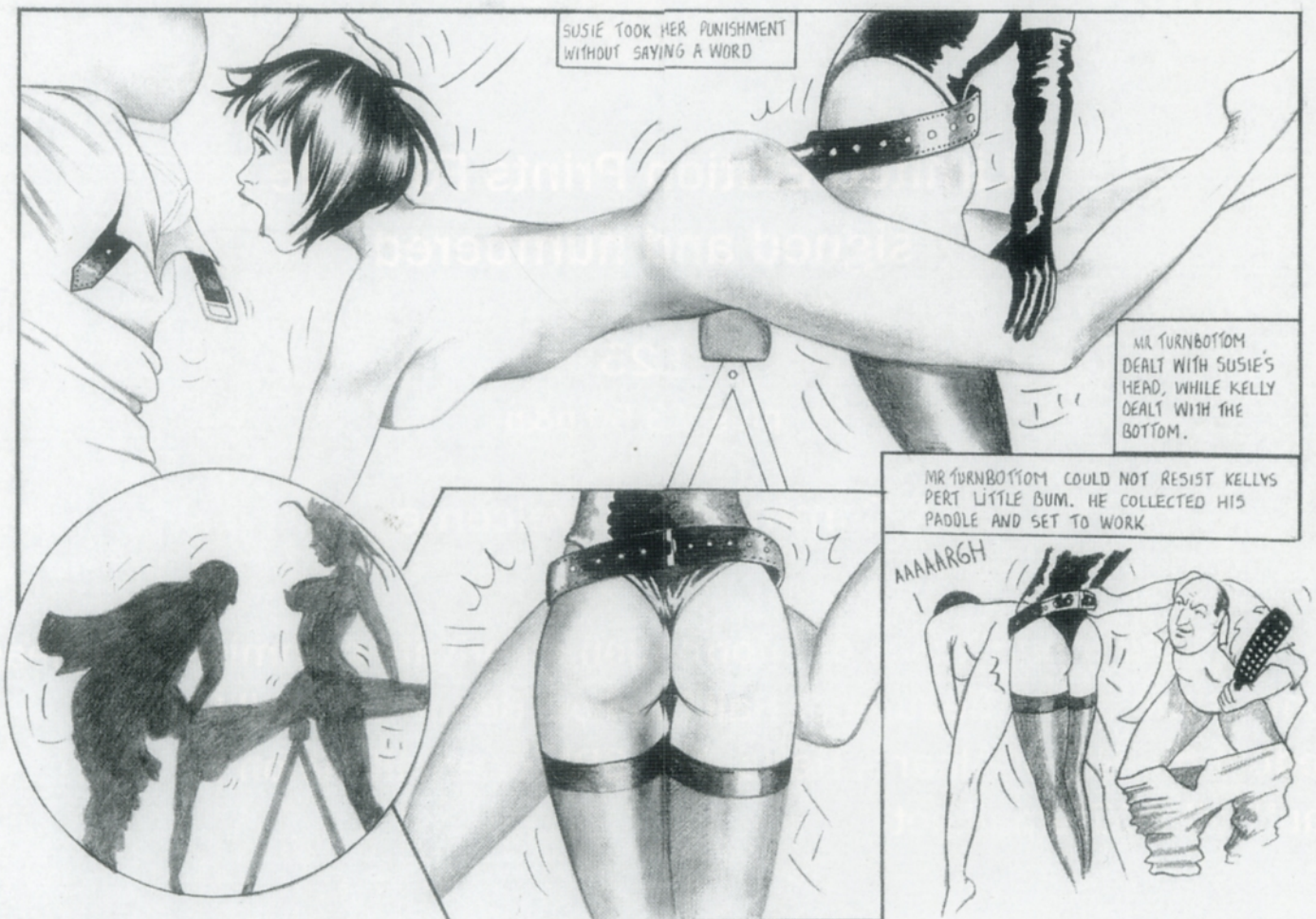
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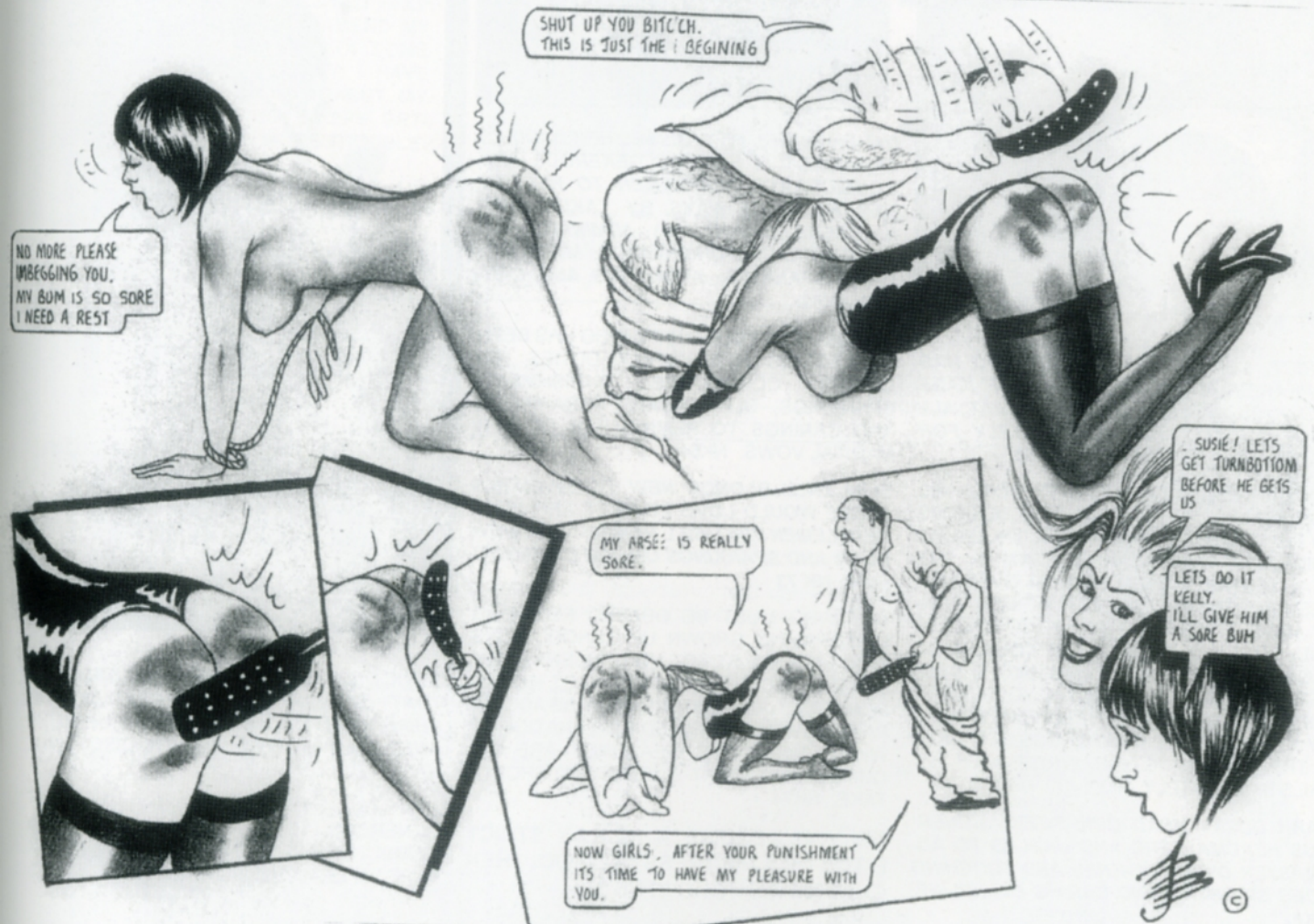
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Commissions welcome

For mail order purchases or information on private commissions, please contact me at the Beaumont Hall Studios, Beaumont Hall Farm, Redbourne Rd, St Albans, Herts, AL3 6RN or email me on paul.ballard@fsmail.net

Saucy Susie





KANE CONTACTS - LADIES NOW ADVERTISE FOR FREE

Helping Spanking Enthusiasts Get Together

If you are looking for some spanking action why not place a contact advert. A unique reference number will be given to each advertiser. replies will be forwarded on the Monday of each week. Our rates are: up to 20 words £20 per insertion with additional words 20p each. To send a reply, write you name and address on an envelope and put on a stamp, place the SAE and the letter into another envelope and write the reference number clearly on the top left hand corner in pencil. Repeat this for each letter that you wish to be forwarded, place it in a larger envelope and address it to: KANE CONTACTS, 23, WELLINGTON AVENUE, LONDON N15 6AS - enclosing a forwarding fee of £1 per letter (*Kane PMC members need only include postage*).

We would welcome adverts from ladies who can now advertise for free and may also submit a photo to accompany their advertisement.

HI I'M GEORGIE, DO YOU LIKE MY BOTTOM? WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE ME ACROSS YOUR KNEES, PULL MY KNICKERS DOWN AND SPANK MY NAUGHTY BARE BOTTOM UNTIL IT GLOWS? SOMETIMES I'M SO MISCHIEVOUS THAT I NEED TO HAVE MY BOTTOM CANED AS WELL. I ALSO ENJOY SPANKING AND CANING NAUGHTY BOYS K92A



NAUGHTY GIRL WHO MISSES HER DADDY'S SPANKINGS IS SEEKING GENEROUS AND CONSIDERATE GENTLEMEN TO RECTIFY HER NAUGHTY WAYS BY TAKING HER KNICKERS DOWN AND ADMINISTERING TRADITIONAL PUNISHMENT METHODS, HAND SPANKING, STRAPPING AND CANING. NK63

DISOBEDIENT YOUNG WIFE WHO HAS BEEN NEGLECTING HER WIFELY DUTIES REQUIRES CORRECTIVE PUNISHMENT, SPANKINGS, SLIPPERINGS, STRAPPINGS AND CANINGS TO REMIND HER OF HER MARITAL VOWS. NK64

SLIM TALL BLONDE NEW TO SPANKING SCENE WOULD LOVE TO MEET AFFLUENT GENTLEMEN WHO WILL PAMPER HER WITH GIFTS AND SPANKINGS ON HER CUTE BOTTOM. NK 73

SHE WHO MUST BE OBEYED REQUIRES MISBEHAVING GROWN UP SCHOOL BOYS WHO REQUIRE STRICT NO NONSENSE TRADITIONAL DISCIPLINE TO CONTACT HER IMMEDIATELY. ALL LETTERS MUST BE ACCOMPANIED WITH A DETAILED EXPLANATION OF WHY CORRECTIVE MEASURES ARE REQUIRED AND WHAT FORM THEY SHOULD TAKE. NK74

DO YOU REQUIRE A REALLY STRICT BITCH OF A MISTRESS? YOU DO! THEN CALL ME RIGHT NOW! NK77

IM A LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL WHO'S AS GOOD AS GOLD - I NEED WHACKY WHACKY EVEN THOUGH I'M TOO OLD. NK78

I'M A STRICT HEAD GIRL PREFECT WHO HOLDS OLD FASHIONED VIEWS ON DISCIPLINE AND DRESS. I REQUIRE THAT ALL NAUGHTY BOYS AND GIRLS REPORT TO MY STUDY FOR SPANKING, STRAPPING AND A SEVERE CANING ON THE BOTTOM. NOTE: ALL OF MY PUNISHMENTS ARE BARE BOTTOM PUNISHMENTS. NK79



STRICT LADY TEACHER WHO BELIEVES THAT SPARING THE ROD SPOILS THE CHILD WISHES TO MEET GROWN UP BOYS AND GIRLS IN NEED OF HER DISCIPLINE. NK85

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 25 WISHES TO MEET GENEROUS MALES OF ALL AGES TO SPANK, STRAP, SLIPPER AND CANE HER BARE IMPERTINENT BOTTOM. NK86



STRICT, ATTRACTIVE BLONDE WHO HAS APPEARED IN MANY EDITIONS OF KANE AND KANE VIDEOS REQUIRES THAT ALL BOYS CONTACT HER IMMEDIATELY FOR DISCIPLINE. LONDON AREA. NK60

HAVE YOU BEEN A NAUGHTY BOY? ARE YOU FEELING GUILTY? DO YOU DESERVE TO BE PUNISHED, HAVE YOUR TROUSERS AND UNDERPANTS TAKEN DOWN BY THE HEAD MISTRESS THEN BE BENT OVER HER DESK FOR THE SCHOOL CANE? WILL AUNTIE HAVE TO PULL DOWN YOUR SHORTS AND SMACK THE BACK OF YOUR BARE LEGS THEN MAKE YOU STAND IN THE CORNER WITH YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD FOR YOUR COUSINS TO SEE? DOES MUMMY NEED TO TAKE YOU ACROSS HER LAP? IF THE ANSWER IS YES, WRITE WITH DETAILS IMMEDIATELY. NK61

DARK DUSKY HEAD GIRL SEEKS GENEROUS HEADMASTERS AND UNCLES TO ADMINISTER OVER-THE-KNEE AND TOUCHING TOES SPANKING AND CANING DISCIPLINE. NK62

KANE CONTACTS - LADIES NOW ADVERTISE FOR FREE

KANE'S AGONY AUNT SARAH VEITCH WOULD BE PLEASED TO RECEIVE LETTERS FROM YOU TO INCLUDE IN HER 'SARAH SAYS'. WE WOULD ALSO BE PLEASED TO RECEIVE FROM OUR READERS ARTICLES, SHORT STORIES OR COMMENTS. ALL WORTHWHILE MATERIAL WILL BE PUBLISHED. PLUS, IF YOU HAVE A FAVOURITE MODEL OR STILLS FROM A KANE VIDEO THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN PRINT ONCE AGAIN, OUR EDITOR IS READY AND WAITING FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO INCLUDE THEM IN A FUTURE EDITION.

PRIVATE COLLECTOR HAS FOR SALE THE
JANUS VIDEOS WARDENS END, NIGHT
HOWLS AND THE AIR HOSTESSES LESSON.
£20.00 EACH. PAYMENT BY BLANK POSTAL
ORDER ONLY. NK87

EXPERIENCED AUNTY HEAD TEACHER
WISHES TO SEE ALL THOSE REALLY
NAUGHTY BOYS WHO ARE IN NEED OF
CORRECTION THERAPY. I AM BASED IN THE
SURREY AREA. PLEASE CONTACT ON
07931-722186 NK90

INFORMATION PLEASE. WHERE CAN AN EXPERIENCED MASOCHIST (KANE PMC MEMBER) OBTAIN ARTIFICIAL CANES IN CARBON FIBRE AND/OR RUBBER COVERED EPOXY RESIN. PLEASE NOTE FORWARDING COST HAS BEEN PREPAID ON THIS ADVERT SO THERE IS NO NEED TO ENCLOSE A FORWARDING FEE. NK91

I HAVE BEEN A VERY NAUGHTY GIRL. I DID NOT MEAN TO BE, I JUST COULD NOT HELP MYSELF PLEASE HELP ME TO AMEND MY WAYS, I AM SURE I AM IN NEED OF SOME GENUINE CORRECTIVE THERAPY. I HAVE TRIED SO HARD TO BE GOOD BUT MY NAUGHTY BEHAVIOUR JUST KEEPS GETTING ME INTO MORE AND MORE TROUBLE.

I HAVE STUDIED VERY HARD BUT I ALWAYS
END UP WITH BOTTOM MARKS.

I BET YOU WOULD LIKE TO SPANK MY WARM PEACHY BOTTOM? THERE I GO AGAIN GETTING MYSELF INTO MORE TROUBLE. PERHAPS IF YOU ENLIGHTENED ME, A SESSION OF CORRECTIVE THERAPY OTK SPANKING I CANING MIGHT HELP ME TO REMEMBER TO BEHAVE. I HAVE A VARIED SELECTION OF OUTFITS TO INCLUDE: NURSE, SCHOOLGIRL, FRENCH-MAID, POLICE OFFICER ETC. I AM ABLE TO BE SUBMISSIVE OR DOMINANT FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO SWITCH. KARAJAYNE (GLOUCESTER) Tel 07775 958314 e-mail: karajayne@aol.com NK92

MISTRESS SANDY IS AN ATTRACTIVE, BUBBLY BRUNETTE WITH DISCREET PRIVATE PREMISES(INCLUDING PARKING) IN LEEDS. HER SERVICES INCLUDE ALL LEVELS OF CORRECTIONAL THERAPY. BEGINNERS ARE ESPECIALLY WELCOME BUT ALL HER VISITORS WILL FIND THAT SHE BRINGS AN UNFORGETTABLE COMBINATION OF ENTHUSIASM AND EXPERIENCE TO THE WORK SHE SO ENJOYS. NK93



ARE YOU NEAR WEST YORKSHIRE AND DOES YOUR BOTTOM NEED PAMPERING OR PUNISHMENT? THEN VISIT RAVISHING MADAME TANYA IN HUDDERSFIELD. HER DISCREET AND SUPERBLY EQUIPPED

UP TO 20 WORDS FOR £20 - KANE CLUB MEMBERS MAY ADVERTISE FREE

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

NAME

ADDRESS

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

SIGNATURE..... I CONFIRM I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE KANE 93

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

NAME

ADDRESS

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

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

KANE CONTACTS - LADIES NOW ADVERTISE FOR FREE

PREMISES HAVE PRIVATE PARKING AND CONVENIENT ACCESS FROM THE M26 (JUNCT. 23) OR TOWN CENTRE. WHATEVER LEVEL OF ATTENTION YOUR BOTTOM DESERVES, MADAME TANYA HAS THE EXPERIENCE AND ENTHUSIASM TO PROVIDE IT TO YOUR COMPLETE SATISFACTION. NK 95



6FT. TALL GLAMOROUS BLONDE MADAM REBECCA RELISHES EXERCISING HER CONSIDERABLE EXPERIENCE AND SKILL WITH HER BELOVED PADDLES AND CANES. WHETHER YOUR TASTE IS FOR GENTLE EROTICISM OR SENSUOUS SEVERITY, YOU ARE ASSURED OF A WARM WELCOME AT HER SECLUDED NORTH LEEDS PRIVATE APARTMENT WITH OWN PARKING. NK 97

I AM A FIRM BUT FAIR HEADMISTRESS; I WILL ALWAYS RESPECT YOUR LIMITS. I ENJOY ROLE-PLAY GAMES WHEREAS I AM EITHER THE DOMINANT MISTRESS DRESSED IN MY THIGH LENGTH BOOTS, DOMINANT HOUSEWIFE, NURSE, FRENCH-MAID, SECRETARY, POLICE OFFICER, WICKED COMPANY DIRECTOR OR MY OWN PERSONAL FAVOURITE THE HEADMISTRESS. IF YOU HAVE ANY OF YOUR OWN PERSONAL FANTASIES FOR EXAMPLE HORSE RIDING INSTRUCTOR AND HER CROP, PLEASE DO NOT HESITATE TO INFORM ME, IF HOWEVER IF YOU CHOOSE TO DISRUPT MY NORMAL ROUTINE THIS CAN ONLY RESULT IN SERIOUS BOTTOM MARKS? OUCH!

I AM HAPPY TO SWITCH ROLES DURING ROLE-PLAY I CAN BE DOMINANT OR SUBMISSIVE. NK 101

KARAJAYNE DEMPSEY
(GLOUCESTER)
TEL 07775 958314
e-mail: karajayne@aol.com

MATURE EXPERIENCED SUB/DOM MALE SEEKS SIMILARLY MINDED FEMALE FOR CP PRACTISE. LINGS, CAMBS, NORFOLK AREA. CONTACT BY PHONE 07984 880413 NK116

STRICT 36 YEARS OLD MALE SEEKS NAUGHTY GIRL TO GET OVER MY KNEE AND BE SPANKED. CAN TRAVEL OR ACCOMMODATE. I SPANK NAUGHTY GIRLS IN PUBLIC OVER MY KNEE. NK 103

EMMA 19 YEARS OLD SEEKS BI SEXUAL FEMALES AND SUBMISSIVE MALES FOR SPANKING AND DISCIPLINE FANTASY ROLE PLAY GAMES. NK 104

SUBMISSIVE FEMALE 27 SEEKS OLDER GENTLEMAN FOR SPANKINGS AND TLC, HANTS AREA. NK 105

SUB SINDY SWITCH, I HAVE A FULLY EQUIPPED DUNGEON AND AM LOOKING FOR GENTLEMEN TO JOIN ME. LONDON BASED NK 106

ATTRACTIVE SINGLE PROFESSIONAL MALE, 36 SEEKS SINCERE SUBMISSIVE LADY FOR MUTUAL FUN. CAN ACCOMMODATE OR TRAVEL. DISCRETION ASSURED. EAST SUSSEX NK107

GOOD LOOKING PROFESSIONAL MALE, 40, WISHES TO MEET ATTRACTIVE FEMALES WILLING TO RECEIVE SOUND TRADITIONAL DISCIPLINE. PREFER AGE 18-35 YEARS. CANNOT ACCOMMODATE. WILL TRAVEL THROUGHOUT NORTH WEST. PHOTOGRAPH PREFERRED. NK108

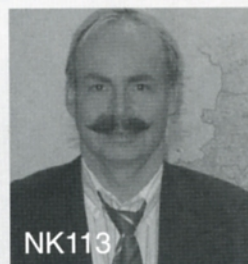
I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME. I SEEM TO NEED A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF BAD BOYS TO SPANK, SO IF YOU ARE A BAD BOY, DROP ME A LINE AT KANE MAGAZINE AS I AM SURE I CAN USE YOU TO PRACTICE UPON. AND IF YOU ARE A REALLY GOOD BOY I WILL TREAT YOU TO MY SUBMISSIVE GIRL WHO SOMETIMES ENJOYS A BIT OF PUNISHMENT WHEN SHE HAS BEEN CHEEKY. NK109
I'M A CHEEKY GIRL - VERY VERY CHEEKY

AND SPOILT GIRL WHO IS SEEKING AFFLUENT DADDIES, GRAND-DADDIES AND UNCLES WHO WILL GIVE ME LOTS OF TREATS AND SPEND LOTS OF MONEY ON ME AND GIVE ME A VERY VERY SORE BOTTOM. IN FACT, I'M SO NAUGHTY THAT I'M ONLY HAPPY WHEN MY BARE BOTTOM IS SORE SO WHY DON'T YOU COME AND SMACK THIS CHEEKY - CHEEKY GIRL'S BUM. NK110

HEADMASTER, WELL KNOWN TO KANE WOULD LOVE TO MEET GROWN UP NAUGHTY SCHOOL-GIRLS WHO ARE IN NEED OF SOME EXTRA CURRICULAR TUITION. NK111

I HAVE ONLY RECENTLY DISCOVERED THE THRILL OF SPANKING AND I AM TRYING TO LOCATE EARLY EDITIONS OF KANE, STING, LONDON LIFE, PADDLE (NOT THE NEW AUSTRALIAN PUBLICATION) MENTOR, ROUE, PHOENIX AND ORIGINAL COPIES OF JANUS PRIOR TO NUMBER 43 OF THE CURRENT JANUS. PLEASE LET ME KNOW PRICE AND CONDITION OF ANY MAGAZINES THAT ARE OFFERED. NK 112

41 YEAR YOUNG, GENUINE SINGLE MALE, HEAD OF DEPARTMENT, WOULD LIKE TO GET TO KNOW A NICE LIKE MINDED FEMALE (35-50) FOR RELATIONSHIP AND PERHAPS MORE. CAN TRAVEL ANYWHERE. NK113



MATURE LADY, TALL, CAN BE VERY BAD AND CONTRARY NEEDS HER BOTTOM SPANKED UNTIL IT TREMBLES AND QUIVERS. NK114

NAUGHTY, CURVY 31 YEAR OLD FEMALE WHO DOESN'T SEE THE ERROR OF HER VERY NAUGHTY WAYS NEEDS GENEROUS SOLVENT GENTLEMEN TO COME AND DISCIPLINE HER WITH A GOOD OTK SPANKING, STRAPPING AND CANING AND ANYTHING ELSE THEY SEE FIT TO MAKE HER BOTTOM GOOD AND GLOWING SO SHE UNDERSTANDS THE ERROR OF HER WAYS. NK115



Miss Behaviour's

Academy of Discipline for Young Ladies

DAMP NAVY
KNICKERS,
RED RAW
BOTTOM

09092 468 626
4 Mobile Access Dial:
020 8790 3128



BOTTOM MARKS
GIVEN BY
MISS
BEHAVIOUR

09092 468 627
4 Mobile Access Dial:
020 8790 3129



STRICT MATRON
WILL DEAL WITH
DISOBEDIENT PUPILS

09092 468 629
4 Mobile Access Dial:
020 8790 3131



I'M WAITING FOR
THE HEAD MISTRESS!

09092 468 628
4 Mobile Access Dial:
020 8790 3130



SPANKED THEN
SHAGGED 'TIL SORE

09092 468 630
4 Mobile Access Dial:
020 8790 3132



MAID FOR
SPANKING
SMACK OUR BARE
BOTTOMS LIVE

09096 560 474
4 Mobile Access Dial:
020 8790 3134

UNCENSORED
HARDCORE SPANKING

STRICTLY FOR THE
CONNOISSEUR ONLY

09092 468 631
4 Mobile Access Dial:
020 8790 3135

LESBO SISTERS
WILL SPANK YOU
WHILE YOU WANK
LIVE & DIRECT

09096 560 473
4 Mobile Access Dial:
020 8790 3133

LIVE 1on1 SPANKING

SIR

I Need To Be
Disciplined
For Major
Misdemeanours

09096 560 475

LIVE 1on1 WITH LITTLE

MISS SPICE

*Naughty Emma
has been
misbehaving.
She requires
a very firm
hand to keep
her in check!!*

09096 560 476





My apologies for the letters section being so small this issue but as we have always said we don't make the letters up and if we don't receive any we can't print them. From what you all tell me on the telephone those of you out there in Kane land are having many spanking adventures so I suggest you start putting pen to paper and share them with your fellow spankers.

Those of you who attend our parties will know, and possibly spanked and caned Jean, or vice-versa. Well there is good news, as we have just made a video with this bubbly lady and to say she enjoys being spanked is an understatement. Although I was away on holiday when the video was shot I have seen the rough cut and it certainly lives up to my expectations. Jean is given one of the hardest and longest hand spankings that I have ever seen. The poor, or rather lucky man who administered it must have very strong hands as after seeing how hard and long he spanked Jean's bare bottom for I would have thought they would have been as sore as her bottom.

Josie

A Novice Bottom

This was our second party, that my husband and I attended. The first party, the Christmas Party, well that was rather nerve racking. We arrived late due to the British trains prompt timetable!! The party had already started!! We entered the door at the top of the stairs leading down into the 'unknown' and all we could hear was 'spank' 'spank' 'spank' it sounded so weird and I must admit I started to bottle it. But it was too late to back out, Mick my husband had already started to descend down the stairs as I stood at the top listening with butterflies in my stomach. I could hear voices welcoming Mick so I gingerly started to move down the steps.

We were made really welcome. We were offered a drink and we sat down next to Josie. Mick didn't take part in the proceedings; he was rather shy!! But we were both mainly curious. As the afternoon went on we both began

to relax, mainly due to the alcohol, and also the friendliness of everyone. I was asked if I would like to participate in taking a caning. I agreed, I was given my stroke in the middle of the room, bent over a chair, skirt up. To my disappointment it was only one stroke. To tell you the truth I would have liked more. We enjoyed the party that much that we decided we would definitely attend another Kane party.

The second party at the end of April, 'Back to School' was even better than the first. This time we arrived earlier, so we called into a pub for a bit of Dutch courage. We didn't need it, I especially felt loads more confident this time than the first, and I was looking forward to the afternoon's events. Everyone at the party who we had met from the first party were all genuinely pleased to see us. All the girls were great fun and I got on well with everyone. We all had a good chinwag in the loo, including Josie.

This time I said yes to a caning from Kara-Jayne as the Headmistress, while I

was the naughty schoolgirl who didn't have the correct attire. "You girl, not dressed correctly, out here, skirt up, pants down" she said to me, six of the best was given and I must admit I enjoyed every one, my bottom was stinging nicely, nice and warm!!

Next a little later on in the party, I agreed to six of the cane from Colin then six from Cliff. Bent over the chair with my skirt up and knickers down, just how I like it. Well that must have been the best caning I have ever had, as my poor bottom showed the results quite readily. Bruised, well it was black and blue; I've never seen bruising like it before. It has taken nearly two whole weeks before the bruising has gone completely. But I must admit I enjoyed every minute. And the best bit about it has been that my husband has given my botty 100% attention every night since, lovely!!

We would both like to say "Thank you" to Josie, Cliff, Colin and all the girls for a great day out, and especially to Kara Jayne for the great scenario I enjoyed so much (and so did Mick, my husband!!).

We will definitely be attending as many future parties as we can.

Luv
Jean & Mick
xxx

Problem Girls 2003

Dear Josie,

Once again may I congratulate you on your latest release 'Problem Girls 2003'. It is very refreshing to notice (by your discerning customers) that it was filmed in the elegance of a real home as opposed to the starkness of a studio, no doubt lent for the occasion by one of your kind and generous supporters.

The scene begins with the earnest and ambitious sales manager, Mr. Jones, trying to persuade his lazy wife Debbie, who is still in bed, to cook a meal and entertain his demanding boss Mr. Foxton and Monica, his secretary that evening. Debbie shows no interest in her husband's pleas; so harder measures are called for. After some severe chastisement, Debbie reluctantly agrees to her husband's request.

Mrs Jones has only had time to dress (and get a drink) after her ordeal; when the telephone rings, it is her daughter's school complaining about her behaviour and some obscene drawings of hers. After summoning her errant daughter Vicky and on seeing the 'artwork', Debbie proceeds to give Vicky a thorough spanking, strapping and caning over her tight jeans and then on her bare bottom leaving her very red and tearful. These proceedings thoroughly distract Mrs Jones who decides at least another drink is called for,



forgetting about the arrival of her important guests.

The return of Mr. Jones with his boss and his secretary causes confusion in the household, his wife is 'well away' after having drunk well over half the bottle, although she soon sobers-up during the severe spanking and caning she receives from her husband, much to the delight of Monica who soon changes her tune on being told by Mr. Foxton, that her sloppy work for him deserves similar treatment which Mr. Jones is only to pleased to carry out.

On hearing his wife's explanation for her condition, Mr. Jones sends for his daughter who again receives a very severe spanking and caning, this time from her father, once again to Monica's enjoyment, who Debbie suggests hasn't been punished hard enough. So once again Mr. Jones has to do his duty, well you can't expect a Managing Director to spank his own staff (perhaps you can, but not in his condition).

Credit for this excellent production must surely go to whoever wrote a very good script, to the young man who played Mr. Jones, Rachel, Therese and Monica. I must

also mention Mr Foxton who from the way he was waving his arms about had had too many gin and tonics at the golf club.

J.R.
Sutton
Surrey

Wow

Dear Josie,

Wow what a spanking party! It may have been my first live event but I can assure you it won't be my last.

All the girls were fabulous, they were all so friendly even when they were being soundly spanked, strapped and caned. When I was about to cane KaraJayne she said to me 'You're smiling so you're obviously having a good time.' Who wouldn't be! I had spent the afternoon spanking, strapping and caning six of the most beautiful, stunning and lovely girls. What could possibly top that! Well, Sam Johnson gave me six of the best and I got a further six from Monica and all before the finale, and seeing KaraJayne as a superb headmistress was a real treat.

Then off to the pub for

Available now from Kane



Full colour 6" x 4" photosets of Britain's number one hot model Teresa May in the role she loves best - dominating £25 for 10, £50 for 25, £60 for 36 or £100 for 60 Autographed 9" x 6 prints of any of the above are £50 Please add £1.50 P&P You can now e-mail Teresa May direct at: teresaxmay@aol.com

drinks with yourself and some of the Kane girls, and what souvenirs I left the party with, a great spanking video 'St. Teresa's School for Girls', a free signed photo of the gorgeous Sam Johnson and Sam's phone number so that I can organise a one on one session with the lovely Miss Johnson.

I must say the day was wonderful. My thanks to all at

Kane, especially the girls who entertained us all afternoon – THANKS – Sam, Georgie, KaraJayne, Sally, Monica and last but definitely not least Rachel, all of you were wonderful. Maybe some of you will get a go at my bum on September the 4th.

Yours spankingly
A.H.
Herts

TREAT YOURSELF TO SIX OF THE BEST FOR ONLY £45

KANE MAGAZINE IS NOW AVAILABLE AT THE INCREDIBLY LOW PRICE OF JUST £45 FOR SIX ISSUES INCLUDING POST & PACKING. IF YOU WISH TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS FANTASTIC OFFER, PLEASE SEND A CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDER MADE PAYABLE TO J. HARRISON MARKS, AT, KANE MAGAZINE, WELLINGTON HOUSE, 23, WELLINGTON AVE, LONDON N15 6AS

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

NAME:.....

ADDRESS:.....

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

SIGNED.....

DATE.....

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





Putting the phone back onto its cradle the head-master was bemused. He couldn't understand. The desk sergeant's voice still rang in his ears - "There's no WPC Johnson at this police-station, and this is the only one for miles." To his dismay he realised sheepishly that Monica and Lucy had been telling the truth after all, WPC Johnson was a local woman who had obtained a police-woman's uniform from a costumers because she was fed up of the noise the girls at his school made, and dressing as a policewoman ensured she would be listened to and get to punish the girls as well. What a devious plan. And she would have got away with it if she hadn't returned to the school for a second go. Now it was her turn to be chastised.



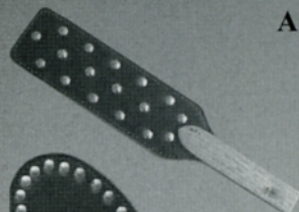


Paddles, Straps and Tawses

Available from Kane

As used in Kane's photo sequences
and Video Productions

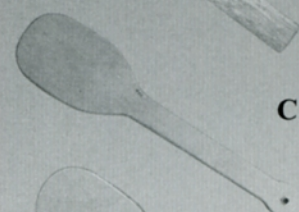
Paddles



- A:** Studded Leather Paddle
(outer studs are flat,
central four raised) set in
wooden handle
15½" x 3" - £40.00
Plus £1.50 P&P



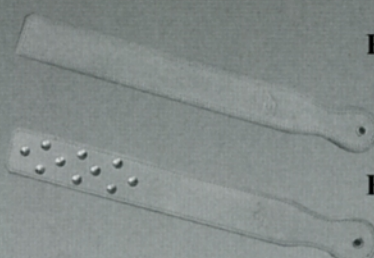
- B:** Studded Leather Paddle
set in wooden handle
13" x 4" - £35.00
Plus £1.50 P&P



- C:** Standard Wooden Paddle
18" x 4" - £25.00
Plus £1.50 P&P



- D:** Mini Wooden Paddle
12" x 3" - £20.00
Plus £1.50 P&P



- E:** Simple Leather Strap,
16" x 2" 3 oz - £20.00
Plus £1.50 P&P



- F:** Studded Leather Strap,
with smooth Metal Studs
16" x 2" - £25.00
Plus £1.50 P&P

Leather Soles

Based on the slipper / plimsoll
but much heavier



- G:** Size 3, 11" x 2½" at widest point
£25.00 Plus £1.50 P&P



- H:** Size 5, 12" x 3½" at widest point
£30.00 Plus £1.50 P&P

Traditional Lochgelly Tawses

Not illustrated but also available are traditional Lochgelly Tawses:

- LG1: 2 Tailed Tawse 16" x 1" £25.00 Plus £1.50 P&P
LG2: 2 Tailed Tawse 18" x 1¼" £30.00 Plus £1.50 P&P
LG3: 2 Tailed Tawse 20" x 1¼" £35.00 Plus £1.50 P&P
LG4: 3 Tailed Tawse 23½" x 1¼" £40.00 Plus £1.50 P&P

GENUINE CROOK-HANDLED CANES

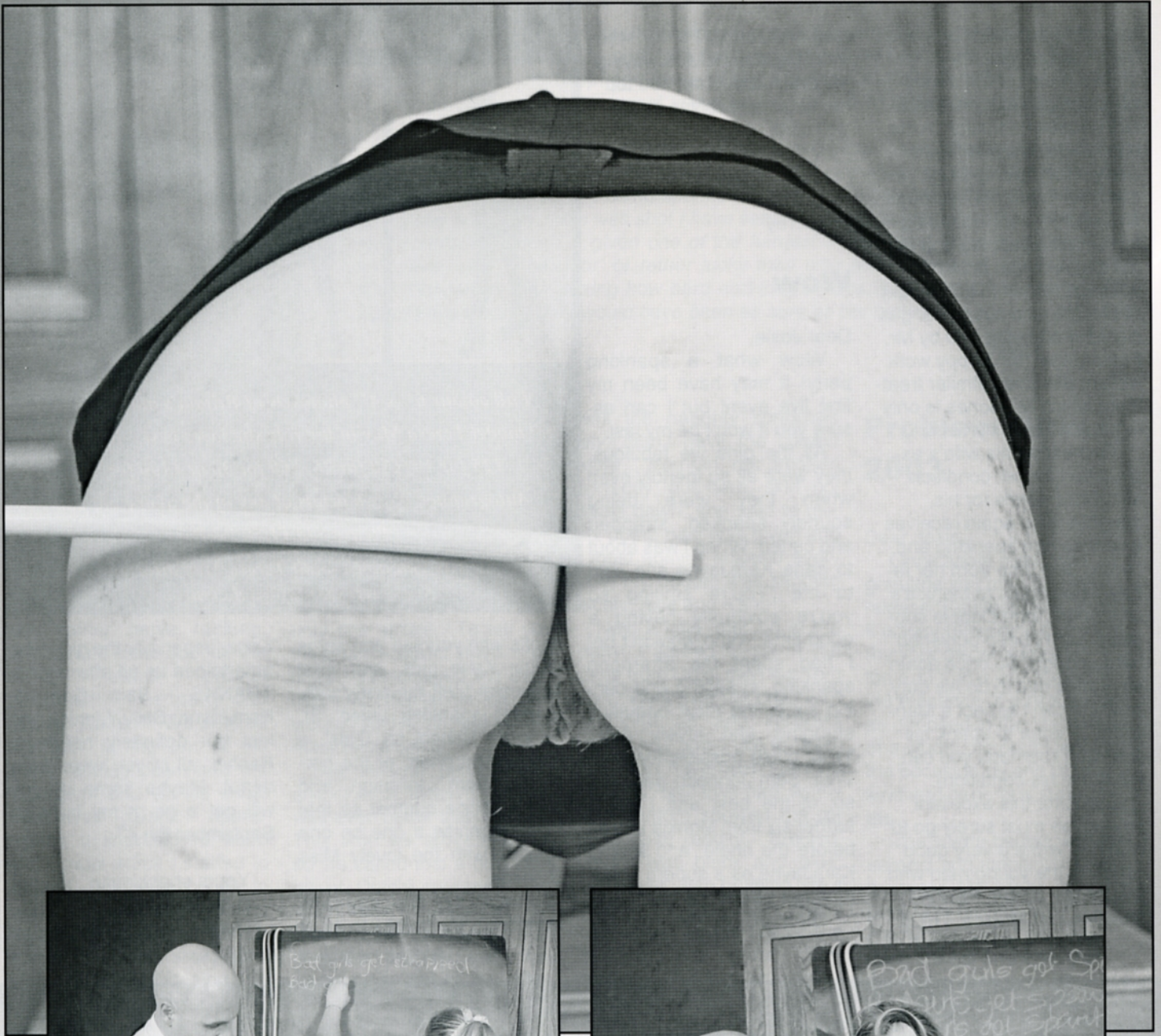
ALL OF THE CANES WE OFFER ARE MADE FROM THIRTY-SIX INCHES OF QUALITY RATTAN, AND ARE GUARANTEED TO BRING A BLUSH TO ANY BOTTOM. PLEASE ADD £2.50 POST & PACKING PER ITEM OR IF ALL THREE CANES ARE ORDERED £5.00. THESE ARE AVAILABLE FROM: KANE MAGAZINE, 23 WELLINGTON AVENUE, LONDON N15 6AS - TEL/FAX: 020 8802 2555 - MOBILE: 0958 795530 CALLER ARE WELCOME, BUT PLEASE PHONE AND LET US KNOW YOU ARE COMING FIRST. PLEASE MAKE CHEQUES/POSTAL ORDERS PAYABLE TO:

J. HARRISON MARKS

JUNIOR - ¼" THICK OF WHIPPY BOONLOOT RATTAN - £7.00

SENIOR - ½" THICK OF WHIPPY KOOBOO RATTAN - £8.00

GOVERNESS - ¾" THICK OF WHIPPY DRAGON RATTAN - £14.00



Mistress Teresa May's Domination Lines

A Schoolboy's Lesson - (44) 09099-872530

Caught stealing from the school tuck-shop and summoned to the headmistresses study for a severe bare bottom caning.

A Leader's Punishment - (44) 09099-872531

It's well known who wears the trousers in this household - Listen to the sounds and cries of authentic domestic discipline of the highest order being administered.

Office Misdemeanour - (44) 09099-872532

Caught in the stationery cupboard with the office junior the Managing Director makes an example of her male secretary by thrashing his naked rear. Hear the swish of the cane as it lands on bare male flesh and the real cries of the poor recipient.

Thrashed at the stables - (44) 09099-872533

Caught by his mistress fucking the stable-girl the young groom is summarily thrashed by his mistress. Listen to his cries as the riding crop cuts across his naked rear.

Matron's Rules - (44) 09099-872534

Matron thrashes a student Doctor in front of her nurses as he pleads for her to stop. When matron does stop it's only to administer an enema to complete the punishment

Mistress Teresa inflicts cock & ball torture - (44) 09099 873733

Mistress Teresa makes you worship her body - (44) 09099 873734

Strict Aunt Teresa deals with you - (44) 09099 873736

Mistress Teresa humiliates you in public (44) 09099 873737

TV maid is dealt with for daring to wear Mistress Teresa's clothes (44) 09092 464358

Doctor gets thrashed by the female registrar for giving an enema to a female patient who was just having a bunion removed (44) 09092 464359

A naughty schoolboy is caught hiding in the girls changing room and is thrashed by the gym mistress (44) 09092 464360

New office-boy is ordered to visit the managaress' office for lying about his qualifications (44) 09092 464361

Welcome to Mistress Teresa's dungeon - it could easily be you she is talking to (44) 09092 464362



These recordings are 100% genuine and recorded in Mistress Teresa May's own voice.

Warning - All calls to 09099 numbers are charged at £1 per minute (from bt landlines) ADM Telecom NP12 3YP

**Do you recognise whose cheeky bottom graces our back cover?
Would you like to know why she's lying on her bed with a big black paddle?
If you don't know who this mystery lady is all will be revealed in issue 94 when
we publish the stills from Teresa May's Punishment Party that also features
Rachel Lloyd and our new girl Morgan.
If you can't wait for that you can come and spank this cute rear yourself at all of
our forthcoming coming parties. and if you really don't know who the rear
belongs to - shame on you!**



our next spanking parties are on

**Oct 23 Halloween.
Dec 11 Christmas Special**

**If you want to attend please order your ticket early as each event is strictly limited.
Tickets are £150 each and are available now on a first come first served basis
Ticket price includes a sumptuous buffet**

**All persons appearing in Kane are aged 18 over. proof on file.
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