

KANE 104

THE ULTIMATE IN C.P JOURNALISM FOR ADULT ENTHUSIASTS



Reviews & Articles

The Judicial

The History of The Caning Competition

Spanking Memorial for Suzanne

Stills from

End of Term

Ghastly Amelia Jane

Kane Parties

Spanking good fiction

Fun and Games

Morning Assembly Pt2

Readers True Story

Josie's Chatter

7 Contact Pages

What's on Guide

Cover Girl
Amelia Jane Rutherford
By
William McGonagall

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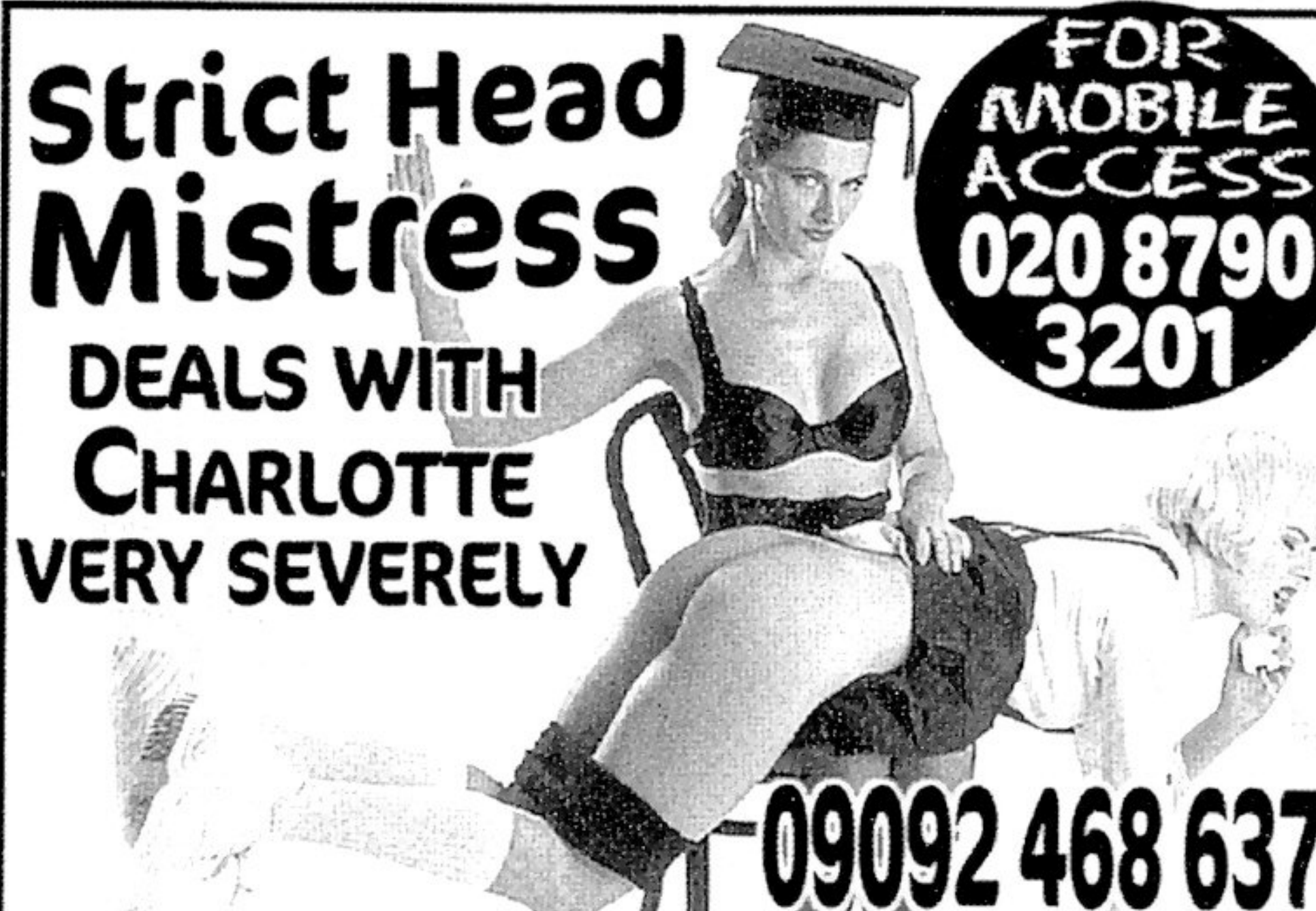
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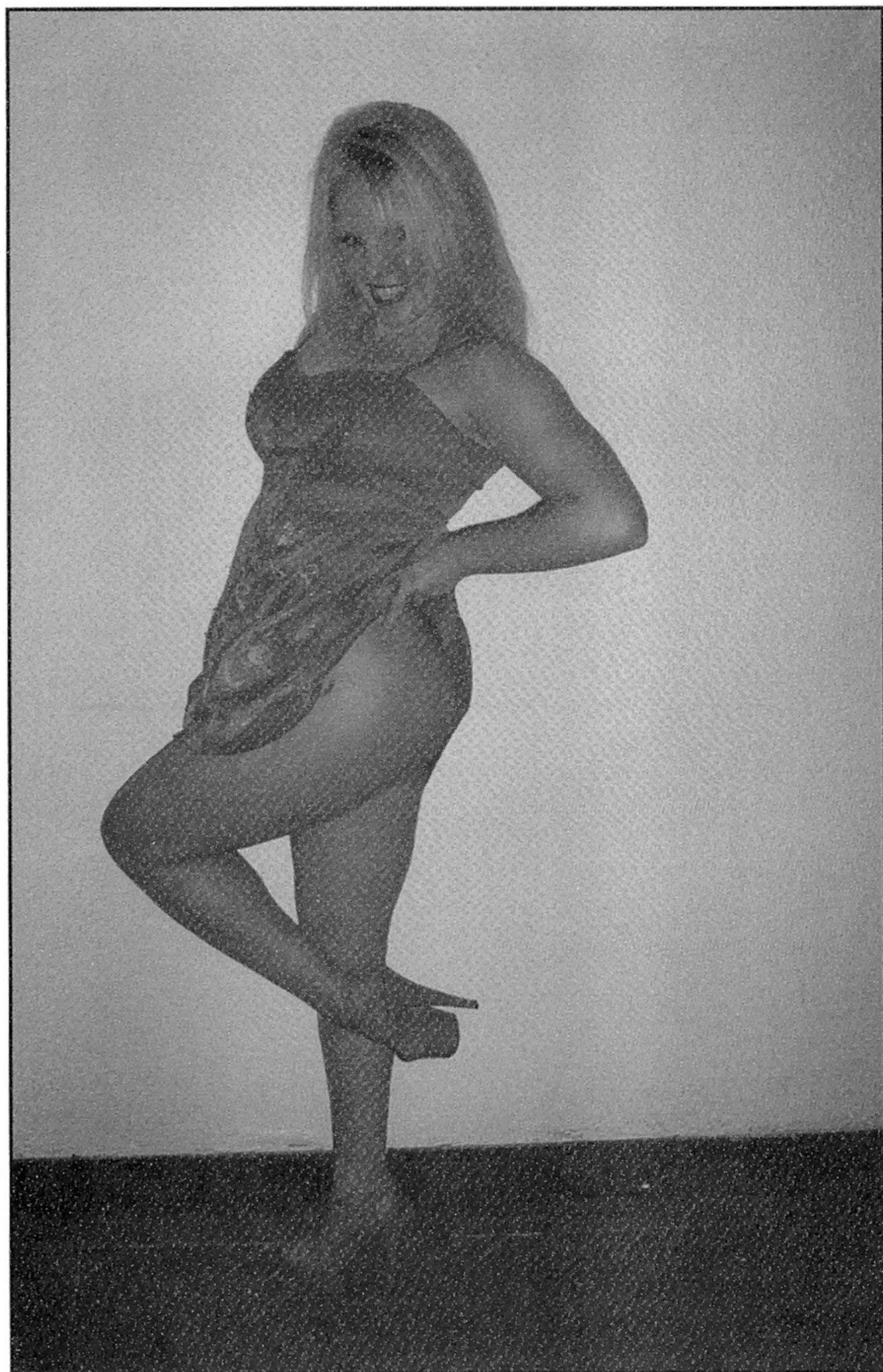
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KANE 104

Publisher and Editor - Ms J Harrison-Marks



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Spring 2009

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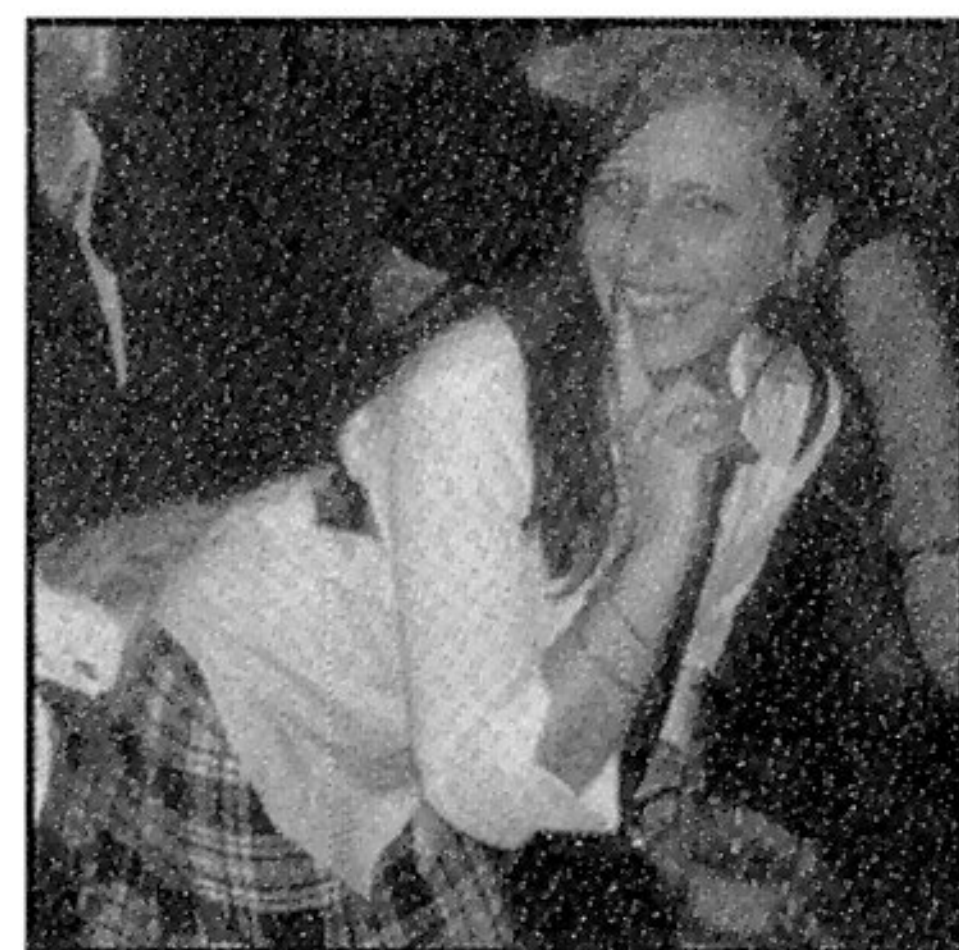
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Wheatley Manor

Stunning photo exclusive from Northern Spanking in next issue

Welcome to Josie's Chatter....



Right it's that time of the mag again, Josie's Chatter where I fill you in on what I've been up to and where I've been etc.. For me this is the hardest part of the whole magazine, I put the whole thing together from front to back cover, I don't have secretaries, editors or even a dog's body (though that position is available, applicants please apply :-)) it's just little ol me slaving over my laptop page by page until it's done, I go to bed dreaming of bums! All that though, I can handle, I've got a bit of a system going, easy stuff first, stories, reviews, readers letters, get all the pre written text out the way, next up are the contact ads with hopefully with not too many changes to make, g-d it can really throw a page out of sync, then it's on to the photo stories.. Now you may think looking through 200 photos of spanked bottoms is fun and possibly the best job in the world but believe me, it does your head in, it all becomes a bit of a bum blur, picking, cropping, resizing, renaming, organising in folders, brain strain I tell you, and I get it all done without the aid of vodka (well sometimes). But then it comes to Josie's Chatter... Put it this way in four days and I've only got this far! Now I think is the time for vodka, so I'm sat here shut in my office, large (very large) vodka & coke to my left, a full pack of B&H to my right and I'm not moving until I'm done, it could be a long night!

2008 finished in a flurry of parties and events, I was invited by *Mistress Switch* (Andi) to her *Judicial* event back in October (pg 10 & 11). I'd heard rave reviews and couldn't wait to go along and I have to say what I heard was totally correct. *The Judicial* is not for the faint hearted among us but for the real connoisseur of Corporal Punishment. It will take you back to when Punishment meant exactly what it said. The scenario for this afternoon was a Canadian Penitentiary and myself and the other guests were called to the punishment viewing area by *Petra* and *Dublin* who today were in the roles of the penitentiary guards. Once seated we were met with a view of the "Ontario Machine" this was to be the contraption the prisoners would be strapped into when receiving their punishment. The best way to describe the "Ontario Machine" is a large metal frame in which the prisoner is placed standing upright and with their bare posterior facing outward, straps are place round the ankles and waist with arms above the head also strapped into place, a very scary piece of kit.

Mistress Switch then addressed the audience with a brief history of the scene we were about to witness, all true and all researched. The leather strap and the wooden paddle would be the implements in use with the leather strap having been especially made for this occasion and an exact replica of what would have been used between 1930 - 1972 in the Canadian Judicial system. We were told that four prisoners that day would be receiving 12 of the strap followed by 6 of the wooden paddle and as prisoner *Ruby* was brought out by one of the guards the show began. Well for the next hour hardly a breath was let out from the audience, one by one the prisoners (*Ruby, Mia, Leia-Ann Woods & Nicky Montford*) were brought before us, their crimes read out and their punishment administered by *Mistress Switch*. Now I've been around the scene a few years, met some people, seen some sights but never anything like this, this was something else, an amazing show of skill, control and discipline by all involved, to find out more go to www.informedconsent.co.uk/p/Mistress_Switch/

I also went along to *Night of the Cane* held by the one and only *Ishmale Skyes* who runs *The Firm* (www.the-firm.org), my favourite night of the year I just love it, great atmosphere, great people and a great deal of spanking, you couldn't ask for more. It was another tremendous success with classes, talks and the most amazing display of the Singapore Cane by *Mistress Switch*, and that was all before the caning competition and boy the standard of the entries gets higher every year, and as one of the judges it's getting harder and harder to mark. With around fifteen pairs taking part, the array of outfits and scenarios had our eyes glued to the stage. I have to take my hat off to *Miss Hastings-Gore* for the terrific send-up to her slight

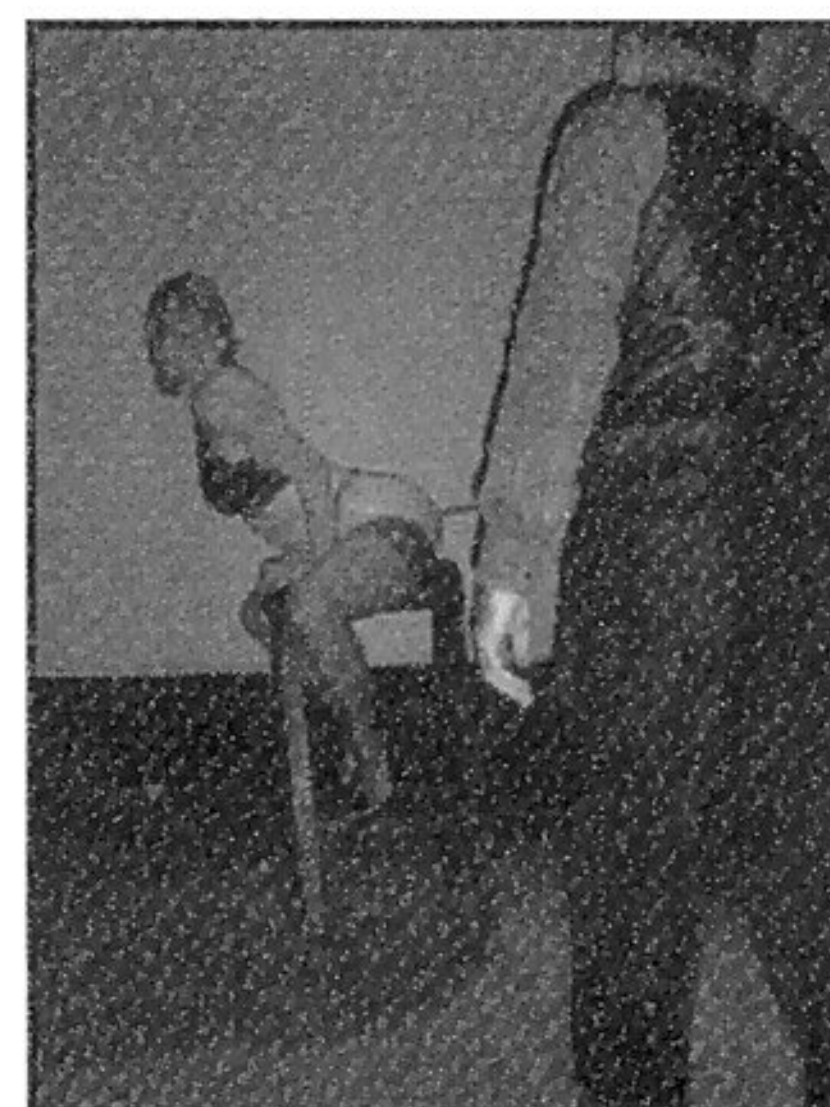
brush with Mr P.C,Plod, as well as her awesome caning skills, she had us rolling around laughing our heads off, a very well deserved 3rd Place.

N.O.T.C - Caning Competition 2008

Zac & Sarah



Winners - Kez & David



Mistress Switch and *Parker* as Popeye & Olive Oil also brought a smile to our faces but the overall winners had to be *Kez and David*.

A truly fantastic couple, *Kez* looked stunning in her outfit and *David* was in no doubt the 'master in command', a real pleasure to watch and I for one hope they return to defend their title this year.

December brought with it Christmas and that meant Christmas Parties.. Yaaa I love parties.

07 I didn't get to any but I wasn't going to let that happen again. To start me off was *Cheeky Girls* (www.spankthecheekygirls.com) run by *Dublin*, you can always guarantee high spirits at C.G and after seeing my accountant (end of year accounts – yuck yuck yuck) that morning I so needed high spirits, I don't think I even got my coat off before *Dublin* had put a v & c in my hand, what a girl. Packed to the rafters with guys and girls everyone was certainly in the party mood. The girls looked great in their winter white outfits which I have to say complemented the red glow of their bum cheeks exceedingly well.

One Christmas party is never enough so a few weeks later I was off to *Mike Dyers 2 Kings* (www.geocities.com/mikedyer2001) bash. Now Mike's Christmas party always has a few different elements to it, The half time stripper for one and Mike walking round in his pants, well G- string (that's why we love him) for another.



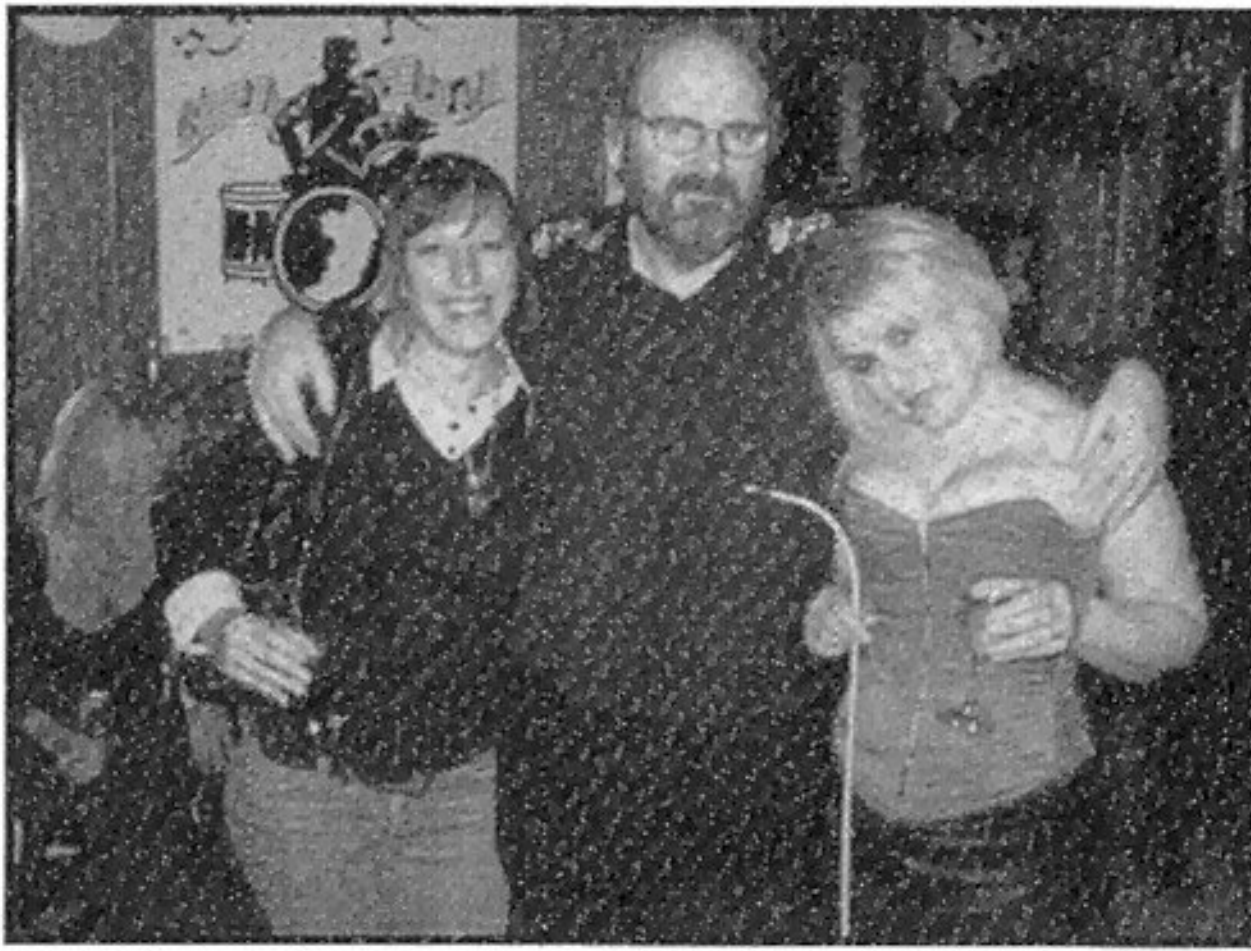
Sam Johnson

Nicky & Donna

Suzi

Wynter & Sam

But don't get me wrong, Mike throws a great spanking party but you might need to be a little more open minded as coy doesn't come into Mike's vocabulary. Sadly for me the g-d's were conspiring against me and a two hour door to door journey took me over four! I arrived an hour before the end and missed it all.... Thanks British Rail. It wasn't all doom and gloom for me though there was still the caning left (my favourite), copious amounts of vodka to drink my way through and a mass of people to catch up with so it wasn't all bad.



Me, Daddy Bear & Cordelia



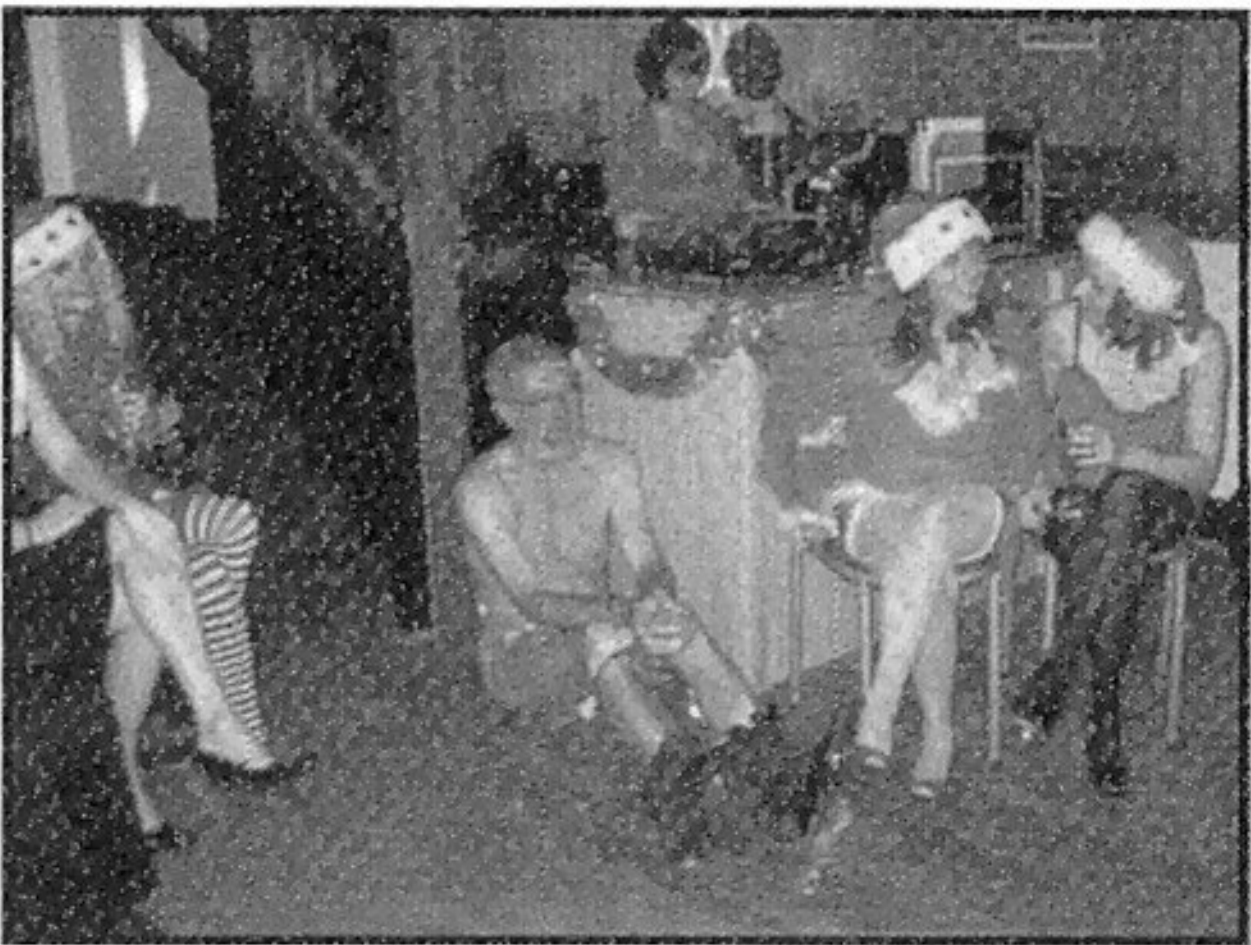
Katja & Amy Hunter



Donna, Jo & Amy

One very good thing that did come out of it was meeting up with *Suzi (Strictly English)* after nearly 12 years and meeting her hubby *Colin*. Things had been said and a lot of things had been left unsaid a very long time ago but at last it is all behind us and expect to see some super *Strictly English* titles appearing in the next issues of *Kane*.

Mike recovering from the stripper



Cordelia, Nicki Montford & Sam



Sarah



I of course held my Kane Christmas Party which even if I do say so myself was fan dabby dozey, the girls looked stunning with a capital S (pg28 & 29) and the blokes didn't scrub up too bad themselves. I myself ended up looking like an extra from Lord of the Rings, what was going on with my ears? It was a fabulous afternoon, the girls were on top form and I couldn't have wished for a better party to end 08 with.



So that was last year, what's in line for this one? Well more parties that's for sure, *Kane Party* dates for 2009 can be found in the centre pages or on the back cover so cross check your diaries and come along to one. I can promise you'll have the time of your life, beautiful girls with the most spankable bottoms ever, good food and even better company and all wrapped up in one kanetastic afternoon. Why don't you treat yourself as a birthday present, birthday canings are compulsory but it's you who decides whether to give or take :-)

Amy, Steve & Me



Amy, Jadie & Steve



Steve, Jadie & Leia



Xela, Steve & Jadie



Steve & Jadie



Steve & Dublin



If you're a bit of a sea goer and always had a hankering to join the navy and sail the seven seas then *The Firms* (www.the-firm.org) next event could be right up your stream. *June 20th 09* is the date set for *The Boat*, a leisurely cruise up and down the River Thames on a warm summers night taking in the sights of London with a glass of wine in one hand (or vodka in my case) and a cane in the other. The gentle sound of waves lapping the hull only broken with the yelping sound of someone being strapped, the soothing rock of the boat against the force of the next cane stroke, it's almost poetic. Places are limited (it is only a boat and not a liner) so book your tickets asap as this always proves to be a popular evening. Tickets are only £25 and available from *Kane Magazine*, please make chqs payable to *I.Skyes*.

Also this year adding to the already jaw dropping list of Kane partners in crime will be *Strictly English* (www.strictlyenglish.com). *Colin and Suzi* will be regularly supplying *Kane* with some of their best titles they've made. Great story lines, great action and great girls, you really will be spoilt rotten for choice so make sure you get your next issue of *Kane*.

I think I might be nearly done, I don't know how many days I've been sitting here but I've eaten all the pens and sucked the radiator dry so I think it's time to rejoin civilisation and leave you to get on with this jam packed issue.

Don't forget to check out *Sam Johnson's* (www.samsdiaries.com) two new titles, '*Insider Trading*' (pg14) Three city boys certainly get put in their place when Sam the manager of a big investment bank calls them to her office. An hour long *Ferndom* title showing Sam at her very best in dom mode.

Or how about '*End of Term*' (pg21-26) Head girl *Sam* (miss goody two shoes) gets new girl *Aleesha* into a whole lot of trouble with the Headmistress (*Mistress Switch*), but Sam doesn't quite get away with her wrong doings and has to face the Headmistress herself. A full hour of spanking, strapping and caning of both the girls is not the whole story, it seems the Headmistress has a secret to hide.

Both titles available via *Kane Magazine* at only £25 plus £1.50 p&p each, chqs made payable to *Sam Johnson*.

And make sure you don't miss '*Ghastly Amelia Jane*' (pg47-54) a superb new series from *Northern Spanking* (www.northernspanking.com) Model's Fantasies'. The first in the collection starts *Amelia Jane Rutherford* and two of her personal fantasies, one to be woken up for a spanking and two to be a spoilt brat having home tutoring. This *Lucy McLean* brought true for her and here you'll find an hour of excellent corporal punishment that might make Amelia Jane think twice about sharing her deepest desires with *Lucy* again. Available via *Kane Magazine* for only £20 plus £1.50 p&p.

See you in the next issue xx

The What and Where Guide

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The Firm

Next Event

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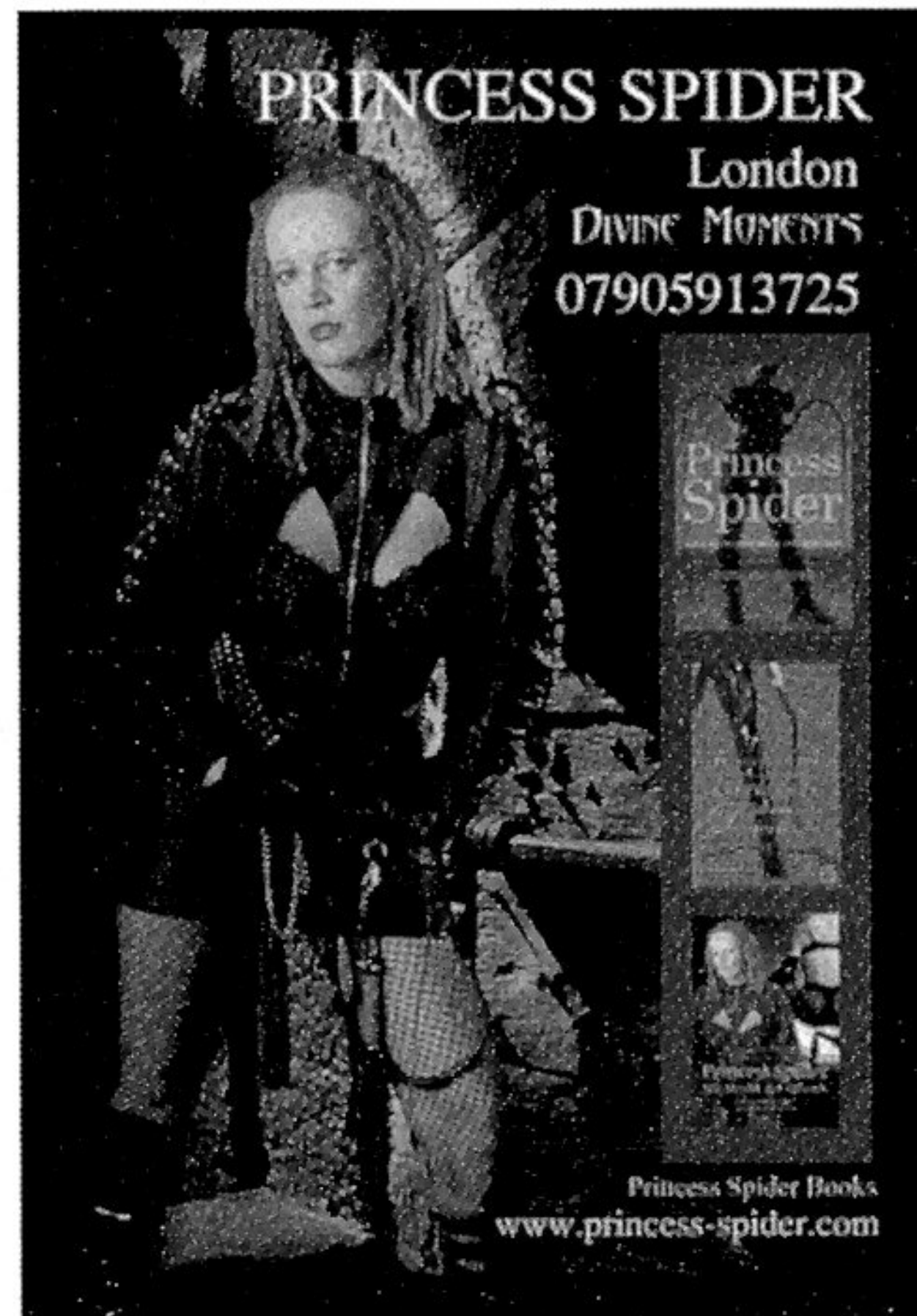
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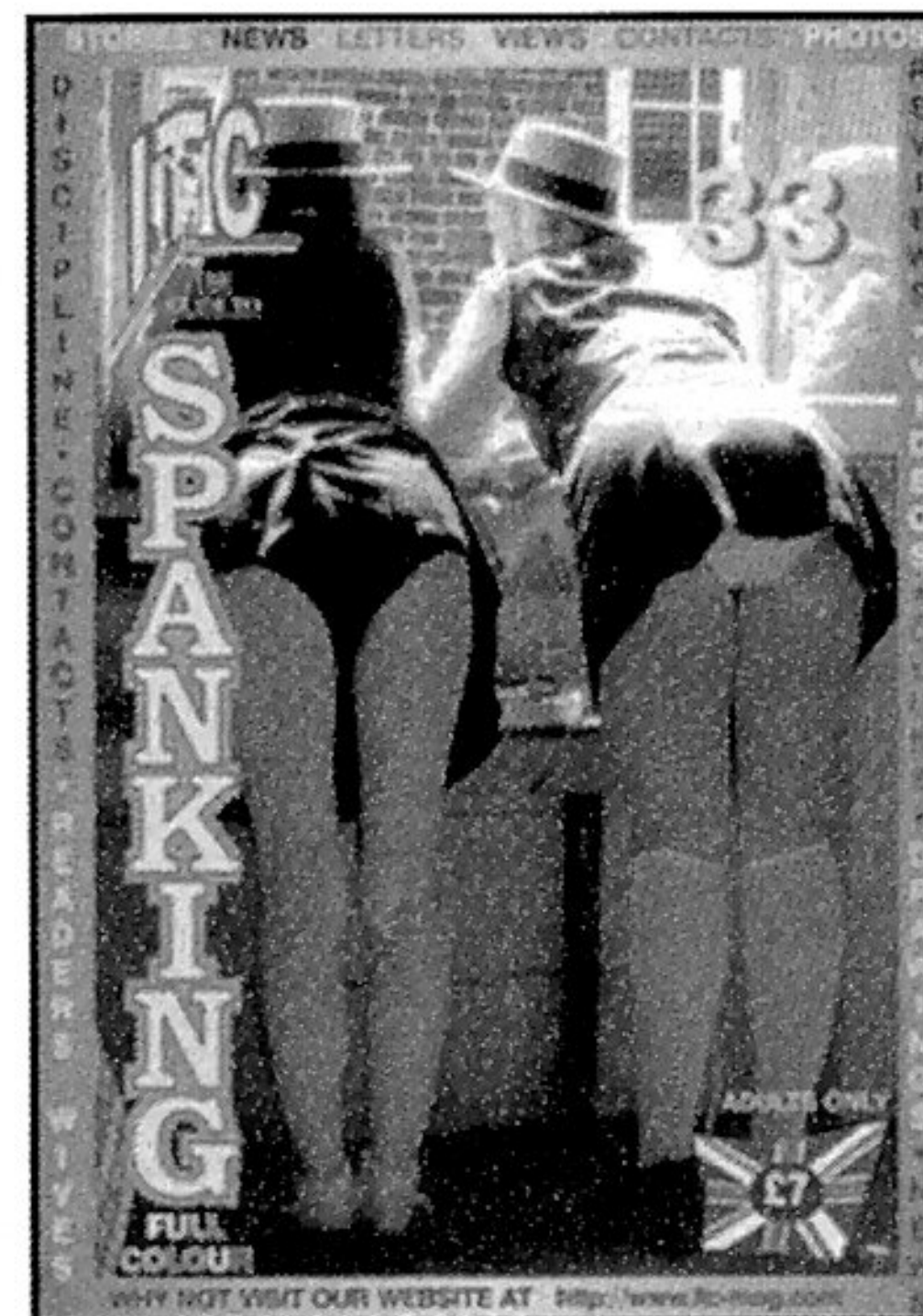


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THE JUDICIAL

Finally last October (08) I managed to get along to Mistress Switch's Judicial Event; my only regret was never getting along to one earlier. What a afternoon, and on so many different levels from a deep sombre re-enactment of a Judicial punishment, which holds you spell bound and an awe of the ladies who are playing the parts of the prisoner's that afternoon

To the light hearted fun of a hand's on spanking party, relaxed and chilled out but with the buzz still running through from the earlier show.

Dark and milk chocolate, different but like all chocolate totally delicious.

Leia – Ann Woods has written a fascinating insight to her own personal experience at being part of The Judicial, it really will give you a greater understanding and the utmost respect to those who take part. Thank you Leia for allowing us into your personal thoughts and feelings xx

Also Mistress Switch, a wonderful lady who understands the not just the surface layers of CP but deep down layers, a lovely lady who blends everything that is good about CP with mind, body & sole – a rare lady.



The Judicial event: from my point of view by Leia-Ann Woods

I have been asked many times why I sign myself up time and again for the “Judicial” Events run by Mistress Switch, and the truth is I had never really thought about it in great detail until I was asked to write this article. It seems counter-intuitive for a human, one of all the animal races on this planet, ruled by the will to survive to push oneself emotionally and physically to the limit: yet since human-kind have been doing this since the beginning of time so we folk who take part in these events are no different from any other human on Earth. So why do it? I guess I have two famous answers for that; because I can and because I want to!

There is nothing that instils more fear within me than the unknown, so the best form of CP for me on a psychological level is with an implement that I have either never felt before or that which I really don't enjoy at the time, both giving me an excitement and fear as I wonder to myself for the weeks leading up to the day itself “Will I do it? Will I make it though the punishment?” And, despite my fear every time, most notably at the last event, where we were to meet the Canadian prison strap and the wooden paddle, I make it and win the award for doing so: elation and a “high” as the endorphins rush through me!

I imagine we all have various methods for preparing for a Judicial, both in the days preceding the moment itself and on the day itself, so all I can really tell you is how I do it. For me, the most important piece of preparation is mental preparation within the final hour, as I call it. Some girls seem to nervously crack jokes, others are quiet. I am one of the quiet ones (yes it does happen sometimes people!), someone who prefers to sit quietly and meditate. It relaxes me down and focuses my mind (which has a habit of flitting between subjects at the best of times!) on what is going to happen to me and what I will do with the energy (or pain, if you like!) once the punishment commences.

At the last event (held in late October of this year), where we were going to receive the Canadian prison strap and the wooden paddle, the other girls Ruby, Niki M and Mia all elected to not find out where they were in the line-up. I was the only one who needed to know. I felt almost ashamed of myself on the day for not being able to face that unknown, but there is only so much control even a submissive like me can relinquish! So, knowing where I was to be I changed and sat, meditating and waiting for my turn. Now believe me, here is why time stretches before you, and the moment for Mistress Switch to begin never seemed to happen, but yes! Finally

even through my meditative state I heard he begin and Zena Stones call out the first girl to be dealt with. I should have felt relief that it was not me, however I am someone who cannot bear to hear another person in pain even if I know they enjoy it and want it to happen, so in many ways, listening to the “prisoners” before me was even more torture than the event itself, strange am I not?

Finally, the moment arrives and I hear my name called. Shaking slightly, I enter the room, not seeing any of those sat watching the scene I focus my eyes directly on the Judge, who reads my sentence to me, before I am taken over to the Ontario machine, and secured in. Once locked in, there is no escape and now is no time to get cold feet! I can feel Mistress Switch behind me mentally taking aim on my bottom before taking her swing and for that moment she is not one of my dearest friends at all, but someone who is going to push me further than I have been before in CP. I was to take 18 strokes full force of two implements I did not like. This is not like the cane, which is a fantastic feeling for me; this was going to hurt! The first stroke of the strap comes in and before I can take a sharp intake of breath the pain burns across my bottom with such ferocity, the only noise I make is an animalistic, base grunt. The stroke is counted and I recompose, to which I am greeted with the next stroke, which lays itself across the previous burning imprint upon my bottom. My palms begin to sweat and I hear my breathing quicken and become shallower as further strokes pound in with such ferocity I am not even sure it is Mistress Switch behind me. What strength she has! By the time we are at six strokes I am almost at my limit and I can feel the atmosphere around me press against me with its heaviness. Then, I make my first mistake. I decide to look over at the other girls bottoms that were lined up to my left. They all looked so red, purple and battered I was not sure I was going to survive! But before I could think on it further the seventh stroke of the paddle swipes at me and I once more gasp from the pain and the sheer force. The next five strokes of the paddle are no mean feat and I breathe in deep and relax briefly at the sound of “12” being called. However, this is not the end but the moment where the Canadian prison strap is swapped with the more formidable wooden paddle, where I am to receive a further six strokes. These strokes searing my bottom like nothing I have ever felt before, and no matter how much time I am given between each stroke, nothing prepares me for the next one. However, I am finally treated to the most magic sensation of the day; the moment I realise my punishment is over and I am to be released from the machine.

I am lead over to the side of the room to line up next to the other girls, where I can just see Mia stood next to me. Before long and before Niki M is lead out I can feel my body begin to shake uncontrollably. Now this is something that has ever happened to me before, and I do not know how to control it, well the truth is I can't as it is a reaction to the Judicial and I must let it pass. I am an independent lady and so would never ask for help, but at that moment I was offered it by Mia who silently took my hand and held it tight. It was a touching moment that made me a little emotional and made me realise so much about not only the scene we all enjoy but much about the event itself. These events, where the CP and the scenario can sometimes take me to the extremes of where I play both mentally and physically, also bring about so much closeness and camaraderie amongst the girls. No one but us can share our emotions before, during and after these Judicial Punishments and none but we ladies can understand how it feels to take CP at such a level with an audience of expectant eyes boring into our backs. Finally, no one will understand the feeling of pure light headedness and elation one gets after such intense CP, as the endorphins course through our veins. Such is the feeling it can become rather addictive, but to do it too often would ruin so many aspects of the event which make it special, such as the apprehension before the event and the formal nature by which you must receive. Doing this only a couple of times a year keeps a special event, well special and there is of course one person we must all thank for these most fantastic events; Mistress Switch herself, who has had the courage to not only found these events but continue to run them. I love her dearly, for both her contribution to the scene and for the great friend she is and hopefully always will be.



READERS LETTER

The first thing to say is well done Josie and Sam for the November Kane Party. As a first timer and not sure whether the party scene was for me I was naturally enough a little worried about it. Need I have been? Absolutely not it was a perfect afternoon in the company of our esteemed hosts. How great it was to see Jadie as well looking magnificent and even turning down a switch offer in favour of the cane herself- what a lady. My trip which I named my Bonus spanking tour 08 gave me the opportunity of seeing some of my favourite scene girls. Naturally enough one has to start with the radiant Sam Johnson (a real angel) before seeing by old mate Dublin O'Brien whose sessions leave me tired with the amount of punishment that girl can take.

In July I fulfilled my ambition of seeing another true legend of the scene- Kara Jayne. A sweltering hot day in July by the seaside in Eastbourne was the back drop for our initial meeting. I certainly was not disappointed with the couple of hours we were together. It was so much fun I decided to go back during my October trip and as with the first session the sense of satisfaction was immeasurable. Many older (meant most respectfully) readers and people who attended Kane parties will remember this fine British gem who for so long was a leading light on the scene before her "departure" or retreat down the South Coast. I brought with me a wealth of good wishes and fond remembrances from some of the guys and girls I had met at the Kane party the previous day.

In a relaxed environment in a

discreet location not far from Eastbourne train station we met once again. Her premises have a couple of rooms equipped for different types of play to suit your tastes and requirements. As requested Kara whose blonde hair and red lipstick remain strong and vibrant features wore her school uniform. What a vision of British perfection this sight is I don't mind telling you. Having been greeted warmly and sharing a cup of tea with her after the dash down from London we got down to play time. The sight of those pale white bottom cheeks presented to a keen strong open right hand is just as glorious as you can get, especially initially when they are in virginal white knickers..

After a vigorous session of hand spanking we proceeded to implements ranging from flexible paddles to a metre long stick which Ms. Dempsey was keen to feel across her now well warmed bottom cheeks. All this before the dreaded crook handled cane was produced to trigger a total of 24 strokes in several different positions. All were so well taken while maintaining her "character" within the role play scenario.

All the best sessions are naturally enough switch sessions and this one was no different. If Kara excels as a sub when the shoe is on the other foot she surpasses herself in the domme role. As with the previous part of our session this section was just as rewarding and invigorating. It truly is amazing how time flies when you're having fun like I did with this true scene legend. Soon it was time to depart with some great memories and not to mention a nice warm bottom

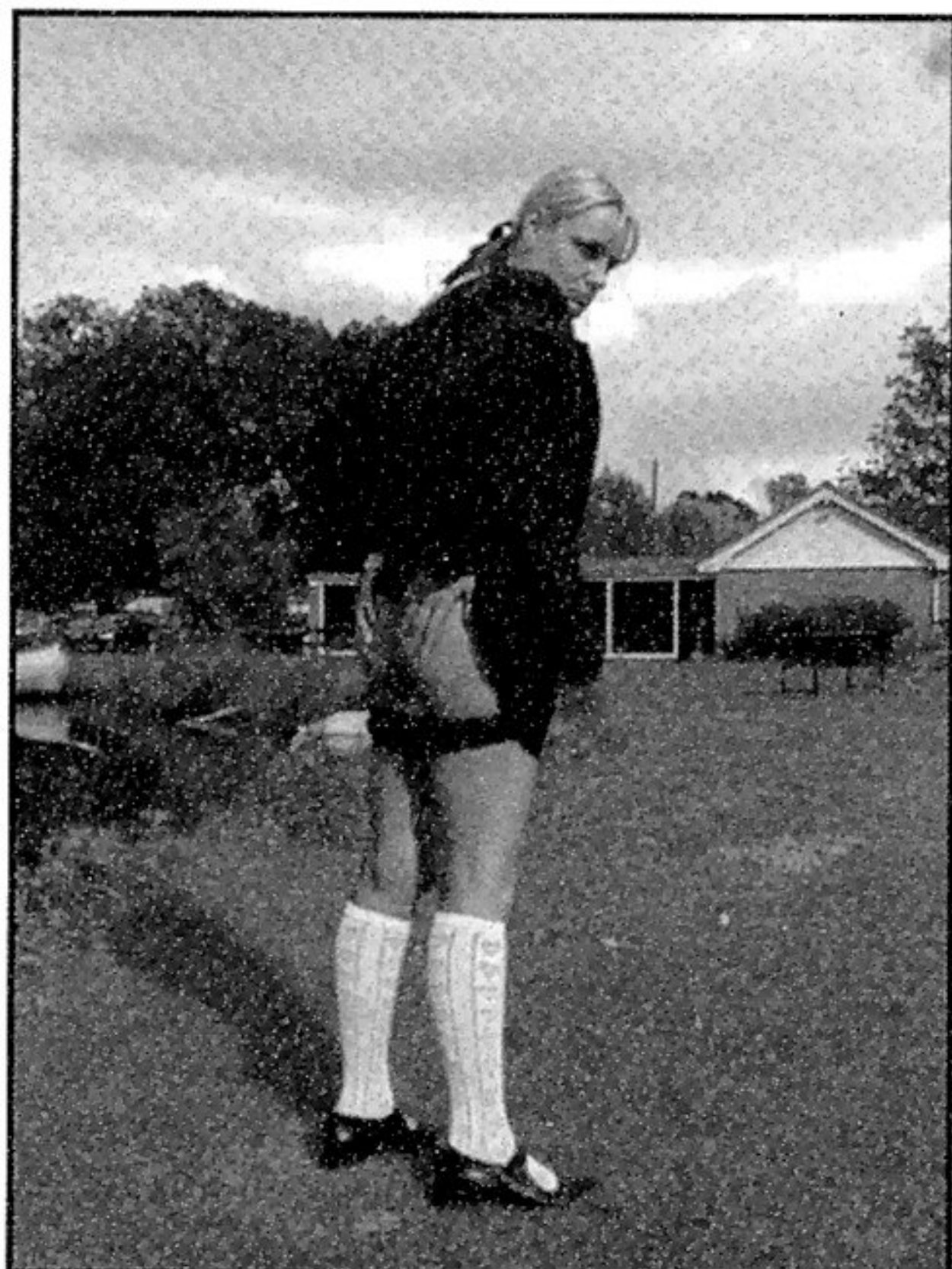
and sore hand.. It wouldn't be a quality spanking tour if this was not the case would it?

Dec- Dublin

In relation to my readers letter on the beautiful sexy and charming Kara Jayne, I was wondering if you could print a couple of pictures of our friend to accompany the piece??? That would really make my day.

Hi Dec - It was so lovely to see you last Nov xx, I am honoured to have been included in your UK Spanking tour which certainly sounds like the list of 'who's who' in the CP scene! What a fantastic tour but how you going to top that this year?

Some pics, just for you xx - Josie xx



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Issue 104

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Issue 104

Sam Johnson Presents

Insider Trading

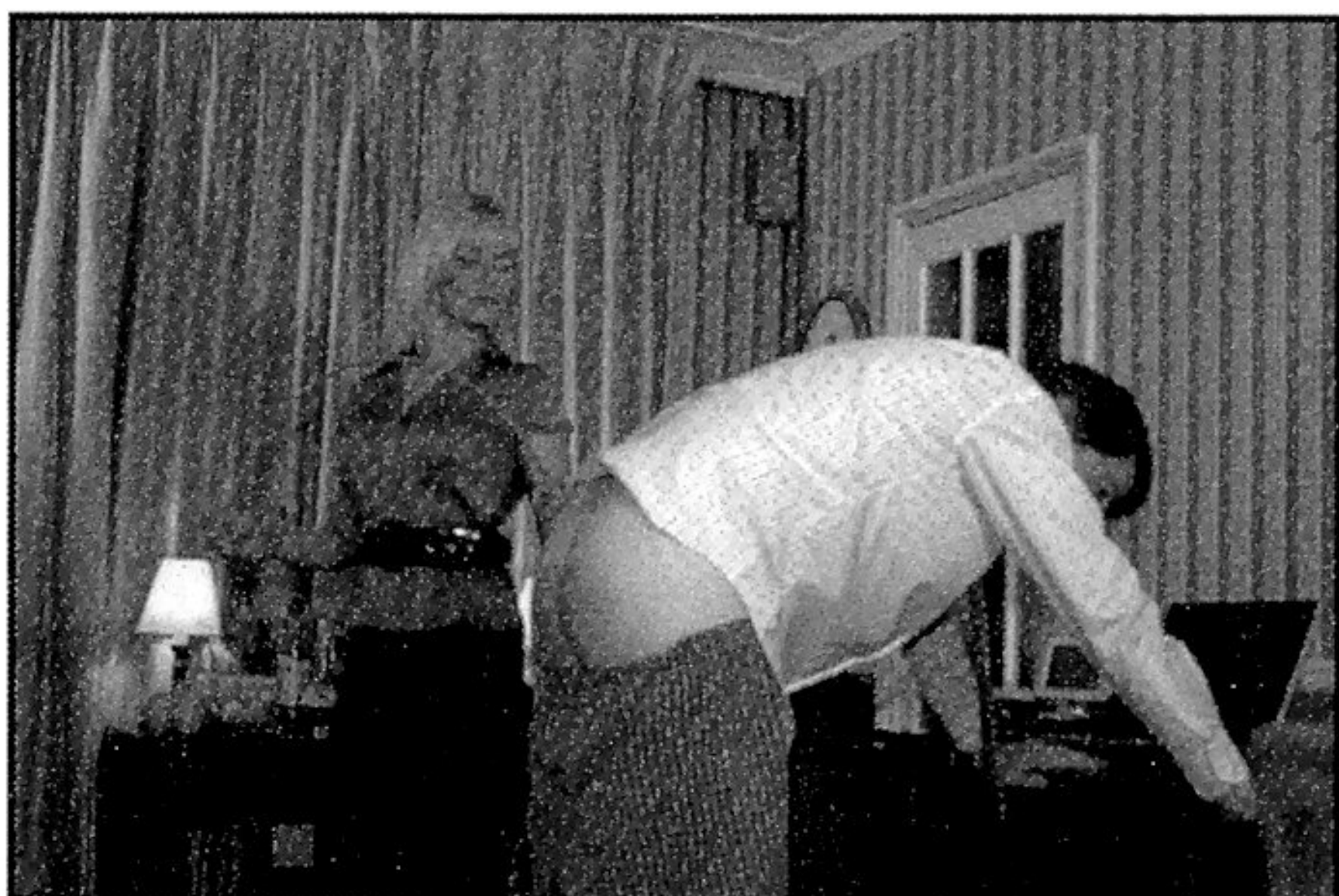
Starring Sam Johnson, and Marcus, Charles and Julian as 'The Cityboys'

Written, produced and directed by Sam Johnson

Sam Johnson is the manager of an investment bank. The first of her staff to be called into her office is Marcus, a very successful trader who received a £500k bonus last year. Needless to say, when Sam tells him that because his results this year have been so poor, he will not get a bonus next year and may even lose his job, he agrees to the punishment she has in mind.

Next in is Charles, an analyst earning a huge salary with massive bonuses. Sam tells him that due to the credit crunch, jobs are being cut and that she has been informed that Charles has been starting rumours to influence the prices of certain shares. Sam gives him the choice of being punished or losing his job and being reported to the FSA.

Later that day, cheeky high flier Julian is called into Sam's office and accused of insider trading. Trying every trick in the book to talk his way out of trouble, Sam is having none of it, and Julian is soon over her knee for a sound spanking, followed by a severe strapping and caning over the desk.



FUN & GAMES

BY NORRIS GREEN

Hannah knelt down beside the big bed. She was not about to say her prayers, seeking salvation. The attractive, twenty six year old blonde was seeking something more earthly. She lowered her head and scanned the area beneath the springs. Her wide-spaced, blue eyes spotted something within easy reach. Out went her right hand. Her fingers gripped hold of the flimsy material and she withdrew her find.

'Aha!' she smiled, as she got to her feet and inspected what she had found.

Hannah held up the red bra in one hand and the matching pair of briefs in the other. The garments were not hers. The young accountant's breasts would certainly not fit into those small cups!

'Humph!' she snorted, inspecting the label on each piece. Chain store! Not much imagination there. The set was not even particularly sexy – certainly not by the pretty and shapely number cruncher's standard of sexiness.

Hannah had just returned from a business trip. It was quite usual for her to be away for a day or two, either in this country or abroad. She had a lucrative job which she enjoyed – and which she was also very good at. She was still wearing her sharp business suit – a grey, two piece which ended above her nicely-rounded knees and revealed several inches of luscious, honey-coloured thigh. Beneath the jacket she wore a red, silky top which was adequately pushed out by her shapely breasts within. On a scale of one to ten, Hannah knew she was off the scale!

Clutching hold of the underwear she had discovered under the bed she moved gracefully on her black, spiky heels to the door.

Downstairs, she entered the comfortably furnished living area and strode towards an armchair. Harvey looked up at Hannah as she picked up the tv remote control and switched off the set.

'What did you do that for?'

The man, good looking, tall and well proportioned looked up at his lover. There was no anger in his face.

'Guess what I found?' demanded Hannah, her hands behind her back.

Harvey pursed his lips for a while before replying, 'I dunno.'

'These!'

Hannah produced the intimate garments she had found beneath the bed. The briefs were suspended from her left hand and the bra dangled from her right. She waved them at him before throwing them into his face.

'Ah! I can explain.' Harvey pulled the bra and briefs away from his mouth and his nostrils.

'It had better be a good explanation,' sniffed Hannah, standing over her man with her hands on her hips. One pointed shoe tapped the carpet.

'I thought I would buy you a little present.'

Harvey was not given time to finish his account of how the underwear came to be under their bed. Hannah snatched the bra and held it across her bosom.

'Do you really think MY tits would fit into these cups?' she snorted.

'I realised I had got the wrong size.' Harvey was seemingly unperturbed by the forensics. 'I was going to take them back and exchange them.'

'Is that how they came to be under the bed?' persisted Hannah.

'They obviously fell off the bed during the night,' offered Harvey. 'Then I presume I must have kicked them under when I got up this morning.' He shrugged his shoulders. 'Either you believe me or you don't.'

'I don't believe you.' Hannah tossed a stray wisp of hair from out of one eye. 'Get up!'

'Look Hannah.' The man spread his hands.

'No, you LISTEN!' was his lover's response. 'I told you to get up!'

Harvey took a deep breath and got to his feet. He was a tall, imposing figure. Hannah was well aware that many of her friends and colleagues fancied him. Tough on them! Harvey belonged to her!

The fair-haired, young man was barefooted. He was wearing a polo top and faded denim jeans. Hannah reached out to his waist and unbuckled the thick, wide, leather belt before withdrawing it through the loops.

'Undress!' commanded Hannah.

Meekly, Harvey began to do as he was told. Whilst she watched him comply, the young woman flexed and stretched the belt before his eyes. It was plainly obvious what her intentions were.

Soon, he was down to just his red boxers. He hooked his thumbs in the sides and looked at his lover as if seeking confirmation to continue. Hannah, however, did not return his gaze, instead focussing her eyes upon the area she was waiting to be uncovered. Harvey pushed the garment down his legs and stepped out of his fallen clothing. His penis was in a very presentable state. Hannah was well used to the sight of it, but it still gave her a nice twinge in the tummy, just the same.

'Hold your hands out!'

To anyone watching the proceedings it would have appeared that Harvey was going to have his hands thrashed by the belt. Such, however, would not be the case.

The now naked male held out his arms in front of him, with his palms uppermost. Hannah then draped the belt across them before unbuttoning the jacket of her business suit. She then proceeded to unfasten her silky top. That done, it was slid away from her and it joined her jacket, where Harvey had been sitting.

Hannah had, of course, been right about the size of the bra she had found under the bed. Its cups would never have held her breasts in a comfortable clamp. Her own bra was black and lacy. Low cut, her generous, honey-skinned cleavage was displayed in all its sumptuous glory. Her nipples were just out of sight.

Next, she unhooked and then unzipped her skirt. When released, it slid freely down her smooth-skinned, bare, athletic legs. She sidestepped out of it and used one pointed shoe to raise it up from the floor. Soon, it had joined the rest of her clothes.

Hannah did not like thongs as such, but her briefs were miniscule all the same. Black and lacy, the tiny garment matched her bra.

The minimum of clothing allowed for greater freedom of movement and the semi-naked, young woman wanted that freedom for what she was about to do. She reached out for the thick belt which Harvey was meekly holding. Silently, he proffered it to her. Hannah took hold of it.

'Turn around!' she ordered. 'Feet apart and take hold of your ankles!'

As she spoke, she wrapped the brass-buckled end of the belt around her right fist, leaving a considerable length of the leather trailing down her bare, shapely leg and curling onto the carpet.

'How many?' ventured Harvey in a soft voice, as he prepared to move.

'I won't be counting,' he was informed, a clear indication that Hannah was not going to deliver a set number of lashes.

Harvey's face was expressionless as he took up the submissive position. His chubby male buttocks presented an unmissable target and his manly tackle was, naturally, the focal point of Hannah's gaze – despite the fact that she was very familiar indeed with the equipment her lover was displaying!

She swung the belt and it landed with a CRUMP!, not on the target bottom, but on the end of the sofa. Satisfied that she had gauged the length correctly, she stood behind and to the left of her lover's well-presented bottom.

Hannah then swung her shoulder to the right, raising the thick leather strip at the same time. A brief pause was then followed by the twisting of her body in the reverse direction. The belt then scythed down to explode against Harvey's buttocks with a resounding SLAP!

There was a sharp exhalation of breath audible in the large room, but there was no cry.

Hannah did not wait any time at all before landing a repeat stroke almost exactly where the first one had landed. The initial imprint on the white skin had acted as a pathfinder for the second one. Harvey had barely had time to draw breath before it was all out again in a rush. His struck cheeks shivered a little.

Hannah eyed the pristine area of behind below the already belted portion and she swung the belt down again. It whistled through the air on its way towards the man's reddening rear. Its progress was halted abruptly by its collision with the upthrust buttocks.

'Ooch!' Harvey gave out a vocal reaction this time.

His hips shifted from side to side and his half-rouged nates swung accordingly in his first physical reaction to the punishing belt.

The flying leather was soon in action again. It fairly sang as it parted the invisible airwaves in its path to slash against the rounded-out, submissive buttocks awaiting its fiery arrival.

'Owwww!' cried Harvey. The protest was, however, not very high in pitch. Again the man's nates swung in their reaction.

A smile formed at the corners of Hannah's pretty, red-painted mouth as she surveyed her man's swaying tackle. Some movement had also taken place in a totally different direction!

Harvey's rouged behind came to a stop and Hannah delivered another scything swipe. The leather seemed glued to his rotundities for a while before falling away.

The young man's cry was shriller this time and the motion of his behind a little more urgent than before. Hannah felt very dominant as she stood imperiously behind her submissive partner. It was a nice feeling. In fact, she always enjoyed the feeling whenever the pair were engaging in such scenarios.

She waited a little and then slowly raised up the makeshift instrument of correction so that its length trailed over her bare shoulder, almost caressing her skin. The caress would soon turn to anger!

Swoosh! Slappp! 'Yowwww!'

More fire was instantly added to Harvey's reddened derriere, sending it swaying in a more violent movement than before, the cry stayed longer in his throat this time.

Hannah again surveyed the manly tackle. It was clear that more blood was finding its way to his cock.

'Stand up. Feet apart! Hands on your head!' she now ordered.

Harvey responded right away, grimacing slightly as the muscles in his sore bum came into action. Hannah moved to stand beside him. Her eyes were now fixed upon the young man's equipment. The final flow of blood to his respectably-sized cock came when the young woman's warm hand closed around its circumference. She squeezed the shaft as if testing its stiffness. Harvey gasped at the sensual touch.

Hannah then released her grip on his manhood and backed off. She then trailed the thick belt over the rigid pole, moving it backwards and forwards.

'I've a good mind to lash your dick,' she told Harvey. 'However, I do not wish to impair its later performance.' There was a flicker of a smile on his face. She then slowly pulled the belt over his stiff tool. Next, she raised it up and soon the leather was swirling down at considerable speed onto Harvey's flanks once more.

SERLAPP! The leather curled around the unprotected orbs.

'Oooohhh!' The young man pulled a face as he gave out a cry due to the heat and pain built up in his buttocks.

He swung his hips and his rigid rod swung from side to side in an erotic movement. Hannah's big, blue eyes sparkled even more and the excitement she was already experiencing began to increase.

She quickly scythed the hard leather strip down once again. The slap of hide meeting man flesh was almost instantaneously followed by a yell from the naked recipient. The shaking of his hips increased so much that his hard, throbbing prick repeatedly slapped against the tops of his thighs.

Twice more, Hannah delivered lashes to Harvey's emblazoned cheeks, enjoying to the full the performance she was viewing. She then threw the belt onto the floor and moved to stand in front of the man in her life.

She quickly undid her bra catch, slid the thin straps down her arms and freed the magnificent contents. Her nipples were already stiff. Her thumbs were then hooked into the sides of her mini briefs, which were soon sent sailing down her fine, long legs. Her depilated love mound was a magnet for the young man's eyes.

'You can take your hands off your head, now,' smiled Hannah.

Harvey did just that, his palms quickly finding a new home – Hannah's breasts. His fingertips squeezed the resilient flesh and he lowered his head into their musky warmth.

The woman's hands cupped his testicles and gripped his pulsating penis.

'The underwear set was easy to find,' she told him.

The pair had just played out a familiar scenario. Both were CP aficionados. Harvey was submissive, whilst Hannah enjoyed playing the part of the dominatrix. It was a game that Harvey himself had thought up. Hannah was usually away for a night or two every couple of weeks or so. Upon her return, she had to find 'evidence' that Harvey had entertained another lover in her absence. He would leave a 'clue' and she would have to find it and then punish him for his 'wrongdoing.' The bra and panties 'find' had, indeed, been a very simple one.

About ten days or so later, Hannah returned home from another trip.

'Have you been entertaining another female whilst I've been away?' she demanded, imperiously. From the depths of his armchair, Harvey looked up from his newspaper. 'Why would I want to do a thing like that, my dear?' he smiled, before returning his attention once more to the sports pages. 'If I find any evidence, then you are in for a good thrashing,' Hannah warned him, knowing full well she would be bound to find something.

The most obvious starting place for the 'clue' was, of course, under the bed. No bra and knickers there, this time. Next, she pulled back the duvet. Her keen eyes detected something on the pillow. Chuckling, she picked up a long, red hair. That hadn't taken long to find. Clever though. Harvey had clearly put some thought into that. He would have taken the loose hair from the shoulder of a girl at work. She had to give him full marks for thinking of that!

She herself, though, had been cleverer. Harvey would be a bit put out that she had found the 'evidence' so soon.

'I found a ginger hair on the pillow!' She snatched the paper from him and threw it onto the floor. 'Who's the redhead?'

She could tell by the look on his face that she had surprised him by the speed of her find. What 'excuse' had he thought up this time?

'Ah!' began Harvey. Hannah folded her arms and tapped her right foot in the usual manner. 'A few of us went out for a drink the other lunchtime. It came on to rain on the way back to work so I, very gallantly, put my coat over a young woman's shoulders.'

'So how did the red hair find its way onto the pillow in our bedroom?' Hannah wanted to know.

Harvey shrugged his shoulders. 'Simple,' he sniffed. 'I threw my jacket onto the bed when I came home, whilst I was getting changed. The hair just transferred itself. That's all.'

'That's bollocks!' derided Hannah. 'Get up and start undressing!'

'Don't you believe me?' sighed Harvey.

Hannah didn't reply. The red hair on the pillow had been well thought out. It was rather fortunate she had spotted it. The 'excuse' for it being where she had found it was, however, a pretty lame one. Her lover should have come up with something better than that. On the other hand, why should he? He was going to get his backside beaten, anyway. That was what the game was all about!

When Hannah re-appeared in the lounge, she was down to bra and panties as on the last occasion. This time, however, she was not bare-legged. Sheer black stockings were extended to mid-thigh and were held up by scarlet garters. The bare flesh of her upper thighs was smooth and shapely.

In her right hand, she held a wooden hairbrush. The handle was long and the back was oval-shaped. Several times already, it had served as a punishment paddle and had been proven to be an excellent implement for that purpose.

Harvey was naked now, standing in the centre of the room. He was holding the newspaper he had been reading in a strategic position in front of him. A nice touch, thought Hannah.

'Huh!' she snorted, playing the part and snatching the broadsheet away from his crotch. 'Getting shy, are we?' The dominatrix placed the back of the brush underneath her man's not-so-flaccid cock and slapped it up and down a few times. When she had finished, it was in a very presentable state, indeed!

'You know the position I require,' Hannah told him.

He complied instantly, bending his body and clasping hold of his ankles. Hannah moved into position, placing the back of the brush into the centre of his bottom. A slight shuffle of her stiletto-shod feet and she was ready. Up in the air went the makeshift implement.

Whapp!

It landed on the rounded-out male cheek furthest from him and dented the flesh with the force of the blow. Harvey displayed no reaction whatsoever and there was no sound from his lips.

Whapp!

The other cheek received an identical blow and again there was no reaction from the submissive male on the receiving end of the swipe. There were, however, two pink splodges on the pale skin, showing exactly where the brush had landed.

Hannah drew back her right arm, raised it up and repeated the first stroke. Without a pause, she repeated the second.

She had put more effort into her actions that last time, resulting in a couple of tiny grunts and a twitching of Harvey's buttocks.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

The crisply delivered hits rained down upon the presented male cheeks in rapid succession. The landing areas were slightly different but there was, necessarily, a deal of overlapping.

The latter strikes had Harvey exhaling with an 'Ooph!' each time and his rear began to move about. The surfaces were now red and getting redder. Hannah appreciated the swing of her beau's meat and two veg!

After a break of just a few seconds, the young woman began swinging the brush back in once more. The wooden back made a satisfactory sound each time as it struck the meaty man-globes in its way. Each sore cheek received a blow in turn. The same areas had, by now, been struck several times and the soreness therein was obvious. The CP-loving pair had a safety password, but it was very rarely used. The urgent necessity to a sexual fulfilment saw to that. Things never went too far.

Hannah decided to give Harvey a little respite. His glowing nates showed that he was really in need of one. Then . . .

Splatt! Splatt! Splatt! Splatt! Splatt! Splatt!

The scantily-clad beauty continued the onslaught with a succession of sonorous smacks with her makeshift punishment implement. She felt so powerful doing what she was doing. She would dearly love to do it to some of the guys at work! Hannah would also be calling the shots during the ensuing lovemaking!

Harvey yelled out after each of the hits and his now scarlet sit upon began to gyrate furiously. Hannah, observing the movement between his legs, was fully satisfied with the progress the blood was making to his genital area.

She now altered her grip on the handle of the wooden brush, at the same time amending the swing of her arm. The result was the application of several upward swipes to the under curves of Harvey's well-battered behind. His rear began cavorting more urgently under the fresh onslaught and his manly tackle swayed accordingly.

Hannah then decided to stop. Judging from the state of her lover's arousal, he was good and ready to make the maximum use of his stiff cock. Her wet vagina was more than willing to accommodate it!

Hannah transferred the hairbrush to her other hand and, smiling, reached between Harvey's legs. She soon found what she was searching for!

Hannah had been back from her next trip about an hour or so. So far, she had still not come across any 'evidence' which would lead to Harvey receiving a thrashing. She pulled out the dressing table stool and sat down facing the mirror whilst she tried to work out just where the clue might be – and what form it might take. If she could not find anything, then her 'forfeit' would be to receive a spanking herself. She much preferred dishing it out to taking it!

The much travelled young woman reached into the assortment of bottles, pots and jars on the dressing table top for some perfume with which to freshen herself up.

'Aha!' she cried excitedly, a sudden beam further lighting up her already pretty features. 'Gotcha!'

There, amongst all the other cosmetics was a brand of skin conditioner she never used. She picked it up, swung her legs around, got up from the stool and strode triumphantly into the living room.

'Owch!'

Harvey jerked forward in his armchair and thrust his hands into his groin as the jar of skin conditioner thrown by Hannah scored a 'bull's-eye' in his crotch.

'How did THAT find its way onto the dressing table?' she demanded, adapting her usual foot-tapping stance. Hannah always felt pleased with her acting ability during these scenarios. Harvey was very good, too. What would be the 'excuse' on this occasion?

'I thought you might ask that,' he replied slowly, picking up the jar and examining the label.

'Well?' insisted Hannah.

'You won't believe this.' Harvey began and then paused, as if searching for a reason. It was good acting on his part, she conceded.

'I actually found it on the Tube,' he continued. 'On a seat. Someone had left it. It was in a bag, of course.'

'Of course,' sniffed Hannah, disdainfully.

'It seemed a shame to leave it,' continued Harvey. 'I thought you would be pleased.'

'Not pleased enough!' snapped Hannah. It was a good yarn he had concocted, though. 'Start to undress – now!'

She turned on her heel and went upstairs. It was a little while before she returned. This time, she was resplendent in a red basque, fishnet stockings and even higher heels than the ones she had just taken off! Hannah could tell that Harvey's cock was reacting to her appearance. Not even the sight of the curved-handled punishment cane in her right hand was dampening his ardour!

Hannah slashed the stick through the air several times in practice cuts, though practice was certainly not needed on her part. Hannah was a very experienced caneswoman!

Without being ordered to do so, Harvey turned his back to the sexily-clad young woman and adapted his usual submissive stance. Hannah took up her position and placed her cane across the well-presented, male buttocks. The distance had been judged perfectly and she did not need to shuffle her stiletto-shod feet to make any adjustment.

Keeping an eye on the target, she raised her right arm. The tip of the cane, quivering, pointed to the ceiling. Her arm swung down.

Crack!

Harvey tensed as the fierce sting penetrated his defences. There was, however, no sound from his lips.

Hannah wasted no time. The cane was swung in again, landing one inch below the pink imprint denoting where the first cut had landed. This time, Harvey's bum cheeks reacted with a jerk and he gave out a gasp.

She 'tap tapped' the tensing cheeks, the intended landing area this time being lower than before. The tapping was then followed by a full-blooded swipe, the cane gouging into the flesh and causing Harvey to cry out. His scored buttocks began to weave this way and that.

Hannah had not 'sentenced' Harvey to a set number of strokes, but it would be some time yet before she removed her basque . . .

'Explain that!'

Hannah pointed to a curling pubic hair on the bed sheet. Harvey's face turned as red as the offending evidence. She was blazing with anger. This time, it was NOT the enactment of a scenario.

'Don't insult me by trying to make me believe you 'borrowed' a pubic hair from someone in work or that you found it on the Tube!' Hannah spoke through grated teeth.

Harvey could only shrug his shoulders. There was, clearly, only one way that the offending pubic hair could have got there!

Hannah was livid. Harvey had been fooling her all along! She had actually thought she was taking part in an elaborate sex game; and all the time, he had been cheating on her!

Her lover was going to get the thrashing of a lifetime. She would take no notice whatsoever of his codeword. Hannah, in her anger, gave no thought to the fact that she, herself, was hardly 'Goody Two Shoes' when she was away on her business trips!



Much More Than A Website – It's An Institution!
They've all been to Scotland for a damn good thrashing!
Lea-Ann Woods, Sarah Collins, Jadie Reece,
Amy Hunter, Lucy McLean

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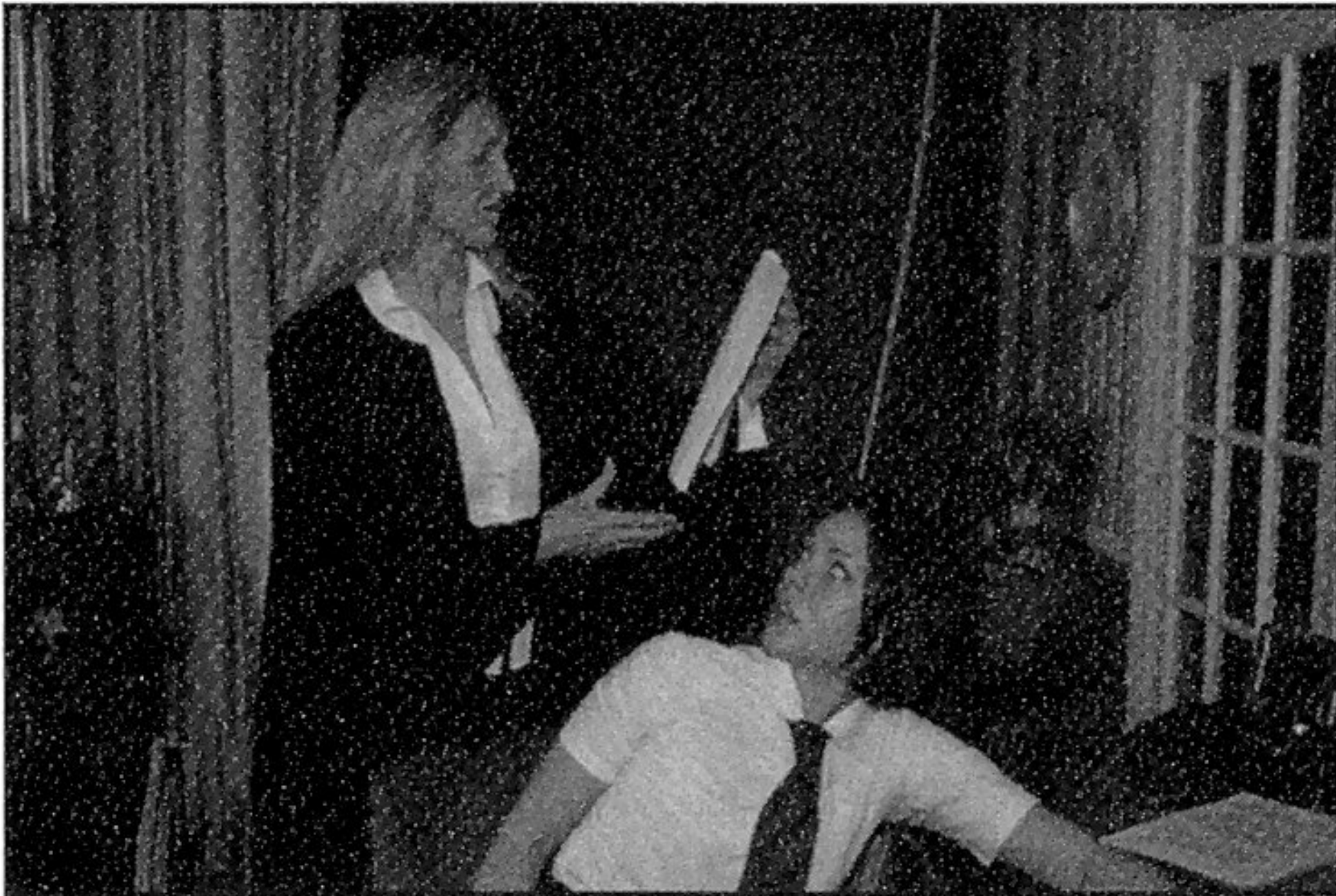


Sam Johnson Presents

End Of Term

Starring Sam Johnson, Andi Switch, Aleesha Fox and John.

Written, produced and directed by Sam Johnson



Sam Johnson is the Head Girl and pretends to be a goody two shoes but is actually quite devious, dreaming up all sorts of schemes but getting the other girls to do her dirty work for her. Her latest scheme is to get new girl, Aleesha, to steal the exam papers from the Headmistress' desk and to copy out the answers for her. When Aleesha is caught red handed, she refuses to say who put her up to it and is soundly punished by the Headmistress.





Aleesha leaves her mobile phone behind and a text from Sam implicates her as the culprit, when confronted by the Headmistress she is very cocky and suggests that she should be rewarded for her entrepreneurial skills.





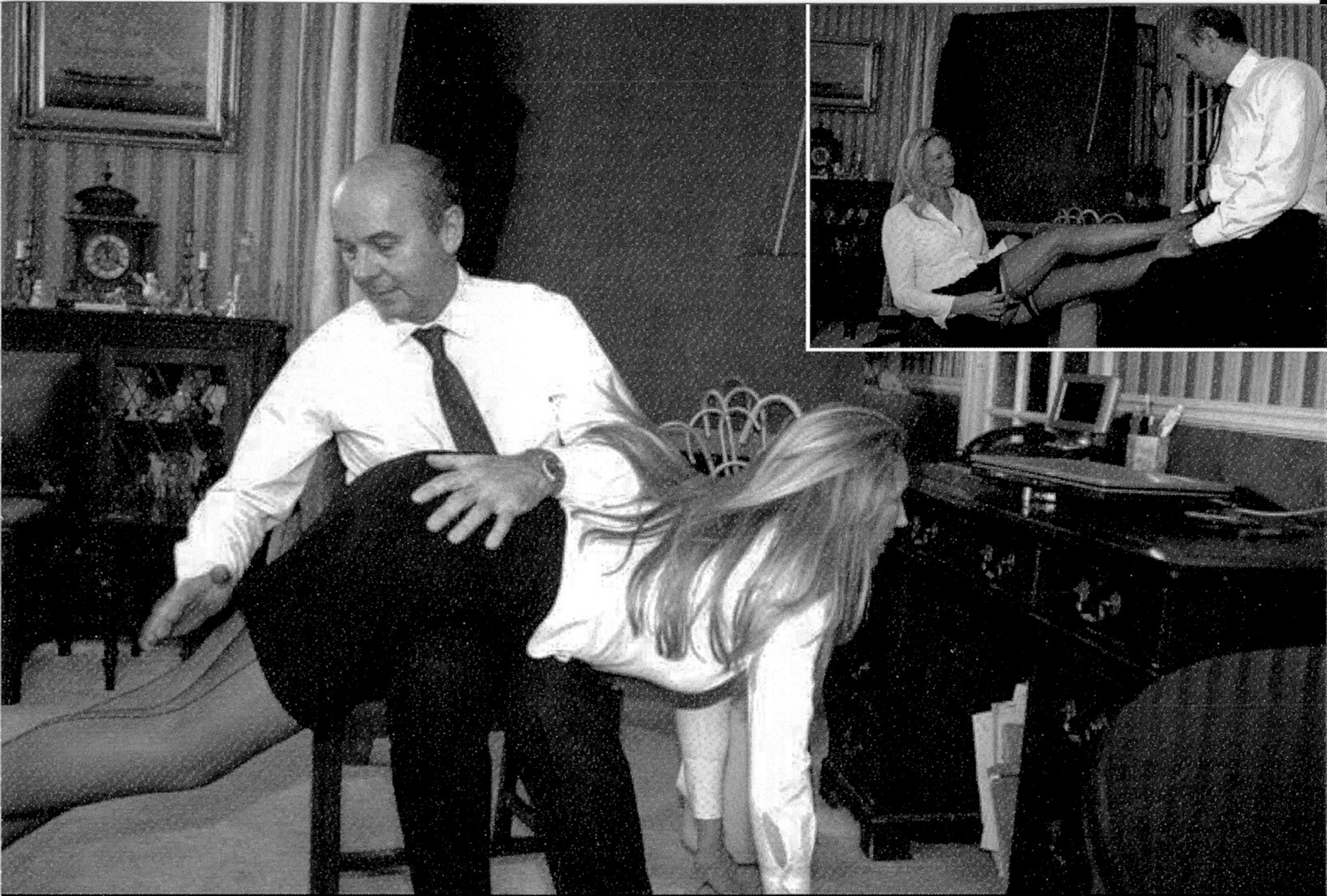
Obviously the Headmistress doesn't see it that way & she is severely spanked, strapped & caned.



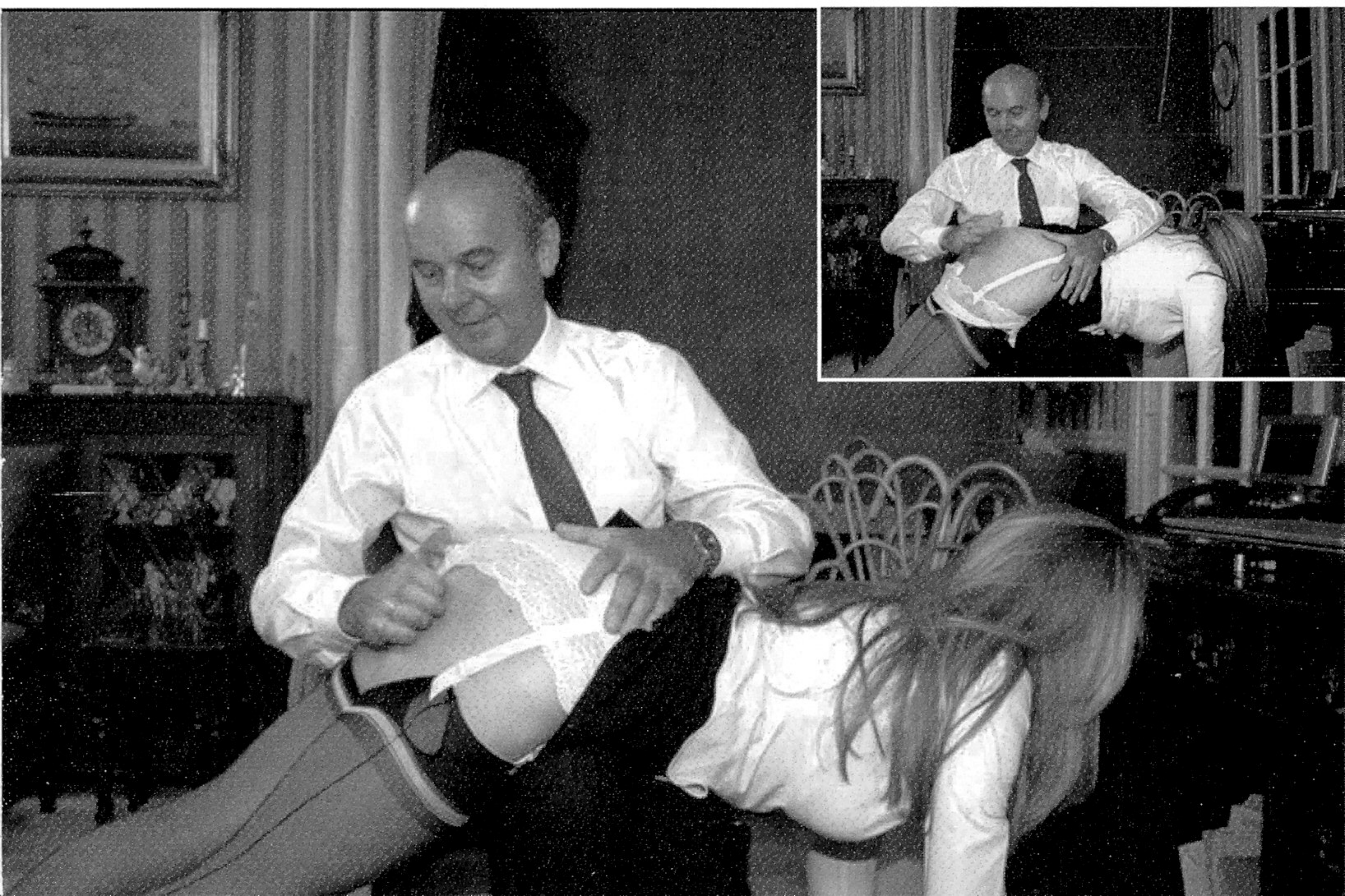


Later that day, Aleesha confronts Sam, telling her how she was caught and punished. Sam is sorry that Aleesha was punished and offers to rub some cream into her bottom to make it feel better. As she is doing this, Aleesha announces that she wants to spank Sam for getting her into trouble. Sam explains that she has already been punished but Aleesha will not take no for an answer.





*A surprise twist at the end ends up with the Headmistress being spanked and caned.....
but that's another story!*

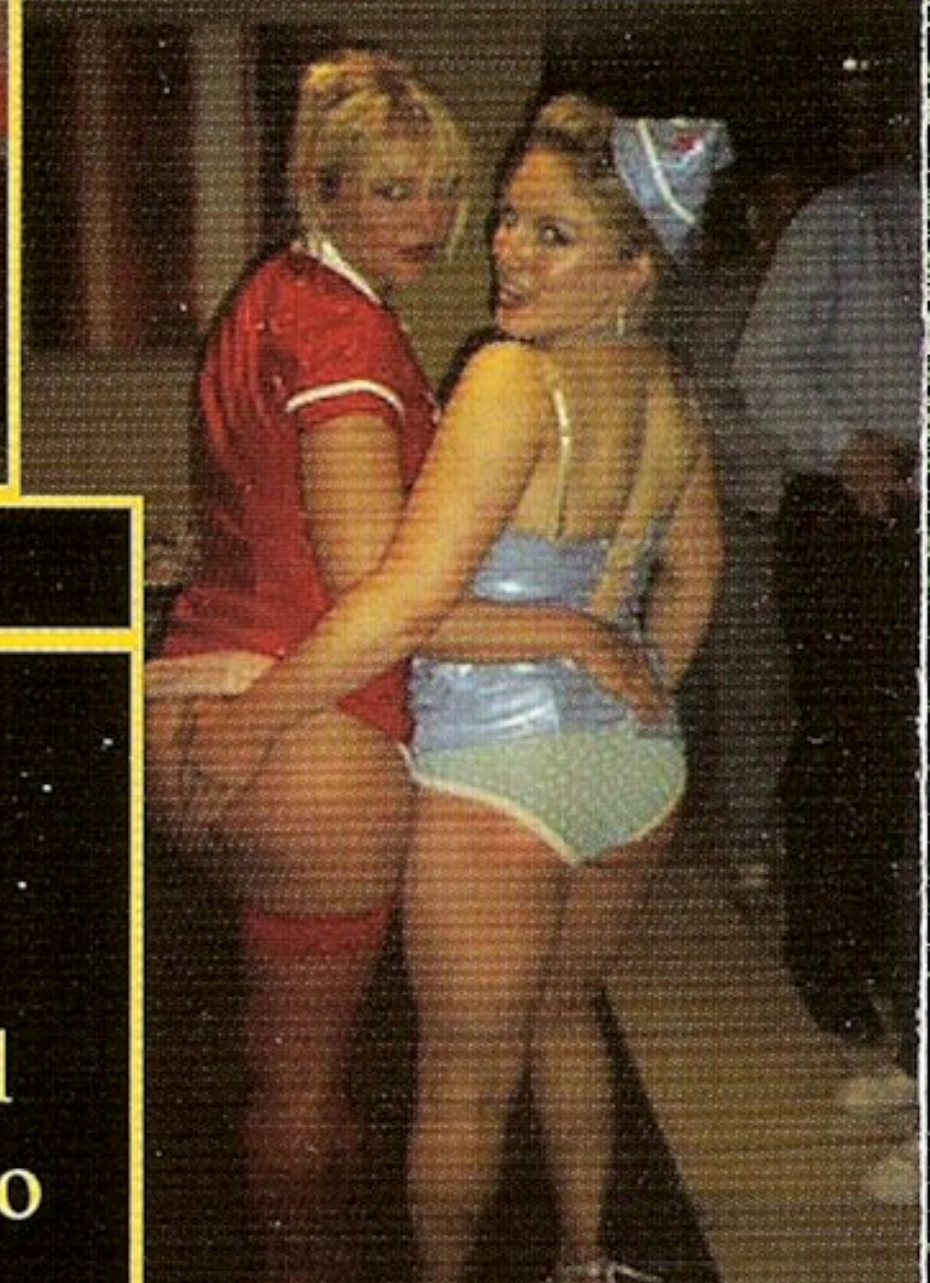
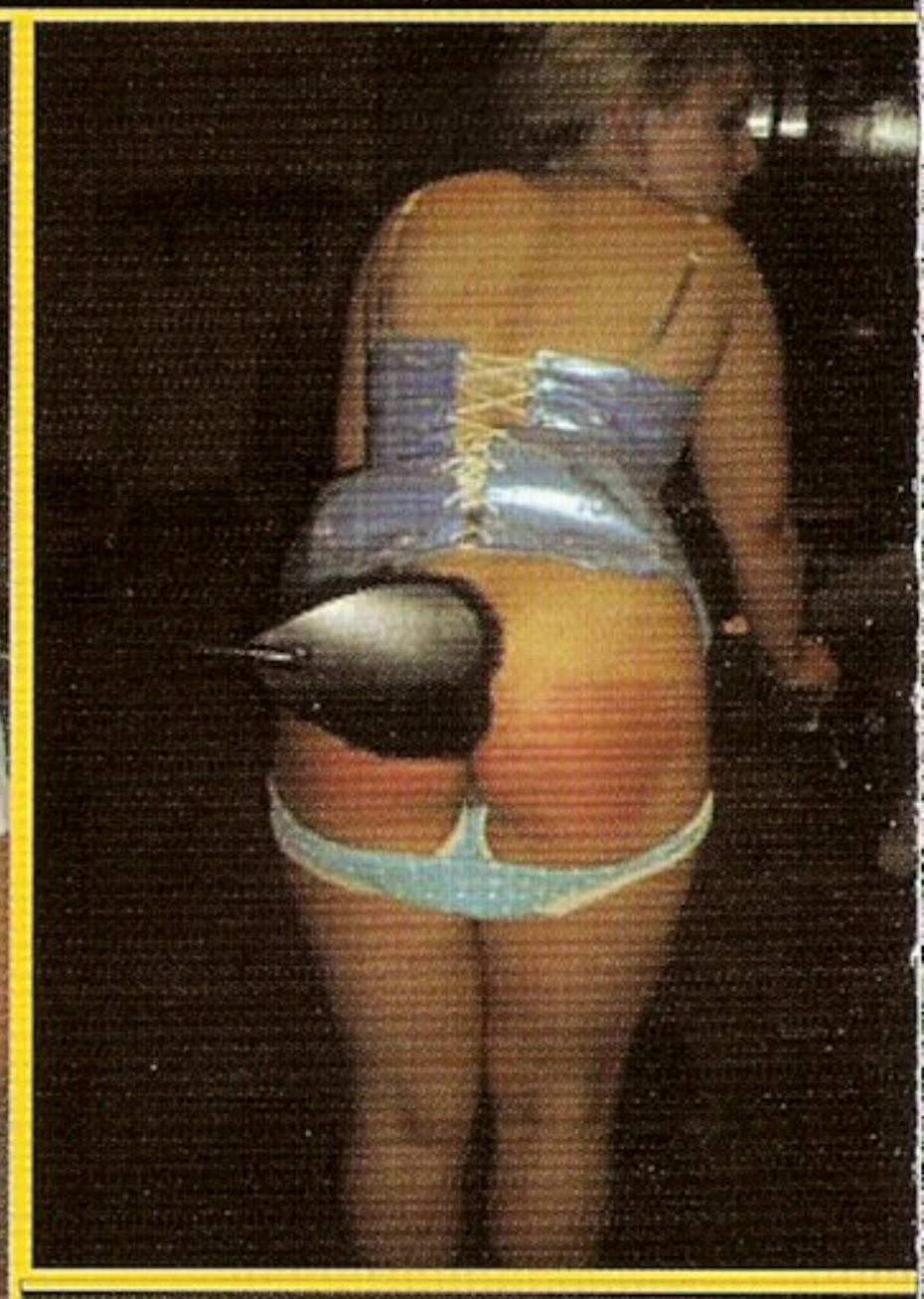




OCTOBER 08

NAUGHTY NURSES

Leia-Ann Woods, Amy Hunter, Jadie Reece, Xela & Sam Johnson

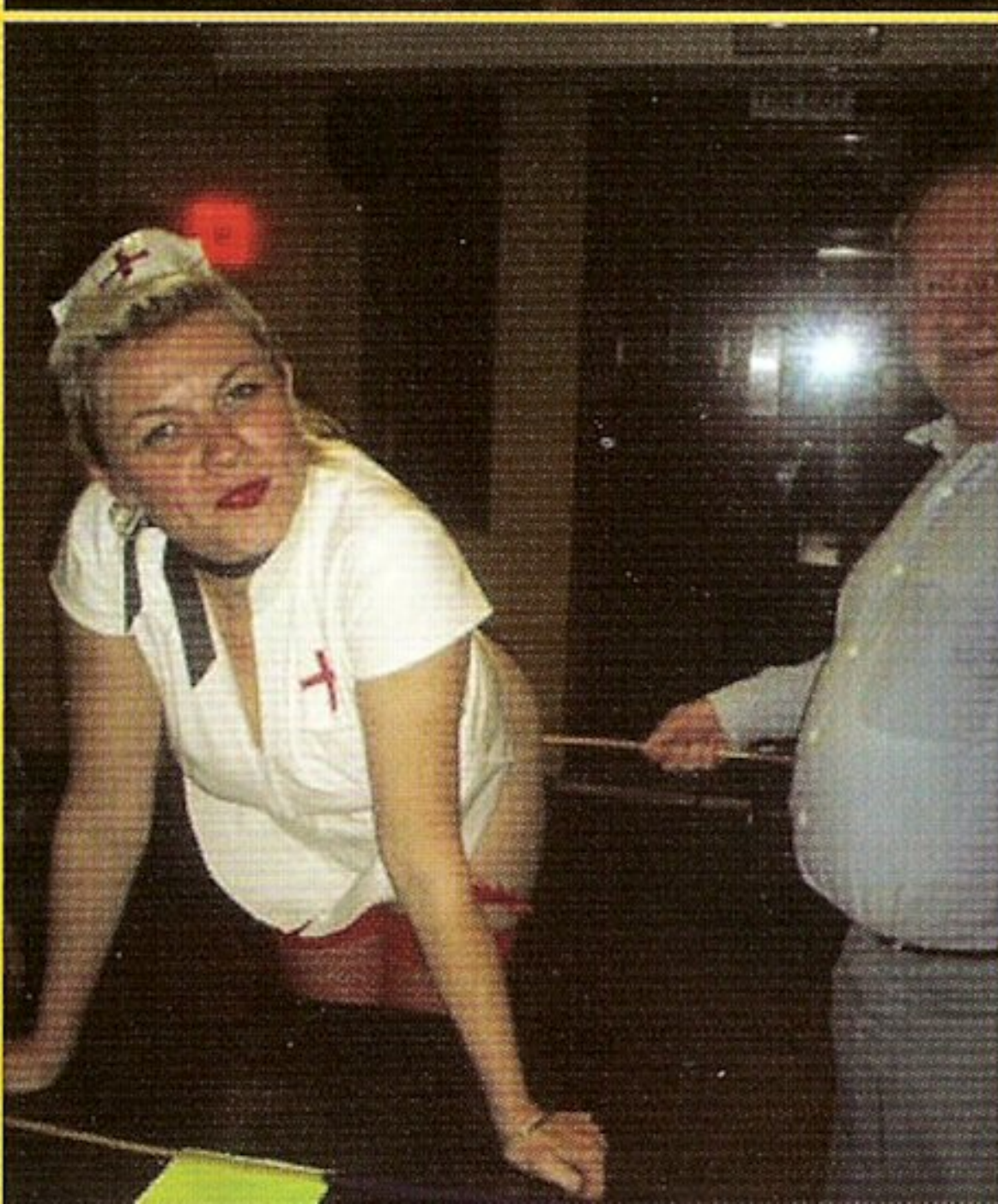
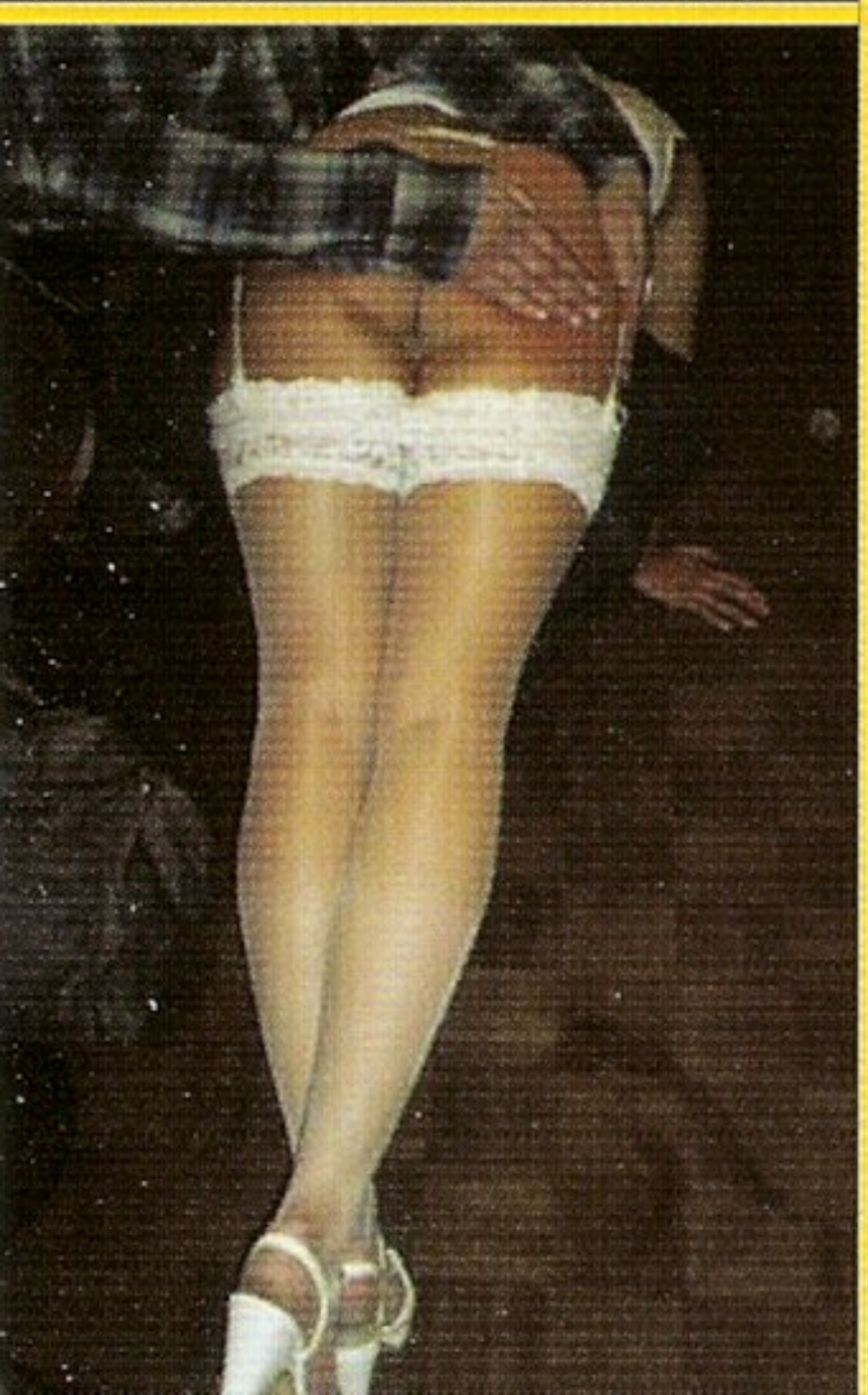
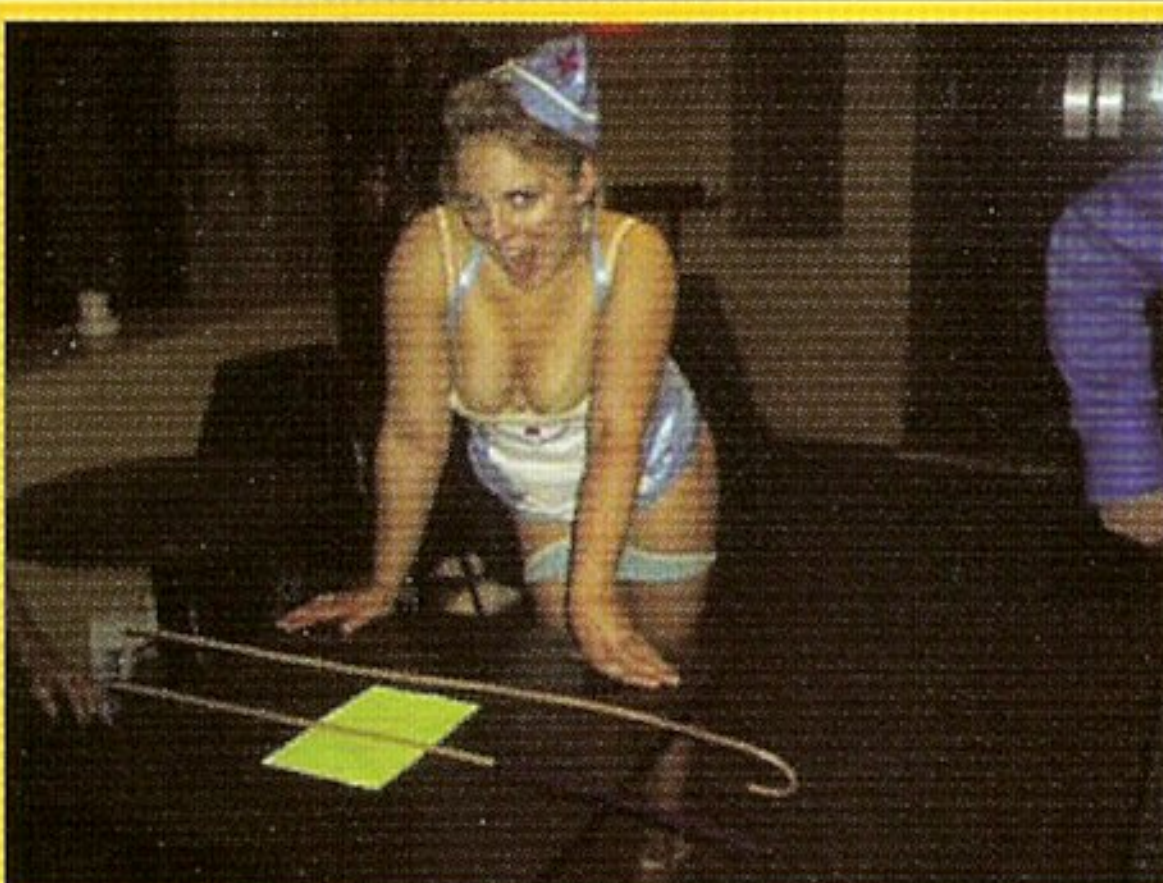


KANE PARTIES

2008 was a great year for parties with all your favourite girls in attendance along with a some fantastic new face's who's bottoms certainly made the grade.

It was lovely to see all the regular guys coming along,

things wouldn't be the same with-out you (enough said 'Bad Boys Corner') and well done to all the new gents who made a party it was good to meet you and I hope we see you again in 2009 for another



IN HONOUR OF NICOLE

Compassion on a virgin behind
Was her hopeful heartfelt plea
But I gazed with callous complacency
At the figure across my knee

At those perfect thrashable buttocks
Swelling in naked pride
And thought of the joy of merciless strokes
On that unblemished hide

Of ringing smack of spank and slap
On that o-so-delectable seat
And stinging swish of three-tailed tawse
As a terrified bum it beat

And condign cuts of rattan and birch
On a skin that had ne'er felt the pain
Of the bruising battering paddle
Or the fearful flexible cane

And I thought of footprints in untrodden snow
Of new-found-lands yet to explore
Of the mountaineer roped to the face of the rock
That no-one had climbed before —

And oh to my shame but I gave her a whipping
Fit for Natalie Dublin or Switch
Or any of those oft-scarified beauties
Upon the bare bottoms of which

I have laid on the punishments over the years
Merciless painful stern
Watching the wriggings and writhings of rears
As the strokes stoked that agonised burn

And oh but she took it so bravely and well
Courageous resolute proud
With barely a hint of an indrawn gasp
And never a cry aloud
At the fearsome flogging I gave to her
Shameful perverse and cruel —

So welcome Nicole to the spanking scene
Where you promise to prove such a jewel

Mgm

ONE WEEK NOW

... a sort-of-Love ... sort-of-Poem

For my Amiable A
Fair Fab Fit Fun-Filled Flagellating Filly
Most Masterly Maxi-Spanky Mistress-S of MK!

But seven days more & I'll Be Back

On Beauteous Bounteous Buttocks Bare with Bamboo,
Belt & Birch to Beat Both Black & Blue a Bold But Bad
Bent-over Babe's Brave Bruised Behind & Blissfully
Belabour Blistered Bleeding Bott

To Twig & Tawse To Tatters that Trembling Terrified
Totty's Torn Torment-Tender Twitching Tortured Tush
Severely Spank Strap Slipper Scourge Slash Swipe Swish
& Switch as She Squealing-Squeaking Submits her Stern to
Subtly Stinging Smacks Stripes Strokes So Soundly
Smarting Sore the Swelling Sad Striped Skin of Seat &
Sole

Playfully Pandy Palm & Paddle-Punish Purple that Perfect
Pretty Pearly-Peach Posterior

Condignly Corporal-Cut with Cane & Crop & Cat
Concupiscently Canny Can & Quivering Quaking Column
Fearsomely Fiendishly Ferociously Ferule Flog Flail Flay
Fair Flesh of Flank &

Shivering Shrinking Shaking Shuddering Shoulder
Lasciviously Lustily Lingeringly Larrup Lash & Leather
Luscious Loins

While Whip Whack Wallop Wale & Weal & Welt
All Add Augmented Agony to Already Anguished Arse —

... Whilst I in turn shall

Rightfully Receive on Ripped to Rags-&-Ribbons
WRithing Red Raw Rear & WRiggling Rump the
Rending Raking Rod & Racking Rattan!!! ...

With Buttocks Bare
Denuded Derrière
Stripped Seat and
Naked Nates —

Sing, hey those Walloping Whippings
In her Whacking House...

Mgm



Mistress Switch.....

I'm a Passionate and Enthusiastic Administrator of Corporal Punishment and indeed receiving Corporal Punishment, hence the name Mistress Switch. I play as a Switch or Domme at any level be it sensual hand spankings or the administration of hard severe judicial style punishments. I love role play and have a very fertile imagination when it comes to scenarios. I also love the stimulation that BDSM play gives me and professionally offer my services as a Domme only.

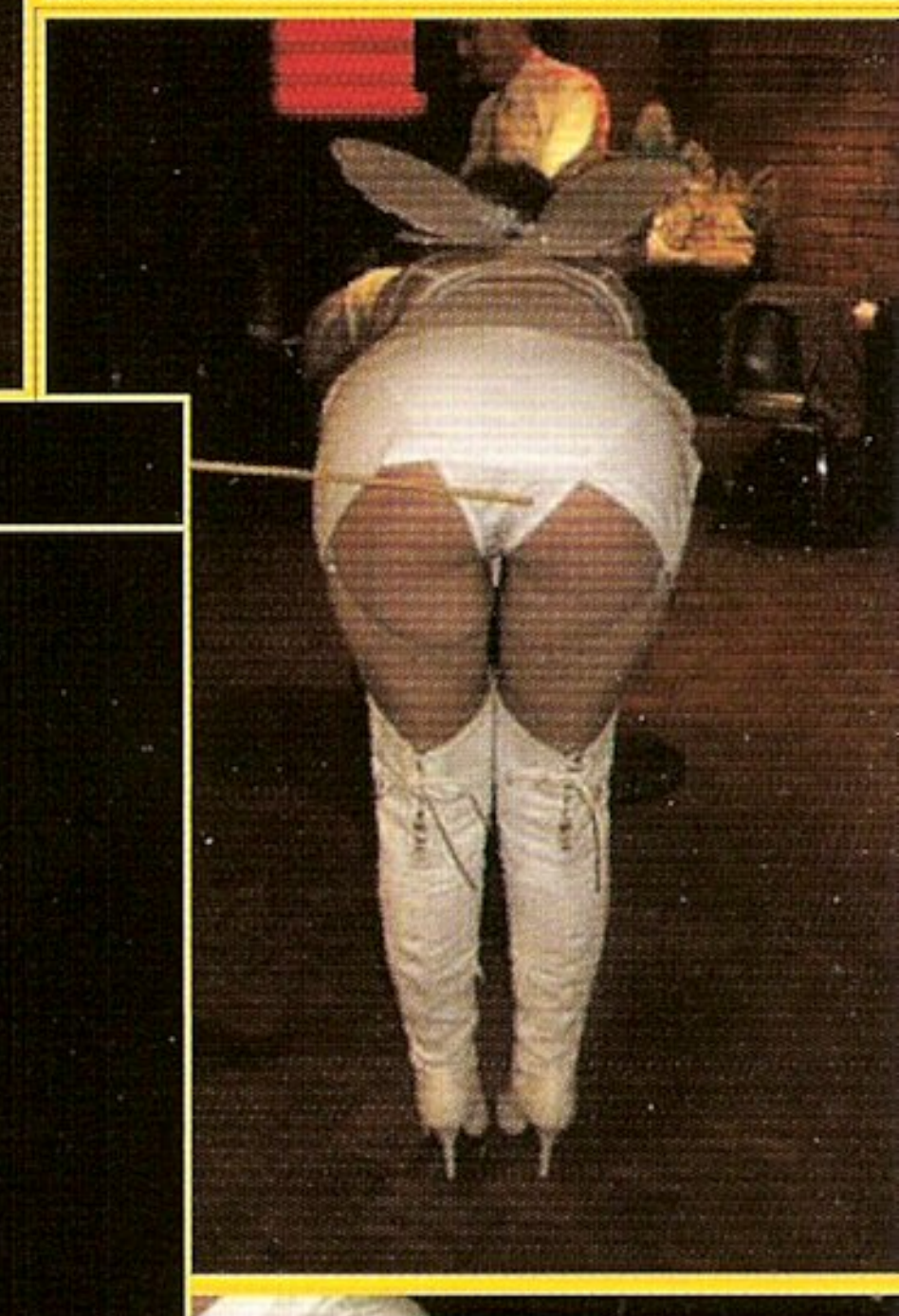
For more information on sessions and services, please contact
mistress-switch@hotmail.com

Pain is temporary, pride is forever!!

DECEMBER 08

CHRISTMAS ANGELS

Hailey, Leia-Ann Woods, Andi Switch, Sam Johnson, Arielle / Jadie Reece, Aleesha Fox & Amy Hunter



KANE PARTY DATES 2009

Thurs 19th February
French Maids

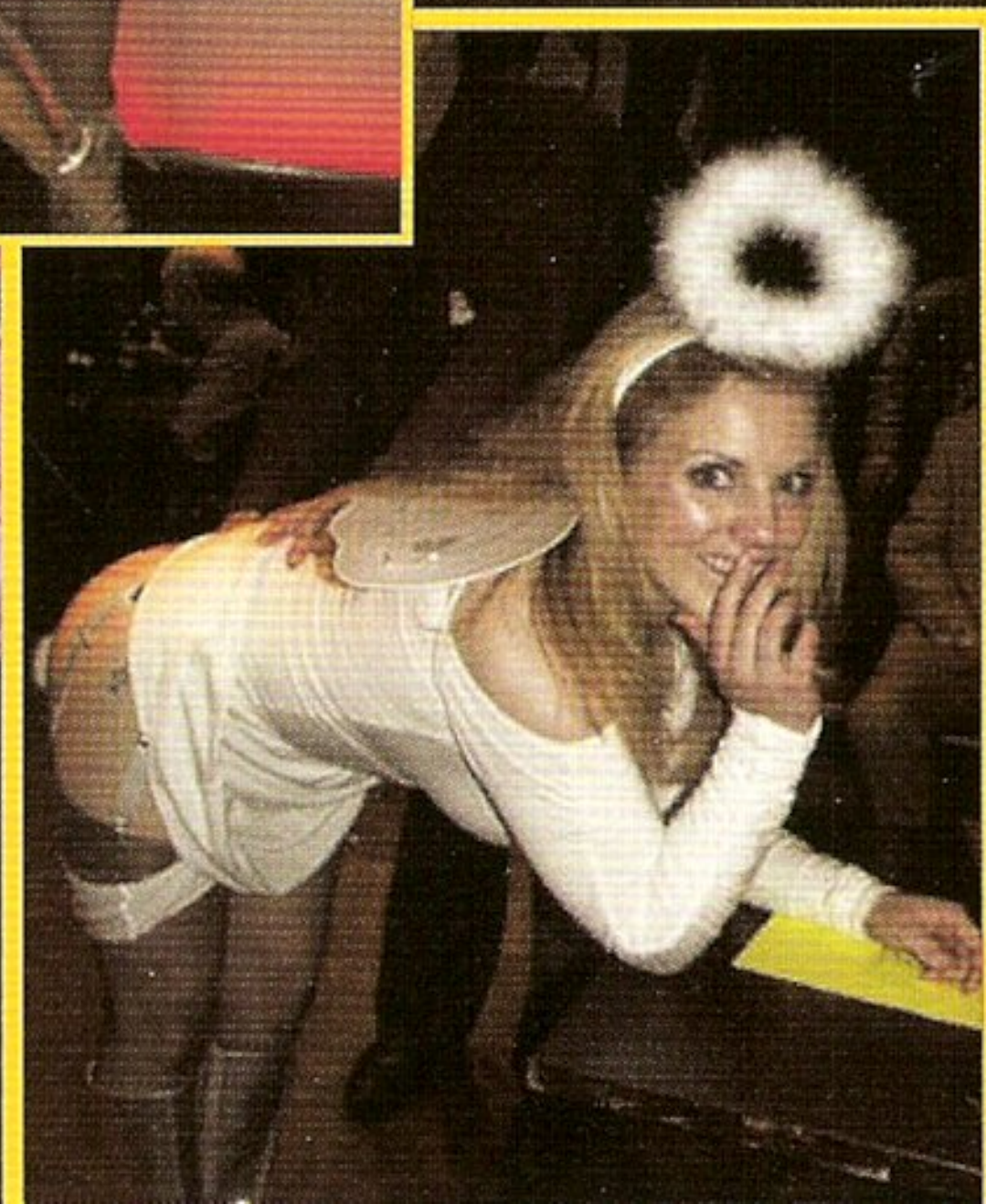
Thurs 10th Sept
New Term Begins

Thurs 30th April
Spring Madness

Thurs 29th Oct
Halloween

Thurs 25th June
Summer Sizzlers

Thurs 10th Dec
Winter Wonderland



A READERS TRUE STORY

Dear Josie

Here is an account of an occasion that gave great pleasure to both parties concerned, it is a true account of a specific event that happened to me several years ago.

I am a man who enjoys participating in role play and games involving CP with the opposite sex and can switch at the drop of a hat, (although I must admit I really enjoy submitting to a sound caning from Ladies).

Some years ago I was involved in a relationship with a woman who was my ideal partner as we both enjoyed switching. (We are no longer together as work commitments led to us being separated and eventual dissolution of our relationship).

On this particular occasion I was submitted to the most exhilarating display of Female domination that I virtually cum in my pants whenever it springs to mind.

On this particular Saturday neither of us had any plans and were looking forward to a lazy day (I was actually looking forward to a rugby match on tv, little did I know how it would soon be driven from my mind).

After breakfast Kim (name changed) disappeared upstairs. A short while later I was summoned upstairs with a cry of 'Richard, can you come here'. I laid down the morning newspaper and climbed the stairs. As I entered our bedroom Kim was seated on the end of the bed dressed in a smart suit, crisp white blouse, black seamed stockings and black high heeled shoes. "I've decided that we are going to enjoy ourselves today so there will be no calling round to friends, no slinking off to the pub dinnertime and no inviting

friends round, In fact you are going to clean the house while I watch" said Kim. "I'm all for enjoying ourselves" I said my erection stirring in my pants at my sexily dressed girlfriend and the prospect of enjoying ourselves, "but how is cleaning the house going to be fun for me".

She didn't answer directly but said "I want you to strip for me Richard". I used to work for an agency stripping for hen nights, kissograms etc, so I was always willing to oblige Kim. I stripped and teased her until I was naked, then she said "Stand there with your hands on your head" as she slid off the bed to her feet. I thought there was some fun looming and my penis was twitching to full arousal.

Kim walked around me slowly gently tracing her hands on my body. Her hands briefly flickered across my penis but didn't linger although she had noticed my arousal. As she casually walked behind me her hands lightly caressed my shoulders, back and my buttocks, she glanced around to my groin again then proceeded to administer a dozen stinging smacks to my bare bottom. "I didn't give you permission to get a hard on, and that is to remind you that I am in charge today". Those smacks took my breath away although I had been punished by Kim before and was aware of her capabilities I was rather looking forward to being dominated by this beautiful woman.

"Now onto your chores" she said. "You are going to clean today and I am going to supervise, any slacking will be dealt with in the appropriate manner, Ok". "Yes

Miss" I replied, (I knew the drill). She turned to the drawer where I keep my underwear and looked through them until she found a tiny white Lycra thong, "This is your uniform for the day, as you can see it's very revealing at the rear for any punishment that I might have to administer and it's tight enough around the front to keep your cock under control". She knew what she was talking about.

"Follow me, you can start in hear" she ordered and with that she made her way downstairs and into the kitchen, I was admiring the view as her buttocks swayed with each stride enveloped in her tight grey suit. "Start with the washing up then work your way round and clean the work surfaces, cooker and floor. "Yes miss" I replied and set about my tasks. I was still partially aroused and the water from the washing up bowl occasionally splashed onto the front of my pants, wetting them and making my cock swell further, it even sent the white material of my thong semi-transparent. This was not lost on Kim who caressed my buttocks and traced the outline of my cock with her fingernail. Once all the tasks were complete, I stood back allowing Kim to inspect my work. After a thorough examination she turned to me saying, "Oh dear, you didn't empty the crumbs from the toaster, go and empty them into the garden for the birds then return here". I emptied the offending crumbs into my hand, and after a cursory glance out of the window slipped outside in just my thong, depositing the crumbs on the grass and headed indoors.

Upon my return Kim had set up the ironing board in the kitchen. I

groaned inwardly, I hate ironing, I was mistaken. "Bend lengthways along the ironing board; you need to be punished for your misdemeanor". "But it was only a few crumbs" I replied, but I'd chosen the wrong words. I draped myself as instructed across the ironing board. Kim squeezed past me resting her hands on my bum and twanging the dividing elastic on my thong, laughing in the process, (she always does that, despite the fact that it can be genuinely painful)! I heard her open one of the drawers, wondering what was in store for me. Thwack! "Ow! What the hell was that?" I exclaimed. She just laughed and said it was one of the wooden spatulas, a common kitchen utensil. "Just stay there", she said, "You've got 12 strokes coming, that first one doesn't count as you tried to get up".

I remained in place, accepting my punishment and trying my best to stay in place as commanded. After the 12th stroke my bum really did feel ablaze, I remained in place as I hadn't been given permission to move. Kim revelled in tracing her fingers gently across my blazing buttocks which only served to send blood rushing to my penis. "You can get up now and put the ironing board away". As I arose, then bent to collapse the ironing board Kim couldn't resist swatting my bum with the spatula once more, she was really enjoying herself. "Get the vacuum; you can do the living room next".

Kim was sitting in the settee with her long legs curled beside her, whenever I dusted or vacuumed near her, her soft hand would feel my still throbbing bum or reach between my legs and tickle my balls. When I had finished I stood to attention, saluted and said in a military style voice, "Living room ready for inspection, Ma'am"! "You might come to regret being

facetious", she said with a smile and proceeded to inspect my work. "Oh dear" she exclaimed as she ran her fingers over the TV screen, collecting dust and static in the process. "Seems we forgot something hear didn't we". I was aghast, and couldn't think of anything to say. I knew damn well I was in for another painful punishment to my already smarting bottom. "You seem to be unnaturally quiet for a change", she sat upright on the settee, patting her lap. "Put yourself across my knee and keep as still as possible". "Let's see if I can bring a little more colour to your cheeks shall we". I groaned, expecting a severe spanking, Kim has an excellent hand spanking technique, it really makes me squirm. However, it was not to be.

Kim stretched her arm down to the magazine rack beside the settee and retrieved an old canvas gym shoe that we use in our play sessions, it has a rubber sole guaranteed to make your eyes water. It was one of my old gym shoes and I am a big boy standing 6'3" tall, weigh 15½ stone and have size 12 feet, (everything else is big too, just in case the Ladies are interested, ha ha). As I felt the rubber sole patting my bum Kim got ready to deliver. SMACK! That first one is always guaranteed to make me take a deep breath. And so it continued, another dozen smacks with the slipper, after each stroke Kim ran her hand across my bum almost as if to iron out the faint tread left by the slipper. With each smack my penis stretched inside my pants, straining to be released and rubbing against Kim's lap. "Don't you dare cum while you're across my knee" she said with genuine purpose as I know she doesn't like her best suit covered in cum stains.

Slipper over, I lay breathless across Kim's knee she seemed

pleased with herself and was flicking her fingers along the string of my thong to my balls. "I love the way these pants leave your bum exposed, it makes it so much more convenient for your punishment" "I'm glad you approve, but don't forget it'll be your turn another day" I replied. "Maybe" she said, "but for today I'm in charge and you'd better not forget it".

"Up you get" she said delivering a smack of her hand to my bum, "You can't lie hear all day, you've got the dining room to do next". My heart sank still further; it was shaping up to be a long and painful day.

The dusting, polishing, vacuuming etc continued into the dinning room with me taking special care to clean the pictures and frames, chairs, table and so on. Kim enjoyed herself watching me work every so often she ran a fingernail along the divide of my cheeks or snapping the elastic at the waistband of my pants. "Have you finished this room then, well let me inspect it". I was half quaking in anticipation but I was sure I'd done a good job. "What's the meaning of this" said Kim accusingly, holding a half empty ashtray, "this is very sloppy work isn't it", "Yes miss" was all I could mumble, how could I have missed that, I was sure I'd emptied the ashtrays, I bet she planted it. But there was no going back; my head was reeling just wondering what she had in store for me next.

"You know you have to be punished so bend over the dinning room table" I did as commanded, her hands were gently rubbing across my back and caressing my buttocks. Am I in for a hand spanking this time I thought. "Wait there" she ordered and left the room, I heard her footsteps climb the stairs and enter our bedroom, most of our 'toys' are

kept their. I heard her high heels descend the stairs, "I hope you are still in position" she said. I was, I know better than to move. She entered the room.

Next instant I felt a cold rod trace a line down my spine to the divide between my bum, she then began to tap my buttocks, oh god, I thought, not the cane. Kim is an expert caner, she really enjoyed administering the cane and took great delight in hearing it descend and impact as well as the red and white raised weal's that it's guaranteed to leave behind. I must admit I do enjoy being caned, but Kim really knew how to stretch my limits.

She continued tapping the cane across my bum, measuring her stroke. "Don't forget to count" she said "and this time you can say thank you miss for each stroke you receive". "Yes miss" I replied. I felt the cane leave my bum and be drawn back for the first stroke. WHOP, "One, thank you miss" a brief pause, WHOP, "Two, thank you miss", Kim returned the cane to tap my bum, WHOP, "aahh, three, thank you miss", tap, tap, WHOP "AAAh, four, thank you miss" Christ that last one was just in the niche where my buttocks join my thigh, tap, tap, the telephone rings, "Wait there and don't move".

I didn't have the will to move although I wanted to get up and ease my burning bottom. Kim laid the cane in front of me on the dinning room table then walked across the room to the hall to answer the telephone. I remained face down, bending over the table, thankful that the caning had abated for a short while but knowing full well it would resume all too soon. I could hear Kim's conversation on the phone, it sounded like her mother. After a short period, no more than 5 or 6 minutes I heard Kim replace the receiver and stride

back into the dinning room. "You should count yourself lucky" she said, "My mother has invited herself round at 3.30 so I can't spend all day taming you as I had planned". I wasn't sure whether to be relived or not. "Now, where did I get to" she said picking up the cane and tapping it on the table top. "Four miss" I proclaimed. "I really can't remember, perhaps I'd better start from scratch" she said tapping the cane against my buttocks.

I knew better than to argue or protest, past experience meant that she would only double the strokes if I dared to contradict her. WHOP "Owww, one thank you miss", WHOP "Aaaagh, two thank you miss", WHOP "Ooooh, three thank you miss", I almost rose from my position as the cane landed in exactly the same place in the little crease of the buttocks. "Stay down Richard" said Kim tapping my bottom with the cane, "You'll only make things worse for yourself if you rise from the table without permission". I couldn't imagine feeling worse at that moment in time, but I knew from experience that it was no idle threat. WHOP, "OWWW, four miss", "You didn't say thank you miss so you'll get that one again", WHOP, "Ooooh Four THANK YOU MISS", and so it continued until WHOP, 12 thank you miss". "Remain in position, I want to inspect my work" Kim ordered. She laid the cane down in front of me and ran her hands across the welts on my bum. "Oh my, your bum marks up in a most delightful manner, it really turns me on, especially as you have a firm, neat sexy little arse" She continued counting the red ridges that she had raised, whilst all the time my penis had been crushed beneath my body and the table top and was desperate to be released. The friction created of my body

surging forward with each cane stroke and my cock straining in my tightly elasticated briefs almost had me at bursting point; Eventually I was permitted to rise, Kim picked up the cane, flexing it between her hands. "You can do the hall next" and gave me a playful swipe with the cane. I gave an involuntarily yelp, after all, by my reckoning I had just received 17 strokes with that cane.

Kim delighted in watching my red and heavily striped bum work it's way up stairs and she just couldn't keep her hands to herself, "Can't we call it a day and go back to bed for some fun" I said. "Not likely" replied Kim, "you've got the house to clean and mom's coming at 3.30, if you get a move on we might have time for some sport". "I've finished the hall, stairs and landing". "In that case I'll begin my inspection". True to her word she thoroughly inspected my attempts. "You haven't dusted the lampshades, either of them" she was pointing with the cane that she still carried. "Bend over the and await your punishment" Oh God not the cane again I thought. It was not to be however.

Kim returned the cane to the bedroom but returned with a thin leather belt from one of her skirts. "You know the drill, I'll only give you one lot of smacks despite the fact there are two lampshades". "Thank you miss, you're very considerate". CRACK, Oww. CRACK, Oooh and so it continued, that belt really whistled and bit deeply into my butt. With the final CRACK I was on tiptoes, Kim was laughing out loud. "I'll have to remember this little belt for future reference". "I'm sure you will" came my reply.

Next the bathroom. Kim undertakes a thorough inspection. "Oh dear", (my knees almost give way, what could I have overlooked). "You haven't replaced

the blue flush in the lavatory cistern" (damn, damn, damn). Kim maneuvered herself around the bathroom and sat on the toilet seat. "Across my knee". What followed was a soul destroying hand spanking. Believe me, a spanking on top of a strapping and a caning robs you of the will to go on. "Up you get", commanded Kim, "you can start again in the spare bedroom".

My bum felt like it was ablaze, I can't recall such a grueling session.

"Finished miss". Inspection time. "Why have you left the bedside lamp plugged in"? Kim sat on the bed and beckoned me over her knee once more. "You should know better than to leave electrical appliances plugged in when not in use". "I do now Kim and I'm sure I'll remember in future" I said as I once more draped myself across her knee. She ran her hands across my bum in a gentle manner allowing her hands to slip between my legs. "Mmm your balls feel tight inside those knickers" said Kim "and I can feel your cock throbbing in my lap, don't you dare cum or you'll really be for it". Thinking I was in for another hand spanking, I was soon to be corrected in more ways than one. Kim leant over to a nearby bedside cabinet opened the drawer and withdrew a hair brush. "Oh my life" I groaned. Kim giggled, "Now don't complain, you know how much you love this attention". SMACK, SMACK, SMACK. "Bloody hell that doesn't half smart" I said. "Now now, no swearing there's a good boy" SMACK. And so it continued. 12 smacks later and my bum really is ablaze. "You took that rather well" Said Kim and leaned over to softly kiss my buttocks. "Mmm that feels nice" I said as her tongue traced the still visible cane weal's. SMACK, "up you get there's still

one more room to do" and so I arose and gingerly made my way into our bedroom.

Dusting, polishing, vacuum, straighten the bed, dust the pictures, lampshade, bedside lamps, nothing plugged in, Kim can't keep her hands off my bum and in my pants. "Finished miss", here we go again. "Well done Richard, good boy...but you should have emptied the clothes in the basket into the washer". Oh God what next I thought. "You know I only do this for your own good, now bend over the edge of the bed legs slightly apart" "I wish you'd stop being so good to me", I couldn't resist saying. "Now, now, no-one likes a smart arse" said Kim "or in your position a smarting arse ha ha".

Kim opened one of the wardrobes, next I heard a sharp Whop, Whop, Whop, thwack. Oh sod, Kim had got her riding crop and was thrashing the bed just to demonstrate how whippy it was. I felt the leather tip against me bum, then sneak between my legs flicking my balls with its tip. WHOP, "AAAGH, one, thank you miss", WHOP, AAAHH, two, thank you miss", WHOP, "OOOhh, three, thank you miss", Kim is having so much fun, I can tell. Eventually, WHOP, AAAhh, "twelve, thank you miss". With that Kim lays the crop on the bed. "I'm impressed with you today Richard, you took your punishment exceptionally well" her hands were all over my rump as I remained bent over. "You may stand with your hands on head". I obeyed. Kim continued feeling my bum, then my chest and then along the front of my thong. "Oh my, you are enjoying yourself aren't you" she said observing my swollen cock straining against the tight material of my pants, she ran a red finger nail along the outline of the swollen head of my penis

clearly visible against the tight white material of my pants.

Kim slipped her hand into the front of my thong, stretching the elastic and gently brushed the eye of my cock, I could hold out no longer and shot a load of cum into Kim's hand and soaking the front of my pants. She withdrew her hand, snapping the elastic of my thong against my penis. "You revolting boy, I didn't give you permission to cum, bend over again" I obeyed. Kim whipped off my thong and wiped the head of my cock with it. "Open your mouth" she commanded and with that she thrust my own cum-soaked thong into my mouth. I gagged with the material and the salty taste. Kim picked up her riding crop; WHOP, WHOP, WHOP, WHOP. Relentlessly she thrashed my entire rump with her crop. Thirty strokes I counted to myself and each one burned into my bum.

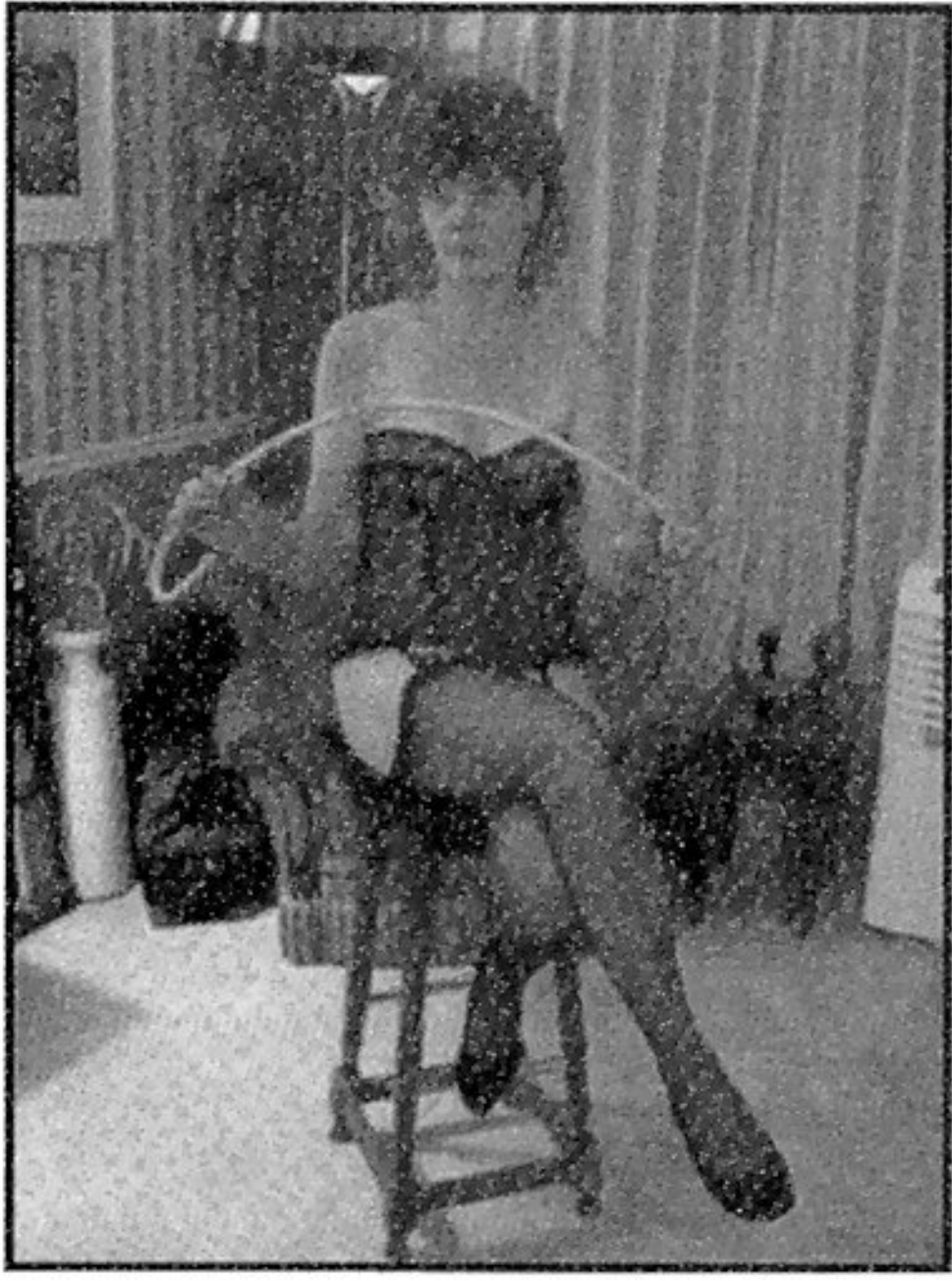
When she finished she ordered me to my knees. My cock had recovered and was once more aroused. "Look what you've done to me" said Kim hitching up her skirt, revealing her black stockings, suspenders and a significant dark patch on her red panties. Her knickers were absolutely soaking. I needed no further urging as I spat my own thong from my mouth and began to lick Kim through her pants. "You've pleased me this morning, now pleasure me to completion". How could I dare disobey?

I can't finish a letter to you without mentioning how attractive you are along with the rest of the girls at Kane.

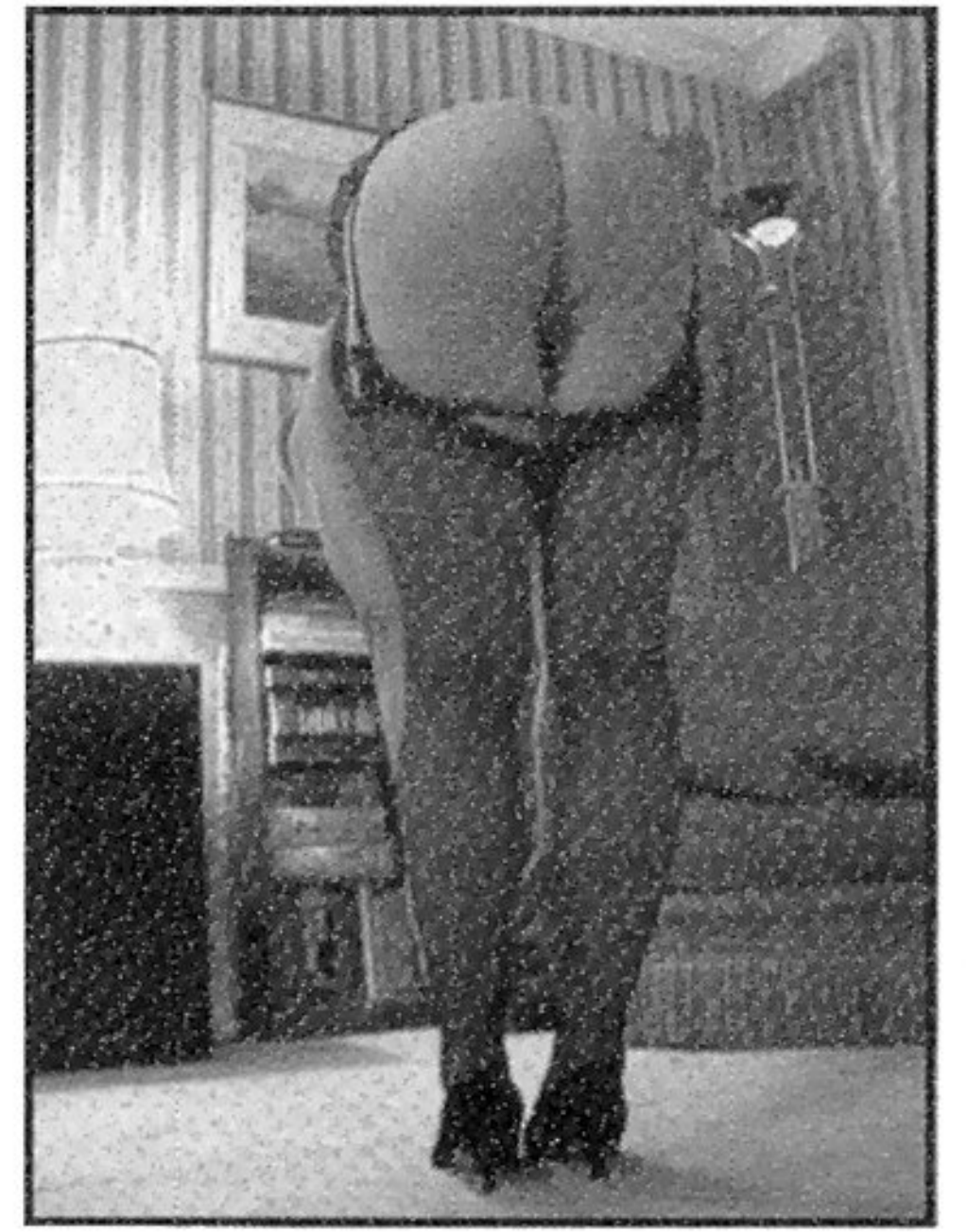
Best wishes and continued success.

Yours sincerely

Richard S.



MEMORIAL PARTY FOR SUZANNE



Many of you will have known of, have met, or have visited, Valerie, (better known by her “scene name” as Suzanne) from Welling, who was thoroughly enjoying “ the new life” & friends she had found through the spanking scene.

Suzanne had been at many 2Kings parties this spring, had made videos for Peaches, and she was still very active in the scene until recently, when we received news that she had been diagnosed with terminal cancer and had only 2 weeks left to live. Sadly she didn’t even last this long and died on 29th June 08 at 6.45 in the evening. Susanne, being the cheeky, fun way she was, even requested “Always look on the bright side of life” to be played at her funeral. A certain sparkle is going to be missing from this scene and she is going to be sadly missed.

To mark her passing and to celebrate her life, the **London Party Organisers** arranged a memorial party on 22nd October 2008, which would also raise money for cancer charities. Val’s family requested the money be split between **Macmillan Cancer Support** and **Cancer Research UK**, and were fully supportive of the party.

About 40 men and 20 girls attended the party, with a theme of “Pretty in Pink” to mark the cancer connection, and the girls looked wonderful in a range of pink outfits and underwear. There was all the spanking one would expect and Madam Cordelia was in attendance to deal with all the naughty boys who felt they needed to be disciplined. All of the girls attended free of charge, and the men paid a minimum of £80 to be present. As many paid more than this and there were raffles and auctions as well, the afternoon ended up making the wonderful sum of **£3,650.00** with money still coming in at the time of writing.

Everyone had a lovely afternoon of spanking, good fellowship food and fun, as well as contributing to charity and remembering a good friend who has passed on in tragic circumstances.

The party would not have been possible without the generosity of all those attending and especially the venue “**Central Station**” who gave the location and the food free, and the work of **John (Peaches)** and **Mike** and his team (**2kings**) but mostly of course the lovely spanking scene girls who provided their bottoms so delightfully and who went home so sore!



Morning Assembly (Part 2)

By D.E

Sue has just witnessed at close quarters Jane Oliver, one of the other students at her college, receive six hard strokes of the cane. The tradition for punishment at the college was for the culprit to be striped of clothing from the waist down and then to take up the dreaded position on the old Caning Desk. This position involved kneeling on the desk, with knees wide apart, and reaching right forward to take hold of the two Grab Handles located at the other end of the desk. Canings were always done at the end of the morning assembly with the Caning Desk arranged so that the culprit's rear was displayed directly towards the assembled students. The posture was therefore designed to produce an experience that was both painful and humiliating. But experience had shown that humiliation rapidly became the last thing on a culprit's mind once the caning had started.

Sue had witnessed numerous punishments but it had always been as just one of the many girls at the Morning Assembly. She had always felt very aroused by the sight, the sounds and the whole ritual of punitive canings. But Sue had never been on the receiving end herself; until today. Because today the reason why Sue had seen this caning at such close quarters was that, this time, she too was going to be caned.

Witnessing the caning of Jane at such close quarters had been an eye opener for Sue. With growing dismay she noted the strained look on Jane's face as she dismounted from the Caning Desk and, as the Head Mistress had instructed, put her hands on her head. She then stood with her back to the school so that the whole assembly could witness the six livid stripes that were now developing across her bum and thighs. Jane was an old hand at taking the cane, but it was very obvious to Sue, by the distressed movements of her bum and hips, just how desperately she wanted to take her hands down and comfort her oh so painful rear.

Suddenly Sue's train of thoughts was abruptly interrupted. "Girl! I'm waiting for you", said the Head Mistress in an outburst. "If you insist on keeping me waiting any longer I will double your punishment. Come right here at once". Suddenly all thought of Jane's predicament vanished from Sue's mind and she leapt to where the mistress was standing. But then her brain went numb; she couldn't remember what to do next. "Sue", said the mistress sternly, "I know this is your first time but you have just seen what Jane did. Unzip your skirt, drop it to the floor, put your hands on your head and then stand with your back to me". This, Sue knew, was not a good start but she quickly complied and in just a few moments she was standing with her hands on her head and feeling the back of her blouse being rolled up. She felt the two safety pins being fastened and then she quickly turned round for the same to be done to her front. As the mistress then took hold of her pants, Sue remembered to part her legs a little so that they could more easily be pulled down. Carefully Sue stepped out from the little pile of clothing round her feet and waited. "There's a good girl", said the mistress now in an almost kindly tone, "that was much better. Now just climb up onto the desk and position yourself like Jane did. Then it can soon all be over".

With those few kind sounding words, and the dream that it might soon all be over, fixed in her mind, Sue clambered up onto the desk and carefully placed her knees on the two red padded sections. Then she stretched forward and grasped the two upright pillars. Surprisingly she felt very comfortable in this position. The foam filled kneeling pads were unexpectedly soft and the two Grab Handles were positioned so that, with her forearms flat on the desk, they were in just the right position for her to grip. Her knees did feel very widely separated and she knew from the cool feeling she was experiencing around her groin that she was presenting a very exposed view to all the other students. And this only got worse as she felt a firm pressure on her lower back and heard the mistress say, "Come on Sue you can push it out a bit more than that can't you?" And with now a warm feeling of co-operation and a desire to please, she did manage to push it out just a little bit more.

Much to her surprise, she suddenly realised that she didn't really care too much what she was showing. The previous evening she had taken a lot of trouble to shave every last hair from around her bum and other private bits and this morning she had washed herself most fastidiously. She knew she was a well proportioned girl and, in short, she felt very comfortable with herself and was not at all ashamed of what she had. In fact she could almost believe that she was, in a way, quite glad for this opportunity to show herself off.

Then she felt the cool touch of the cane on her bottom. "Remember Sue, from now on, do not try to look round at what I'm doing. Look straight at the table in front of you and under no circumstances are you to let go of the Grab Handles or to try to touch your bum. Do you understand?". This is it thought Sue, this was what she had been dreaming of, and been fearful of, for so long and now the moment had arrived. "Yes miss I understand" she replied. "And you must count each stroke too", added the mistress. Oh bloody hell, why don't you just get on and do it, thought Sue. But all she said was "Yes mistress".

A moment later and Sue felt the cane strike her bum. As she jerked forward, an overwhelming stinging pain swept through both cheeks; and it really hurt. She heard herself give a little cry as the pain grew to a peak and she screwed up her face and gripped the hand holds as hard as she could until, slowly, the anguish started to subside. But it was a long way from being gone when the second stroke lashed into her bum. Sue again cried out, louder and more urgently this time, as the new pain added to the lingering torment from the previous stroke to make her distress even more severe. Any thoughts that it would soon be all over were now gone. Sue was only two strokes into a six stroke caning and she was already struggling with the incredible sting that the cane was inflicting on her bum. She tried very hard not to wriggle about too much in the hope that this would earn her a hand rubbing from the mistress after three strokes and thus give her some respite.

“When do you intend to start counting the strokes Sue?” enquired the mistress pointedly, “remember the cane strokes only count towards your total when you start counting”. Sue’s heart fell. In trying to cope with the pain she had forgotten all about counting; and that had been the last thing the mistress had reminded her of too. “Two thank you miss and one thank you miss as well” said Sue hopefully. A little smile flitted across the mistress’s face. “Well it doesn’t actually work like that”, she said. “You can’t save up your thank-you’s and give them to me as a job lot as and when you happen to remember. But as you are a first timer we will settle for a short sharp shock to remind you to remember and then we shall call it evens, OK” and with that she applied a single sharp stroke to Sue’s bum, which drew a little gasp from her but in all other respects left her unscathed.

Strangely, this stroke counting incident had actually helped Sue. Although she had incurred an extra stroke, it had been relatively light weight, and it had given her extra precious seconds to recover from the scorching pain of the first two strokes. Now, as she felt the cane again lightly touching her bum, she knew what was coming and felt a bit more able to deal with it.

Stroke three bit hard into her bum and again it hurt a great deal. Sue screwed up her face and gritted her teeth and twisted her hold on the two handles so hard that she thought she would break them off. But as the pain passed it’s peak she managed to say “Three thank you miss” in a near normal voice. Also she was just about able to hold her bum steady. And it paid dividends. “Sue”, the mistress began, “Apart from a shaky start, and a bout of forgetfulness, you have behaved quite well for a first timer.” I will reward you with a hard hand rub of your backside if you should so wish”. “Oh, yes please mistress” replied Sue. Immediately she felt cool hands firmly squeezing and kneading her bottom, as though it was a piece of baking dough; and it was absolutely delightful. The pain of the first three strokes vanished as if by magic. And then Sue felt a finger straying lightly into the cleft between her two bum cheeks. And that was nice too and Sue responded by stretching her knees even further apart and rocking back a little so that her bottom was parted a little wider and her backside was pushed more firmly into the mistress’s hands. The mistress sensed this response and immediately Sue felt the probing finger go deeper into her cleft, feeling delicately for her bum hole. Quickly the mistress found her target and, with a small push and a little gasp from Sue, the mistress’s finger gained entry.

But the moment was short lived. The mistress had done a wonderful job of relieving the pain and the tensions in Sue’s rear and now it was time for the second half. Sue diffidently settled into the now familiar position as the cane, once more, lightly touched her rear. Then the cane impacted her bum, more powerful than any of the earlier strokes, and caused her to rock right forward. And then nothing; no pain, no stinging, only numbness. For a moment Sue thought she had been paralysed. But then a surge of frantically intense pain engulfed her bottom, so strong that it took her breath away. Sue threw her head back and opened her mouth wide but not a sound came out. This was the big one she thought.

With a gritty determination she hung onto the two grab handles. She knew that if she once let go, then she would not be able to stop herself from grabbing her bum, and that could well give the mistress the excuse to start again. To Sue this was a prospect she just couldn’t face. So, again she screwed up her face, clenched her teeth and prayed desperately that the pain would soon start to ebb. And, maybe quicker than she expected, it did start to diminish. Sue was starting to get street wise to being on the receiving end of the cane. She realised that if only you can survive the few moments when the pain is at it’s peak, then it soon fades into a fiercely burning, but just about bearable, glow. “Four thank you mistress”, said Sue. “I’m so glad you remembered to say that”, said the mistress, “and tell me, what did you think of that one”? she continued. “It hurt mistress, It really hurt a lot”, replied Sue with some feeling.

“OK, so that’s what it was meant to do. Now what I want is for you to bring your knees together in the middle of the desk and rock yourself right forward. I expect you can guess where these last two strokes are going can’t you”? Sue remembered Jane’s last two, and yes she knew alright. Sue manoeuvred herself as slowly as she possibly dare but, all too soon, she was in position and once again she felt the cool touch of the cane, this time on the backs of her legs. And then the cool touch exploded into an horrendous stinging. A few seconds later and just a little higher, the sixth stroke lashed into the crease line where her bum joined the tops of her legs. Sue just could not stop herself from crying out loudly and desperately wriggling her bottom and thighs as she tried to throw off the pain.

But relief came, suddenly and totally, as two massaging hands again grabbed first her bum and then her thighs.

With a cool firmness the mistress started massaging Sue's throbbing rear and once more the hurt dissipated into a beautiful glowing heat. Then Sue felt a finger, for a second time, exploring delicately between her two bum cheeks and she wanted it to go on for ever. But unfortunately nothing lasts forever and after a while the massaging stopped. "You can get down now", said the mistress, "or, maybe perhaps, you would like to take some extra strokes".

Sue never satisfactorily explained to herself, let alone to her friends, why she did what she did next. "Oh. Another couple of strokes would be lovely", she replied immediately. And then the after thoughts swept over her. What had she done? Why had she said that? Hadn't she had enough for a first caning. How could she have said something so stupid. But again it was too late. "OK", said the mistress in a voice that sounded remarkably unsurprised at Sue's request. "Put your knees back on the red padded sections, resume the caning position and I will be only too happy to oblige". So once more Sue put herself into the now familiar posture and within a few short moments the cane swept down onto her rear with stinging effect. And this was reinforced by the second stroke which, judging by the quantum increase in pain that now afflicted Sue, landed right on top of the previous stroke. "There you are", said the mistress, "two nicely nested strokes that will help you remember today for quite some little while. And no massaging this time either I think. You need to know what a caning after burn is really like and compare it with a massaging end to the event. So I want you to get down from the desk at once, put your hands on your head, do not touch your bum and stand facing the assembly".

The mistress was absolutely right thought Sue as she dismounted. This ending, without a hard massage, was very different. Even as she stood facing the assembly, she could not stop herself from squirming and fidgeting as sharp stabbing pains mixed with a scorching sting to make for an overwhelming discomfort. Sue stole a sideways glance to where Jane was standing, still with hands on head, and their eyes met. "You silly sod" mouthed Jane with a little smile. And suddenly Sue felt quite bucked up. Yes she did desperately want to rub her bum but no she wasn't near to tears even though she had taken two extra strokes. The secret she decided was to concentrate on the warm afterglow that she could feel was gradually coming upon her and not the stinging pain that, she hoped, would soon diminish.

"OK, you two girls, pick up your knickers and skirts", said the mistress, "go to the washroom, unpin your blouses and get yourselves into a tidy state. Then go to your lecture rooms. And do not touch your bums until you are out of this assembly hall". And they didn't need telling twice. Still naked from the waist down, they both collected their items of clothing just as fast as they could and then walked very quickly indeed to the exit and straight into the toilets that were close by.

The instant they were inside they dropped their clothing and grabbed their bums and rubbed and rubbed and then rubbed some more like their lives depended on it. And it was exquisite. And as she rubbed Sue could feel the swollen ridges running across her backside. She turned her bum towards Jane for her to see, and the little gasp that Jane gave said it all. "Crikey", exclaimed Jane, "Your bum and legs really look sore. You've got big red wheals and those last two strokes both landed in the same place and that's going like a purple colour. You really were a silly bloody sod asking for more weren't you? And does my bum look the same"? said Jane as she now turned to show her rear. And yes the view she presented did look very painful indeed.

And so, quite naturally, they both fell into each others arms and spent not a little while comforting each other, rubbing each others bum and generally cheering themselves up. So by the time they left the toilet they both had huge grins on their faces; and of course then they bumped straight into the Head Mistress. "You two are looking far to pleased with yourselves", she said. And then, looking straight at Sue, she continued, "and you, I suspect, will turn out to be a natural sub. It won't be long before you make another appointment with the Caning Desk will it? Sue smiled sweetly and thought, so that's what I am is it, a natural sub. She had always thought her interests were a little bit different from most of the other girls, and now she could put a name to it. And then her thoughts turned to broken flasks, broken test tubes, spilt chemicals, even knocked over Bunsen Burners ... the possibilities she decided were endless.



I'm dressed in a thong and high heels.
I'm bending over and touching my toes.
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Night of the Cane

A History of the Caning Competition 1875 – 1999

This unusual little book, a collection of letters and press cuttings dating from 1875 to the end of the C20, was on sale at Night of the Cane last November.

The story, if you can believe it (and I'm really not sure), is that in 1875 a competition was arranged between two public schools at a Baker Street club, to determine which prefecture was more expert with the cane; the book illustrates that this began a series of caning competitions that has lasted until the present day.

Granted a royal charter by the then Prince of Wales in 1886, the competition was male-only until 1922, when the women were first allowed to join in – this followed an impudent article on that very subject in an issue of *Punch* the previous year. Following the destruction of its original home by a German bomb in 1941, the competition moved to Atlantic Road, Brixton, and was featured in *Picture Post* just after the war. A very funny article in *The Soldier's Housekeeper* (1955) describes the circumstances surrounding the first American entry.

The Brixton Riot of 1981 forced another move – to a C16 barn, which promptly burned down – then to the Stamford Hill home of Tim, the *Skin Two* owner, before becoming part of the Whiplash Pleasurezone, from which *The Firm* took it over in 1999. It is, according to *Metropolitan Magazine* 'unbelievable', but it could – just possibly – be true.

Edited by the improbable Professor JB Strangetrousers (who also discovered *Dominatrix Toxaemia*), *A History of the Caning Competition* is (at worst) highly enjoyable and accomplished hokum; a masterpiece of arch-conjecture, speculation and footnote, which looks the reader very squarely in the eye, while spinning what is quite probably a tissue of outrageous lies.

The implied royal connection of 1886 is the least of it; the story has it that Christine Keeler, Cynthia Payne, and Lindi St Clair have all entered the competition (Keeler with near-disastrous results for Harold Wilson, no less), and that Edwina Currie once intended to. Moseley's bullies attempted to take it over in 1934, and it may have inspired the caning scene in Lindsay Anderson's 'If...'. Letters come from the Home Counties, The Western Front, Lake Garda, and Archangel, discovered in all kinds of curious circumstances.

It's cheerfully, unashamedly, preposterous: The prime opponent of Moseley's men is Charley Cheese – The Cheeky Chappie from Bow – supposedly a 'leading vaudevillian', and the book pauses to describe his later career, including a cameo in the first *Carry On* movie. The American 'Soldier's Housekeeper' magazine is said to have been notably parodied by Tom Lehrer in 'Apple Pie and Mom' (1958); my friend Jim, a Lehrer buff, firmly denies all knowledge of any such song.

If the book is a hoax, the fun lies in its ability to lead you up the garden path, and then just as you suspect you're being hocused, it conducts you brazenly up another: When the narrative touches historical fact it's invariably accurate – the flapper slang of 1922 is perfect (if, as the book says, 'somewhat transatlantic'), the visit of Ronnie Kray to a Harley Street Shrink in 1958 spot on, and the nod to the first episode of *Dr Who* ('some rubbish about time travel') perfectly placed. One has the sense that an extremely adroit mischief maker has been laying an ingeniously wrought trail.

That said, it's a book with barely a good wank in it, if that's what you look for in CP literature (though the Lake Garda flappers caught my imagination), so very definitely not classic porn, but it is a very good, very funny, read for anyone at all interested in C20 history, or a good yarn.

Great fun if, like me, you enjoy being expertly teased.

Night of the Cane

The Mystery of the Caning Competition

Thus reads the legend on the back cover of the companion booklet 'The Mystery of the Caning Competition', published in conjunction with NOTC 2008, and begging the question 'Just what did happen after 1936?'

Taking 'The History' as read, Clive Prescott (journalist, and broadcaster; compiler of this intriguing story) begins with the mysterious death of a retired schoolmaster in 2008, and then investigates the events leading to this tragedy, starting with the Great Caning Competition Schism 70 years before, which is alluded to, though not explored, in the previous volume, and involving the disappearance of the competition trophy, first presented in 1886.

Here I did raise an eyebrow, and pause to check if there were any mention at all of a cup in the first volume: Indeed there was, twas not simply a McGuffin produced to inform the mystery.

Intrigue aside, the background of the story is consistently accurate, dealing in a large part with the abolitionist and retentionist fight over CP that lasted from the immediately post-war years until the cane was outlawed in 1986, but also drawing on prejudices within the CP community, that have lasted to this day; a particularly fine piece of bravura cheek is the idea the Virginia Woolf had published a book of Lesbian SM pornography: The Veil.

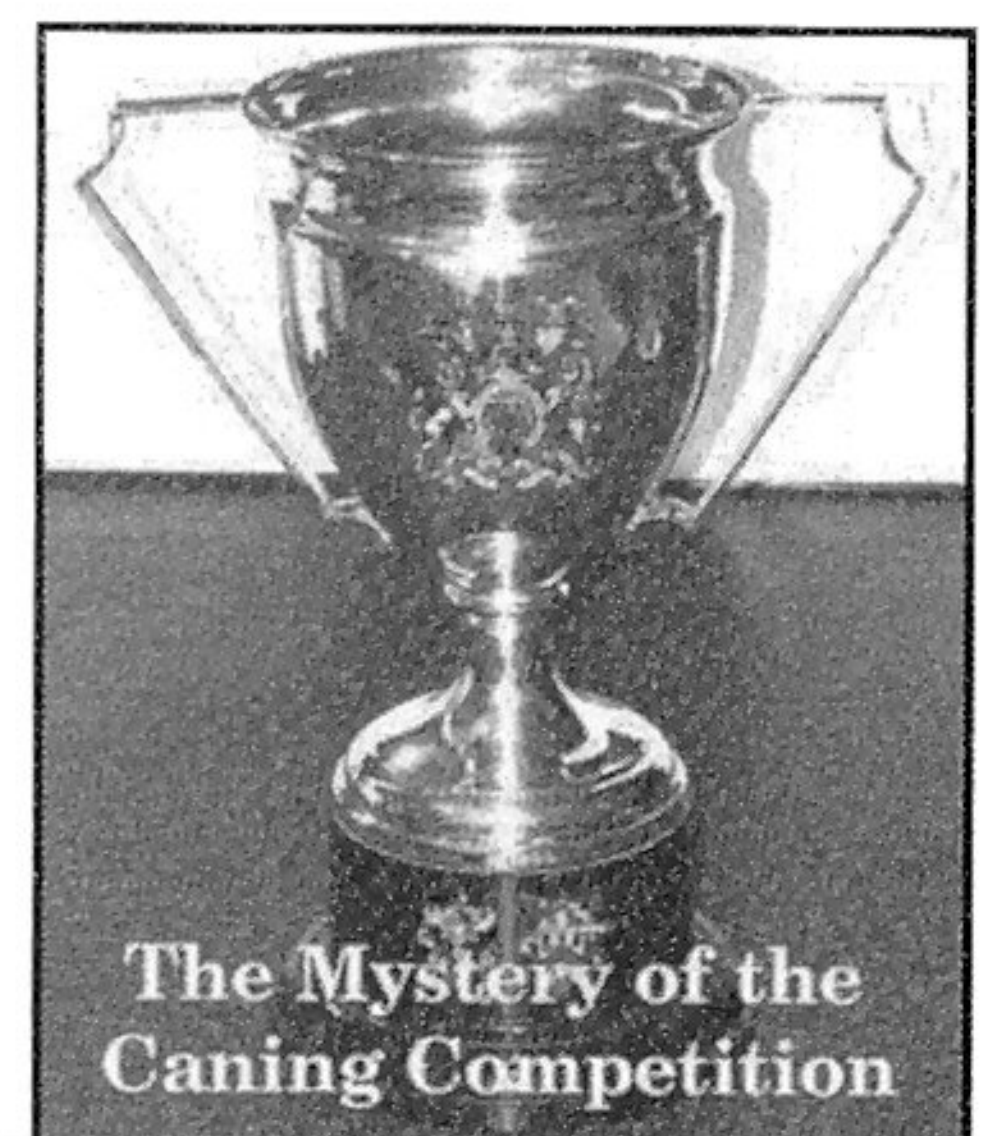
It's a fantastic account (and I use the word with precision) drawing episodes from the Craven Herald and Pioneer (a newspaper that sounds bogus, but definitely is not), Radio Four's 'Down Your Way', and the 'Dennis the Menace Fan Club', and deals with such themes as idealism, emulation and betrayal, while nodding (with a becoming impudence) to Mad Fankie Fraser, ITMA, Adrian Mole and Baader Meinhof. Simply in technical terms, it's a very well made 'Whodunnit?'



These two booklets are available for the minuscule price of £5 for both.

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KC004 STRICT MALE WILL SOUNDLY SPANK, STRAP AND CANE NAUGHTY LADIES BARE BOTTOMS. NO FEES EITHER WAY. SOUTH WEST WILTS, BATH AND BRISTOL AREAS.

KC008 MALE DESERVING PUNISHMENT SEEKS COUPLE. MAN TO CANE HIM WOMAN TO SPANK HIM. HAS WRITTEN STORIES TO SHARE WITH THEM.

KC010 MALE, 51, SEEKS LADIES ANY AGE FOR SPANKING FUN EITHER WAY. INTERESTING SUGGESTIONS CONSIDERED, NO ULTIMATE REQUIRED. CANNOT ACCOMMODATE. LEICESTER, EAST MIDLANDS AREA.

KC011 ATTRACTIVE SINGLE PROFESSIONAL MALE, 36, SEEKS SINCERE SUBMISSIVE LADY FOR MUTUAL ROLE PLAY FUN. CAN ACCOMMODATE OR TRAVEL. DISCRETION ASSURED. EAST SUSSEX.

KC012 STRICT, 32YEARS, 6FT4, SLIM PROFESSIONAL MALE SEEKS NAUGHTY SECRETARY 18 TO 35 FOR SPANKING OVER THE PHOTOCOPIER. DISCRETION ASSURED. PHOTO APPRECIATED.

KC013 GOOD LOOKING PROFESSIONAL MALE, 40, WISHES TO MEET ATTRACTIVE FEMALES WILLING TO RECEIVE SOUND TRADITIONAL DISCIPLINE 18 TO 35. CANNOT ACCOMMODATE BUT WILL TRAVEL THROUGHOUT NORTH WEST, PHOTO PREFERRED.

KC016 STRICT, 36YEAR 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.

KC018 30S COUPLE WLTM MATURE MALE HEADMASTER TYPE TO SPANK AND DISCIPLINE ATTRACTIVE WIFE. MIDLANDS AREA ONLY.

KC019 SCHOOL SCENARIO SPECIALIST FOR SUBMISSIVE OR DOMINANT MALES OR FEMALES. STRAIGHT MALE EQUALLY ADEPT AS STRICT HEADMASTER, GYM MASTER OR ERRANT SCHOOLBOY. ALL PARTS REALISTICALLY DRESSED AND PLAYED. YORKSHIRE OR MIDLANDS VENUE, OR TRAVEL ANYWHERE.
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KC021 SHY BUT GENUINE TRUCK DRIVER, NEW TO THE SCENE WOULD LIKE SWITCH WITH A GENUINE LADY WHO COULD HELP GUIDE HIM ALONG HIS NEW ROAD. CANNOT ACCOMMODATE BUT CAN TRAVEL. RUGBY, CHESHIRE & SWINDON. PLEASE REPLY TO BOB C/O KANE MAGAZINE.

KC022 AS SMOOTH AS IRISH CREAM WITH THE BITE OF A GOOD IRISH WHISKY, THAT'S ME ALL ROLLED INTO ONE. I SUB, SWITCH AND ROLE-PLAY BUT COME INTO MY OWN WHEN BEING DOMINANT. IF YOU'RE A LOVER OF THE EMERALD ISLE THEN I'M YOUR GIRL. LONDON & DUBLIN BASED.

DUBLINSDREAM@HOTMAIL.COM



KC023 MY NAME IS ELLIE AND I AM A CHEEKY ENGLISH GIRL, AGED 24 AND LIVING IN GLASGOW. I AM LOOKING FOR GENEROUS GENTLEMAN TO CORRECT MY WAYS BY MAKING MY BOTTOM GLOW A PRETTY SHADE OF P I N K C O N T A C T ELLIE@NORTHERNSPANKING.COM FOR MORE DETAILS



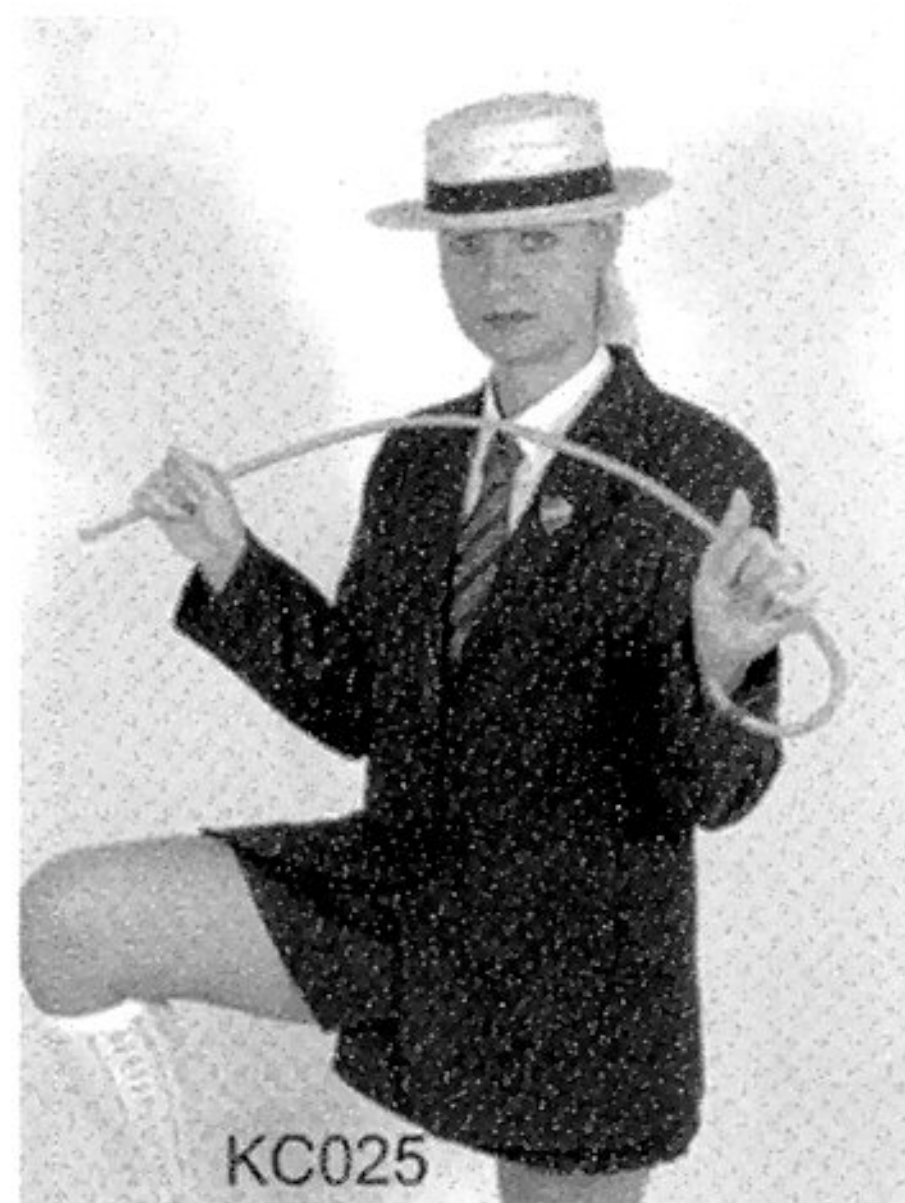
KC024 NAUGHTY SCOTTISH GIRL SEEKS TRADITIONAL CORRECTIVE DISCIPLINE. IT'S VERY COLD IN SCOTLAND AND LUCY MCLEAN NEEDS HER BOTTOM WARMED! I HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY NAUGHTY AGAIN. CAN YOU ASSIST IN THE CORRECTION OF SUCH A WICKED GIRL? I LIKE A DIFFERENT AND IMAGINATIVE APPROACH FROM GENTLEMEN AND I ADORE ROLE-PLAY, SO I HOPE WE MIGHT HAVE SOME FUN WHILST YOU TEACH ME THE ERROR OF MY WAYS... I DO TRY TO BE EVER SUCH A GOOD GIRL REALLY...I JUST NEED SOME REMINDING FROM TIME TO TIME! AVAILABLE IN GLASGOW AND LONDON AND AM FULLY EQUIPPED WITH IMPLEMENTS AND AN EXCEPTIONAL WARDROBE OF COSTUMES AND OUTFITS. DISCRETION AND CONFIDENTIALITY EXPECTED AND ASSURED. YOU CAN E M A I L M E A T LUCY@NAUGHTYLUCY.COM OR CALL ON 07813 750982.

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KC025 I HAVE STUDIED VERY HARD BUT I ALWAYS END UP WITH BOTTOM MARKS.

I BET YOU WOULD LIKE TO SPANK MY PEACHY BOTTOM? THERE I GO AGAIN GETTING MYSELF INTO MORE TROUBLE. PERHAPS IF YOU ENLIGHTEN ME, A SESSION OF CORRECTIVE THERAPY OTK SPANKING AND 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 SUBMISSIVE OR DOMINANT FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO SWITCH. SUSSEX KARA-JAYNE 07775 958314 KARAJAYNE@AOL.COM WWW.KARAJAYNEACADEMY.CO.UK



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KC029 STRICT & SENSUAL MISTRESS FULLY EQUIPPED DUNGEON 20MINS FROM CENTRAL LONDON COUPLES WELCOME OVERNIGHT SCENARIO'S SLAVE TRAINING, C.B.T. C.P. ELECTRO TORMENT. SENSUAL MASSAGE, DOMINATION HUMILIATION, BONDAGE, BREATHE PLAY. JUDICIAL PUNISHMENTS, AGE & SCHOOL PLAY. PRINCESS SPIDER RESPECTFUL CALLS ONLY 07905913725 / 020 8916-3365 WWW.PRINCESS-SPIDER.COM EMAIL: LIPS1AKISS@YAHOO.CO.UK



KC030 I AM A FIRM BUT FAIR HEADMISTRESS AND I WILL RESPECT YOUR LIMITS. I ENJOY ROLE PLAY GAMES WHERE AS I AM EITHER A DOMINANT MISTRESS DRESSED IN THIGH HIGH BOOTS, HOUSEWIFE, NURSE, FRENCH-MAID, SECRETARY, POLICE WOMEN, A WICKED COMPANY DIRECTOR OR MY OWN PERSONAL FAVOURITE THE HEADMISTRESS. IF YOU HAVE YOUR OWN FANTASIES FOR E.G. HORSE RIDING INSTRUCTOR AND HER CROP PLEASE DON'T HESITATE TO INFORM ME. IF HOWEVER YOU CHOOSE TO DISRUPT MY NORMAL ROUTINE THIS CAN ONLY RESULT IN SERIOUS MARKS ON YOU BOTTOM! OUCH. I AM HAPPY TO SWITCH ROLES DURING ROLE-PLAY AND CAN BE SUB OR DOM. KARA-JAYNE DEMPSEY SUSSEX 07775 958314 KARAJAYNE@AOL.COM WWW.KARAJAYNEACADEMY.CO.UK

KC030



KC032 ZENA- I AM A NAUGHTY SCHOOLGIRL WHO REQUIRES DISCIPLINE, I ESPECIALLY NEED TO BE WHIPPED AND CANED TO HELP ME CONCENTRATE ON MY STUDIES. I HAVE PRIVATE PREMISES IN CENTRAL LONDON. 07528-424449 ZENASTONES692000@YAHOO.CO.UK



KC034 SEXY SECRETARY IN NEED OF DISCIPLINE, I ESPECIALLY LIKE OTK AND CANING. I LOVE DRESSING UP AND ROLE-PLAY AND HAVE A WIDE VARIETY OF DIFFERENT COSTUMES. I HAVE PRIVATE PREMISES IN CENTRAL LONDON AND CAN SWITCH FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO BE DOMINATED. CONTACT ME BY EMAIL: SAMINDOCKLANDS@HOTMAIL.COM



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KC036 SALLY IS A VERY SUB GIRL WHO LOVES TO RECEIVE SPANKING, STRAP AND THE CANE, AND HAS A HIGH THRESHOLD! SHE ALSO ENJOYS SWITCHING FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO FEEL THE STING OF HER CANE, AND IS AVAILABLE MOST DAYS FOR ONE TO ONE PRIVATE SESSIONS, AS WELL AS BEING POPULAR AT SPANKING PARTIES. SALLY IS AVAILABLE IN LONDON BY APPOINTMENT, AND ALSO IN THE BEDFORDSHIRE AREA. TELEPHONE 07765 500633 FOR APPOINTMENTS

KC037 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 ME ON. 07961-442755



KC038 LADY PANDORA, PROFESSIONAL DISCIPLINARIAN, HAS VACANCIES FOR NAUGHTY ADULT BOYS AND GIRLS IN NEED OF TRADITIONAL ENGLISH-STYLE CP. ROLEPLAYS CATERED FOR. WWW.LADYPANDORA.ORG 07759 428 734

KC039 YOU CAN SPANK MY BOTTOM OR LET ME TO DOM YOU! AVAILABLE TO SWITCH FROM BERKSIRE OR SURREY. CALL ME TO ARRANGE VISITING ME! KIRSTYN 07932 306 673



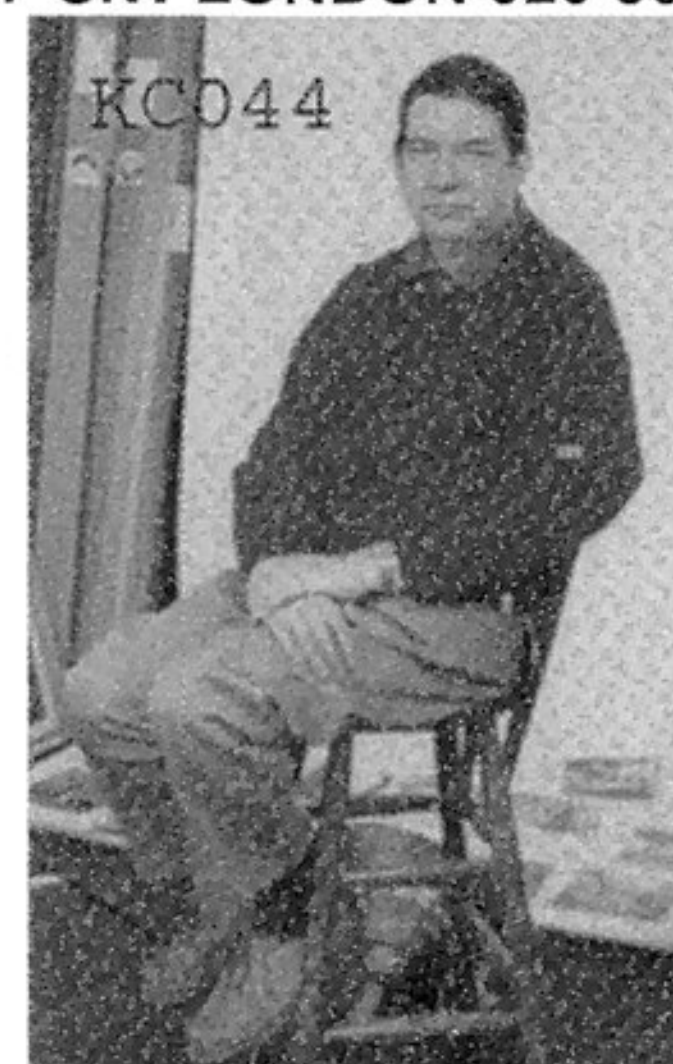
KC040 YOUNG DOM FEMALE LOOKING FOR A FEMALE INSTRUCTOR TO TEACH ME THE ART OF CP. HAVE SUB BOYFRIEND TO HELP MY DEVELOPMENT. LONDON, ESSEX
KC042 VOLUPTUOUS, BUBBLY AND BRUNETTE, WHAT MORE COULD YOU ASK FOR? I LOVE TO RECEIVE BUT HAPPY TO SWITCH IF THAT IS YOU'RE PLEASURE. CAN TRAVEL, SUFFOLK, ESSEX, LONDON (NORTH). SEND ME A EMAIL TO LITTLE_MISS_CANE@HOTMAIL.COM OR A LETTER VIA THE KANE OFFICE



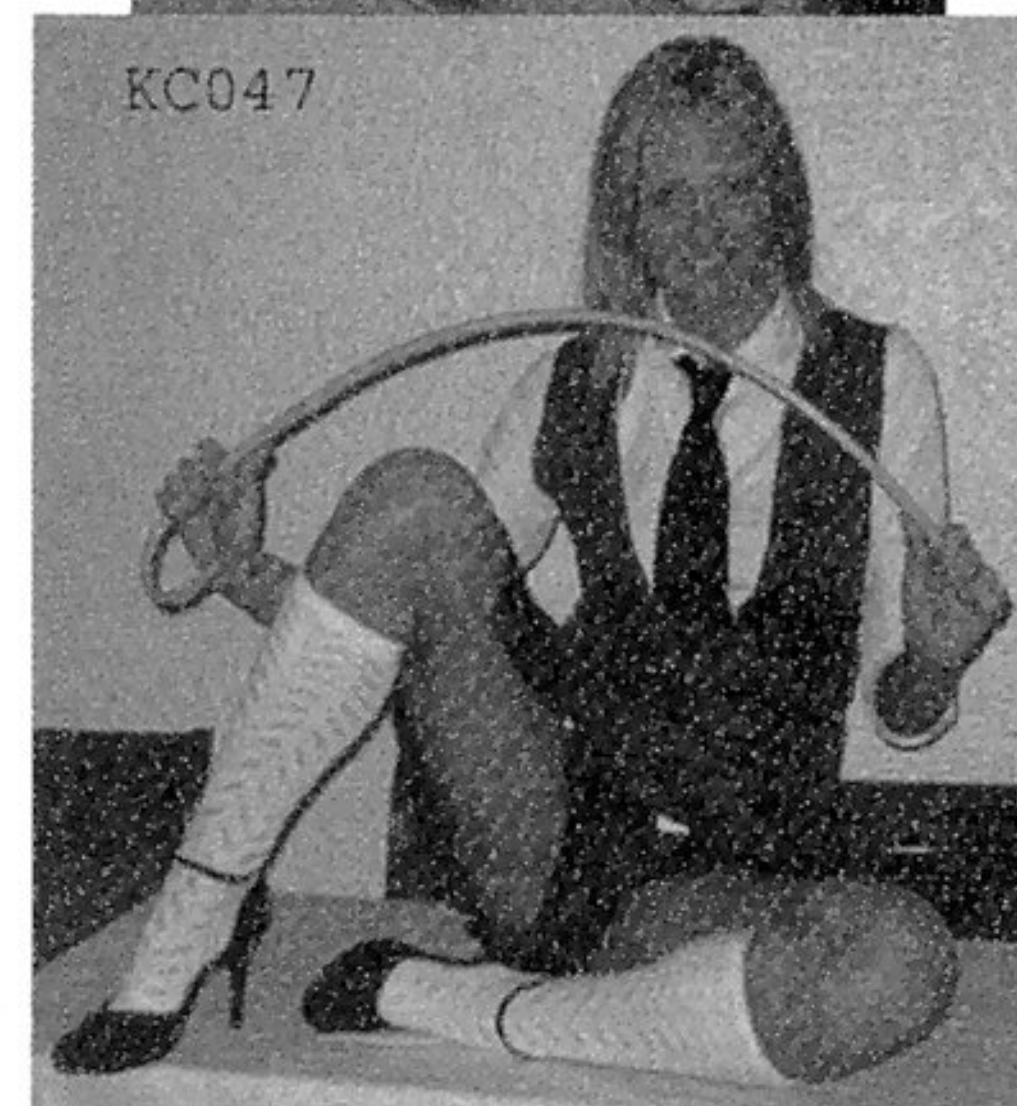
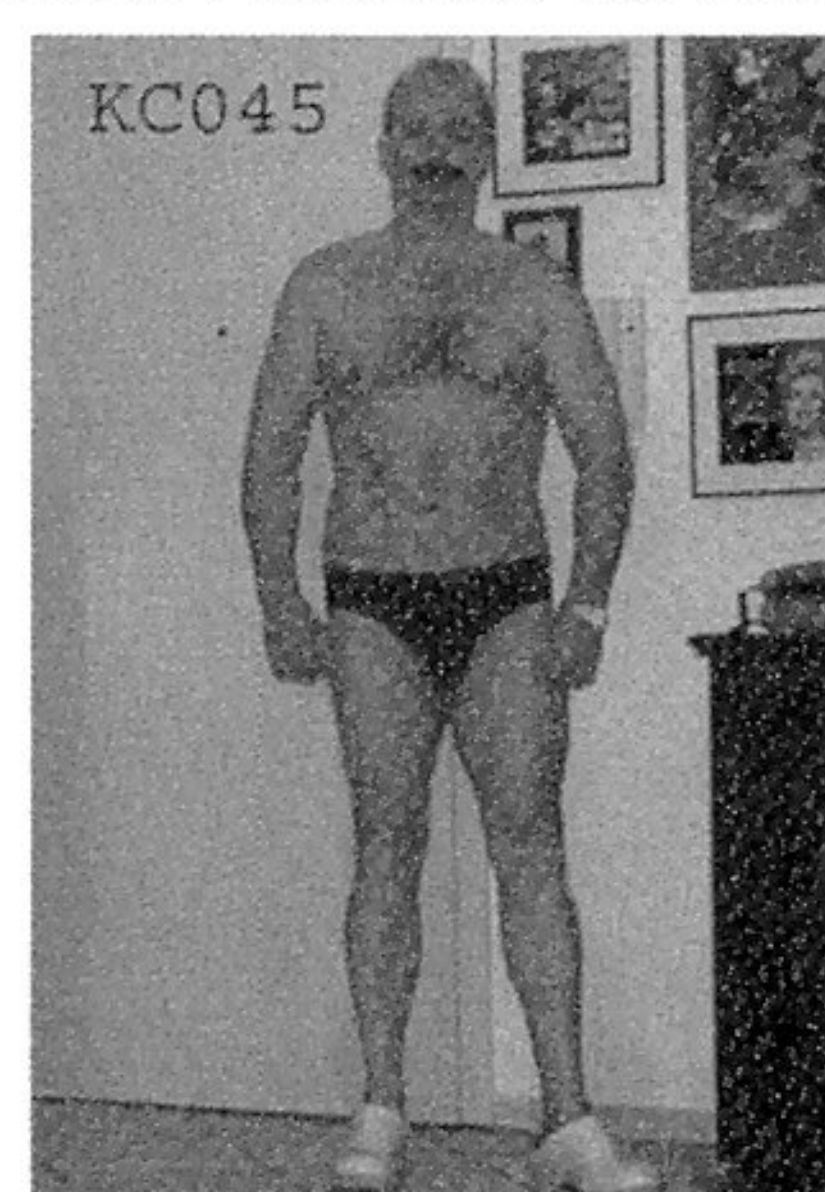
KC043 ALL GOOD THINGS COME IN SMALL PACKAGES BLONDE, 25, 5'1, SLIM AND PETITE ENJOY SUB BUT FINDING THE PLEASURES OF SWITCH EMMA 07717074960



KC044 JOHN WISHES TO MEET NAUGHTY GIRLS 18 – 35 INTO SPANKING. YOUR LIMITS WILL BE RESPECTED, BEGINNERS VERY WELCOME AND I'M HAPPY TO SWITCH. CAN TRAVEL OR ACCOMMODATE. FUN ONLY, NO FEES EITHER WAY AND NO TIME WASTERS PLEASE. S.W LONDON 020 8642-2747



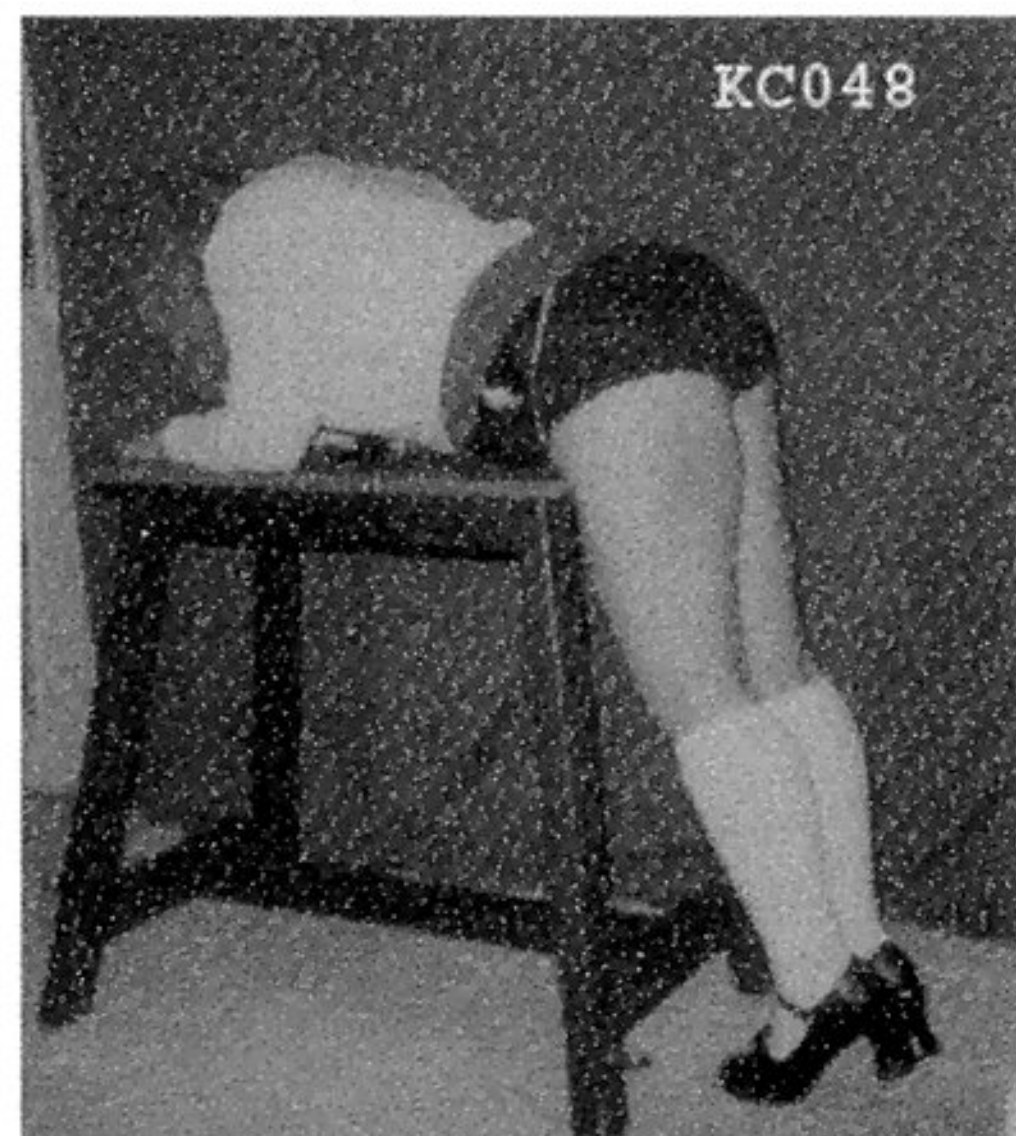
KC045 GENUINE SINGLE MALE, 40'S, HEAD OF DEPT. WOULD LIKE TO GET TO KNOW NICE MINDED FEMALE 35-50 FOR RELATIONSHIP AND PERHAPS MORE. CAN TRAVEL ANYWHERE.



KC047 MISCHIEF IS MY MIDDLE NAME AND BEING CHEEKY IS MY GAME. BEND ME OVER AND SPANK MY BUM AND IF I'LL BE A GOOD GIRL WHEN YOU'RE DONE. MISS_ROCKCHICK69@HOTMAIL.COM

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KC048 SARAH - EXPERIENCED & UNDERSTANDING SWITCH. ALL SORTS OF C.P ENJOYED, BOTH WAYS MILD & SEVERE. WORCESTERSHIRE BASED WITH LONDON PREMISES ALSO AVAILABLE. 01886 812620



KC049 NAUGHTY MATURE LADY AND GENTLEMAN WILL BEND OVER FOR THE SLIPPER AND CANE GOOD AND HARD. ALSO SWITCH. GLASGOW AREA.

KC050 HI SIRs, I'M A VERY NAUGHTY GIRL THAT NEEDS GENEROUS GENTS TO DEAL WITH MY DELICIOUS, SPANKABLE YOUNG BOTTOM. WHEN IT'S GLOWING NICELY, YOU CAN COVER IT WITH COLD CREAM, SMOOTHING IT ALL IN. ALSO IF YOU ARE NAUGHTY BOYS, I HAVE A HARD HAND AND A RACK FULL OF IMPLEMENTS.EMMA-LOUISE

**SOUTH-EAST LONDON
ILOVECREAM920@HOTMAIL.COM
07835 708 061**



**KC051 MISS HASTINGS-GORE: STRICT HEADMISTRESS OR GYM MISTRESS, HAS THE LARGEST, MOST COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL FACILITIES AVAILABLE, AT WESTGATE OLD SCHOOL, WAKEFIELD, WEST YORKSHIRE. AUTHENTIC STUDY, FULL SIZE CLASSROOM & PE AREA ADDS REALISM TO YOUR SCHOOL SCENARIO. TEL: 07947 554862
WWW.WESTGATEOLDSCHOOL.ORG.UK**



KC052 MALE AGED 50 SEEKS FEMALES FOR SPANKING SLIPPER AND PADDLE. LIMITS RESPECTED BEGINNERS WELCOME. CALL STUART 07910555916

KC053 EXPERIENCED CONSIDERATE HEADMASTER GENTLY INITIATES KEEN BUY SHY FEMALES INTO C.P. NO FEES EITHER WAY LONDON AREA A.L.A IF S.A.E

KC054 STRICT ITALIAN HEADMASTER SEEKS VERY SUBMISSIVE LADY FOR INITIAL FRIENDSHIP AND MAYBE FUTURE RELATIONSHIP. CONTACT ME BY EMAIL OR PHONE GIULIANOPALUAN@YAHOO.IT 07963322958 LONDON OR BUCKS AREA

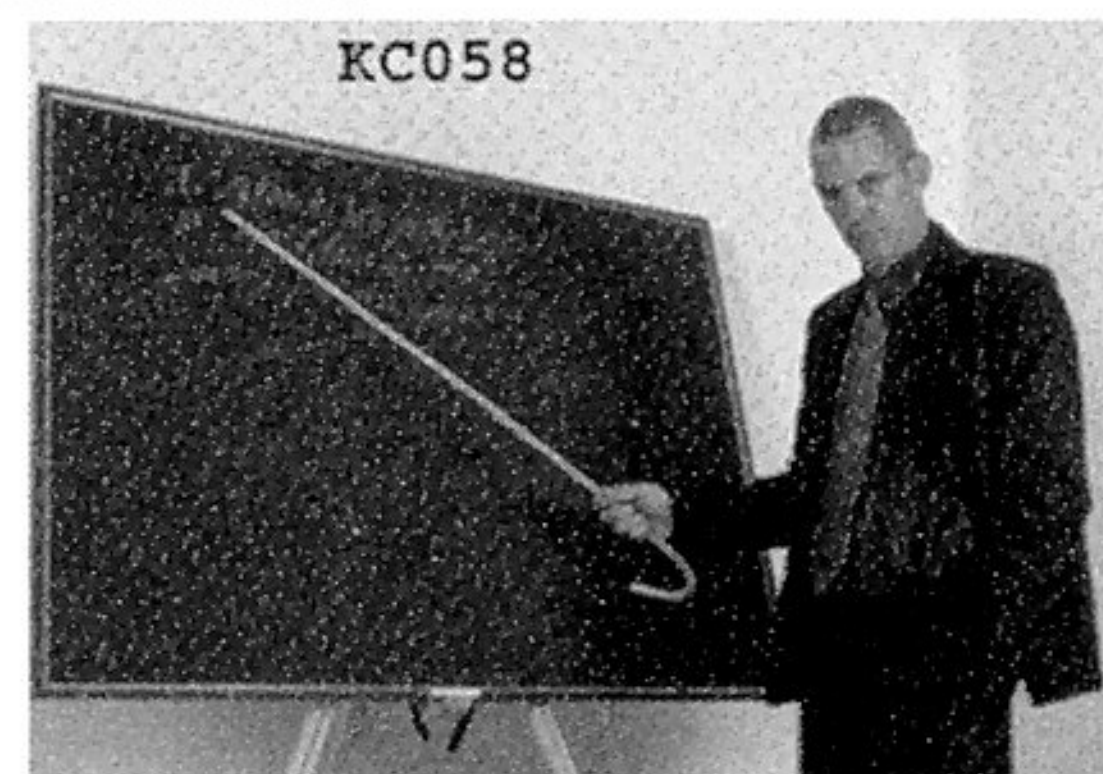
KC055 MISS KATE BIRCH SPANKS REFINED GENTLEMEN I ALSO SWITCH FOR O.T.K SPANKING ROLE PLAY SCENARIOS CALL 07899097203

KC056 - LADY SCARLET, I AM A TRUE LIFESTYLE DOMINATRIX WITH A VOICE OF AN ENGLISH ROSE. I OFFER THE FOLLOWING SERVICES FROM MILD TO SEVERE., CORPORAL PUNISHMENT, COCK & BALL TORTURE, CANDLE WAX, WATERSPORTS, FEET / SHOE / BOOT / STOCKING WORSHIP, HUMILIATION, ELECTRODES, FEMINISATION / MAID TRAINING, NO PERSONAL SERVICES ARE OFFERED INCLUDING BODY WORSHIP, WITHHELD NUMBERS DISCOURAGED AND NEVER GIVEN PRIORITY. COURTESY AND ETIQUETTE REQUIRED AT ALL TIMES. AT PEAK/ BUSY TIMES OR IF INDISPOSED, MALE SERVANT/SLAVE MAY ANSWER PHONE. COURTESY & ETIQUETTE EQUALLY REQUIRED.

WWW.LADYSCARLET.CO.UK EAST SUSSEX 07708 635979



KC058 - MASTER EL DIABLO HAS VACANCIES IN HIS ALTERNATIVE TEACHING PROGRAMME, DISRESPECT, BRATS, NON-COMPLIANCE AND CHEEKINESS WILL NOT BE TOLERATED. EXPECT PUNISHMENT AND DISCIPLINE. MULTI SESSIONS ARE PERMITTED THE MASTER IS ALSO AVAILABLE WITH SARAH COLLINS (SLAVE C) AND/OR MISTRESS VALKYRIE (MISS VALKYRIE BOSSOVA). NORTHAMPTON, 7 DAYS, 10-10. WWW.LA-BOHEM.COM OR 07763660146



KC059 - SILENCE CLASS YOU WILL NOT SPEAK ONE SINGLE WORD UNTIL I TELL YOU TO. MY NAME IS MISS VALKYRIE BOSSOVA AND YOU WILL LEARN TO FEAR ME. DETENTIONS AND CORPORAL PUNISHMENTS ARE MY FAVOURITE LESSONS YOU MAY APPLY FOR 1-2-1 TUITION AND CORRECTION WITH ME. WWW.MISTRESS-VALKYRIE.CO.UK OR 07717872802



KANE CONTACTS KANE CONTACTS KANE CONTACTS

KC060 - HI I'M DAN & I'M A VERY NAUGHTY BOY WHO LOVES THE CANE & SEEKS FEMALES WHO CAN TEACH ME THE ERROR OF MY WAYS PLEASE CALL ON 07717068669

**KC061 - MISTRESS NINA'S TRAINING ACADEMY. CORRECTIVE THERAPY FOR BEGINNERS OR CONNOISSEURS. REPORT NOW IN MY CHAMBERS OR SCHOOLROOM. 0207 383-3301 / 07979-590017
WWW.DOMINATIONQUEEN.COM**



KC067 - MISTRESS MARTINET HAS A BRAND SPANKING NEW DUNGEON FACILITY AT WAKEFIELD WEST YORKSHIRE. ALL SUBMISSIVES STRICTLY DEALT WITH. E-MAIL: WHG@WESTGATEOS.WANADOO.CO.UK TEL: 07909880598



KC074 - 40 YR OLD MALE WOULD LIKE TO MAKE CONTACT WITH ANYONE INTERESTED IN SOME SPANKING FUN. F/M OR M IN N.IRELAND.

KC076 - MALE 45 SEEKS LADIES ANY AGE FOR SPANKING GAMES. NO FEES. WILL TRAVEL. LIMITS RESPECTED. 07776271215

KC077 - NAUGHTY SUBMISSIVE FEMALE NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT THE ERROR OF HER WAYS, CAN YOU HELP? TRAVEL OR ACCOMMODATE. 07779244683

KC079 - STRICT BUT KIND, MOST FETISHES CONSIDERED, WATERSPORTS, MILD BONDAGE, WAX, PEGS, TV'S WELCOME. ONLY GENTS WHO ARE SERIOUS ABOUT CP NEED APPLY. NO BEGINNERS, NO SMOKERS. S.A.E OR PHONE 07984255420. CROYDON AREA.



KC063 - HI SIR I AM CJ A VERY NAUGHTY CHEEKY BRUNETTE WHO LIKES A LAUGH AND A JOKE. I LIVE CLOSE TO DERBY MIDLANDS. SIR IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO PUT ME OVER YOUR KNEE MAKE MY BOTTOM RED AND SORE THEN PERHAPS A DOSE OF STRAP FOLLOWED BY THE CANE PLEASE CONTACT ME ON 07981190095

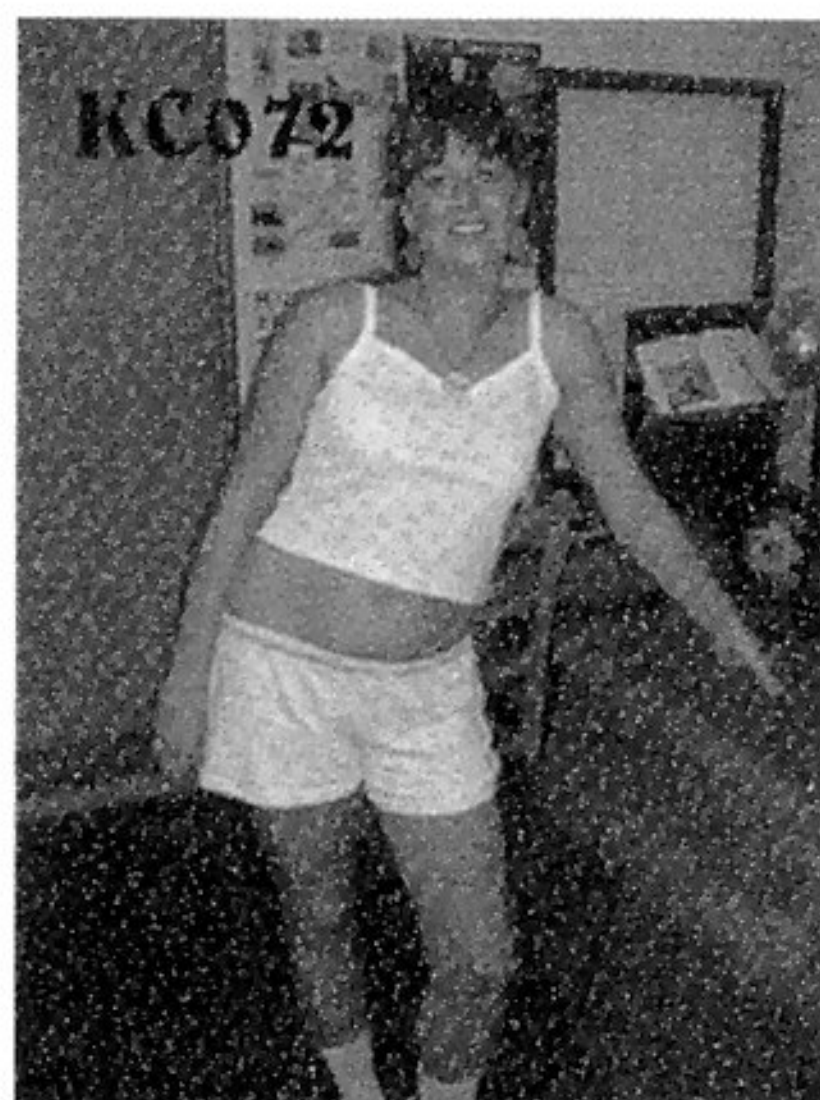
KC064 - MY NAME IS DONNA AND LIVE IN THE WEST MIDLANDS UK IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SOME SPANKING FUN WITH ME AND TAKE MY KNICKERS DOWN FOR A BARE BOTTOM SPANKING THEN PERHAPS MAKE ME BEND OVER FOR THE STRAP AND CANE. I AM WILLING TO TRAVEL WITHIN REASON BUT WOULD EXPECT MY TRAVEL EXPENSES TO BE PAID PLEASE TEL 07967870442



KC069 - VERY NAUGHTY BOY 36 W/MTM STRICT MALE OR FEMALE (AGE UNIMPORTANT) FOR C.P GAMES. HAPPY TO SWITCH. N/WEST. CAN ACCOMMODATE OR TRAVEL ANYWHERE. ALA.

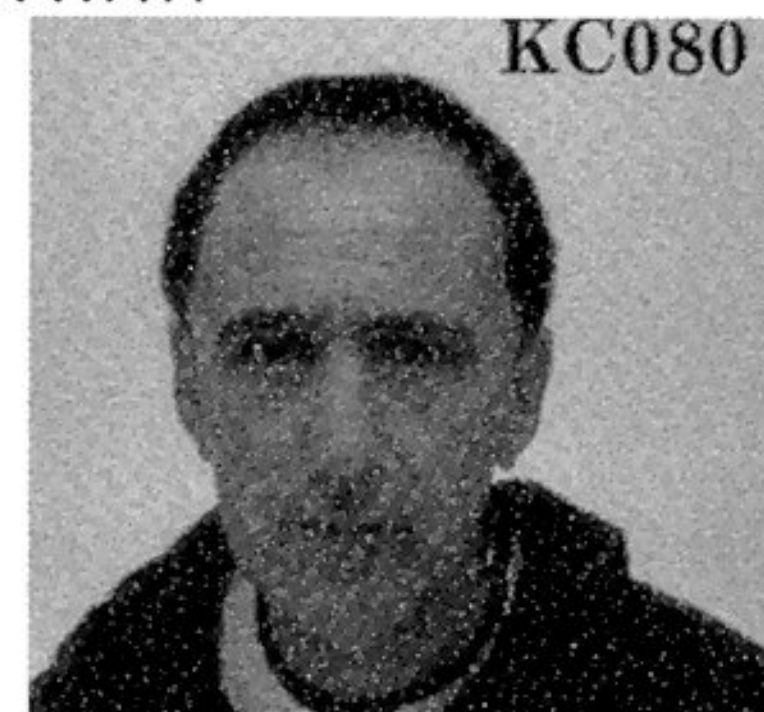


KC080 - VERY NAUGHTY ADULT SCHOOL BOY 39, 5'5, SLIM BUILD NEEDS MARRIED COUPLES OR MARRIED LADIES TO SPANK CANE & TAKE LEATHER BELT TO ME, NO LIMITS, WILL TRAVEL ANYWHERE, NO FEES EITHER WAY.



KC072 - AMBER - NORTH EAST GIRL LIKES ALL SCHOOL SCENARIOS, CAN BE SUB OR DOM. E-MAIL LISA STEVO@.COM OR TEL:07929884028.

KC073 - VIDEOS AND DVD'S FOR SALE £18 EACH. CALL 07984859299



KC081 - MISS CAMEO IS A STRICT, ELEGANT AND SENSUALLY CRUEL DOMINA. SHE ADORES TO PLAY WITH CP, SPANKING AND ROLE PLAY BUT ALSO ENJOYS THE BDSM AND THE DARKER SIDE OF PLAY. SHE SPECIALISES IN JUDICIAL PUNISHMENTS AND IS HAPPY TO SEE BOTH MALES AND FEMALES, COUPLES, SUBS, SLAVES AND EVEN DOMINANTS FOR TRAINING

KANE CONTACTS KANE CONTACTS KANE CONTACTS

MISS_CAMEO@HOTMAIL.CO.UK



KC082 – STRICT AUNTY, SCHOOL SECRETARY, YOU CAN BE A NOVICE OR EXPERIENCED, TO VISIT ME, YOUR BOTTOM WILL BE SPANKED SOUNDLY. I ALSO ENJOY SWITCH LOTS OF HARD SPANKING. FOR NAUGHTY KATE CALL ME ON 07899097203. MERSEYSIDE AREA.

KC083 – SUNDERLAND HEADMASTER (PHIL MITCHELL LOOKALIKE) AVAILABLE TO SPANK NAUGHTY LADIES, MEN OR COUPLES. LOVES ROLE PLAY. DISCRETION ASSURED. NAUGHTYNICKER@HOTMAIL.CO.UK 07940870806

KC084 - PUNISHMENT THERAPY FOR NAUGHTY WOMEN. AMERICAN MALE LIVING IN LONDON. PROFESSIONAL PUNISHMENT THERAPIST HAVING HELPED MANY WOMEN OVERCOME THEIR GUILTY FEELINGS FOR MISBEHAVIOUR, ADULTERY, POOR MOTHER/WIFE, STEALING & MUCH MORE. WHEN YOU COME TO ME YOU'LL BE EXPECTED TO CONFESS YOUR SINS, BEFORE RECEIVING THE APPROPRIATE CORPORAL PUNISHMENT YOU DESERVE, FROM A BARE-BOTTOM SPANKING TO A WHIPPING AND/OR CANING. WHEN YOU COME TO ME YOU'LL BE IN SAFE COMPETENT HANDS & WHEN YOU LEAVE I GUARANTEE YOU'LL FEEL MENTALLY RELIEVED & MUCH SEXIER. 1ST SESSION FREE. LONDON 0207-431-0873 9AM – 9PM. SAFE & SECURE ANSWER PHONE IF UNAVAILABLE. I LOOK FORWARD TO HEARING FROM YOU.

KC085 - SANDRA, 34, SPANKED (SOMETIMES MORE THAN SPANKED) BY TUTOR DAVE, 51, SEEKS PEN FRIENDSHIP WITH SIMILARLY PUNISHED FEMALES (SORRY NO MEN). INITIAL CONTACT VIA KANE MAGAZINE.

KC086 – MALE 53 WOULD LIKE TO MEET SUB SINGLE LADY ANY AGE OR COUPLE WITH SUB FEMALE FOR C.P GAMES. CONTACT VIA KANE MAGAZINE

KC087 – VERY DISCREET, SINCERE, FRIENDLY, SAFE, OLDER GENTLEMAN W.L.T.M CURVY "NAUGHTY SECRETARY" EXCITED BY OCCASIONAL SPANKINGS / FUN / ROLEPLAY. OFFERS HELP WITH COLLEGE FEES! PHOTO APPRECIATED.

KC088 – SWISS MALE 42 SEEKS EXCITING CORRESPONDENCE WITH MALE C.P FANS. PLEASE REPLY TO PASCAL VIA THE KANE OFFICE

KC089 – SUBMISSIVE MATURE MALE SEEKS DOMINANT LADY TO PUT HIM OVER HER KNEE FOR A BARE BOTTOM SPANKING. GENUINE CALLS PLEASE 01634-681735



KC090 - AMPLE NAUGHTY BOTTOM FOR FIRM CORRECTIVE ACTION Tel: 07521298334 FOR MORE DETAILS

KC091 - STRICT MASTER ANTHONY CALLING ALL YOU NAUGHTY GIRLS IN NEED OF PUNISHMENT. PHONE OR TEXT FOR DETAILS – 07943952710.

KC092 – HALF DECENT LONG HAIRE MALE, 40'S, WLTM FEMS ANY TIME/ PLACE, DOMME/SUB/EITHER OR BOTH. FUN NOT FEES. GISSA TEXT – DAVE 07840269226.

KC093 – 48 YEAR OLD BISEXUAL MALE WISHES TO BE PUNISHED & HUMILIATED BY STERN MASTER OR COUPLE. VERY SUBMISSIVE. VERY OBEDIENT. LONDON OR SOUTH EAST. TEXT 07939228663. ALL TEXTS ANSWERED. NO FEES – DAVID

KC095 - I ENJOY SUBMISSIVE SERVICES AND ON MY WEB SITE YOU WILL SEE GENUINE PHOTO'S OF ME, IN GENUINE OUTFITS AND UNIFORMS. MY AIM IS TO PLEASE, AND BESIDE SUBMISSIVE SERVICES I ENJOY PERSONAL SERVICES TOO.OFFERING A FULL RANGE OF THE SERVICES, I INCLUDE A HUGE CHOICE OF UNIFORMS TO ACCOMMODATE EVERY FANTASY ROLE PLAY. NOT FORGETTING A WIDE VARIETY OF TOYS SO WE CAN PLAY AND HAVE LOT'S OF FUN. THE EQUIPMENT FOR BANDAGE IS EXTENSIVE AND WILL LEAVE YOU FEELING VERY RESTRAINED. CALL 07964 319 094 TO

MEET UP AND MAKE YOUR FANTASY A REALITY. I HAVE A LUXURIOUS APARTMENT IN CENTRAL LONDON, WHERE YOU CAN RELAX AND TRUST THAT THE PROFESSIONAL SERVICE THAT I OFFER, WILL BE EVERYTHING YOU WANTED AND MUCH MORE THEN EXPECTED.

SUB EMMA TEL: 07964 319 094
WWW.BDSMEMMA.COM



KC096 - I AM A GENUINE SUBMISSIVE GIRL; I TAKE A GOOD OLD FASHIONED DISCIPLINARIAN CANE, STRAP, SPANKING AND CAN GO INTO TOTAL BONDAGE, ETC. MY MASTERS CONSIDER ME TO BE ONE OF THE BEST SUBMISSIVE GIRLS IN THE UK AS MY SERVICES ARE TO THE HIGHEST STANDARDS AND BECAUSE I THOROUGHLY ENJOY ROLE PLAYS AND BEING PUNISHED. MY MASTERS DESCRIBE ME AS "SLENDER, WILLING & OBLIGING". I ALWAYS TAKE TIME TO DISCUSS YOUR SERVICE WITH YOU SO YOU WILL GET THE MAXIMUM PLEASURE YOU DESIRE. IF YOU FIND SUBMISSIVE GIRLS ALLURING, I AM CERTAIN YOU'LL TAKE PLEASURE HERE. YOU CAN BE CERTAIN OF RECEIVING A FULL AND SATISFYING SERVICE THAT WILL ENSURE THAT YOU WILL WISH TO REPEAT THE EXPERIENCE. PLEASE CORRECT MY BEHAVIOR SOON! I AM BASED IN CENTRAL LONDON APARTMENT. SUBMISSIVE SUMMER TEL: 07904 281 909 WWW.SUBMISSIVE-SUMMER.COM



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KC097 – COUPLE, SHE’S SUB, HE’S DOM, LOOKING FOR NAUGHTY GIRLS & BOYS FOR C.P FUN.
CALL - 07943952710

KC098 – STRICT MALE LOOKING FOR YOUNG (18-36) VERY SUBMISSIVE FEMALE THAT ENJOYS BEING GIVEN A LONG HARD BARE BOTTOM TRADITIONAL DISCIPLINE. I WILL TEST YOUR LIMITS TO THE MAX AND PUSH YOU TO THE EDGE OVER A WHIPPING STOOL. TIE, TEASE, STRAP, CANE AND WHIP NAUGHTY YOUNG LADIES BARE BOTTOMS. MUST ALSO ENJOY FANTASY ROLL PLAY GAMES. HERTS, ESSEX, NTH LONDON. CALL 07503295128 / 07758670749 (SAFE TO LEAVE A MESSAGE)

KC099 – MID LIFE LAID BACK MALE NEWBIE LOOKING FOR LADIES TO SHARE EXPERIENCES. ROB
07504896585 OR VIA KANE

KC100 - I AM JOHN THE SPANKER, ALL NAUGHTY LADIES 18 - 45 REPORT TO ME. NO PVC, W/S, HUMILIATION. CAN ACC SATURDAYS, BRISTOL. REPLIES VIA KANE OFFICE.

KC101 - OLD FASHION GENT, MIDDLE AGED, BORED, STARVED OF FEMALE COMPANY SINCE LOSS OF WIFE. CONSIDERATE, WITH GOOD OLD FASHION MANNERS, OLD FASHION IDEAS OF OFFICE DISCIPLINE W/LTM EQUALLY BORED WELL DRESSED FEMALE SUB ‘SECRETARY’ 18 - 50 FOR MILD CP & MUTUAL STIMULATING GRATIFICATION. DON’T REPLY IF TOO SHY TO

SHOW YOUR KNICKERS. STRICTLY NO FEES EITHER WAY & DEFINITELY NO PENETRATION. ANYWHERE IN S.E UK. TO MEET FOR A CHAT AT VENUE OF YOUR CHOICE.
PLEASE ASK FOR BILL SENIOR 020 8467-6545.
SAFE TO LEAVE NAME & NUMBER IF NO REPLY. AGE NO OBSTACLE IF KEEN..



KC102 - MY NAME IS CARRIE AND I NEED TO BE SPANKED AND CANED TO CURB MY NAUGHTY BEHAVIOUR. I HAVE THE MOST SPANKABLE PERT BOTTOM IN LONDON THAT DESERVES SOME OLD FASHIONED DISCIPLINE. I LOVE TO BE CANED AS HARD AS YOU CAN GIVE IT SIR! 100%

GENUINE, ENGLISH, BLONDE AND PETITE SUBMISSIVE. FOR MORE INFORMATION WWW.SUBCARRIE.COM OR EMAIL ME AT APPOINTMENTS@SUBCARRIE.COM 07931 719 840. PLEASE MENTION KANE WHEN CONTACTING ME.

NOTE FROM JOSIE
I DO TRY TO KEEP THE CONTACT PAGES UP TO DATE BUT SADLY SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO PLACE ADS DON’T ALWAYS TELL ME WHEN THEY HAVE MOVED ON, CHANGED NUMBER OR LEFT THE SCENE. SO IF YOU REPLY TO ANY OF THE CONTACTS ADS PLACED IN KANE MAGAZINE & DO NOT HEAR ANYTHING BACK PLEASE LET ME KNOW. I WILL LOOK INTO IT & IF NEEDED THEIR AD WILL BE REMOVED ASAP.
THANK-YOU
JOSIE XX

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KANE 104

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KANE 104

Northern Spanking Presents—Model's Fantasies

Ghastly Amelia Jane

The true-life personal fantasy of Amelia Jane Rutherford

Written & Directed by Lucy McLean

'Ghastly Amelia Jane' is part of our new series of titles which feature the real fantasies and stories of our models that they want to explore or capture. Amelia Jane came to us with not one, but two fantasies! To be woken from sleeping to be spanked, and to be an absolutely vile spoilt horror of a girl with a private tutor. So Lucy combined the two and wrote this scenario. The result is one of the best spanking titles we've made, we're sure you'll think the same.





Amelia Jane thinks that to inherit Daddy's engineering firm all she has to do is flutter her eyelashes to obtain the necessary qualifications.

The tutor appointed to prepare her for her degree is singularly invulnerable to such tactics.

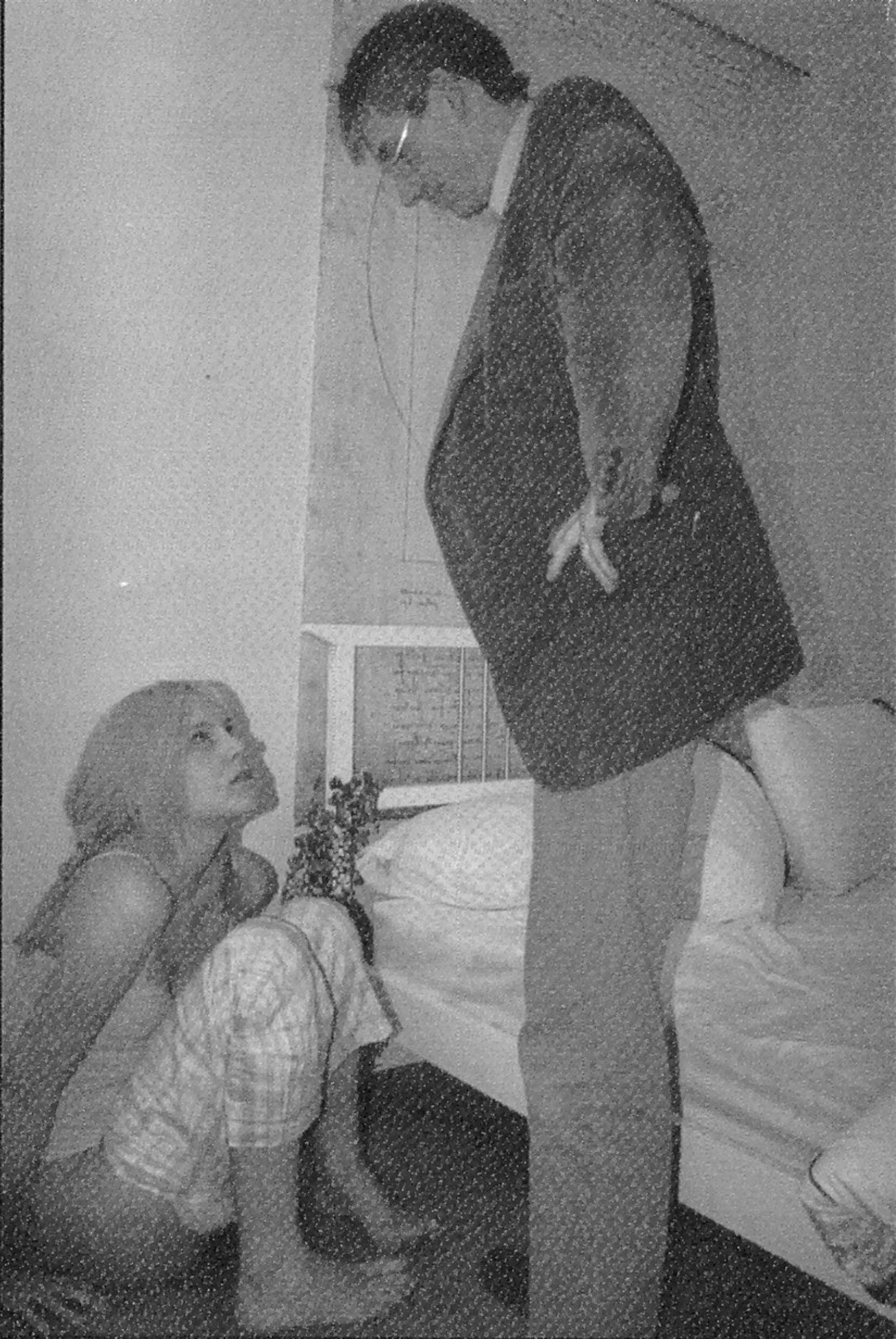


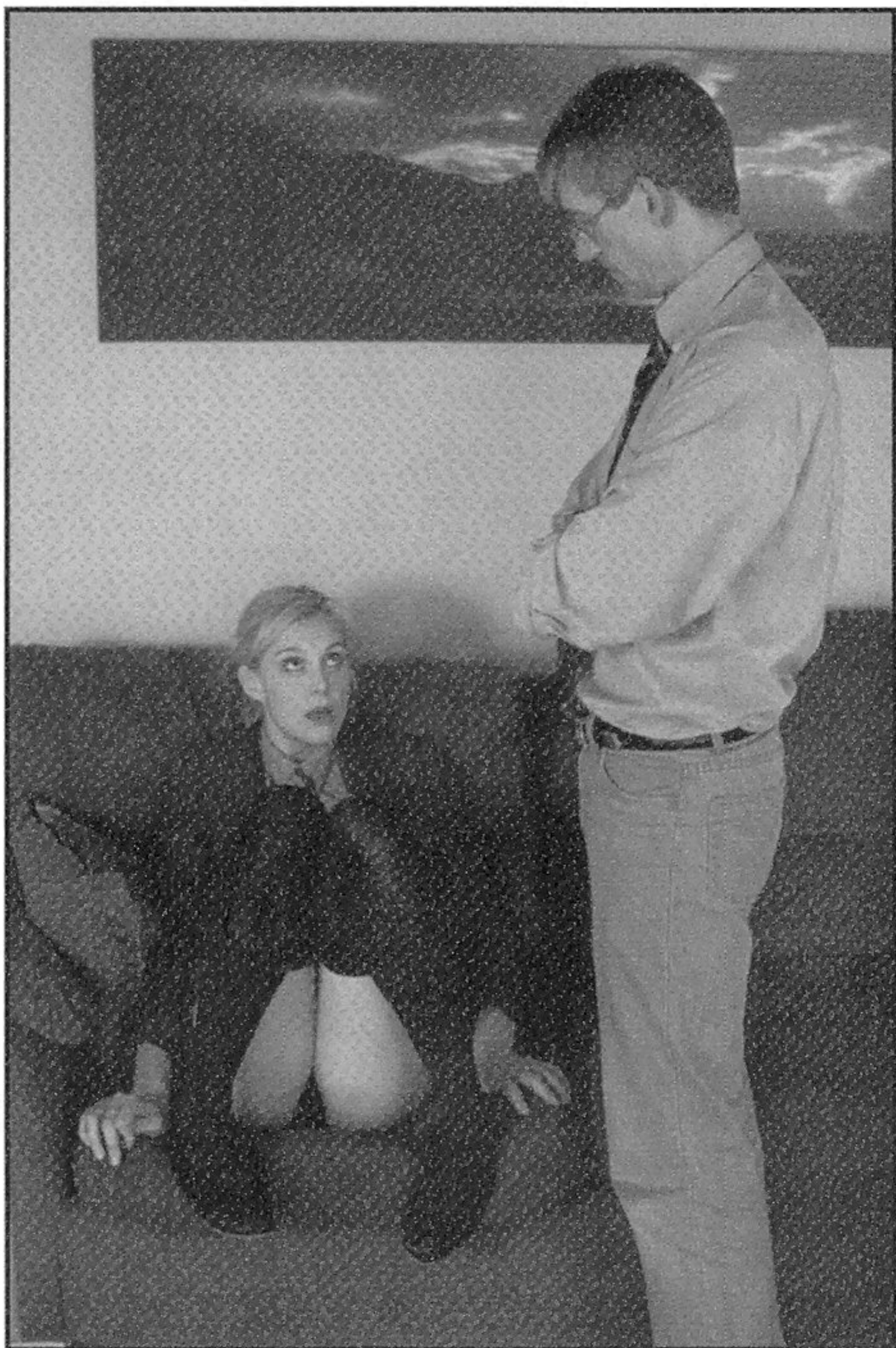
His morning starts badly when Amelia does not turn up for her lesson and is found still in bed nursing a hangover. One of the very first things he will be teaching her is punctuality!

The first of many spankings ensues with Amelia in her jammies and protesting loudly.

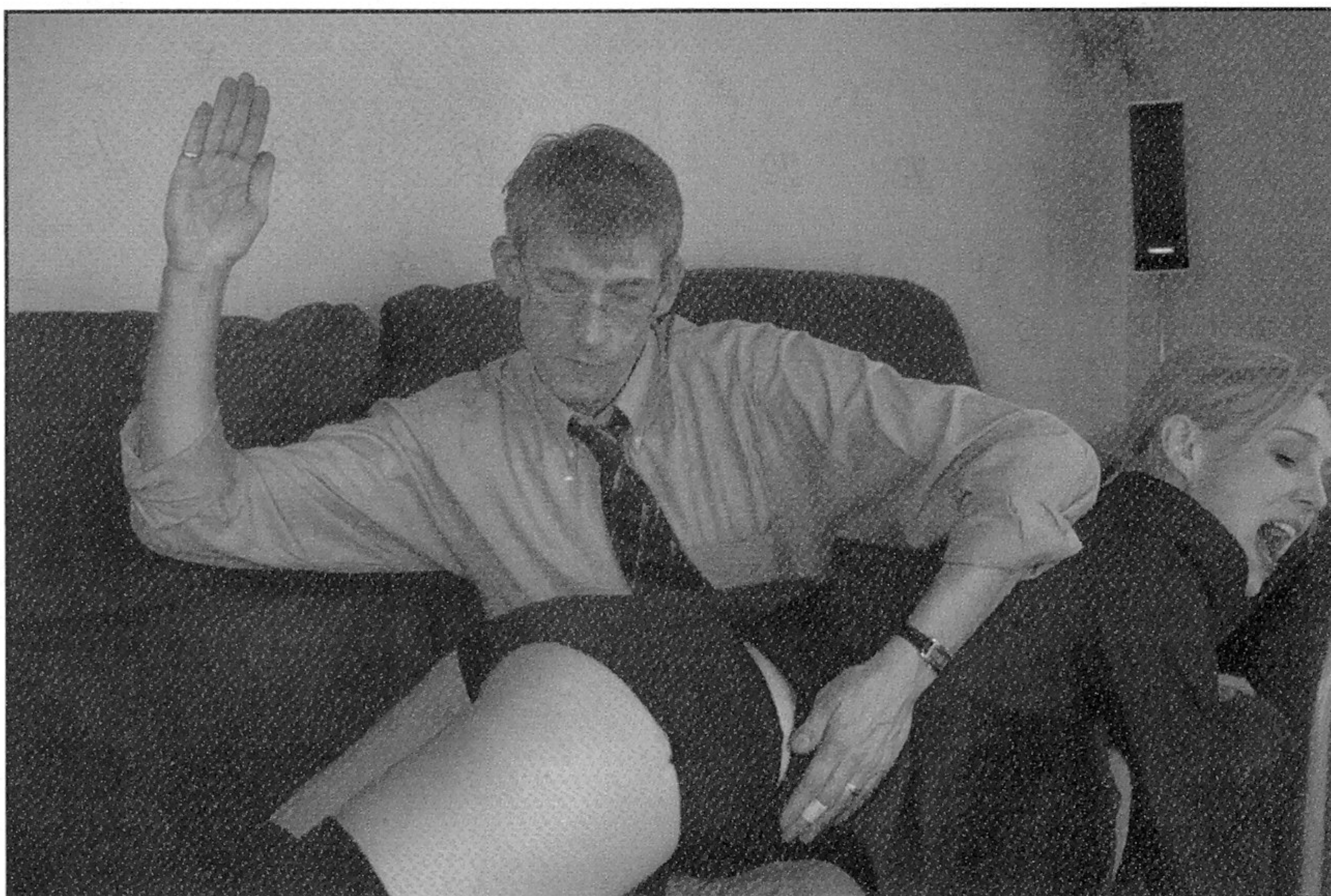


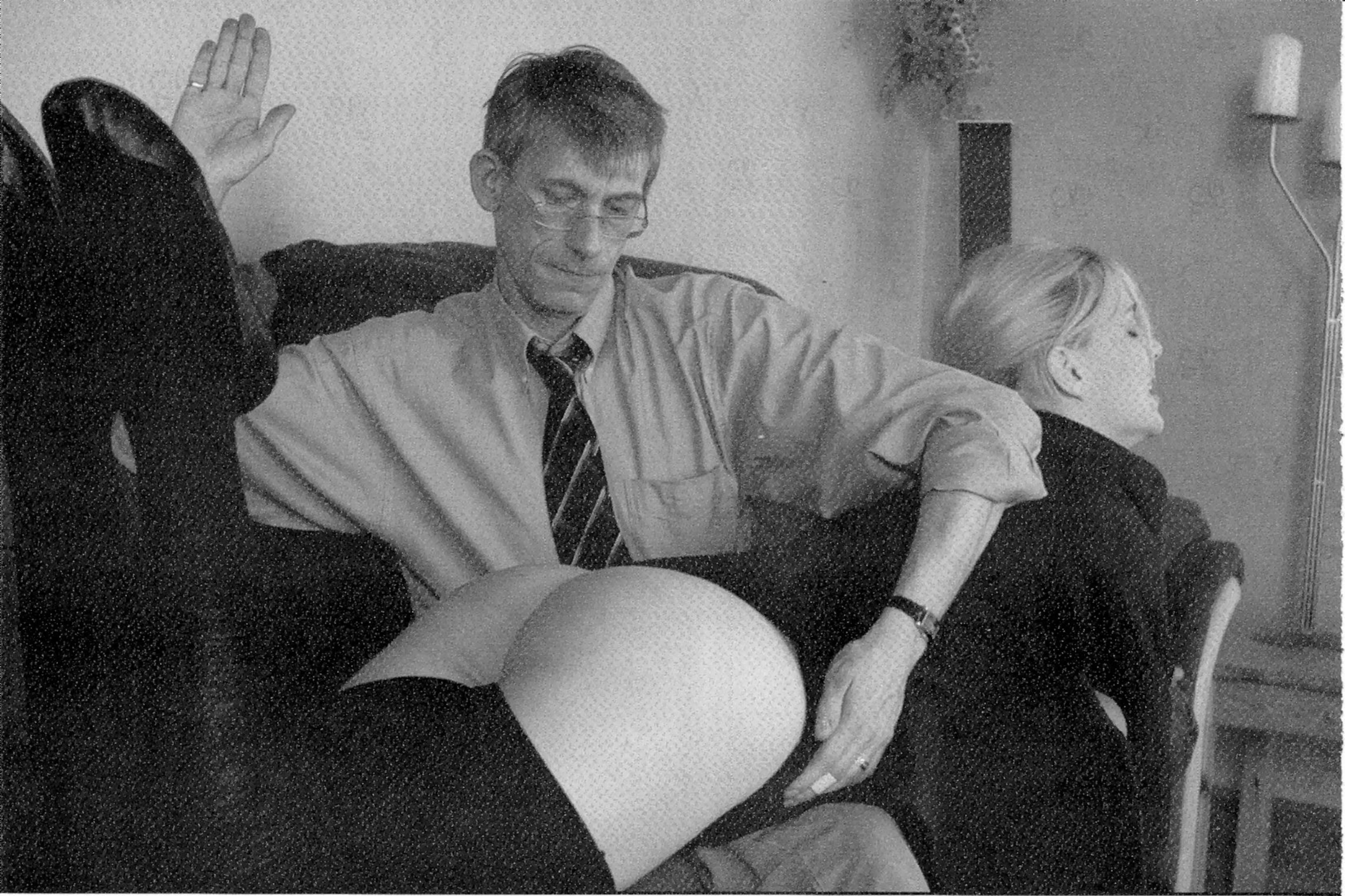






Amelia having finally got up and dressed was at last was ready for a afternoon of study, or so her tutor thought! He soon found out she was no more co-operative and the exasperated tutor spansks her again, this time over her navy blue gym knickers.

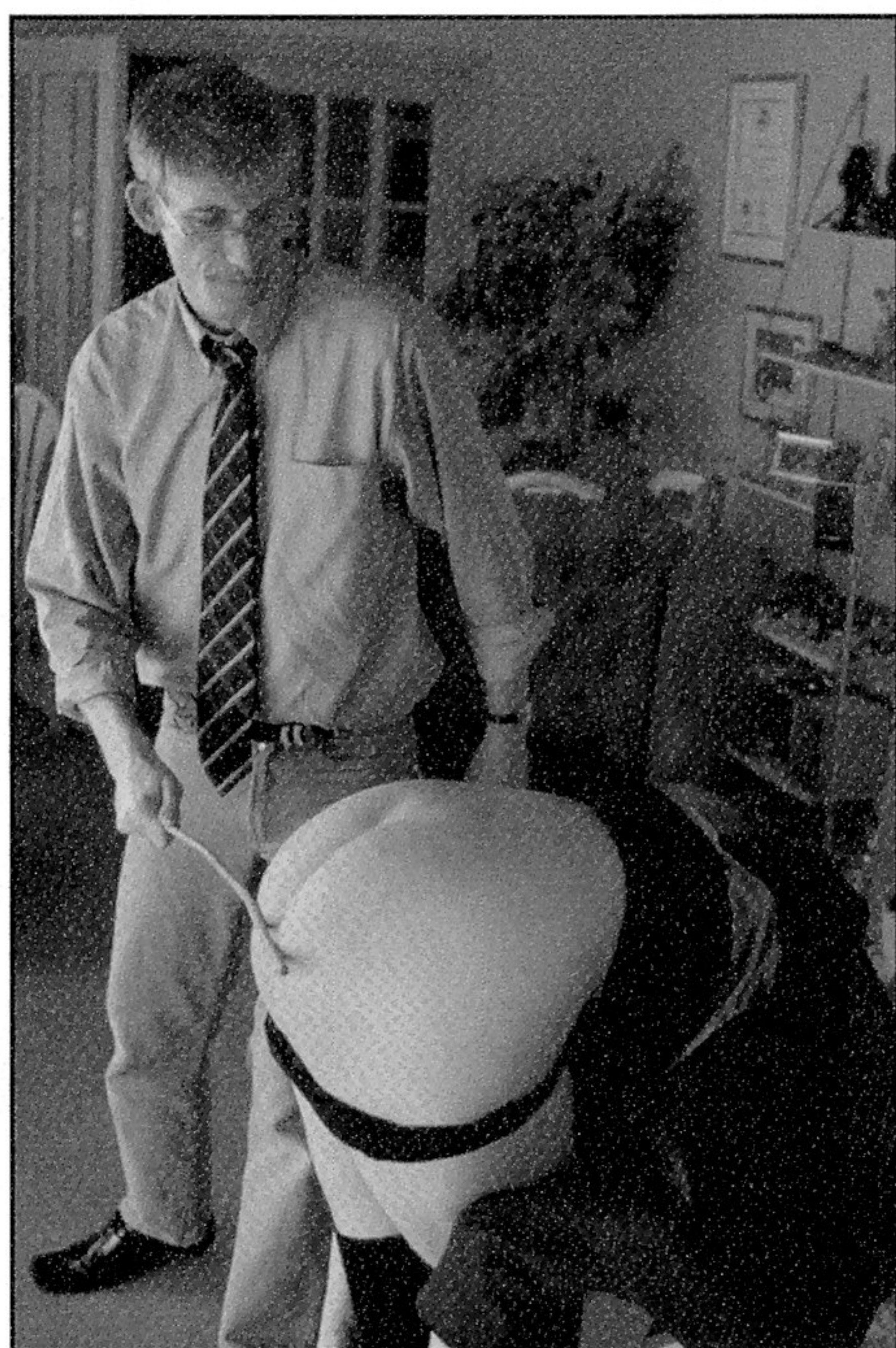








The subsequent test on basic knowledge reveals that Amelia Jane is not good at studying. She is however very good at expressing her belief in her own self-importance and how life (and Daddy!) owe her a living. It takes a bare bottomed strapping and paddling to almost disabuse her of this notion but not until Amelia Jane feels the cane across her bottom does she seem anything like truly compliant! Daddy would be so proud!



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JUST 30p

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We have images of the UK's best known models to some of the most SHOCKING & EXTREME images available. This service connects to Vodafone, 02, Orange and T-Mobile.

FEM DOM



txt **KANE1**
to **69799**

Painful images of Mistresses at work. Needle play, CBT, Male slaves being tortured. Hotel suite action not to be missed. Stunning Mistress poses for those who can't take the heat.

TERESA MAY



txt **KANE2**
to **69799**

World renowned Teresa May as you've never seen her before. See her pleasuring herself. At play with her friends or in her Dominatrix outfit. Great collection!!

BONDAGE



txt **KANE3**
to **69799**

If you like babes in bondage, then this is the collection for you. Watch out for the busty babe bound and gagged to a chair and tormented. These pics are shocking!!

CATHY BARRY



txt **KANE4**
to **69799**

Cathy Barry recently voted Europe's top porn star. See her smothering her lesbo playmates face with her huge tits. Some great pics of her and Teresa May together.

COLLEGE



txt **KANE5**
to **69799**

Shocking behaviour of what some college students get up to when they finish there studies. Other students take to modelling to pay off their student debts.

JANE WHITEHOUSE



txt **KANE6**
to **69799**

Busty Blonde Sunday Sport Babe get her kit off and gets dirty with her pal Mistress Red. See them inserting toys and licking each other. Extremely explicit and sexy.

STRAP-ON



txt **KANE7**
to **69799**

Female partner uses on her male partner a huge strap-on cock for some arse busting action. Two Lesbo friends take turns to do each other with their black strap-on.

LINDA LEIGH



txt **KANE8**
to **69799**

UK's top lapdancer poses in some provocative outfits and poses. See her let herself go in some hot action shots with Teresa May. You will not find a hotter selection of pics.

SPANKING



txt **KANE9**
to **69799**

Plump rump, paddled, caned and whipped. If you like seeing sore arses and bare buttocks being beaten, then this is a collection you just can't afford to miss!

BIZARRE



txt **KANE10**
to **69799**

Chicks with dicks, anal insertion, double penetration, fetish outfits, toys, kinky sex acts and more. This collection has extreme and bizarre images that will shock!

ADULT SERVICE - SOME PICTURES MAY OFFEND. NO MINORS!!

All services are for 18 years and over only. Images are compatible with colour picture and WAP enabled phones. Service costs: minimum 5 pics for £1.50 which is equal to 30p per image, billed once every 3 days. To stop service txt STOP to 69799. PO Box Senate, London N18 2BU. We reserve the right to contact individuals with promotional information.

KANE KUTIE'S



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19TH FEBRUARY – FRENCH MAIDS

10TH SEPTEMBER – NEW SCHOOL YEAR

30TH APRIL – CHEERLEADERS

29TH OCTOBER – HALLOWEEN

25TH JUNE – BIKINI BEAUTIES

10TH DECEMBER – WINTER WONDERLAND

FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT JOSIE AT KANE MAGAZINE
13 RIDDLESDALE AVE, KENT, TN4 9AB. 01892-617223 / 07958 795530
WWW.KANE-MAGAZINE.COM KANEOFFICE@BTINTERNET.COM

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