





A Personal Anthology by Paula Meadows

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I would like to dedicate this collection to all the faithful readers of Janus, particularly those who have followed my progress through the years and sent me the most encouraging letters about my drawings.

drawings.

My special thanks and appreciation also go to Peter (the Janus editor during the period covered by this book), to Vic who took the photos, to Richard Manton, to St. John and Michael who gave me the confidence to become an editor myself, to David Harrison who sparked me off to do this collection, and the Publisher himself who made it possible.



he idea of putting together this collection occurred to me a couple of years ago, when I received an unexpected gift from a friend: a very large book, compiled by himself over the years, containing copies of every drawing I had ever done for Janus. In fact, every contribution I had made to that esteemed publication, both as a model and as a writer, was there. starting from the year 1982.

Seeing an accumulation of one's work can be quite a revelation. It can also give you a shock! Some of early drawings seemed rather crude and artless to me now, and yet there was a sort of innocent exuberance about them which took away any connotation of "pornographic", and made me smile as the memories flooded back. I recognised my friends in some of the characters depicted; caught a glimpse of myself in some of those female faces, reminding me of my own delight and trepidation at that time as I leapt enthusiastically from one erotic experience to the

next. I had wanted to live out my fantasy world to the full!

How lucky I have been! I was in the satisfying and enviable position of being able to explore and express my own fascinating journey of self discovery, as well as having the opportunities to find out more and more about the complicated world of spanking. But hold on! I am leaping ahead of myself.

y first appearance in Janus was, strangely enough, in an issue with a most unfortuitous number - 13 - but clearly this goes to prove that it is by no means always the herald of bad luck. To the contrary, Janus came into my life at just the RIGHT time. How did it all come about?

By 1982 my career had already undergone several upheavals. From being an actress in the seventies playing roles from Shakespeare to Shaw to Peter Shaffer in stage productions, and appearing in small parts on T.V. (very small!), I decided to revert to my first love - painting - drifting gently into it via stage design and lighting.



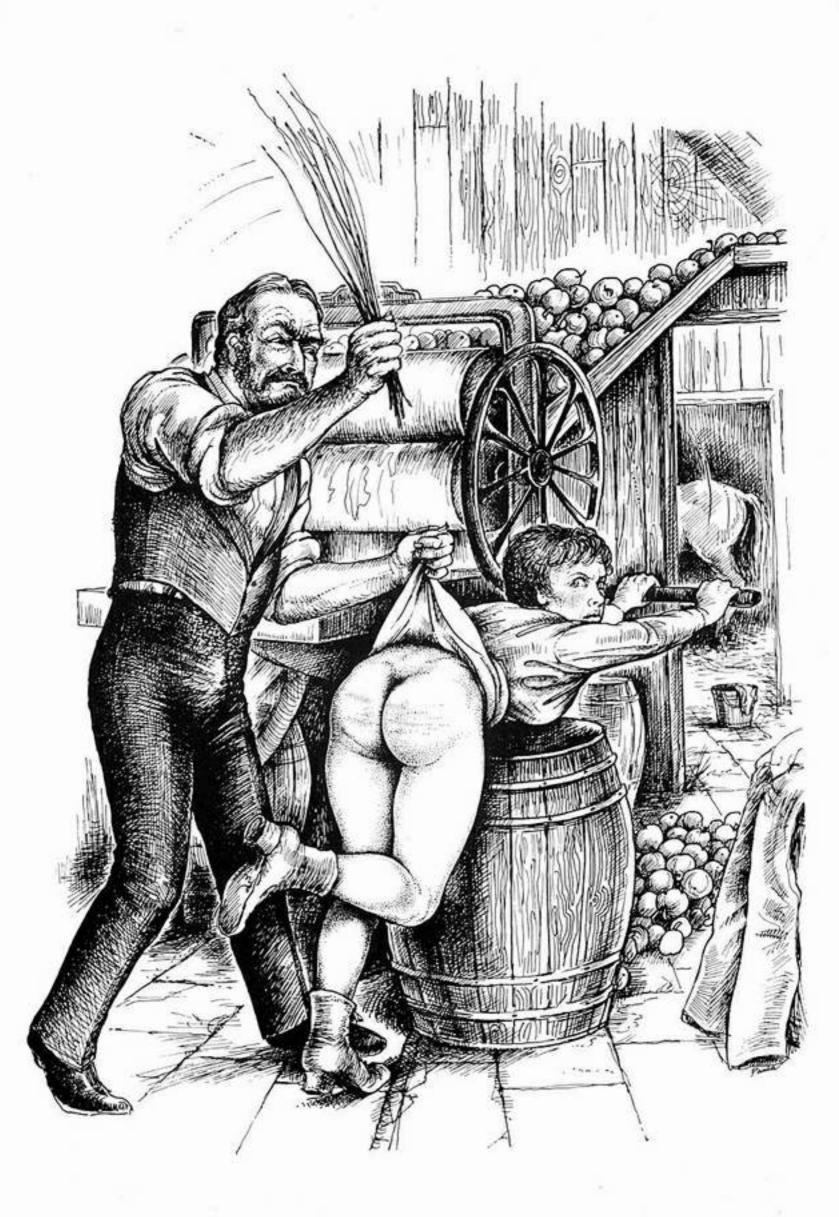
In those days the subject matter and inspiration for my painting was all theatrical. You would see montages of West End shows and portraits of famous personalities from films and Broadway, but not a bare bottom in sight! I also illustrated a children's book.

Then, as the eighties burst upon us, another change of direction occurred, born out of an inner restlessness and need for adventure, and a great many other factors which cannot be explained because I hardly understand them myself. I decided that I wanted to appear in a sex video. I took the plunge, enjoyed it immensely and to my utter astonishment, Paula Meadows was born. My world was turned upside down. This new incarnation of me didn't seem to resemble the earlier, rather timid version at all. Adventurous and insatiable, she launched herself into a new career; exhibiting herself without any shame in glossy magazines, making more films and creating new paintings

out of the torrent of erotic imagery that was unleashed.

I had already discovered my interest in the riding crop, the strap and the martinet, but now I found that I was not alone in my interest. New friends arrived on the scene.

Janus 13 and I see what appears to be a demure, innocent and inexperienced girl, but this is far from the truth. My initiation had already taken place. In fact only three weeks before this photoshoot I had been in wicked Amsterdam filming a story, loosely autobiographical, about an artist who goes off on a quest to experience her sado-masochistic fantasies for real. In the climax to this film I was put through my paces by a world-famous dominatrix and endured the most protracted and painful whipping of my life, from a selection of formidable implements. At the end I remember kissing the lady with the whip, and thanking her for what she had done. I meant it too. Her face was wet with perspiration. She had



expended a great deal of effort to give me the array of sensations I had come all that way to experience. Of course I thanked her.

The dramatic bruises lasted for some time and I showed them with pride, but there is no sign of them in these photos and I appear to be quite happy to receive some fresh marks from the cane. Isn't life strange?

Tollowing that first modelling session I was asked by the mysterious new editor of Janus (I had not actually met him yet) whether I would like to try my hand at illustrating a story. And here enters a forceful new character into the scenario. who had a very strong idea of where he wished the magazine to go. I believe it began to have his own individual stamp on it from that moment onwards. I said 'yes' of course, and thus it was that contribution first appeared in number 14.

It was my good luck to have a piece of writing by Richard Manton as inspiration to start the creative juices going. 1 remember how impressed I was by the style and content of 'The Man with the Golden Rod'. It seems on reflection, to epitomise the perfect Janus fantasy; rooted in the past when the prevailing morality of the day gave permission to those in the 'right' to discipline cruelly those it deemed to be in the wrong. In reality this era was probably amongst the most miserable (for the

underlings anyway!) and misguided, but I sensed in Richard Manton's writing a certain wise humour and delight in the bizarre absurdity of it all. I delighted in it too and took great pains with this, my first drawing, endeavouring to give it the appearance of an old engraving.

I don't know why, but my sympathies were always with James Miles when he dealt so harshly with those impudent, strapping girls. But what woman could possibly resist being impudent to such a man!

Her protests are gasped and breathless as you measure the birch across the rounding and writhing plumpness of Ange's pale mobile seat-cheeks. Thrash! goes the triple-switched rod across her quivering backside, Thrash!... Thrash!... Thrash!... THRASH!... THRASH!... SWISHHHH-THRASH!

What an afternoon this promises to be! Ange's shrillness is making the rafters ring. Bottom upwards over the barrel she is going like a champion, legs pumping up and down at twice the speed. Ange's soft pale buttocks are dancing cheek-

> to-cheek, and it is well for her that she cannot twist over on her hip. Thrash!... Thrash!... 'Push your behind right out now, Ange! Run faster!' Thrash!... Thrash!... Thrash!... Thrash!... Thrash!...

My goodness, but that virtuous Mr Miles does work hard! His selfless dedication should be a compelling example to us all. On this page we observe him once more, exerting himself to the full to redeem another unfortunate female from the clutches of wickedness and indolence.

Judith may be a demure and well-spoken young lady, the stuff of which pupil-teacher and governesses are made. But she has broken the rules and this time it is she who is on the receiving end...

The sharp impacts of the cane ring out one after another across the nymph-cheeks of Judith's arse. Such a ladylike young backside undergoing so undignified a punishment! The silken whisper of stocking rises as her graceful legs squirm together. One knee jams

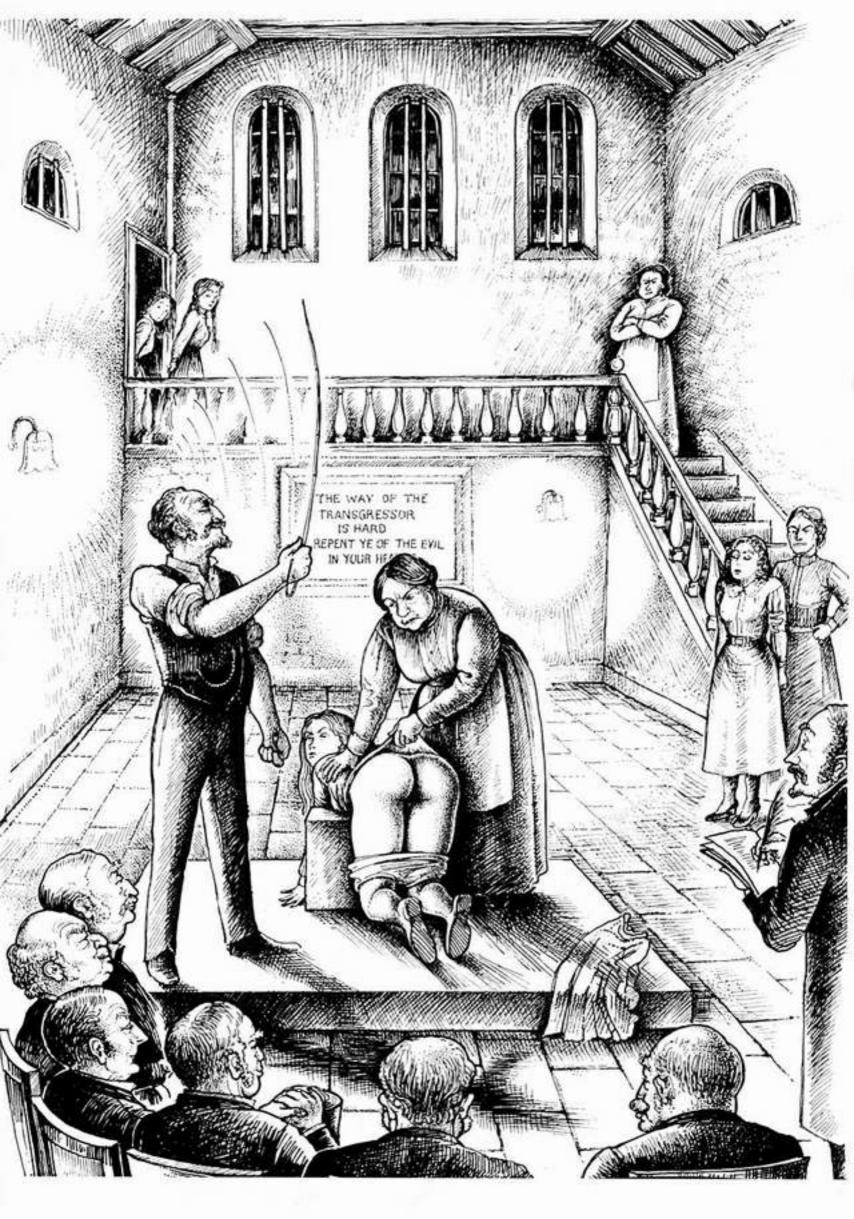
frantically into the back of the other. The elegant ovals of Judith's bum-cheeks twist aside and there is a wild cry. Not surprisingly when you view the smarting willow-pattern of bamboo printed in fire on her behind. But you cannot permit such wriggling.

'Want me to take you back to the beginning and start again, Judith? No? Then bend properly. Up on tiptoe, forehead on the chair seat. No need to blush about it...'

So the caning continues. You no doubt pause from time to time to survey your handiwork. Then comes the dread utterance

'Quite still, Judith! I'm not satisfied with your bottom yet!"





In number 15 we see James Miles again, and one of my favourite drawings (left) shows the master demonstrating his consummate skill in front of the governors of his institution.

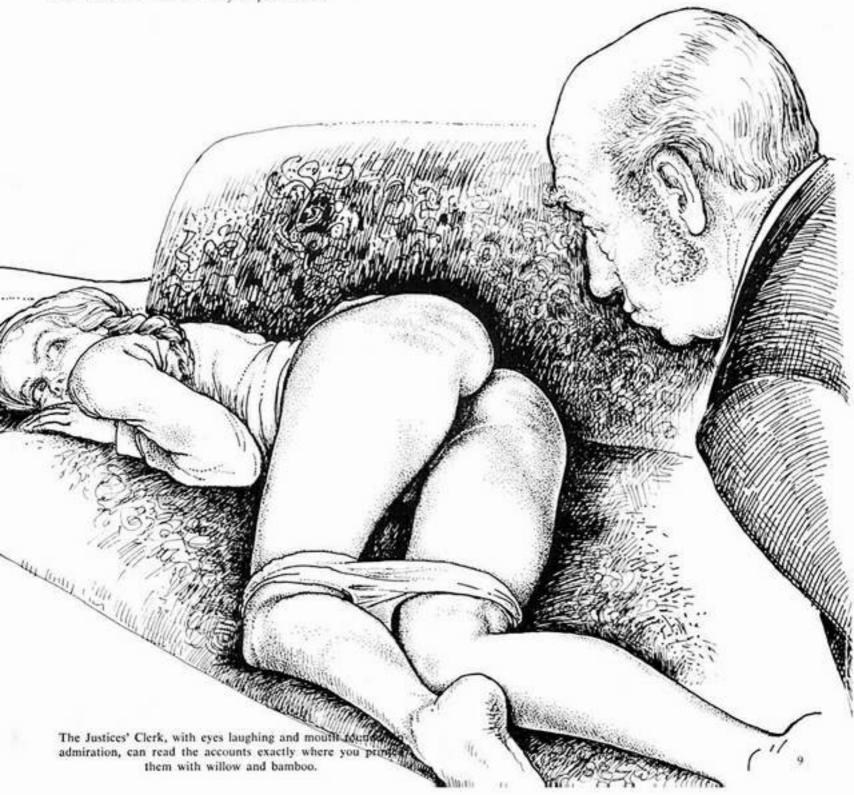
So Mr Miles gently and almost teasingly measures the bamboo across the full pale cheeks of Elaine's young bottom. For all her defiance, the youngster is gnawing at her lower lip apprehensively. Her hands are clenched desperately and her fifth former's buttocks are tensing and shifting under the menace of the bamboo touch.

With all the time in the world, Mr Miles takes aim. Then, raising the cane he brings it down with an ear splitting smack across both cheeks of Elaine's bottom. She gasps at the smart and her bum-cheeks begin to arch and squirm. Mr Miles knows from long experience that the initial smarting impact of the bamboo across Elaine's adolescent behind will swell in intensity to a savage climax several seconds later. Expert that he is, he aims each stroke to coincide with that climax if its predecessor.

As you can see one of the venerable observers has placed his top hat on his lap in order to conceal any evidence that the exhibition may be arousing him with its improprieties.

The grotesque, uncharitable faces of the female wardens in this picture, could hardly have acted as a spur to the young wayward females to behave themselves - if that was the end product of being good, then who could possibly want it?

Number 17 brings us 'Sir Rodney's New Maid' by David Redshaw. Again we visit a severe Victorian establishment, but this time it is that of the fearsome Miss Marchmain who punishes every instance of moral turpitude in her young ladies with the utmost rigor, thus demonstrating what I have always suspected: that women can be a lot more sadistic than men. Sir Rodney evidently feels the same way...





But Miss Marchmain was fully roused too, and her patience exhausted. She took hold of the top of the girl's drawers and, with a splitting, rending sound, literally tore them away from Arabella's surging posterior.

This was a caning totally lacking in finesse. It was delivered in the white heat of anger, and stroke after stroke rained down in unbroken succession upon the general area that lay between Arabella's hips and the tops of her stocking.

I completely lost count of the number of strokes, they fell so thick and fast. Arabella's tomboyishly compact little bottom cheeks quickly lost their pale coppery sheen as an untidy array of thick, ridged weals sprang up to spoil their ivory beauty.



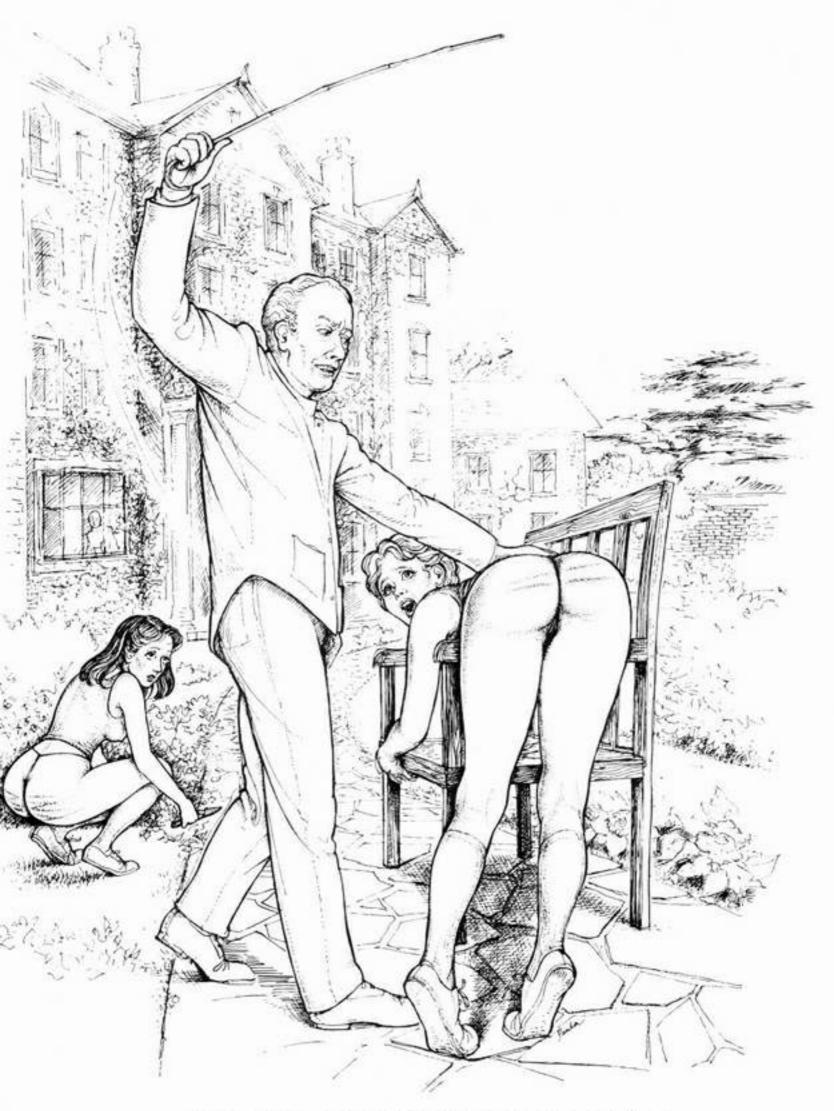
Arabella's shrieks of distress, loud enough to awaken the dead, echoed round the vaulted, oak-beamed library. She bucked and writhed like a wild pony being broken in. I had one devil of a job holding on to her.

When the frightful chastisement is finally over, the compassionate Sir Rodney comforts the poor wretched girl but confesses that he cannot resist exploring the ridges of her bruised maltreated bottom. Then he hastily covers up the girl's nakedness, thus sparing her further humiliation and assures us: 'Womaniser I may be: but sadist -NEVER!'

Well, of course. How could we possibly entertain such a notion!







Burton Manor: Correction Centre for Errant Wives.

Schoolgirl Super Special









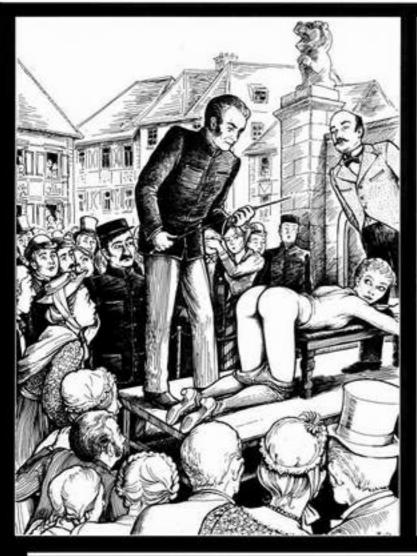
n number 20, Richard Manton is back with three fascinating case histories, examining the baffling question of women's masochism. The article describes in detail various instances in which a young woman appears to have collaborated in the bringing about of her own chastisement, even to the point of ensuring that the number of strokes are increased. The story of Janina particularly exemplifies this conundrum and I chose to illustrate her case (below) as it gave me the chance to draw crowd scenes and all the various reactions on the faces of the townspeople - including the young wife hastily covering her husband's eyes when she realises that Janina has deliberately left her knickers off.

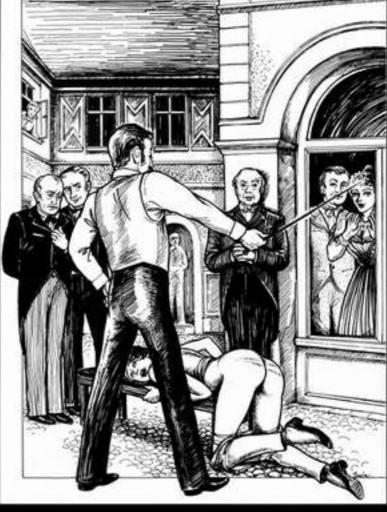
Mr Manton concludes:



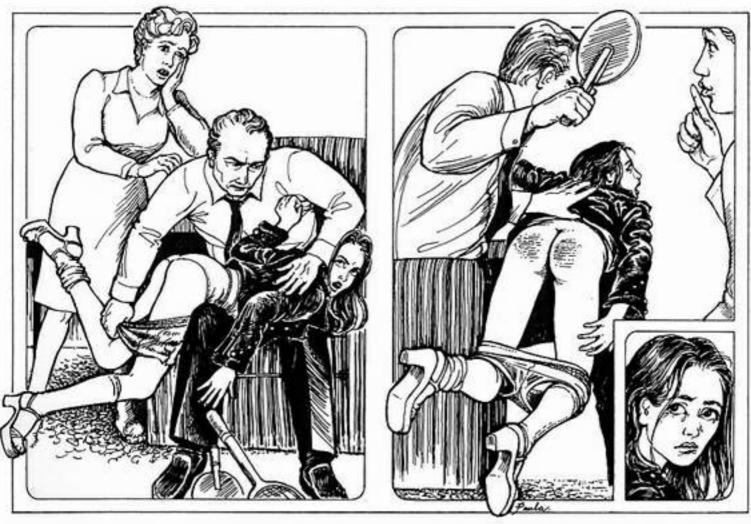
Slowly the pattern becomes clear and one disentangles myth from truth in the stories of girls who "enjoy" chastisement... Janina did not "enjoy" one moment of her tanning. Yet in order to provoke a drama which would feed her erotic fantasies for the future - for she would certainly have no other sex life in confinement - she deliberately left her knickers off, despite an appalling price to be paid in extra pain.

teasings, Janina relived her punishment, the excitement of hearing again her own frenzy and the reprimands of the chastiser, as well as the voices of the crowd who mocked Janina as a slut and promised her a pitiless punishment... playing with herself, she enjoyed her discipline only as a fantasy of recollection - an enjoyment repeated nightly.









=AGAIN!





In number 21, Richard Manton's character, Lesley enjoys a reprise (she had been introduced in number 13) I was asked to model her again although I'm not sure that being compared to Lesley was exactly complimentary. This "promiscuous, urchincropped, young wife," is described as being "snooty, dismissive, self-centred" and given to asserting, somewhat sulkily, her woman's rights! Not at all the kind of young woman that any self respecting Janus reader could possibly tolerate! However, I just remember enjoying myself far too much in this photo shoot and rather losing sight of the character. It was also around this time that I met Richard Manton and a long lasting friendship began. He later interviewed me for one of his books, published in the USA, and I tried to explain to him my own peculiar reasons for loving Pauline Réage's 'The Story of O' and how I had pursued those fantasies for real in my own life.

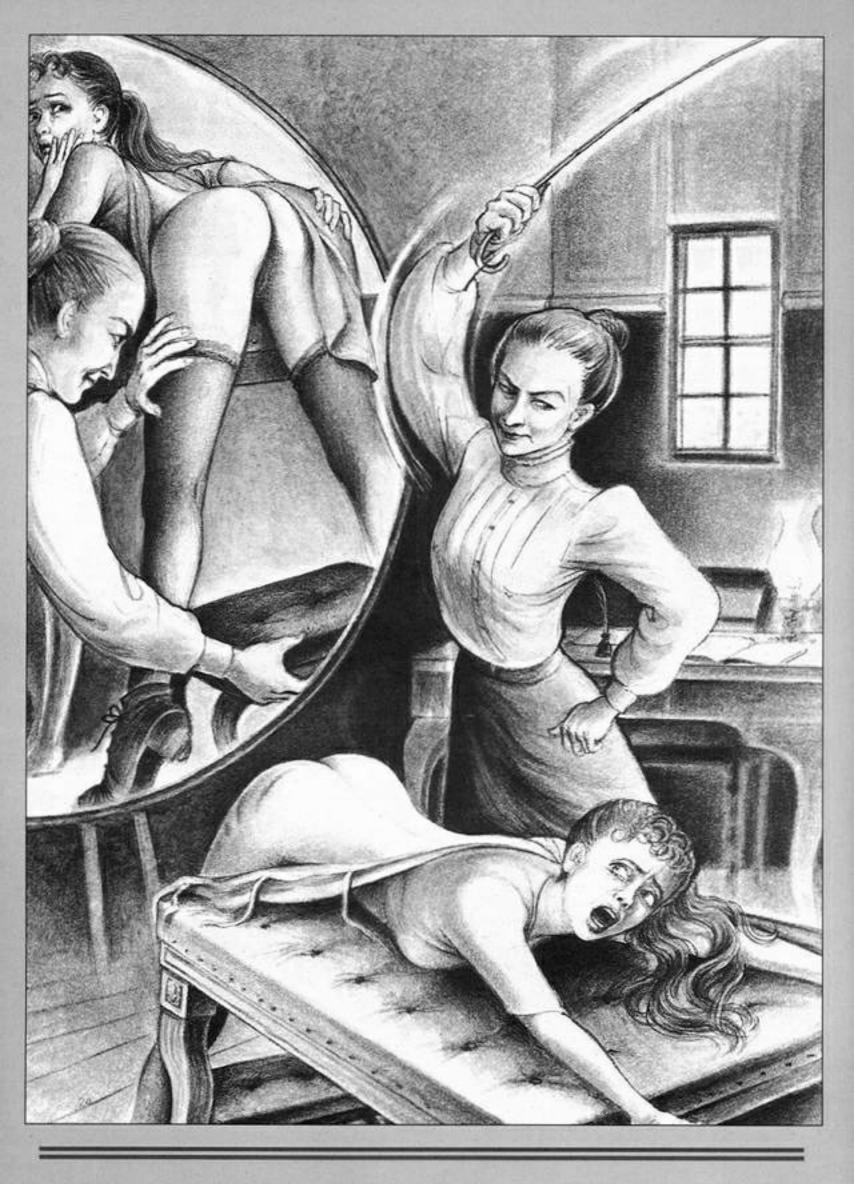


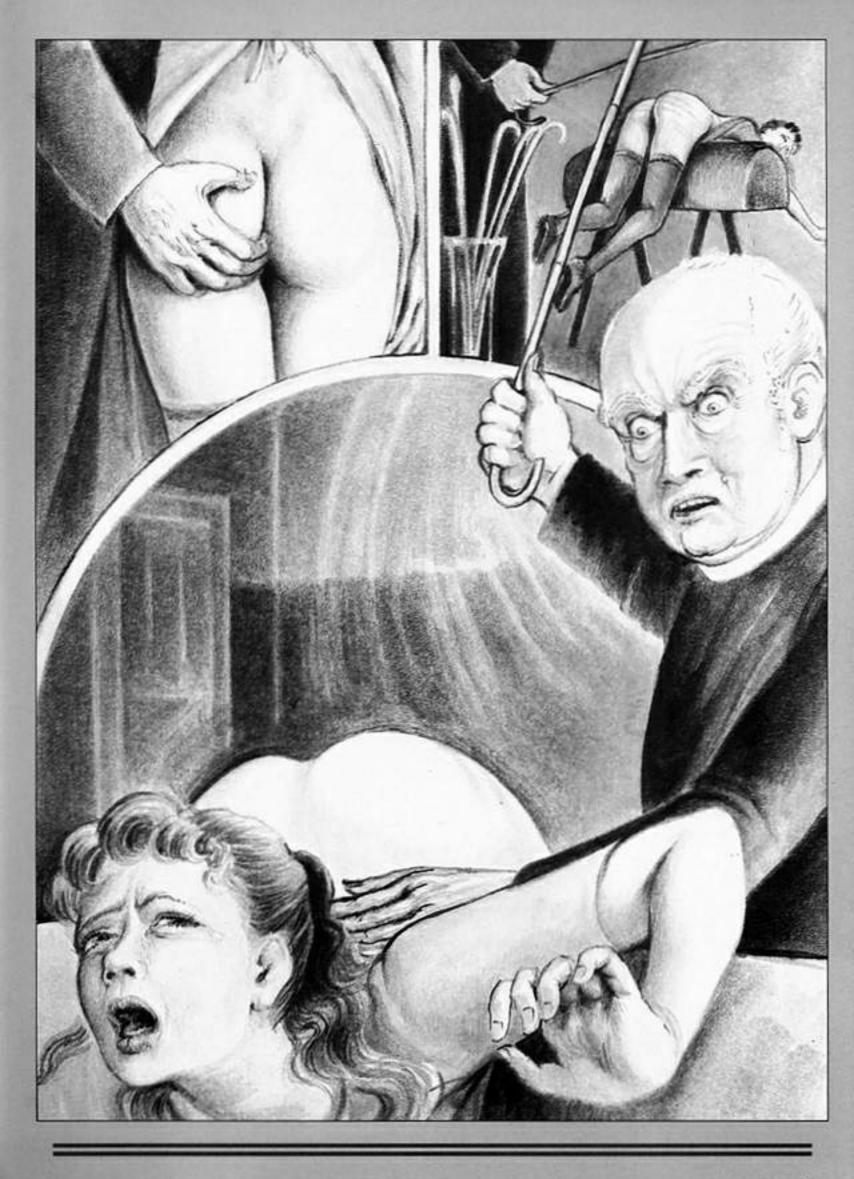












Head & Tail













'Angela' by Tom Horner.

'There are some young women who are just asking to have their bottoms smacked!'...

David raised the cane and then swished it in across the centre of Angela's bottom. To Richard, almost overcome with the excitement of witnessing his first real life caning, it seemed as though time stood still.









FAT-TIE, FAT-TIE, TEE-HEE, FAT-TIE





'Pauline' by James Kenway. Number 28

'Kneel on the trunk, and we'll soon solve your problem. That's it. Now place your hands on the floor so that they support most of your weight.

Good, now you're just nicely positioned. Your bottom's higher than your head and you won't suddenly jump out of the way...

Whack! 'Yeceowww!

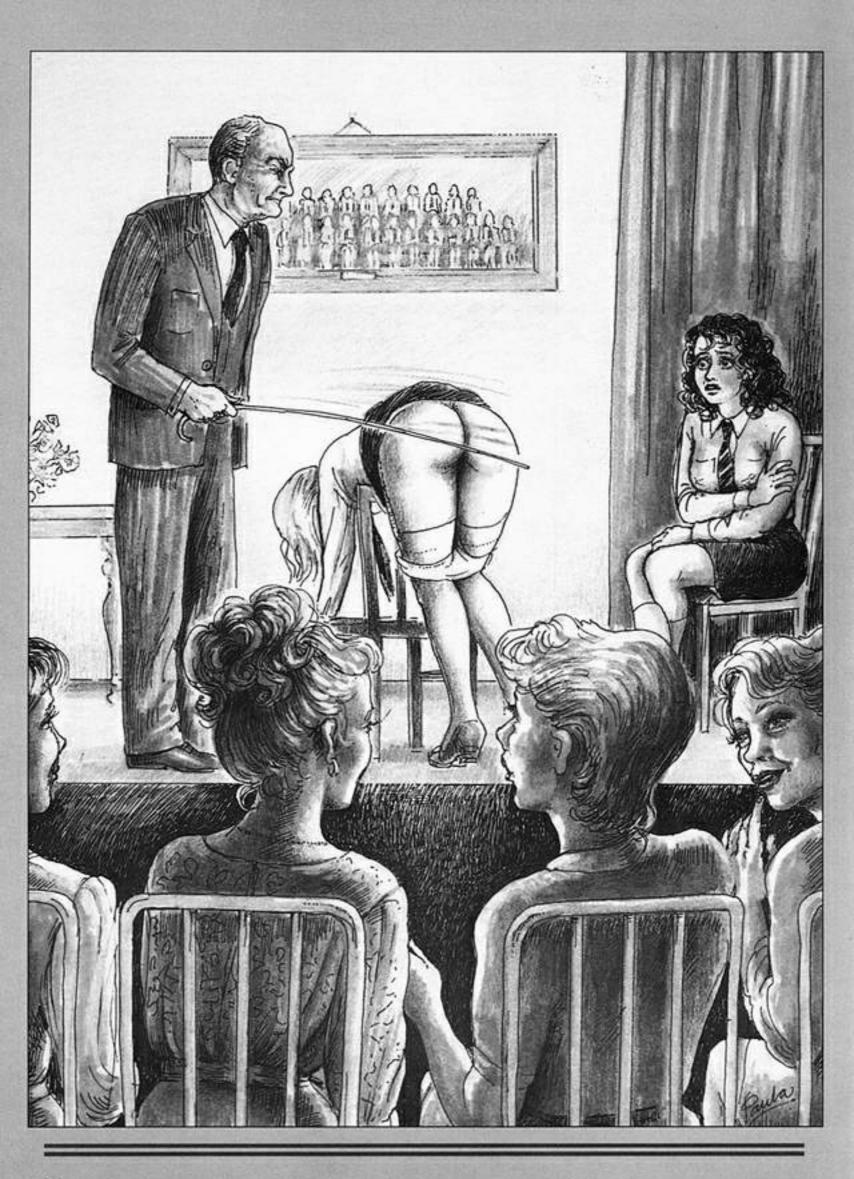
Oh, a bit lower, please!'







Overleaf is 'The Cane Ceremony', a school reunion with a difference.



'Justice Seen to be Done' by Tony Nixon

What a whack! Anne's head shot back, her mouth wide open and her eyes staring. She nervously and rapidly gulped in air to control a yell of agony which almost emerged but didn't quite. Instead, deliberately and just retaining control, but with great feeling, she simply said 'Ouchh!' out loud.







Number 29. The illustrator of Janus finally 'comes out!' In this interview I tell the story of how I discovered that I was not alone in my fascination for 'The Story of O'. There were people who lived it out with gusto and imagination, for REAL. Moreover, they had their own fully developed philosophy and rituals, and, to my amazement I found that I belonged.

I had bought the book just to see what on earth it was all about.

I was amazed to discover that it turned me on, as fantasy. I didn't think for one moment that it was for real or that people actually did things like that, I was surprised by the really tremendous frisson I got from the whole idea of this girl going to the mysterious Chateau at the command of her lover, to be whipped and used and seemingly abused and humiliated by his friends. The book has very 'religious' undertones to it of course...

I don't want to be intellectual about it though. But it is full of Catholic feeling. The, how shall I put it, surrender to the Divine Lover at whose behest she can do absolutely anything and love doing it. What O does is quite different but, you know, it's a very woman thing because we CAN do things for a special man that we wouldn't necessarily do merely by ourselves. That's why it doesn't work when a man hears that I enjoy being spanked and imagines he can waltz up and start whacking me. There has to be a relationship.

Reading the book certainly excited my imagination but I doubted whether I'd ever want to submit to the whip or the cane in reality. Canes hurt people.

So, what changed my mind? Ah, the meeting with Dr. Murat of course. My agent had arranged for me to visit this mysterious gentleman in his home in the country to discuss a commission to paint a 'special' portrait of his wife.

My first impression...

He was an arrogant bastard, I thought. My second impression. He didn't gesticulate or get excited as stage Frenchmen do. His gestures were minimal. There was a quietness about him and an aura of power that money and self-assurance can bring to men of wealth. I wasn't accustomed to dealing with men like that. All the men I knew tended to be either weakly docile or heavily boastful, I'd never met a man like Dr Andre Murat before.

At first everything seemed quite normal. He looked through my portfolio. We talked...

But then, the whole scene changed, drastically. I can remember it all as if it were yesterday. Dr Murat said, 'We will discuss



HOW I DISCOVERED C.P.

business after lunch. Suzette, you will now serve us, immediately.' His wife jumped to her feet and moved across the room towards the door. His voice halted her half way.

'You will, or course, be properly dressed.'
Her mouth opened a little in dismay. 'No,
Andre,' she said. 'It is not suitable. Not in
front of a guest we do not know and who
doesn't know us.'

'You refuse?' I cannot convey the menace in that softly spoken question.

Suzette said, 'Of course not, monsieur,'
'Then please to go and do exactly as you are told.'

She flung me a hapless, woman-to-woman look, and then walked to the door. 'Must 1?' she said.

He looked at her in total silence. She went out, leaving that silence in the room.

He escorted me to an alcove and bade me sit myself down at a table laid for a meal. It was laid for two. Not three.

Dr Murat chatted pleasantly about art, and medicine, theatre and films; the perfect host, being a witty and interesting raconteur. A silver plate slithered in front of me, laden with Parma ham, tomatoes, lettuce, celery and eggs. I looked up to thank Suzette and almost choked over my wine. She wore a tiny, transparent French maid's apron and a frilly cap. And that was IT,

Apart from that she was stark naked, except for high-heeled shoes. Her breasts were bare, and so, when she turned and bent over the trolley, was her backside. Across each buttock cheek there were bruise marks as if she had recently fallen and banged herself very heavily. (I wasn't then familiar with the welts left by the cane or the whip.)

The Doctor told his wife that she looked quite charming and then added:

'You observe that our guest is perfectly happy to see you dressed properly for such an occasion. You will now go and have your own lunch and then I will see what has to be done to prevent such behaviour erupting in my household again. Disobedience threatens the smooth running of a civilised house with an anarchy that is all too common today. We do not wish to be common, do we Suzette?"

'No, monsieur,' she said. She straightened up and walked away, her buttocks swaying delightfully until she opened the door and went out.

The Doctor and I went on chatting. It was macabre. Really weird. I knew they were both testing me. Playing some bizarre game to which they knew the rules and I did not. More wine, more talk and then Dr Andre Murat rose to his feet and murmured that he had a small domestic matter to deal with. He would return in a few moments.

I moved towards the windows and looked out over the small enclosed courtyard with a bricked up well in the centre. Suzette appeared. She was completely naked now. Slowly she bent herself over the pointed wooden housing of the well, her shapely rear high in the air.

The Doctor stepped through the doorway and I swallowed with a sudden excitement. He carried in his hand a long, flexible cane and I knew at once what he was going to do with it. I knew also that I ought to have been horrified at this exhibition of sheer male chauvinist arrogance. I ought to have wanted to go rushing down to protect poor Suzette from this horrendous bully. But, I didn't.

Murat walked behind her and stood to one side. His arm moved upwards and I watched, my mouth dry but my panties very wet, it betrayed the inescapable fact that I was having a supremely sexual, voyeuristic experience.

The cane rose, hovered in the air and then it came down in a an arc of pure pain. A crimson welt began to appear, slowly, across Suzette's already bruised buttocks.

And that was the beginning. I watched, mesmerised as the merciless





caning continued, feeling that Suzette was somehow welcoming the strokes. But the most unexpected part was this: after the cane had come whamming down for the final stroke, parting the air with a whistle of sound, it landed with such force that it snapped and one piece flew into the herb garden.

Suzette stepped off the coping, and to my astonishment, she smiled radiantly, flung her arms around his neck, kissed him and then ran across the courtyard and into the house.

I didn't receive a spanking or caning on that occasion. My initiation came later when I had competed the portrait. From that moment onwards my life seemed to take off in all directions, but I have never forgotten what Dr Murat said to me.

'A man cannot demand too much of a woman, Paula. You simply CANNOT ask too much of them. Their problem today is that their men demand too little. It's the way they've been brought up. They believe they ought to be that way but it's quite WRONG. They are too soft, too weak, too ready to apologise and say 'Sorry dear.' Women do not like that at all. Not when they are being honest with themselves. They hate it, and take their revenge by running a man ragged...' I've been discovering how

true it is ever since; in myself, and in a lot of other women too. The trouble is, women often aren't honest with themselves at all. There are too many double standards, and lies, and social appearances to keep up and worry about what the neighbours might think - all that sort of thing. Oh, he was right all right. It's tricky though, isn't it? A loud-mouthed, insensitive bully won't move us either. We're difficult, we females, aren't we?

I was then asked by the Janus interviewer, 'Do you feel pain as pleasure?'

'Certainly not,' I answered. 'Pain is pain. It hurts like hell and that's all it does.'

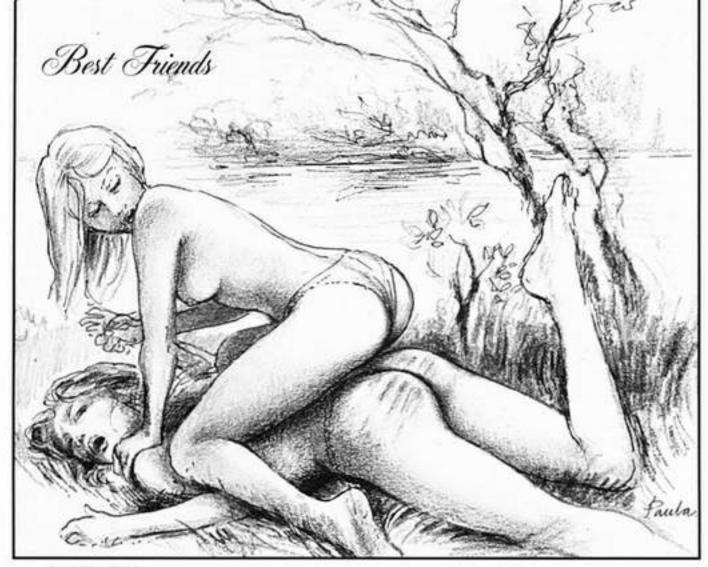
'Then why do you do it?' the interviewer pursued.

I need it. I need the after-effect. I'm not a doctor so I can't diagnose or prescribe, but

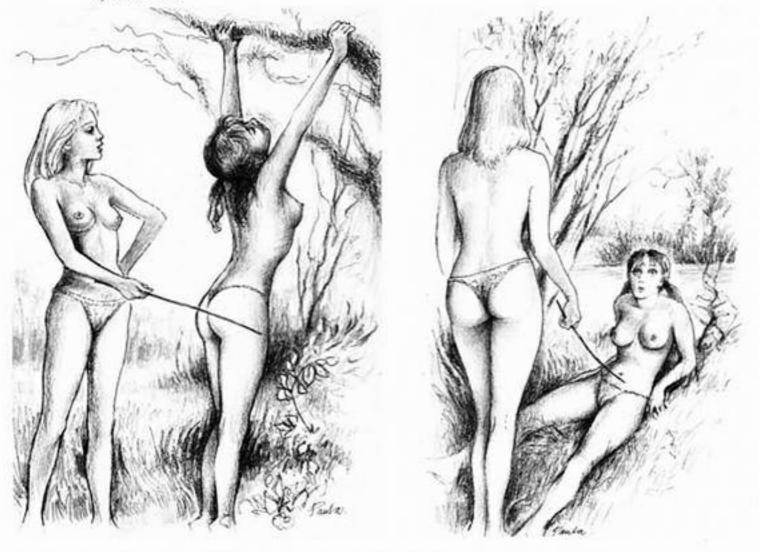


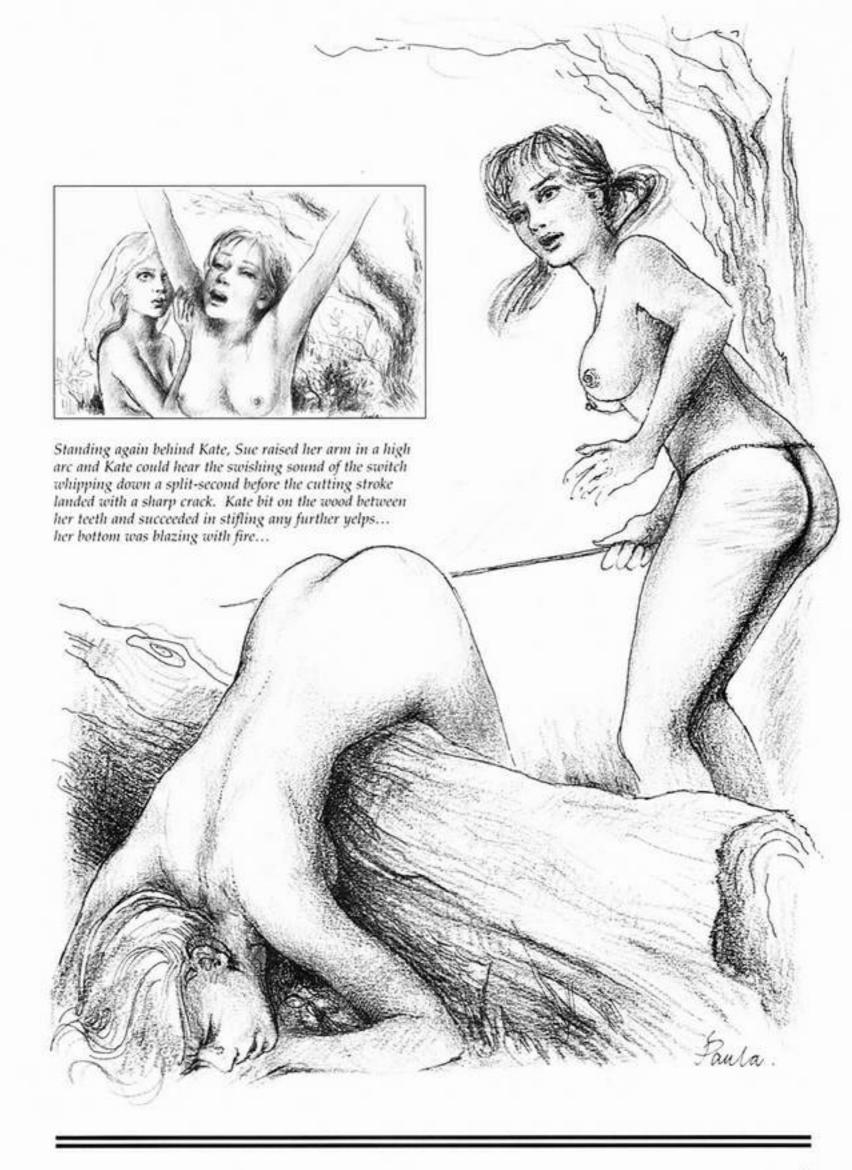
it may be that a woman like me, and masochistic men too, although I'm only talking about females, have a low-adrenalin count, or whatever you want to call it. I used to get very depressed and miserable and moody in my younger days. But any sharp pain, like a pinch, a burn, a slap, always makes the adrenalin spurt, I believe, and energy flows. Once I started this I found that my moods vanished almost completely and that's why I have no need for drugs, for example, and I don't drink very much. I like a little tot of whisky now and then, but never compulsively. On the other hand, if I start to feel low, and lacklustre and tired, I simply bend over and have a good old paddling and I cheer up at once! But the spanking, the caning, the whipping, as such, merely hurts, just as it does for anybody.

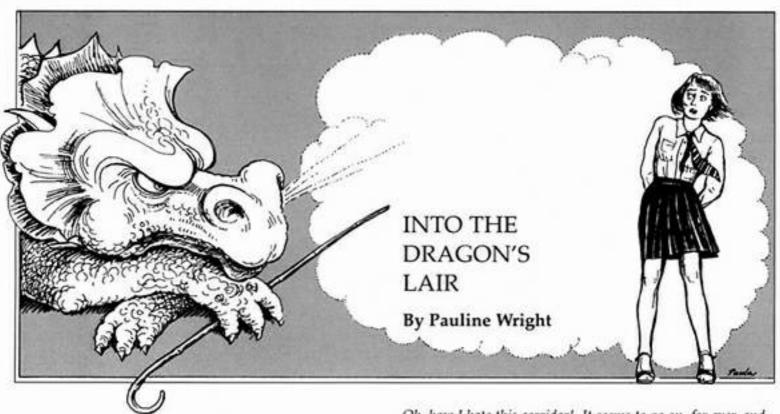
Looking back on the event from the vantage point of today, I still regard it as an important crossroads from which new friends and new work branched out. I was able to start living out my fantasies, and illustrating them from a firm basis of experience. At first I wanted to try the submissive role, as 'O' did, because that is the way an inexperienced person learns about power and dominance. Now, my horizons have widened quite considerably!



by Mike Reid





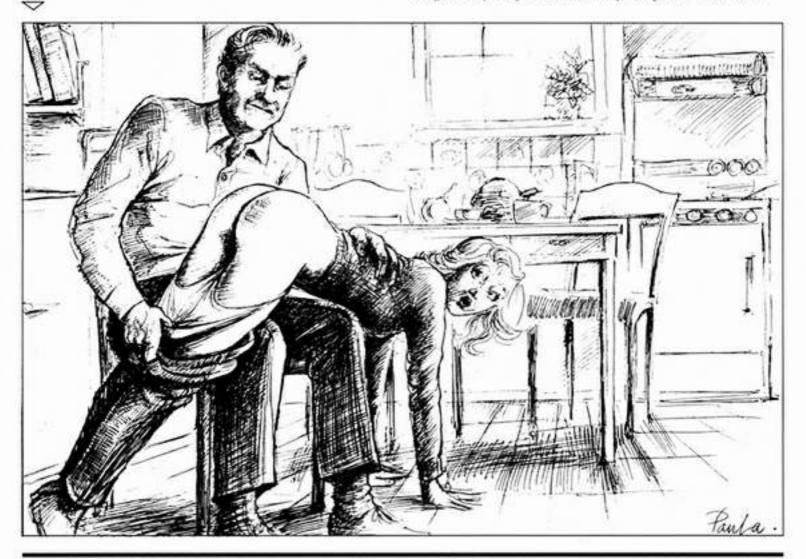


'Home from Home' by Andrew Grantham.

Erotic experience it might be, but the pretty blonde still had to be shown that he was master of the house, and of the guest too! Furthermore, he really wanted to make her arse so sore that she might just get up off it, and at least start looking for a job... Oh, how I hate this corridor! It seems to go on for ever, and as in all the best horror movies, there is something very nasty at the end.

Well, I am at the end now, and there is the big oak door behind which the nasty thing lurks. In this case the door gives its secret away. The single word HEADMISTRESS.

There should be a notice on the door that says "Beware of the Dragon" or perhaps, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."





ATKINSON'S PARALLEL PUNISHMENT BARS

(Patents Applied For)







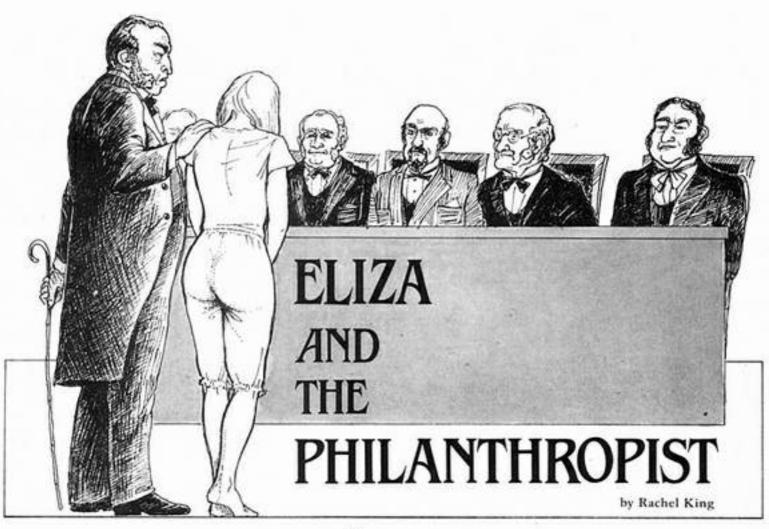


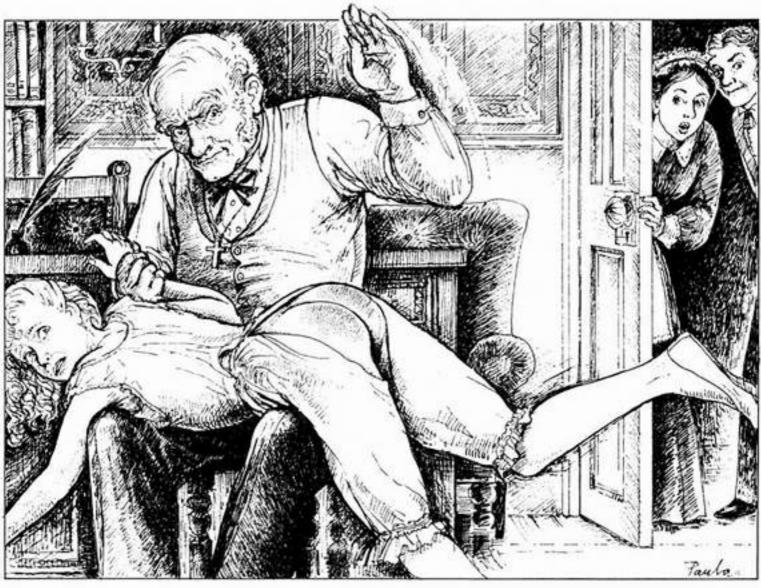
The two drawings on this page appeared in numbers 31 and 32. I was beginning to enjoy my page 3 creations. The rather large gentleman who resembles a bullfrog I particularly liked and imagined his silky sadistic voice as he ran his fingers slowly along the cane, drawing out the suspense unbearably.





I have never believed that being handsome or slim was a vital necessity for a dominant man. To the contrary. This sophisticated but gross character accentuates by contrast the softness and vulnerability of the female form.







bottom for it's nightly dose of childish humiliating punishment...

Afterwards, as she tottered out of his study scarlet-faced, tear-stained and sore-bottomed, she invariably encountered Christian (her benefactor's son) lolling raffishly in the hallway, gazing lewdly at her...

And of course, much worse is to follow once the good Dr Dyson is away for a few days. Christian has his own plans for the sweet Eliza...

She howled like a scalded cat - her bottom rose at least six inches in the air. She pummelled the seat of the Chesterfield dementedly with her tiny fists, and catered the cushions with her tears as the humistakable marks of the birch's cruel kiss began to appear on her bottom - like a developing negative. Angry-red, goose-pimple-like weals now marred her smooth, pale cheeks.

Christian Dyson birched Eliza unmercifully until vivid blisters began to show high up, on the summits of her cheeks, and several further down, where her bottom-cleft widened. She was streaming with tears. She'd quite forgotten about her shame at being naked... she threw her legs wide open, kicking and scissoring like a wild thing, totally uncaring that she was thus revealing those secret parts of herself that every chaste maiden treasures...

Grimeswold Industrial School for girls, Yorkshire, 1867.... Within the bare spartan walls of the Headmaster's study a grim lesson in discipline was being enacted...

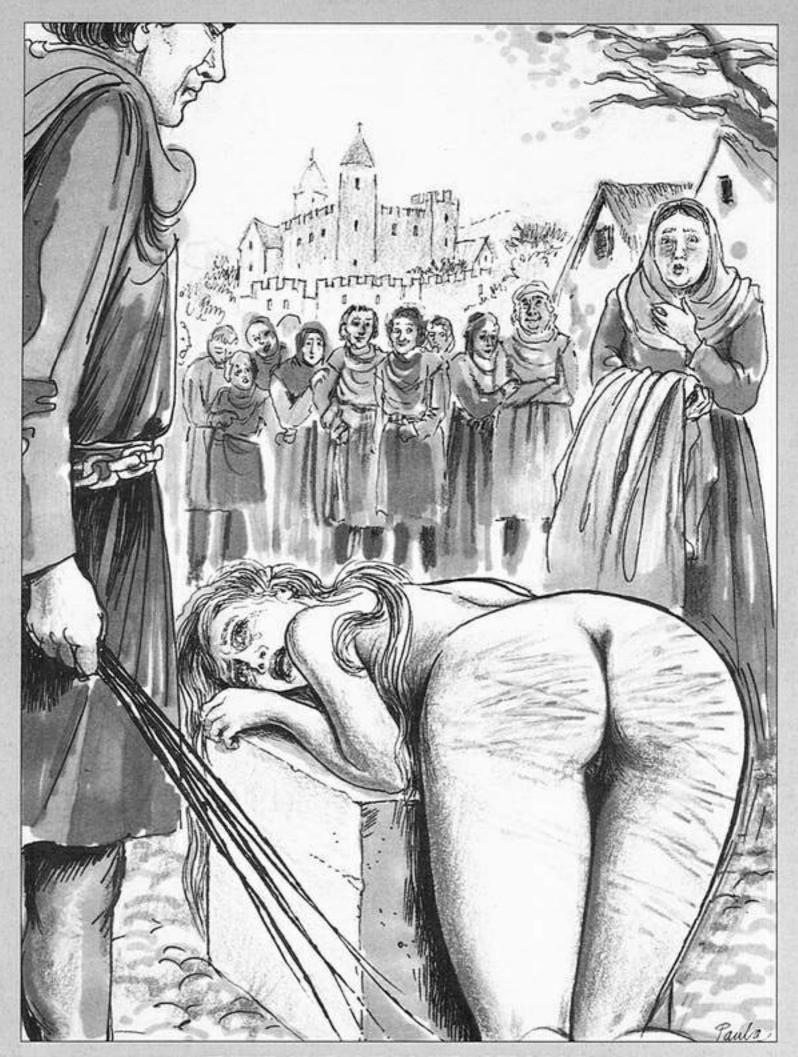
The scene is set for another Victorian melodrama. This time, 'the pretty little blonde culprit was Eliza Fairchild, 18 year old pupil-teacher at the school.'

She was accused of spreading "rank ungodliness" among the pupils in her care. A copy of Charles Darwin's Origin of Species, a God-denying, blasphemous work if ever there was one, had been found secreted in her locker! She faces the board of governors with trepidation.

But Eliza is lucky. One of the these bewhiskered gentlemen agrees generously to assume responsibility for her moral rehabilitation. He adopts her into his own household.

True to his word Mr Dyson punished Eliza daily. Every evening at eight o'clock prompt, Eliza had to present herself before him, strip down to her underclothes, bend blushingly over her benefactor's knee, and offer up her scantily-clad





THE PENANCE STONE

'Night Canings' by R.T. Mason.

10.30 WAS ZERO HOUR.

That was when they always started. 10.30 as you lay in your bed in the darkened dorm, half an hour after lights out, and everyone on edge, on tenterhooks, even Lisa Howard who could put on an air of bravado about the whole thing. Everyone wondering if the dorm door was going to abruptly open. For your name to be called out...

'Get them down, girl!'
Somehow, scarcely knewing what she was doing, Julia pulled down the pajama bottoms and then was bent over the stool. It was a dream, it couldn't really be happening....

Being rudely awakened in the night, bundled out of bed and hauled away by fiendish females to be thrust, unceremoniously, bottom-up over a stool would certainly not be the way I would choose to receive a caning. But then, how would I choose to receive it? Well... the surroundings would have to be opulent, none of those cold spartan dormitories, oh no. 1 would want deep pile carpet, tall french windows overlooking private grounds and perhaps an elegant polished grand piano could provide a smooth surface for me to drape myself across, while sophisticated guests, sipping the best champagne, viewed the spectacle of my chastisement with amused interest, passing comments among themselves as my master flourishes the whip and brings it down with unerring accuracy. A female spectator might say, 'How can such a little creature take so much?' and I would gloat over these words and push my bottom out further, showing off wildly! I'd steal a glance at the woman and see her face was flushed and wonder if she might possibly be imagining herself in my place...







These two drawings appeared in numbers 33 and 34 on page 3. The one on the right I particularly remember doing. It was sparked off by a small photograph in the newspaper which the editor had noticed and cut out for me. The photo showed a young athlete in the throws of disappointment after, presumably, losing a race, but I gave her

something else to be distressed about. The immense woman walloping with such fervour looks infinitely more muscular and threatening than the watching man in the background. She is quite alarming - I must use her again!

The full page illustration opposite needs no explanation.





'Memoirs of a Retired Schoolmaster'



The Correction Club' by Johnny Chesham. Here is another chance for me to do a bit more conjuring up of the Victorian atmosphere. This time it looks like the very worst of Whitechapel.

"Ello Rosie," the new arrival chirped, then turned to face Stanton.

The Major gasped. Occasionally on his travels in this half of the world amongst the dregs of womanhood would be found a real gem. This was such an occasion...

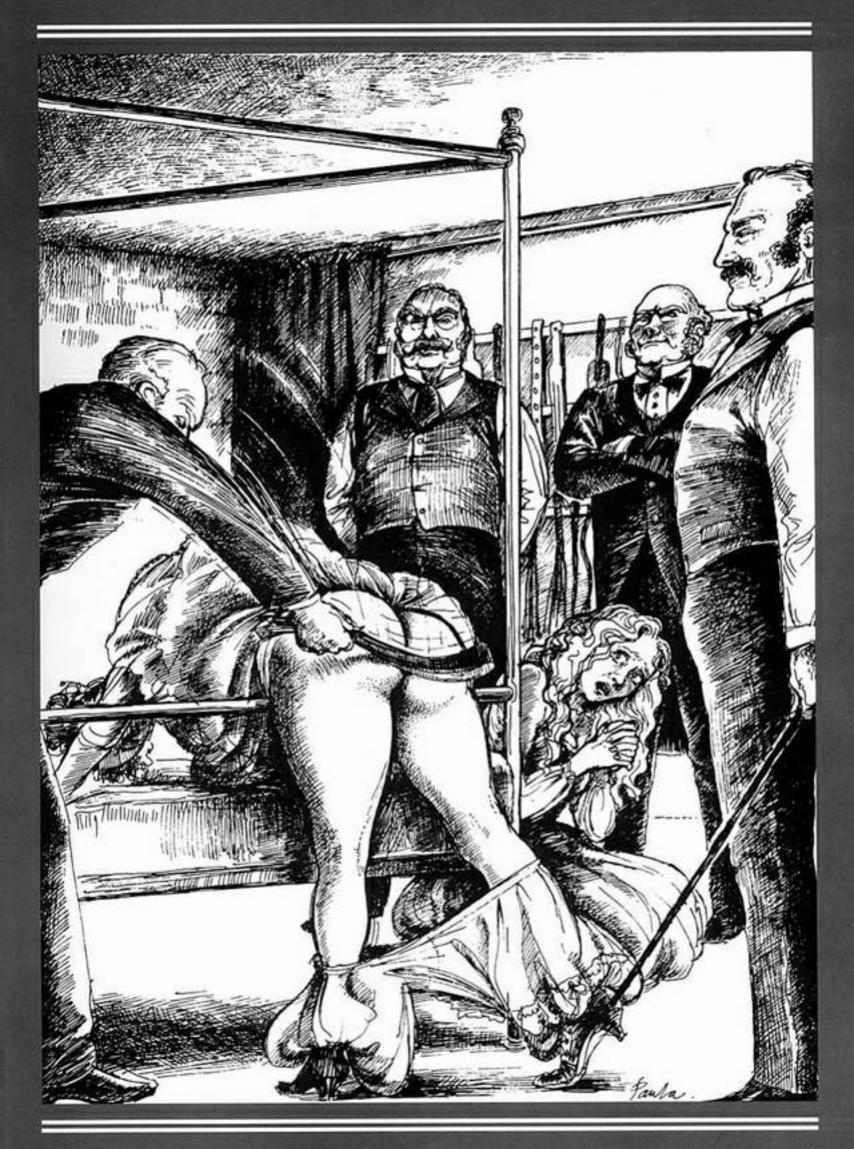
The beautiful young girl and her companion are hired by the Major, but for what?

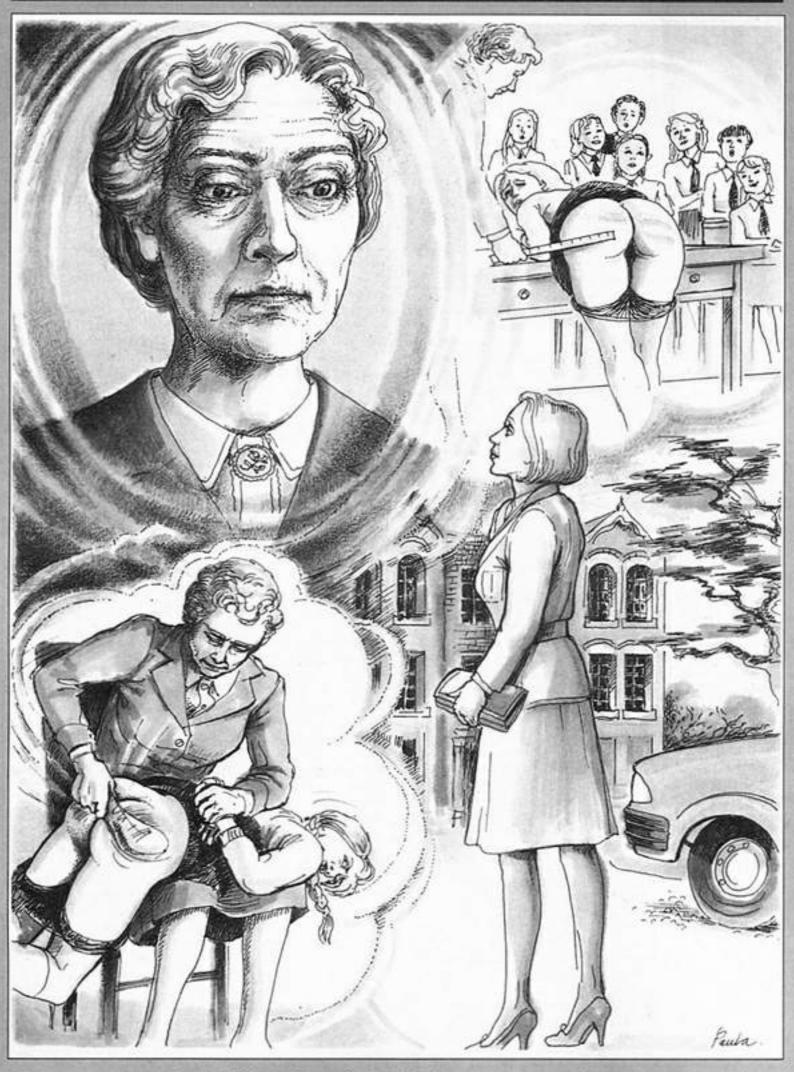
With a sudden poetic movement Sir Gerald swung his strap high above his head and lashed it spitefully down across the centre of Rosie's quivering mounds with an almighty CRACKKK!

'YEOWW!' Her instant scream welled up from the depths of her being in response to the flaming agony that suddenly erupted in her buttocks as the furious leather bit deep....

There might be a bloody Liberal in number ten, but as long as men like Sir Gerald, Rathbone and Westbrook held sway in the Correction Club, there was still much to look forward to!

t this point in my journey back Athrough the Janus years I am beginning to feel a little uncomfortable. When these stories are viewed as a whole I find myself puzzled about my own involvement in them being a female myself and on the receiving end. Why do I enjoy illustrating these fantasies? This is also a tricky question for the readers themselves, most of whom are men, and from my own experience of some of them, not cruel mysogynists at all. In fact, I would go as far as to say that in reality many of them have felt too manipulated by females of one sort or another and allowed certain women to influence their lives too much, and these fantasies are a needed compensation. (I hope you don't think I am implying that you're really a lot of sweet old softies, Heaven forbid!) Of course, generalisations are always unsatisfactory since we are every one of us unique individuals, but forming generalisations is our only way of observing where we are alike. If I accept the logic of what I have just said about our typical Janus reader, I must also accept the corollary that I am probably one of those spoilt, overindulged female creatures who has had too much sway over the male sex in the past and knows intuitively that some redressing of the balance is necessary.





'Nostalgia' - Caned again down memory lane.



Miss Felton picked up the rattan cane and flexed its springy length between both hands...

'Ulth, Miss Felton, um, I was wondering, so I can prepare myself, er: how many?'





('Lesley: The Bottom Line.'

'Get over that desk, Lesley! At once! That's better! Tighter still! Good. It's going to be a real pleasure taking you down a peg or two in the next few hours. Quite still, Lesley while your bottom is examined.'



IN THE LAND OF UTOPIA

The four unassigned girls were available for selection by those householders at the top of the Maid Assignment List. And at the very top of the Southwood List, giving him first choice, was Mr Henry Greenaway.









And so once more the unfortunate Susan found herself in her room with a male Easterby - this one perhaps even worse than his father...

T'll give you a pound if you let me do you and you don't tell Mr Greenaway,' Tom gasped, his fingers clawing at the buttons of Susan's dress.

Struggling as best she could, Susan desperately shook her head... 'Right you slag! Take off all your clothes and we'll see how you like a taste of my belt!'

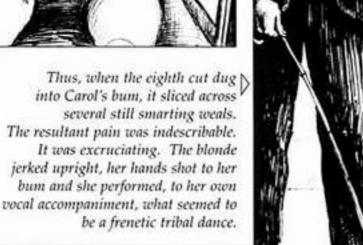
Half sitting, half lying on the bed, Susan watched him take the belt out of the loops of his trousers and wind the buckle round his fist. She knew there was no way she could stop this happening. She started crying.

'Come on you snivelling slag!' spat out the Easterby's well-mannered son. He whipped the end of the belt across Susan's bare arm.

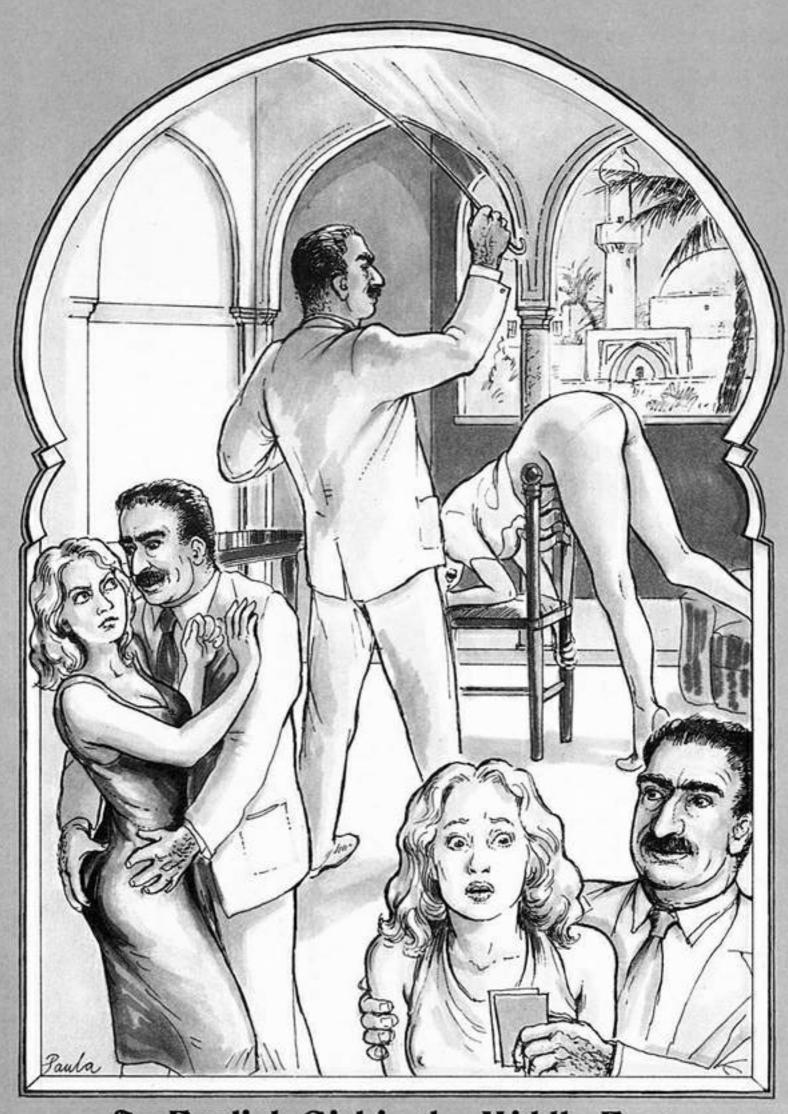












An English Girl in the Middle East

THE ENCOUNTER

by Johnny Chesham









T've needed someone like you for so long...' she sobbed as 1 tenderly patted her heaving back.

'I'm here when you need me,' I offered generously.

A Readers' Letter

PUNISHMENTS UNSEEN: THE EVIDENCE REVEALED

I have a particular interest which has not yet to my knowledge appeared in your magazine. I love the idea of a girl's bottom being suddenly bared to reveal the marks of a beating. Perhaps I can best illustrate this with a possible story-line.

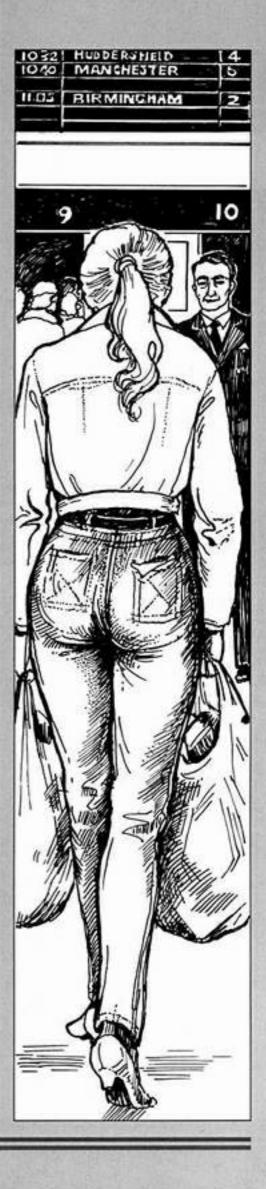
The Managing Director of a big company is in the office of his Sales Director. A very pretty secretary enters and puts a tray with coffee down on the table. 'Isn't that the girl whose typing errors cost us thousands on that Bahrain deal!?' says the MD. 'I thought I told you to sack her.' The Sales Director smiles saying. I think you will approve of my method of staff discipline Sir.' He then locks the office door and leads the girl into his en-suite washroom leaving the MD

very puzzled.

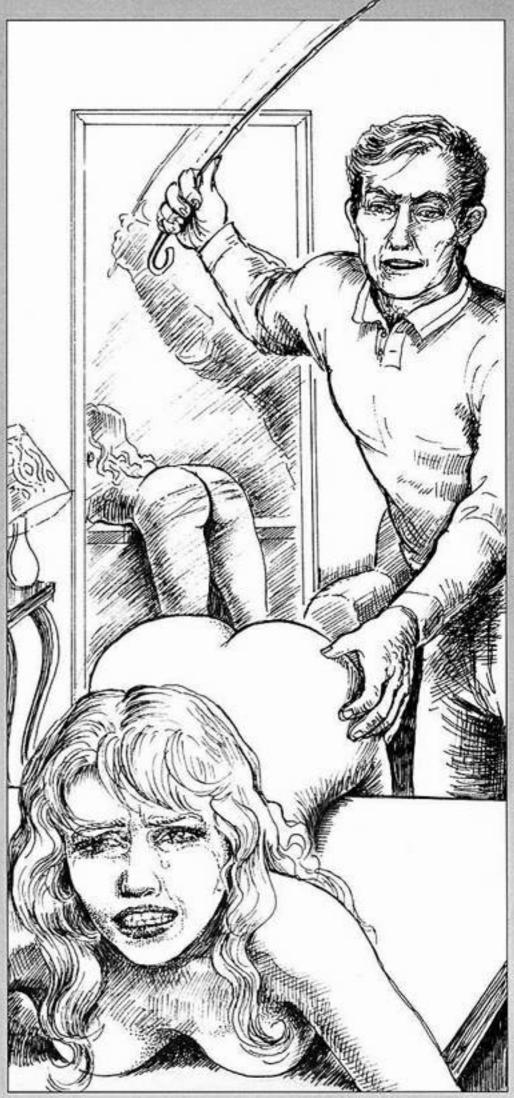
When they return the girl wears only a large bath towel around her. She is made to stand just a few feet in front of the MD, hand on head and her large bust supporting the towel. Suddenly the Sales Director reaches out and, gripping the towel between her breasts, rips it from her leaving her entirely naked. The MD feasts his eyes on her beautiful body then says, 'Very nice, John, but where is your discipline?' The Sales Director ordered the girl to turn around and when she does so it is obvious that she has been given a thorough strapping across her bottom and thighs.

The Sales Director takes from his desk a heavy, fourtailed tawse and passes it to the MD. 'She gets 20 strokes every morning.' Both men laugh.









Number 37 featured, for the first time, a painted cover. I'm not quite sure why the Editor wanted a stained glass window here. The scene of the rounders match certainly seems incongruous if one imagines this as a church window, but would be a lot more effective in the school assembly hall, as part of a series showing what happens to pupils who bully and play rough!





'Under a Mediterranean Sun' by R.T. Mason was a complete change of atmosphere from the dark and dismal Victorian institutions and reformatories. Here we have blazing sun and voluptuous passions barely suppressed.

Perhaps, Don Stefano thought, it was different in more northerly cooler climes but here the women seemed to find it extraordinarily difficult to resist the sins of the flesh. It must be the sun. While it sapped men's energies it seemed to produce an extra fire in women's loins.

It was Maria's fourth visit to the priest. The first time had been six months ago when her mother had found out about that boy Georgio. That time she had been terrified, going to get the cane for the first time - but in fact, as it was her first, Don Stephano hadn't caned her really hard. Not as hard as the two subsequent times. Not as hard as he would today. She shivered...

The knickers came down and off. Maria stood still and straight with hands at her sides. Her face was flushed, her heart racing. She was now as he required her for the caning.







Franco unfastened his belt, wrapping the buckle end round his hand to leave a foot and a half of three inch wide leather dangling free. The belt was raised and brought whistling down. A crack like a firework as it curled itself around Maria's soft flesh. She let out a yelping cry. The beautiful young bottom wriggled and danced, in a despairing attempt to shake off the stinging pain.



'The Leaving Present' by Simon Banks.

Mr Mackie surveyed his work: the sobbing, trembling girl, the scarlet-striped bottom.

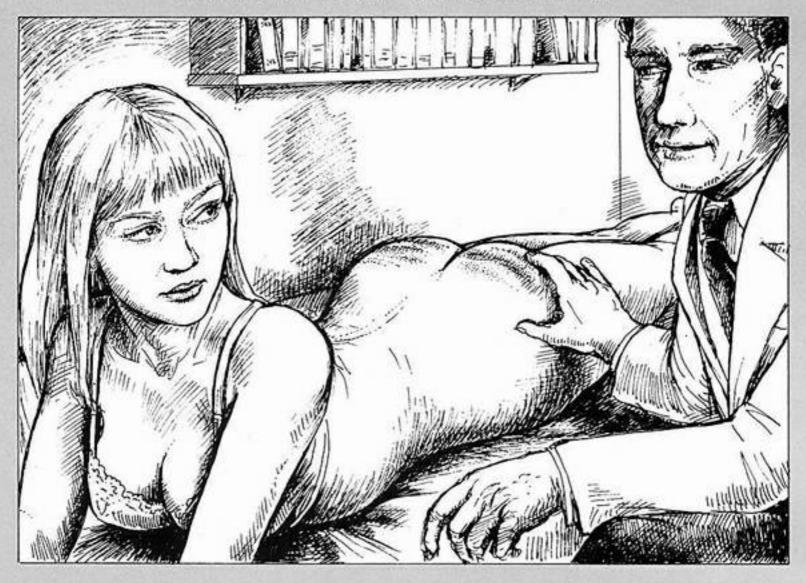
'Now Miss, I do hope that is something you will remember.'

'Y-yes-s-sir.'

She could hardly gasp!

Because I am very saddened to find

these shortcomings in your behaviour just on the point of your leaving St. Millicent's. I had sincerely hoped that you would have been proof against them by now. You will be expected to carry our standards with you, you know, after you have left here, as a living example to the world at large."



BEAUTY & THE BIRCH

by David Anderson.

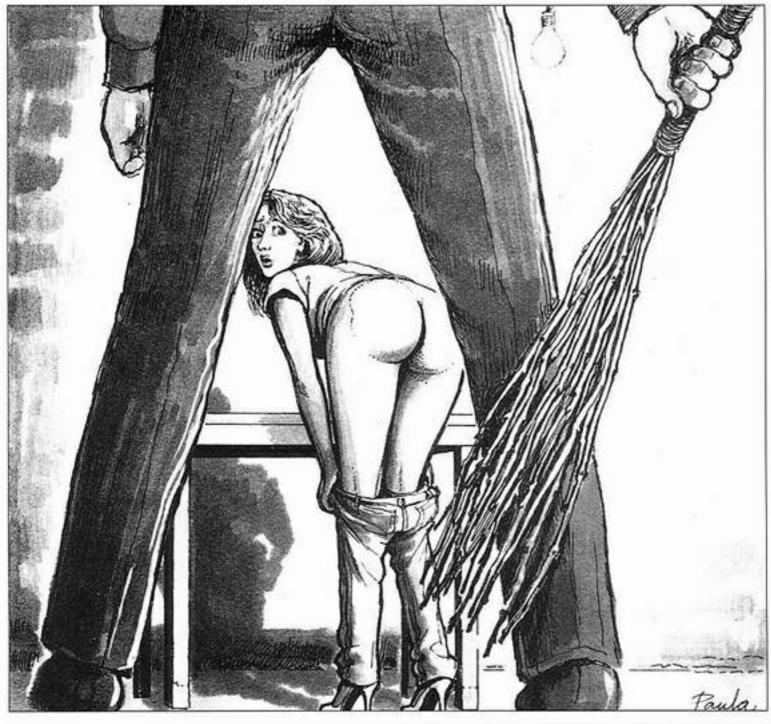
'Two days ago, a highly classified document went missing from a department in Whitehall. Your department, Miss Chalmers. Last night, it turned up again. In the briefcase of a Fleet Street foreign affairs editor.'

'You searched Peter's case?'

'And guess what else we found?' He reached inside his jacket. With all the deliberate flair of a stage magician, he produced an all-too-familiar pair of red knickers. 'Exhibit A for the Prosecution.'

'Now I'm going to get what I want... which is you, bending over that table with your pants down.'





Cold Showers and Canings

by R.T. Mason.

Pippa Stevens naturally had no idea of the effect she had had on the new English Mistress, who if nothing else had learned to conceal her feelings.

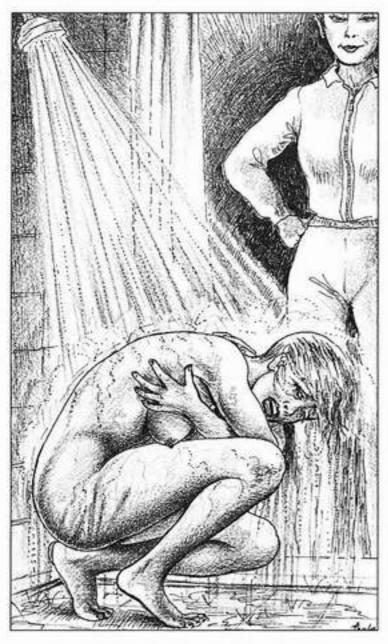




Halfway through Lynn broke off to pull Pippa's knickers up even tighter, and made the now crying girl spread her legs wider. Then she simply resumed, methodically zipping the switch into that same narrow strip.

Repeatedly striking the same spot was naturally much more painful than spreading the strokes out; but after having had her other desire thwarted Lynn was in the mood to inflict pain.'







'Don't you dare come out until I tell you!'
The water was bitterly, mind-numbingly cold and the shower was on full pelt.
Pippa crouched, crying in agony, as the
icy water blasted against her nude flesh.
Lynn Baxter's eyes were riveted, devouring every detail...

Lynn pulled the crying girl to her feet. Her face was a red tear-stained mess. 'My my, Pippa, you do look a sight! Are you sure you aren't ready to be a nice friendly girl?'

WHIPS INCORPORATED





Number 38, and once more we are hurtling back in our Time Machine to the 1880's. In a well researched historical recreation by Richard Manton we learn about a most extraordinary establishment run by a lady called Mrs Walter. It was known as 'The Chastising Service' and the truth about it remains more bizarre than the wildest erotic fiction!

It was clear that Mrs Walter was having the time of her life thrashing all those nubile bare bottoms - but she never thrashed without payment. She had no need to. England's best were rushing forward with fistfuls of money begging her to take it. Had some dirty-minded cad suggested that she was a lewd or perverted woman, he would have found himself engulfed in a blizzard of libel writs. Her prospectus had a list of patrons and moral guarantors.

Anyone who imagined that the goingson in the punishment-room were a dark and shameful secret has yet to understand Mrs Walter, or indeed the mores of the era. She was proud of what she did and she told the world in great detail. It was her best advertisement. The more she told, the greater was the crush round Porchester Gardens and the more frequent the arrival of an apprehensive adolescent schoolgirl, or a strapping





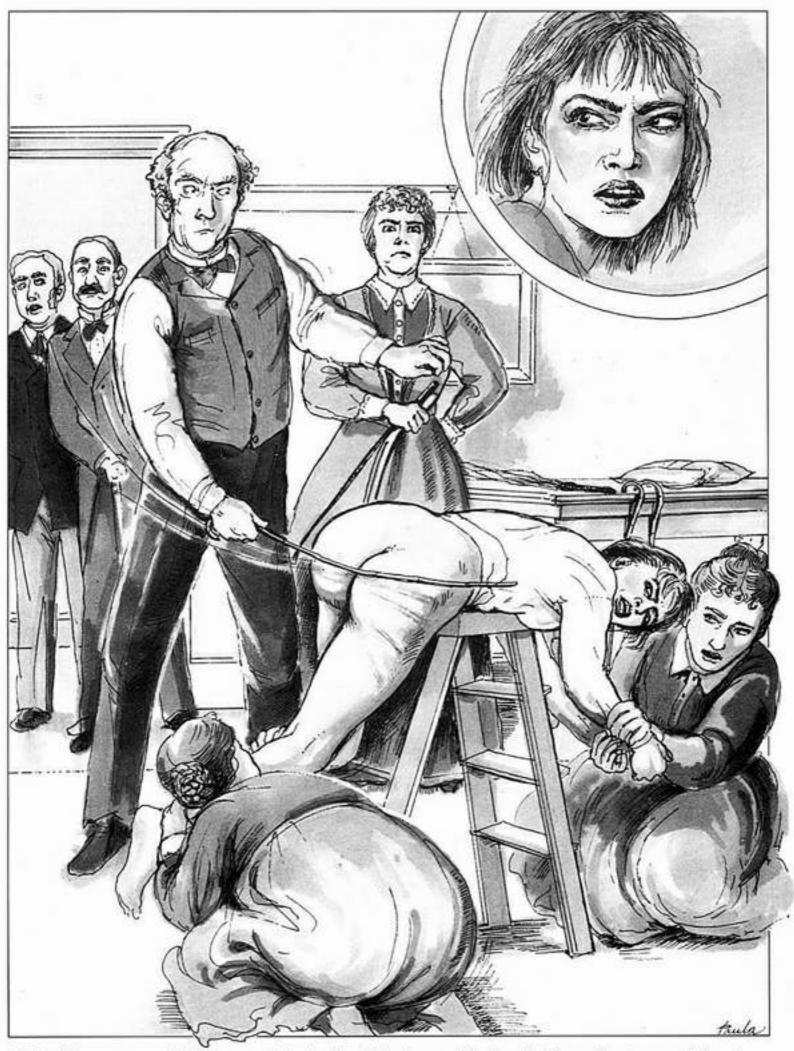
young wench, at Clifford House in Clifton.

For the select few, Mrs Walter even offered conducted tours of the punishment-room. When a girl's bare bottom was under the birch, cane or whiplash, only the mistress and her helpers would be in the room, as a rule. Yet it was easy enough to arrange that the visitors should peep and overhear the proceedings. Indeed, for the truly favoured, Mrs Walter even provided lunch as well.

Describing her method in her brochure,

Mrs Walter explained that the girl would be positioned as necessary, hands held together under the table and legs also firmly together. Then the skirt and knickers would be removed.

'Taking my birch,' said Mrs Walter, 'I measure my distance and, standing at the side, proceed to strike.' The strokes were given with what she called 'full force'. Though she began with ten or twelve, 'each stroke differently placed,' across the girl's backside, 'I begin on the other side and work back again.'



Mr Wintle began to cane with vicious accuracy across Noreen's backside. A few times, when the cane missed and caught

the backs of her thighs, there could be little doubt that this had been intentional on his part. Noreen yelled at every stroke

but these outbursts were only in part screams and in part a shout of anger at what was being done to her. ...

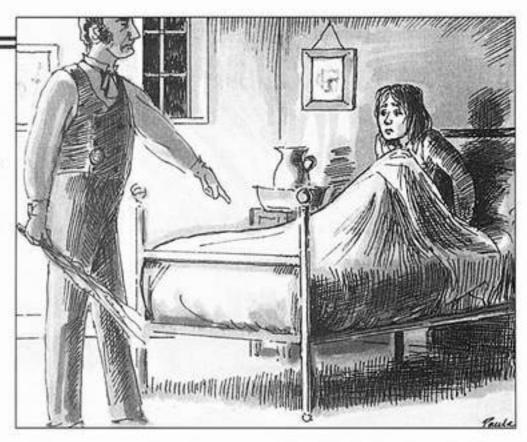
Immediately after breakfast Noreen was required to face the rail at the foot of the bed and bend over tightly, head on the counterpane. Her denim skirt or working trousers were stripped off by the two assistants. Noreen's knickers came down and the Governor entered, lips tightening at the sight of such a big-cheeked rear view. Those outside the door heard the familiar dialogue.

'Hands away from your bottom, Noreen! Yes, I think it's better if the two mistresses hold you. Now, I shall require to inspect that backside of yours thoroughly, Noreen. No clenching, you young strumpet! And now the punishment-strap, Noreen. A taste of leather across those fat young bot-

tom-cheeks."

That night, at about midnight, there were certainly footsteps heard along the bedroom corridors. The light went on briefly in Noreen's room and the governor's voice was heard too. Then came two sets of footsteps, before the light of the tiled washroom went on and burnt for two or three hours.

Next morning, the cleaner found that room in some disorder. He saw that a heavy stool for kneeling over had been left at the centre of the wide tiled floor. Several cigarette butts - the Governor's brand were trodden out on the tiles. Close by lay a discarded pair of Noreen's knickers.



In the same issue its 'that girl' again, displaying her delight in being put through her paces for the Janus audience. The sequence was quite long so I have selected three photos to include here. The choice of clothing was certainly not my idea. It reflected the fantasy of the Editor who must have seen himself as a severe P.T. instructor.

I would rather have dressed as the big, grown-up girl I really am, but of course that wasn't the point, was it? The Editor, I must add, was quite superb in this sequence, although you will have to take my word for it. You will not catch more than a glimpse of his hand in the photos, wielding a most peculiar implement made out of a plastic washing line.







Suddenly we have reached number 50, but what has happened? The last issue to be mentioned was 38.

It will be clear what happened when you read on. I had been to New York to make films and do illustration work. There had been other visits to the Big Apple, but they had only been short and my Janus work had not been interrupted. This visit proved to be different. I had breezed off, full of excitement and expectation, informing

the Editor that I would be away for about three weeks at the most. Well, I'm afraid I let him down. After a month away, I was invited to stay on for more films. They sounded intriguing. The director was Henri Pachard and I had wanted to work with him for a long time - then my friend Al Goldstein interviewed me for his own cable T.V. programme, 'Midnight Blue,' and introduced me to magazines that needed illustrations. I was whirled around having a lovely time until I realised that my visa had almost run out. Nearly six months had passed! I'm not sure if the Editor has ever forgiven me.

So here is part of my final offering to Janus, appearing a few months after my return, telling of my adventures on one evening out of that six months in 1985.

This was to be my night out on the town, visiting Paddles and the notorious Hellfire Club in New York and I was looking forward to comparing the "scene" with my adventures in London.

I was beginning to talk, and even to think, like a New Yorker. I'd been in the Big Apple for three months, making films and doing illustration work and visiting friends. What I had not done was to visit those places and people who were of special interest to me as an illustrator for Janus. Now was my chance to eatch up.

My apartment was at the top of a wooden frame house in a tree-lined avenue on Queens, the residential suburb of New York City. Gazing through my window I could see the Empire State building and the twinkling lights of Manhattan, in the distance. More to the point, I could also see the stretch limousine pulling up outside the house, so I waved goodbye to my room-mate, and two ginger cats, and dashed downstairs.

A uniformed chauffeur opened the door of the limousine. My, oh my, but the dog



was surely being put on for this Limey visitor. Cassie's boyfriend must have sent his own car and driver to pick me up.

I clambered in and sat down and found myself staring at an ice bucket with a bottle of champagne peering at me and winking.

The limousine purred away from the sidewalk and oiled itself into the stream of traffic on Queen's Boulevard heading towards the 59th Street Bridge.

Cassie's face swam out of the darkness to kiss me on the cheek. 'We are picking up my master in town,' she said. 'Meet my friends Andrew and Sylvia.'

The flickering neon lights of the shops and restaurants illuminate fitfully a gaunt face smiling at me like a genial shark. He had grey hair and wore a leather jacket and an open-necked shirt. His hands were pouring champagne into a cut glass tumbler.

'It is a pleasure and a privilege to meet you, Paula,' he said. My ear focused in and out rapidly. He was speaking English and not American. There is a difference. A lot of difference.

'You're English,' I said.

'Yes, indeed. I was at 'Varsity, lecturing, but now I live in New York full time. I felt I couldn't pass up the chance to meet the lady whose illustrations I have so often admired in Janus.'

I sipped ice-cold champagne and felt as if I'd been transported to the Arabian Nights via Baghdad on the Subway. My usual method of transport into Manhattan is the subway, crammed with ordinary working people, black and white, of whom I count myself as one. This was a luxury night and I intended to enjoy it.

'I didn't know you got Janus out here,' 1
said.

'Not as often as we would wish,' he answered suavely. 'There is a bookshop on 42nd where copies appear and when they do there are queues to buy them. It is very highly regarded out here, almost a collector's item."

I noticed he made no attempt to introduce Sylvia. He was somewhere in his 40's, she about ten years his junior. She smiled at me but said nothing. She wore a leather collar around her neck and clearly she was an obedient slave.

We crawled across the bridge. Melancholy hoots came upwards from the vessels on the East River and then, suddenly, we were moving between impossibly tall buildings down the canyons of the East Side of Manhattan. We drew up at a

residential apartment block fronted by an arcade with a hall doorman on guard. A 'rich people' condominium building for sure. Cassie decanted herself on to the sidewalk and I could see her for the first time in her evening finery, a wondrous long gown with a low cut corsage which revealed quite a lot of her breasts. Cassie is slim and blonde, in her early 30's, and has a high-powered job in a magazine distribution company when she isn't being a slave to this master I haven't yet met.

The hall doorman knows her and opens the glass-plated doors and nods as she passes. He doesn't bow. He nods. No American would ever bow to anyone. She vanishes into the brightly-lit foyer and ascends in the elevator.

'We hope you'll enjoy your visit around the scene', said Andrew in my ear. 'I gather from various interviews that you are... er... basically... submissive?'

'Yes,' I replied.

'They do things differently over here,' he said. 'For one thing they have no tradition of punishment in schools. No uniforms, no six of the best or anything like that. American children gain, or lose, merit marks and their teachers reason with them but they never have had physical punishment except way back in the days of Tom Sawyer.'

I hadn't thought about it until then but, reflecting on it, I realised it was true. My English schooling hadn't contained the cane or the birch either, but the Public School memory was still very much a part of our attitudes and my teachers had been figures of authority imbued with that ethic. My parents had never laid a finger on me and neither had my teachers, but my school was the emancipated product of a system whose roots were buried deep in the past. There had been an atmosphere and sense of continuity with tradition, which in America had never existed. I experienced the cane for the first time when I was 23. I took to it like a duck to water but I wasn't too frantically interested in school fantasy



punishment.

I could see that Andrew was. He would always want to play the strict schoolmaster although there were no disobedient, naughty schoolgirls to correct in New York. They wore T-shirts, Levis and sneakers and didn't obey anybody. The English schoolgirl role model had no place in their subconscious. All English girls however, even those who had the most modern 'comprehensive' education, can still immediately understand the Janus ideal. Poor Andrew, I thought, he must miss England.

Cassie returned, accompanied by a broad-shouldered, dark-haired youngish man who was our host for the evening.

'This is Mike,' she said. 'He knows who you are so you don't have to tell him.'

Mike shook my hand and smiled gently. The limousine smoothed us swiftly through darker streets downtown to a district once famous for its gloomy warehouses and garment sweat-shops, and we drew up outside Paddles on 42nd.

What can I say about Paddles? I am not an expert on D & S clubs. I attend very few in London. Getting into it was via a tiny square of orange light in which a face appeared to look us over. The face had a dead cigar stuck out of its mouth. The fantasy was that of a speakeasy during the years of Prohibition. I felt, as the door reluctantly opened, that I was walking into the set of one of those old Jimmy Cagney movies, and Mr Cagney would be inside waiting to offer us all a swig from a bottle of rot-gut he'd brewed up in the bath-room.

Paddles is small and poky. The walls were painted black and the roof was crisscrossed with ventilator shafts dating from its days as a warehouse. All the plumbing was on view. A tiny bar, a pair of stocks, and then a small inner room, where, it seemed the action was going on. As we entered, figured in black moved almost invisibly against the dark walls. Disco music deafened us, being played at full decibel level by a demented disc jockey incarcerated in a tiny booth. People were doing things I suppose, but it was difficult to see. A small, very intense-looking girl was bending over a barrel in a dark corner, her bare buttocks glowing a milky white under the ultra-violet. Her master was thrashing her with great, and slow, deliberation. One stroke fell, and then he fondled her buttocks for several minutes before administering the next stroke of a long thin stiff riding-crop type instrument. Ah well, everyone has their own way in these matters.

We were in the middle of the hottest heatwave New York had ever had and there was no air-conditioning down here. I was sweating like a pig and my strapless evening gown was sticking clammily to my thighs.

Half-a-dozen middle-aged harpies were

forcing male slaves to kiss their Gestapo boots and other indignities: I have no taste at all for watching men being humiliated.

I was relieved when Mike suggested we should leave and go visit the Hellfire Club where there would at least be room to swing a cat-o'-nine-tails if anyone felt like swinging such a feline.

The Hellfire Club was even hotter. A converted sewer, I'm told, it smelled like it. The same speakeasy entrance and we must have looked incongruous, driving up in such an expensive-looking car with chauffeur and all, and then picking our way across a garbage-strewn sidewalk past a gaggle of heavies leaning against walls but ready to bounce anyone making trouble. We didn't make any trouble.

Once you enter the Club, social status vanishes. For all I could tell, the strangely-clad figured sitting around and waiting for something interesting to happen might be the very Brahmins of Wall Street, millionaires to a man, but there would be no way of knowing this by looking at them. The point I am making here is that my own fantasy would be to be taken to 'O"s chateau and strung up among the chandeliers of a beautiful house with marble staircases and fountains, so I never did accustom myself to the American love of dirty cellars, cockroaches and rats behind the plumbing. For them it is a catharsis, a complete change from the environment of



almost sybaritic luxury in which they live on Long Island or in mansions off Park and Madison, but I yearned for luxurious surroundings and I didn't take at all to the smell, the heat and the sepulchral black walls. However, it was bigger than Paddles.

Since I knew Andrew was dying to have a go at me (I did have my own reputation to uphold after my Janus interview and photo sessions!) I meekly agreed to bend over, lift up my evening dress and allow him to have his wicked way with me in true pedagogic fashion. He was, as I'd guessed, an expert. He used a broad paddle with inset studs all around the rim, and he beat my naked buttocks hard and fast in a rhythmic tattoo covering both cheeks, and then one at a time, until my backside was gently roasting.

Cassie and Mike watched, and then Mike handed Andrew a slender cane. He finished me off with twelve stinging strokes paced with precision only a schoolmaster can hope to emulate. He paused between each stroke, caressing my buttocks with dry, papery hands, and then brought the cane down with a wham that felt like hellfire itself. Cassie screeched a little protest but Mike, her master, bade her silent - or else. My women friends, I've noticed, are often full of this pseudo-sympathy for the poor beaten victim until you can put the cane in their fair little hands, and then they hit harder than the men. My plump little 'ass' was on fire and I was beginning to go up on a marvellous adrenalin high.

As I straightened I saw that shadowy figures from the surrounding gloom had gathered round in a semi-circle in order to watch me being thrashed. They melted away as soon as the show was over. They went back into their own worlds again. I was a little disappointed not to able to see the reactions on their faces as I do love the rapport with an audience when I am being caned, and it was also a bit of a let-down to me that the weird lighting made it difficult for me to study my punishment marks with clarity.

At one in the morning we left and returned to the limousine and it was then that my own fantasies began to be fulfilled. So far, no one except me had done anything at all. Cassie and Sylvia were onlookers, and obviously excited, but they were being held in reserve. On the way back to Mike's apartment I found out for what they were being reserved.

The limousine did have a cooler and so I was feeling a lot more comfortable. I repaired my make-up, ravaged by the heat, and smiled around. 'What next? The night is still young.'

'It surely is,' said Mike. 'And I feel it is time you paid for all those stupid protests you were making in the club, Cassie.'

what his market his

Cassie stared around, all big-eyed and innocent. 'Not here,' she said breathlessly in a little-girl voice.

'Yes, right here,' said Mike. 'Over my knee. Come along,'

'B-but the driver,' she cried aghast. 'He'll see.'

'So?' said Mike coldly. 'I pay him and he likes the job. Over!'

Cassie loosed off a female squawk as he pulled her arm, and both her breasts fell out as she was inexorably bent over his knee. Her head came down in my lap and I pinned her down without any regret at all. The idea of Cassie having her evening dress up around her waist and getting a bare bottom spanking as we drove through the streets of the city lit me up like a Roman candle. I have a definite little devil in me and I was not about to make sympathetic noises. I sensed that this protesting littlegirl performance was all part of her act and that her cheeks, hidden in my lap, were blushing with pleasure at the thought that the chauffeur could see it all in the rear mirror. Her dress was pulled up and she had no panties on and I thought what a beautiful bottom she had. She was so obviously prepared and ready for whatsoever happened that night.

SLAPP!

Down come down Mike's hand, and Cassie yelled out loud, taken by surprise at the strength of his palm hitting her rounded buttocks. She is luxurious across the hip and there was plenty of bare, spankable flesh to castigate. Mike castigated it ruthlessly while Cassie cried, and wriggled, and kicked up her legs as he smacked her bare posterior and turned it crimson. 1 could see the marks far better than at either of the clubs. A blush sprang up against the creamy white of her soft flesh every time his hand hit her, and she jerked and yelled and buried her face in my lap. I could feel her hot breath through the fabric of my evening dress and I didn't think where she was breathing was an accident. I began to get very turned on myself.

The car drew up outside the apartment block and the chauffeur opened the door while Cassie was still trying to put her breasts away. His face remained impassive.

'I do beg your pardon,' he said.

By the time we reached Mike's penthouse I was hoping for further adventures myself. My paddling and caning at the club had warmed me up, and I was aching for more.

Mike showed us over his fabulous apartment and then took Cassie and me out onto the balcony with its breathtaking view over Manhattan. A million jewelled lights from all the buildings splintered the darkness. New York never sleeps, they claim. I don't think that is an idle boast. It never does.

Andrew and his Sylvia remained in the main apartment, sipping wine and preparing for some small devilry of their own.

Cassie and I stood in the cool night air and breathed in deeply, leaning against the stone parapet.

'Lift your dresses, both of you, and bend over,' said Mike's quiet but very authorative voice. 'You haven't had enough Paula, I can tell, and Cassie must learn NOT to interfere with my orders.'

Cassie and I looked at each other apprehensively. Then with a voluptuous sigh of resignation she bent over the parapet. 1 followed her, daring to stick my bottom out invitingly. I almost wished I hadn't! We both yelled aloud with surprise and shock as the first stroke of the leather strap descended. Mike gave us the shortest, hardest, sweetest strapping I'd had in years. Whooooo - but it stung. It really DID HURT. He struck me and Cassie alternately, so her shricks were a counterpoint to mine. Again I felt that build-up inside which makes it all worthwhile and which no one who hasn't experienced it can understand, that surge of energy and the accumulation of heat radiating from my flesh which is pain but beyond pain. It is stronger than any pleasure that I know.

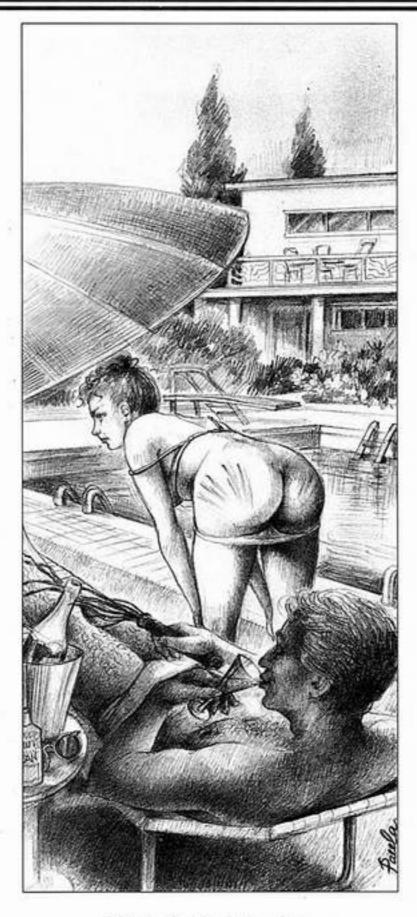
The lights in the adjacent building seemed to surge towards me as I clung to the cool parapet, each one a square of brilliance hiding a room in which mysterious New Yorkers lived out their own private existences. Were any of them having as interesting a time as I at that moment?

It wasn't until I was on my way home in the limo that I suddenly clapped my hand to my mouth and stared at Cassie wideeyed with shock of a too-too-belated realisation.

'I'm filming on location tomorrow,' I exclaimed. 'Whatever will the make-up lady say when she sees I'm smothered in bruises from here to here! I have two nude scenes on the schedule.'

The make-up lady took it all in her stride, as I might have known she would. 'You have been a naughty girl, haven't you Paula?' she said, inspecting my backside as I bent over in the bathroom. 'Don't worry. I can cover the marks, honey, and luckily you're being shot in a scene with blue and red lights. The director won't notice any damn thing.'

And he didn't.



This is the final drawing, and one of my favourites.

Sweet Dreams Dear Readers!