

Forfeits

by Mary B. of London

A WEEKEND break in the cottage was my idea. My husband John and I had chosen this one, near Poole in Dorset. It was a bit too close to the main road, but had a lovely back garden. It was John's idea that we should share the cottage with Dave and Karen. Karen is rather quiet though easy to get along with, but I never really liked Dave. He keeps looking at me and 'accidentally' touching my bum whenever we are close. John says I should be flattered as Dave obviously fancies me, but I think he is creepy.

We went out for Sunday lunch and came back to the cottage to have a lazy afternoon, drinking a few bottles of wine. It was John who produced the cards and suggested we play. I said I did not want to play for money, but to my amazement it was Karen who suggested we play for clothes! I objected, but Dave and John jumped at the idea and I felt I would spoil the whole weekend if I refused. I said I would play but wanted to know what would happen if I ended up with no clothes left on! I was worried in case Dave tried anything weird. Karen suggested that the loser paid a forfeit to be agreed by the other three. I accepted this and we all sat down around the table and started to play.

We had a good laugh and no one seemed to win or lose more than anyone else. Nevertheless, after about ten rounds we were all in our underwear.

To my delight Dave was the first to be naked. He looked really embarrassed and hid his private parts by pulling the chair up tight against the table. Karen was next and had to remove her bra, which she threw across the room. John couldn't take his eyes off her. Then I lost and off came my bra, which I just let slide down on to the floor. John gave me a smile, but I didn't want to look at Dave. During the next round I lost again and did Dave's trick by sliding my knickers down while keeping close to the table, so no one could see. I had a good hand for the next round, but led with a stupid card and lost again! I felt terrified at the prospect of what I might have to do and tried to suggest we ended the game and got dressed.

I had hoped that John would be on my side, but he said, 'Rules are rules. You must go outside while we

discuss the forfeit.' I reached down for my blouse, to cover myself, but John said no, I must remain naked. I took a deep breath, stood up and walked out of the room. I could imagine Dave's eyes burning into my bare bum as I walked away from him. He must have been loving it!

I waited about five minutes before they called me back in. They were all dressed and sitting around the coffee table. I protested about being the only one naked, but Karen told me to be quiet. She had three sheets of paper in her hand and told me they could not agree on one forfeit, but had decided that I must do all three that they had agreed upon. The first was that I was to draw back the curtain and display myself in the window so that passers-by could see me. I felt relieved at this, because although it was a main road it was quiet and no one in the area knew me.

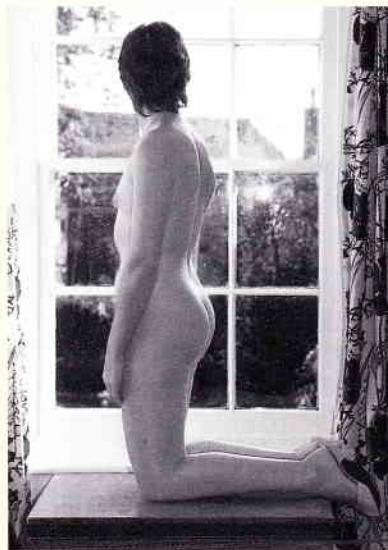
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and get back into position again when John, Dave and Karen returned. John looked angry and gave me no chance to explain. Dave said they would have to rethink the other forfeits as I had failed the first. They all left the room.

They seemed to have quite a discussion, but eventually called me into the conservatory. One of the garden chairs stood in the middle of the room.

Dave seemed to be in charge now and said, 'Kneel on the chair.' I did so without really thinking. He then said, 'We are going to spank you.' I jumped up exclaiming, 'No way!' then turned to John for help. To my horror he said, 'You failed the first

‘I glanced round and saw Dave and John standing together looking at my naked, smarting bum which was still sticking up in the air. There was a flash and John took another photograph. Then he said, ‘We agreed on six each, so it’s Karen’s turn to spank you now . . .’



I knelt on the chest of drawers and looked out of the window. There was a flash as John took a picture (enclosed) and then they all said they were going out for a walk and expected to see me there when they returned. Off they went, waving and laughing as they passed the window.

I stayed there for about three minutes and my knees began to ache. Then I heard voices and to my horror I saw a family walking towards the house. I jumped down and put on my blouse until they had passed. I was just about to take it off

forfeit so you must accept this one.' He grabbed my arms and then led me back to the chair. He held me in a kneeling position and pulled my head down so that my bum was sticking up in the air. Thankfully, my blouse was long enough to cover it!

Karen said, 'You are going to get this one way or the other, so I suggest you give in. It can be fun if you are in the right mood.'

I gave John a pleading look. He smiled, kissed me and then said, 'Dave is first. You must count each smack before you get it. Say *one* . . .'

As I stared into John's face, I felt Dave's hands slide up my legs and under the tail of my blouse. He pushed it right up to my waist and then his hands started wandering all over my outstretched bum, his fingers lingering in the crevice. I felt totally powerless, and horrified at the thought of the view he must be getting. John had never done this to me, but now he was letting this man explore my most intimate parts.

I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth. John raised my head and said again, 'Say one!'

I realised I had to submit, dropped my head and shouted, 'One!'

Dave's hand left my bum and I had a brief sense of timelessness,

then I heard a whoosh of air and felt the crack as his hand landed loudly on my right cheek. At first the only sensation was panic as I was pushed off balance and nearly fell from the chair. A deep, red throbbing sensation started to burn into my bum. I decided to make a fight of it and started to get up, but Karen gently placed a hand on my back and said, 'Say two!' Somehow this seemed to calm me and I decided then that I would show them I was capable of deciding for myself. I would stay in control and submit gracefully.

My blouse was covering my bum again, so I bent over, reached around with both hands and slid the blouse right up. I looked Dave in the eye, dropped my head, said, 'Two' and stuck my bum right out towards him. This was a mistake. The second smack was much harder than the



lost control, but then decided to go for it.

I knew Dave and John were behind me enjoying the view, so I opened my legs so that my knees were about two feet apart. Then I bent forward and this must have displayed everything I've got!

As I squirmed around on Dave's knee I became very aware of his face close to my scarlet bottom. At the count of three, he dropped his left knee and pushed up the right. This thrust my bottom up just as the rubber strap struck, and it was a real stinger . . .

first, and as my left cheek stung I felt myself gasping for air.

As soon as I was back in control I shouted, 'Three!' and Dave's hand was quickly down on my right cheek, in the same spot as before.

Soon, my whole bum was throbbing, but I just called out four, five, six and seven. But there was no seven. I just stayed in position waiting for it with my bum now a blazing sensation which, although painful, was also a somewhat erotic feeling.

I glanced round and saw Dave and John standing together looking at my naked, smarting bum which was still sticking up in the air. There was a flash and John took another photograph. Then he said, 'We agreed on six each, so it's Karen's turn to spank you now. Say "one" when you're ready!'

It was almost as if I was not in my own body and it was someone else in the chair. How could it be that two hours ago I was having lunch in a pub with my husband and his friend, and now they were discussing the state of my naked bum after that creep Dave had spanked me?

Karen's voice brought me back to reality as she said, 'When you're ready . . .' For a split second I nearly

I waited for what seemed ages and then started counting. Karen gave me nothing more than playful slaps, so I quickly counted up to six and it was over in no time. She had warmed my bum, but it was no worse than when Dave had finished.

Now it was John's turn. As far as I knew he had never fantasised about spanking me, let alone suggested it as part of our sex life, so I was sure that his spanking would be over quickly. I relaxed and said, 'One!'

The pain was unbelievable. I shot up and looked round with tears in my eyes. John had removed one of the rubber straps from the base of an armchair and used this to belt me with. His eyes were glazed, but I couldn't tell if he was angry or just excited.

I jumped off the chair but Dave grabbed me and pulled me down over his knee, pinning my arms down. Karen then held my legs. 'Do you submit?' John asked. Some voice inside me said, 'Yes,' and I felt myself go limp. Dave leaned back to give John a clear swing. He said, 'Two!' and John belted me again, but it didn't seem so painful in this position.

As I squirmed around on Dave's knee I became very aware of his face close to my scarlet bottom, and

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the rod-like bulge in his trousers which was sticking into my side. At the count of three, he dropped his left knee and pushed up the right. This thrust my bottom up just as the rubber strap struck, and it was a real stinger. I braced my body so that he could not do the same again. The fourth stroke cracked across my bottom and this really hurt. I started to cry.

Dave, without any sign of compassion called, 'Five!' and John landed the fifth stroke. All my resistance was gone now and I just lay across Dave's lap, sobbing and waiting for the next.

John lifted me up and I thought Dave had miscounted and they had finished, but they took me back to the chair and helped me into position. Dave lifted my blouse and slowly moved his hands over my tender bottom. I could feel his breath on me as he examined every sore mark.

I was about to move when I heard John's voice. 'Say six!' he said.

'Oh no,' I sobbed. 'Six . . .'

The rubber belt streaked across my bum leaving me feeling like a whimpering wreck.

About five minutes later there was another flash and it made me aware that I was still lying on the chair. Karen started rubbing cream into my poor bum.

'Don't worry,' she said. 'That red glow becomes a pleasant feeling after a while. You did really well. You might find you like it if John does it to you at home - it can get me going. Next time it will be my turn for a spanking because Dave's really into it.'

Dave and John sat next to me and I noticed that Dave had a piece of paper in his hand.

'This is the third forfeit,' he said.

I just despaired at what was to come next. Dave passed me the paper and I read it out: 'You must write a full account of your first spanking.'

Dave has since lent John some of his *Janus* magazines, and we read them together. I must admit I have found some parts rather stimulating in a strange way.

This is the true account that I wrote, and I am sending it to you at *Janus* together with the photos that were taken of me at the cottage. I am doing this of my own free will, with John's encouragement. It makes me feel really nervous, wondering what you will make of it . . . ●

My First Caning

by Mary B. of London

**A Reader's
Confession**

KAREN and Dave's invitation to dinner was to celebrate the publication of my true confession, titled *Forfeits*, in *Janus* 103. We had not seen them together since the weekend in Dorset, although John and Dave met at work regularly.

I have reread *Forfeits* many times and have to confess to mixed feelings. Pride at seeing my words and photos



Mary B.

in print and realising that they may give pleasure to others; worry that someone might recognise our names, although thankfully *Janus* only called me Mary B. so realistically there is little chance of that. But more than anything I feel an erotic pleasure when I relive the events of our weekend in Dorset by reading my own account of them in *Janus*.

At the time I felt nervous, embarrassed and sore! But somehow afterwards you feel good that you took it. For several days after my first experience of spanking and CP, at the

hands of my husband John and this couple, I kept looking in a mirror, exposing my bum and staring at the marks. I felt disappointed when they faded away.

John has since spanked me many times – over his knee, over the bonnet of the car in the garage! And, of course, in bed. Depending on my mood it has varied from OK to a definite heightening of our sex life,

end, but the nearest he came to this was suggesting we should rent somewhere again for another weekend away together, and saying how much he liked Dorset. If there had been any strangers listening in they would not have suspected anything, but Dave's remarks did rather stir me up and I felt a little disturbed. John, however, smiled to reassure me and held my hand under

‘ Karen spent the next half hour wandering around naked – bringing us coffee, offering liqueurs, tidying up – but never sitting down for obvious reasons. She was fully aware that we could not take our eyes off her, especially her bum which was a mixture of every shade of red you could imagine, and she seemed to delight in the attention . . . ’

but it has never matched the emotions and sense of ceremony of that weekend.

As we got ready to go to Dave and Karen's, John interrupted my daydreaming by asking if I would wear my blue dress without any underwear. I have done this on a number of occasions as it is quite long and he likes the way it falls over the curves of my bum and clings to them without any knicker lines. I agreed, without thinking, but then remembered how Dave's hands had exposed my bum and the feeling of his hot breath on my rear cheeks.

I blurted out that I had assumed we were going to dinner and that I wasn't going to be exposed and played with by everyone again! John smiled, kissed me and promised that not only would he not try anything, but if Dave suggested anything he would protect me and say *no*. 'I only want you to look your best,' he said. Reassured, I wore just perfume and my dress.

Dave and Karen were very welcoming and we were soon chatting away. Every time we came to the end of a conversation I was sure Dave would bring up the 'Forfeits' week-

the table.

Karen served a nice meal and then cleared away the main course. She said there was a choice of desserts in the living room when we were ready. Dave and John started talking about work and as I sat there waiting for Karen to come back, I remembered how the two of them had stood behind me while I bent over waiting for John to spank me at the cottage. Then I remembered the shock of that first stroke of the rubber strap smacking home on my bare bottom! It seemed so strange now because this was such a normal situation around the dinner table. I began to feel damp between the legs and because I wasn't wearing any knickers I panicked in case a stain came through my dress.

Dave and John stood up and Dave offered an arm to help me out of the chair. Sure enough his hand wandered round on to my bum as he led me towards the living room.

As I entered the room I went rigid with shock: Karen was bent over the back of the settee. All her clothes were folded neatly on the floor – she was naked apart from a serviette laid carefully over her raised bottom. On the coffee table were a cane, a leather

tawse and a table tennis bat. Karen turned her head and smiled at me. 'I told you it would be my turn next, Mary. I believe I have to take six from each of you. Choose your dessert – ladies first!' She then buried her head in the cushion of the settee and wiggled her bum so that the serviette fell off.

John and Dave sat down on the chairs, where they had a good view.

in the cushion again, and said, 'Two'.

John seemed less aggressive this time and the second stroke did not make as much noise. But the third stroke of the cane caught her sharply, right in the crevice between her bottom and thighs. Karen gave out a little cry. She stayed bending over but skipped up and down from one leg to the other, sucking in short breaths. That stroke had obviously hurt her,

a second time, before Karen had said anything, and was again right on target to widen another cane mark. John's hand wandered round to the back of my dress, which he gathered up until my bare bum was exposed. Then, very gently, he began to stroke it.

Karen was staring directly at us, but without really focusing it seemed. She was clearly concentrating on her

‘I wanted to jump up, clutch my bottom, scream – anything to take that scorching sting away – but I didn’t. The stinging came in waves from that one single stroke, like a crazy pulse-beat . . .’

For a minute I wasn't really sure what to do. I picked up the bat and playfully tapped her cheeks. Karen did not look around, but she parted her legs slightly and tensed them. A muffled sound of 'One' came from the seat of the settee. I have to confess that a sense of revenge came to me. It was Karen who had set me up at the cottage and I decided to show no mercy.

I whacked the table tennis bat down hard on her right cheek. She quivered but said 'Two' almost straight away, so I belted the left cheek. Again, 'Three' came from the cushion without delay. I whapped the bat down with all my force, finding it exciting to have so much power. I felt sexy and quite cruel, and something inside me seemed to let go. By number six her bum was absolutely scarlet but she just turned her head, smiled and said, 'Who's next?'

John was quick to jump up. He selected the cane and spent ages positioning himself by Karen's side. Then he raised the cane and paused. I felt a great suspense. Again, Karen did not move, but just said, 'One'. The whoosh of air and the loud crack made me jump – never mind Karen! She shot up so that her arms were straight and she held that position, gasping for breath. She then slowly lowered her arms until her face was

but I must admit I enjoyed watching her wriggling from the sting of the cane in my husband's hand. I felt myself becoming totally wet as Karen's bum continued to writhe and twitch in front of us, with three red marks across both cheeks.

I think John must have felt he was overdoing it because he looked concerned, and he waited for Karen to settle even after she said 'Four'. The remaining strokes were firm enough to make Karen jump but did not seem to cause her much distress. She reacted more as if they were arousing her than making her suffer.

When John had given his six he came and sat down on the chair next to me and we really smiled at each other. Together we watched Dave pick up the long leather tawse and position himself behind Karen's left side, but this blocked our view, so John and I moved and stood to her right. Karen turned her head to face us, rather than try to look back at Dave, and said, 'One'.

Dave swung down hard and the tawse slapped home with a loud smack. Karen's face screwed up and she breathed hard, but she continued to look at us. Dave had accurately struck right over one of the cane marks, widening it into a bright red band. He whacked her with the tawse



breathing. The third stroke of the tawse slapped home and again Karen panted, then calmed herself. I was overwhelmed by what was going on. Karen reminded me of a friend I had seen demonstrating breathing exercises for childbirth! She told us later that she was able to control the pain by 'breathing over it' and concentrating on her breathing rather than the sensations in her rear.

As Dave landed the fourth, again over a cane mark, it was clear that he had an understanding of what Karen was doing. Karen was not calling out the number or looking at Dave but he

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seemed to know when she was ready for the next stroke. The fifth landed low, to cover John's lowest cane mark. It was fascinating watching them, especially when my own bum was feeling so cool, out in the open, and being tenderly touched and stroked. Dave landed the sixth, put the tawse on the table, picked up the cane and came over to us.

I moved away from John, so that my dress would fall and cover me. Dave held out the cane sideways to us both and said, 'You can have this for a Christmas present, providing I can initiate Mary with it first.' I blurted out, 'No! – er, thank you, but no.' I looked to John, who to my relief said nothing. Dave said, 'Okay, please yourselves,' and put the cane back on the table.

Karen slowly stood up and went over to her clothes. She put on her heeled shoes, but nothing else. She then spent the next half hour wandering around naked – bringing us coffee, offering liqueurs, tidying up – but never sitting down for obvious reasons. She was fully aware that we could not take our eyes off her, especially her bum which was a mixture of every shade of red you could imagine, and she seemed to delight in the attention. She was clearly finding every excuse she could to walk across in front of us, and even bend over to pick something up or to remove a piece of fluff from the carpet. It really was an extraordinary show-off performance and I've never seen anything like it.

Eventually she came in with our coats. We went into the hall and said our goodbyes. Dave, of course, gave me a kiss and a good grope while John kissed the naked Karen, and very gently stroked her bottom. I remembered my bag and went back into the living room to get it. I then acted totally on instinct instead of thought. The cane was still on the table. I picked it up, and hid it under my coat!

* * *

The following Wednesday was, as

usual, John's late night at work so when I got in at six I poured myself a large sherry and went up for a long relaxing bath. As soon as I got into it the phone rang, but I ignored it and enjoyed a good soak. About half an hour later I got dried and went downstairs, without getting dressed, to listen to the answering machine. The message was from John to say that Dave would be around at about

As I passed the full-length mirror I turned and looked at my back view. I stroked my bum and imagined it covered in red lines. I started shivering again. My mind was actually racing from commonsense to stupidity, from security to fear, from fear to the strangest kind of excitement. I looked at the clock – 7:10. I stroked myself again. It seemed a great challenge. What would John think if I did it? But

‘I stood in front of the mirror. My stomach got those butterfly feelings again. I turned around, undid my jeans and pushed them and my knickers down. I admired my bum in the mirror. The stripe marks were perfectly clear . . .’

7:30 to borrow our camera and tripod, so I went to the cupboard to get it. When I opened the door I nearly died. John had hired a Santa Claus outfit for his firm's party and it was hanging up full-length in the cupboard. I laughed to myself and put the camera and tripod by the front door for Dave.

I was just about to go back upstairs when the phone went again. It was Dave to confirm that I was in and had got the message. He then said, 'Mary, I noticed after you left on Saturday that the cane had gone, so I presume you accepted my present after all – and the condition that went with it.' Suddenly I felt a shiver and was about to speak when Dave carried on, 'Don't worry, you can have it anyway. I'll be around at 7:30. Either just give me the camera and I'll go, or dress accordingly and I'll know what you want.'

He rang off before I could say anything. The images of Dave spanking Karen flooded through my mind. Karen's control and the way Dave related to her. I felt competitive feelings towards her and was very conscious of her superiority in taking CP. My stomach began to churn and for a second I actually thought of Dave caning me! But I dismissed it and went upstairs to dress.

then, why hadn't he just taken the camera to work with him? Was this all a set-up? Then, suddenly, my mind cleared and – I cannot believe I did this – I looked into the mirror at my bum, stroked it gently and said out aloud, 'Sorry'. I actually apologised to my own bum for what I was going to let happen to it!

My hands were shaking as I selected my silk cami-top and knickers, suspender belt and white stockings. I seemed to be in some sort of trance, my hormones were racing, they had definitely taken over from my brain. I got out the cane and touched it like it was a bomb about to explode.

It was 7:20. I went downstairs, closed the curtains and placed the padded chair in the middle of the room. I put on some music to hide any noises from the neighbours. I felt incredibly wound up. At just before 7:30, I walked to the door, still shivering. As I passed the cupboard, I laughed to myself about the Santa Claus outfit. Then I had an idea. I took out the hood and cape and put them on. The soft garment felt warm and secure. I went back to the chair – which way would be best? I tried bending over the back, but it was too low. Perhaps if I . . . the door bell



rang!

I looked through the spyhole and saw Dave. I waited, his hand came up to the bell again and I swung open the door. He smiled and said, 'Merry bloody Christmas!' I did not speak, but just turned and walked into the living room. Somehow I just knew that what was going to happen was inevitable, like my fate that had to be fulfilled. I looked behind me but Dave was not there! I was going to call for him, but my throat was too dry. Then he strode in, took his coat off, and rolled his sleeves up. The message could hardly have been clearer.

Trembling, I turned my back to him and put my thumbs into the waistband of my knickers. Very, very slowly I pushed them down, until my arms were straight. I then leant forward and took them right off. I undid the cape and let it all fall. The cane was on the chair, so I picked it up, gave it to Dave and stood behind the chair. I bent forward with my arms outstretched and grasped the back of the chair. This made my bum really stick out.

'You can have ten medium strokes,' David said, 'or five hard strokes. Which is it to be?'

I answered, 'I thought the number was six.'

He quickly replied, 'I've gone metric.'

'Five,' I said, without really thinking, but then had doubts and added, 'But not very hard...'

At that moment, having made this commitment, I felt a kind of fearful excitement that was like sparks through my whole body.

Dave positioned himself to my left, raised the cane and waited. I knew what he was waiting for. Remembering what Karen had confided to me I got my breathing into a deep, steady rhythm, then held my breath.

Whack! Down came the cane on my bare bum – the first time I had ever had it. I blew out as hard as I could then tried to control my breathing again. I wanted to jump up, clutch my bottom, scream – anything to take that scorching sting away – but I didn't. The stinging came in

waves from that one single stroke, like a crazy pulse-beat. It seemed ages until I was ready, but we both knew when I was.

Crack! Much lower this time. I repeated the same routine, then tried to slow my gasping. After 'three' I thought I was going to cry out, but I didn't. On 'four', however, I had to and it took a long time for me to get ready again. My bum was stinging so madly, I had never felt anything like it in my life. On 'five' I really shouted and I think tears came to my eyes. I just stayed in position. I had done it – it was over! I had spent all this time building up to it and now I didn't know what to do.

Suddenly I felt worried. I was alone with Dave, in this position which now reminded me so much of how I sometimes stood when John made love to me doggy-style. I had no intention of letting Dave make love to me, that was not part of the game. My mind began to race, then I heard the front door open. I ran into the hall. Dave had his coat on and was going out of the door. I called 'Dave!', then froze in horror. The people who live opposite were getting into their car. They could see straight past Dave – a man they did not know, carrying the camera and tripod, and were looking at me. I was wearing a short cami-top, suspenders, stockings, and nothing else!

'Come in, quick. Shut the door!' I blurted out. Dave did so, then just stood there. Then someone said, and I still cannot believe it was me: 'Dave, I think I need the other ten.'

'Okay,' he said, 'if you're sure. Turn the chair around this time so you can kneel on it and lean over the back.' I returned to the living room and obeyed.

I managed to keep control until 'six' but I don't know what happened after that. I was still bent over the back of the chair for at least a quarter of an hour after Dave had gone. Where my mind went, I couldn't tell you. Eventually I stood up and walked upstairs. I stopped by the mirror. My poor bum! It was covered in bright red lines, and a couple were so swollen they must have come from two strokes landing on the same spot.

I fell on to the bed, face-down of course. My left hand explored the ridged marks on my blazing bottom while my right hand came around the front, between my legs, and found my clitoris. I very quickly climaxed, then fell asleep.

I awoke as John's cold, naked body pressed against me. We had some of the best sex of our marriage. John said that the images when he came home were the most erotic of his life. The chair, the cane and my knickers downstairs, then me, face-down on the bed, my red striped bum framed in suspenders. He said he could not get his clothes off fast enough.

Three days later, I did a very strange thing. I was in the ladies' at work. After washing my hands I stood in front of the mirror. My stomach got those butterfly feelings again. I turned around, undid my jeans and pushed them and my knickers down. I admired my bum in the mirror. The stripe marks were perfectly clear. Someone could come in at any second, but still I stood there. Then I smiled a satisfied smile, pulled them up and left.

John hasn't caned me yet, and I don't know if he ever will. But whenever I remember how I felt when I was being caned I want him to make love to me, urgently. It is really the strangest thing that has ever happened to me, and I feel that I should share this experience with your readership in the hope that someone can explain to me what it all means! ●

Cheek For Cheek

by Mary B. of London

After you printed my confession in *Janus* 103, Dave sent me five red roses with a note that said I could have another ten if I wanted them! It was pleasing to see Karen had also signed the note because Dave had said he wasn't sure what her reaction would be to the caning I had received at his hands.

John and I have talked about that evening many times. It is still a major turn-on for him, although my reaction is continually one of amazement because I actually did what I did!

Karen and I have since become even greater friends and we now go swimming once a week to keep our figures in trim. Our conversations regularly include intimate details of her sex life. She is much more extrovert than me and is always experimenting with new sexual positions and fantasies. I felt obliged to tell her that although John enjoys spanking me playfully, her Dave is the only person who has ever given me the cane.

Last week it was my turn to collect Karen and drive to the pool. As usual, she was not ready when I arrived, so I made a coffee and waited in the kitchen.

When she finally appeared, I poured her a coffee and we started chatting. Eventually, she told me that Dave had bought her a new swimsuit and asked if I wanted to see it. I told her that I did and suggested she tried it on before we went to the pool.

Karen disappeared upstairs for a few minutes and then came down wearing a tight, white one-piece with a very high cut leg-line. She looked absolutely stunning.

'Turn around and let me see the back,' I said.

The costume's high cut barely covered half her bottom. On the almost fully exposed cheeks I could just make out the faintest of cane marks.

'Come here,' I said. 'Let me see those marks on your bottom.'

Looking quite embarrassed, Karen walked over to where I was sitting and turned around, pushing her bottom out slightly as she did so. I lifted one side of the costume and let my hand brush across her cheek. I have to admit that I was feeling quite excited.

Quickly, I pulled the costume up until the material all but disappeared into the crack of her bum. Without uttering a sound Karen let me finger

each mark. I felt my stomach start churning and my mouth suddenly go dry. Leaning forward, I kissed each faint stripe.

Immediately, I felt embarrassed at what I had done and quickly pulled away. I looked up with some embarrassment straight into Karen's eyes. Unflinchingly, she stared back at me and, without losing eye contact, slowly slipped each shoulder strap down her arms. The coil of white material just slid easily off her body and dropped to the floor. She stood naked in front of me.

Without a word, Karen just bent forward and draped herself over my knees. Instinctively, I put my left hand on the centre of her back and taking full advantage, my right hand diligently explored every inch of her bottom — and between her legs!

Without warning her I raised my hand and brought it down with a loud smack. I was quite surprised to see the red imprint of my palm as I lifted it again before returning it even harder than before. I was feeling really excited and wanted to completely cover her bottom in redness.

I smacked harder and quicker, over and over again, one cheek after the other and took great delight in watching her squirming and wriggling. To keep her still, I pushed down even harder and really laid it on. It was a great feeling.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Suddenly, Karen began struggling really hard and rolled off my knee onto the floor. She was crying.

'I told you to stop and you wouldn't listen,' she sobbed. 'That's against the rules!'

'I'm really sorry,' I said, feeling awful. 'I . . . I've never done anything like that before . . .'

Karen was quite distressed and nothing I said seemed to comfort her. Eventually she stood up, wiped her eyes and stormed upstairs. The sight of her poor, scarlet bottom disappearing out of the door is an image I shall always remember, not because I was excited, but because I felt so guilty.

I waited in silence for about ten minutes but there was not even a sound from upstairs. I made more coffee and decided to take a cup to her so that I could try and apologise again. Her bedroom door was closed and there was no response to my knock. I pushed the door open and walked in.

'Karen, I'm really sorry . . .' I began.

A Reader's Confession

She was standing by the window and there was a cane in her hand. Dry-eyed, and still naked, she looked straight at me.

'You soon will be,' Karen said coldly. 'Strip and get onto the bed!'

My feelings of guilt were suddenly replaced with a confusing mixture of fear and excitement. I just didn't know what to do.

'You can go now and not come back,' she said, 'or, do exactly what I say. Apologies are not enough!'

I put the cup of coffee onto the dressing table and realised I was shaking. I looked at Karen, but she said nothing. I knew that I could walk out, and I was sure she wouldn't end our friendship, but I wanted to make everything right between us. I was also intrigued and a little excited.

I unbuttoned my dress and let it fall. Underneath, I was already wearing a swimming costume so I wriggled out of that also. For a brief moment we both stood completely naked, looking at each other.

Totally in control of the situation, Karen indicated the bed with her cane and, heart thumping, I lay face down and waited. I felt cold and vulnerable, but there was also a sense of relief that things were now out of my hands. She was going to make me pay for what I did to her and then we would be even. I accepted that, willingly.

'Stick your fat arse in the air!' Her cruel order made me cringe with embarrassment.

I pushed my naked, cold bottom upwards, but she wasn't satisfied. She commanded me to push it higher. I pulled my knees forward and began to arch upwards.

CRACK!

Without warning, she brought the cane crashing down and set my poor bottom ablaze. I dropped back onto my tummy. This wasn't fun. I decided I would get up and go.

'Again . . . UP!' Karen ordered tartly. I lay still. Undecided.

CRACK! I bit the bedcover in an attempt to control the pain.

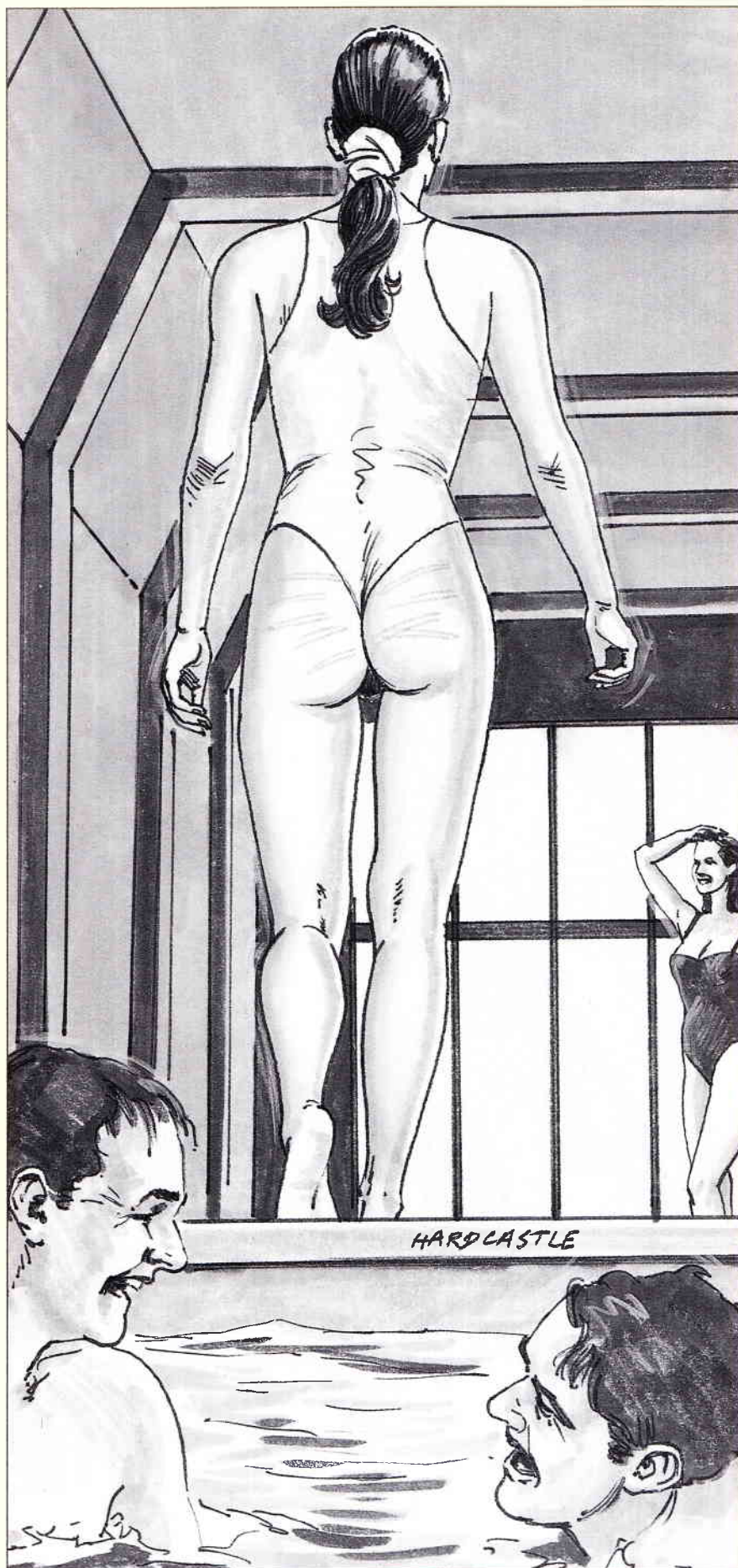
'I said . . . AGAIN!'

CRACK! Once more, I wasn't expecting it. When Dave had caned me, I was allowed to control the pace, but this was going too fast.

'Again!' For some reason I pushed up. Nothing happened. I pushed even higher.

CRACK! The pain was excruciating and I dropped down onto the bed again.

A Reader's Confession



'Please Karen, please,' I gasped. 'No more.'

'Turn over,' said Karen.

With some relief I rolled over, but the bedcover immediately chafed and irritated my sore bottom. She raised the cane and for a moment I thought she was going to cane my tummy.

'Raise your knees and pull them right back until they touch your face. Now, hold them there!'

Pulling hard with my arms, I felt my back curve and lift my bottom clear of the irritating bedcover.

Through the tiny gap between my knees I could see Karen standing at the foot of the bed. In this position I realised that she could see everything between my legs.

The cane started to descend and then I lost sight of it. The pain didn't seem to be as bad as I had imagined, but then the second stroke landed and that one really hurt. Determinedly, I held my position and looked at Karen through my knees. She just looked back at me.

'Come on, we are going swimming!' she laughed. 'I'll put your costume in my bag. It'll be cooler for you to be naked under that dress.'

* * *

Karen came into my changing cubicle having changed very quickly. I hadn't been able to look at her at first and slowly removed my dress. I was still tying my hair back when I turned around and noticed that she had slipped her dress back over her costume.

'I'll lock your things in my locker and see you in the pool,' she said gathering up my clothes. 'Your costume is in the bag.'

I waited until she had gone and then opened the bag. My costume wasn't there, only her white one. Oh no!

I realised immediately I saw the scrap of white material that she had left it for me to wear as part of the punishment.

Sure enough, the thong-like back revealed at least eighty percent of my bottom. My big bum was hanging out and clearly showed the bright, fresh cane marks.

Karen had also taken the towel. I had nothing to cover my embarrassment and could only hope the pool would be deserted.

It wasn't. ●

B L A C K M A I L

by Mary B. of London

I was very flattered by the drawing of me in *Janus* no. 109, I hope the enclosed photo's are not too much of a disappointment in comparison! I have not dared to go back to that swimming pool anymore.

John has recently joined our local golfclub; last Saturday we were invited to a charity wine and cheese evening in the club bar. We had been there about an hour when a man called Mike came over and introduced himself. He said he was playing golf with John in a tournament tomorrow, and they chatted away about the club and golf. I must have looked really bored as Mike kept looking at me in a rather concerned way. Eventually he turned to me and said, 'Now I remember, we have definitely met before'. I smiled and said 'I don't think so.'

He calmly replied, 'Oh yes, I'm sure, although it's your bottom I remember more than your face, especially with those cane marks on it!'

I nearly choked on my drink and blushed from head to foot. John's jaw jut dropped, but Mike just smiled and said, 'I'm a regular swimmer at the leisure pool. I'm surprised at you John!'

'It wasn't me that caned her,' John blurted out, but then realised that this made the situation worse, not better. It was Mike's turn to look shocked now. He just said, 'Excuse me,' and went off to talk to someone else. John and I just stared at each other and John then suggested we left. I readily agreed, imagining Mike was going around telling everyone what he had seen at the pool.

I felt even worse when John said he would cancel his membership of the club and look for somewhere else.

It was about 10.00 on Sunday morning when the phone rang. John was talking for ages but I took no notice of what he was saying. After the call he seemed rather quiet but eventual-

ly he said, 'That was Mike. He has invited us both to his house for a drink before the tournament.'

I declined the offer, but John pleaded with me, saying it was best to "clear the air", so I reluctantly agreed.

Mike's house was magnificent. We pulled the car onto the gravel drive and just stared at the lovely gardens and conservatory. John told me that Mike's wife had died several years ago and that Mike was retired and spent most of his time at the golf club. John told me that Mike had talked on the phone about how lucky he thought John was having a wife like me, and that he had no intention of embarrassing John or me by telling tales at the club. I said I was pleased, but then John said, rather nervously, 'Mike suggested that in return for his silence he would drop out of the tournament and that instead of playing golf, he could stay with you instead!'

'You have got to be joking,' I said, 'Forget it. Do you really think I would put myself into that sort of situation.'

John said that Mike was no match for me physically and that I could sort him out if he tried anything. I had to admit Mike was rather frail and old-looking but I still said definitely no, and that we could go now if that is what he had planned for the afternoon. John shrugged his shoulders and got out of his car. I followed him up to the house.

The living room was even richer and grander than I expected. Mike was absolutely charming, he gave us champagne and talked about himself and his late wife. I began to feel sorry for him, all this wealth, but no-one to share it with. He went out of the room to get more champagne and I walked over to admire one of the pictures on the wall. I had my back to the door, so I did not hear him come back into the room.

'Well,' he said, 'it's nearly two o'clock — am I playing golf

or Mary this afternoon?' I was shocked by the abruptness of his question. As I turned to face him, I heard John reply, 'Golf,' but I looked straight at John and said, 'Mary.'

Both John and Mike just stared at me, then Mike rushed over to me, with a beaming smile on his face. He took the glass out of my hand, put it on the table, then undid the button on the sleeve of my blouse. Immediately he unbuttoned me up the front and pulled open my blouse. His hands were shaking. I was in total shock at the speed of what was happening. He went around behind me and I felt him unhook my skirt and pull down the zip. His thumbs then went into the waist-band of my skirt, tights and knickers and on one whoosh of air they were all around my ankles. He then shot back up to unclip my bra and that fell to the floor. He then rushed out of the room.

I just stood there, shaking with a mixture of shock, embarrassment and now fear. John could not look at me, he was just staring down at the floor. I was about to bend down and pull my clothes back on when Mike came back in, carrying a bag. He knelt in front of me and lifted my left foot, taking off my shoe and clearing away my crumpled skirt, tights and knickers. He then did the same with my other foot and stuffed all my clothes into the bag. He then stood up, took the bag over to John and gave it to him. 'Mary won't be needing these,' he said, 'I'll see you back here at 6.00 after the tournament; have a good game.' John stood up and Mike led him out of the room. I heard the front door close.

I wanted to run after him before it was too late, but I did not. I just stood there, stark naked, frozen to the spot.

I could not believe I had been so stupid. I had been annoyed with John for suggesting such a scheme, just to buy Mike's silence. Then, because John had answered, 'Golf', I had to say the

opposite, and then everything had happened so fast I could not get myself out of it. My pride at being liberated and sexually confident had stopped me from slapping Mike's face when he started to undress me. Now my confidence was gone, my husband was gone, my clothes were gone and a man I hardly knew was walking back into the room. I had to believe that John would not walk out and leave me like this unless it was all some sort of game Mike and he had planned.

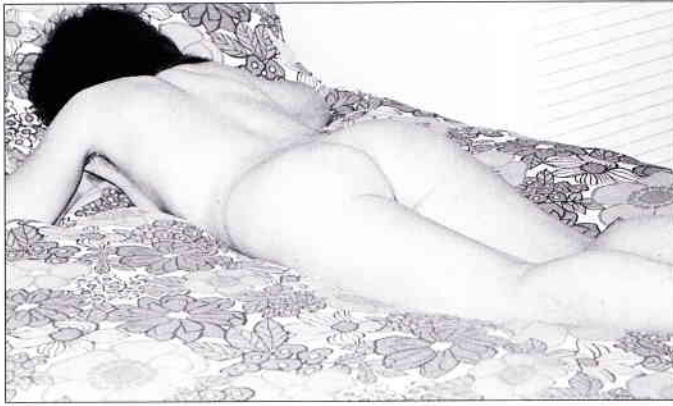
'Let me show you the conservatory,' Mike said politely, handing me another glass of champagne. He seemed to ignore the fact that I was naked, chatting away about his home. However, I felt very uncomfortable as the conservatory was cold and several of the nearby houses had windows overlooking it. As we walked towards the kitchen door he put his hand on my bottom. 'You have a delightful bottom,' he said. 'It is lovely and smooth and cold. Bottoms are at their best either ice cold or red hot. Let me show you upstairs.'

He led the way to the stairs, but then stopped and indicated for me to go up first. He followed me up the stairs, a few steps behind me. His voice went frail and he stuttered as he tried to continue a conversation and enjoy the view at the same time. His interest in my bottom and his "red hot" comment left me in no doubt about what was coming, but I was rather amused to see how he was going to try it.

He showed me to the bedroom. There was a huge bed, set into units down one wall, mirrored wardrobes down another, and a dresser, table and arm-chair on the other side. Mike said the wardrobes were new, and slid open a door to show a walk-in area.

'Do you like all my ties?' he said. Politely I said yes, although I was really looking at myself in the mirrors.

'Choose two you like,' he said. I picked two, and Mike



then started to tie me around my wrist.

'You are not tying me up,' I said. Mike smiled at me, and continued. I was about to pull away from him when I realised he was deliberately tying them so loose that I could slip my wrists and hands out of the loops if I wanted to.

'Please stand up on the bed and raise your arms.' He then tied each of my wrist ties to the handles of the units above the bed. He was using me to play out a fantasy! I was surprised then

that he left the room, to return later with a video camera, tripod and still camera. I pulled my hand out of the tie and turned around. 'I'm sorry Mike,' I said, 'I am not letting you gather more evidence to blackmail me.'

'Please,' said Mike pathetically. 'Your face won't be in the video and the still pictures are what John asked me to take.'

This final confirmation that the whole thing was a set-up made me decide that I would give Mike everything he wanted and more, and see what John

thought of that!

I looped my hand back in the tie and waited. Mike spent ages setting things up.

As I looked around, I could see myself in the mirrored doors, in the dressing table mirror and now my bum in close-up on the TV as well, as Mike had connected it to the camera.

Mike stood at the side of the bed and tapped my bottom a few times, then when he was sure everything was OK, he started the camera, got back into position, raised his hand and smacked me quite hard on the left cheek. I thought he would say something, but I could see in the reflection that he was concentrating on my bum. I watched his hand come up again and then swing down with a loud smack onto my right cheek. Then up went his hand and down it came again on the left. The smacks were hard enough to make me gasp, and I bit my lip waiting for the next one.

Smack! on the right, then the left again. I would see in the mirror that Mike was placing each smack with great care, and on the TV I could see palm and finger marks in red, for each smack. After about twenty smacks I could see that my poor bum was an even red all over and the burning heat was starting to get uncomfortable. I found myself lifting one leg up after the blow on that side and then having to skip onto the other foot as the blow landed on the other cheek. I was using the two ties as support as I danced around.

The TV screen now showed these two globes that were scarlet with almost purple finger marks.

Still the smacks landed, but the hot glow was now over-powering and I could not tell one smack from another, there was just throbbing heat all over. The rhythm, the heat and the rubbing of my legs together began to build into a sort of climax I had not experienced before. I closed my eyes and started to push my bottom backwards, in a rhythm, ready to receive each smack.

The sensation grew and then shuddered through my whole body. Suddenly the pain took over and I could not take anymore. I called out to Mike to stop, but he continued. I shouted again and Mike looked startled, almost as if he had come out of a

trance.

He stopped and I collapsed onto the bed, holding my bum. I felt tears well up in my eyes.

I just lay on the bed for ages, letting the heat radiate from my bum. After a while I became aware that Mike was fiddling with his cameras, then I felt him grip my arm and help me off the bed. He led me over to the dressing table and bent me forward, arranging one elbow on each side of the drawers. I was still in a sort of trance, recovering from my first experience, I could not take anymore. 'No more Mike,' I said, 'I'm sorry.'

'I bought this years ago,' he said, 'but I've never used it. You have to take six.' He raised his arm and in the mirror I saw the leather tawse.

Crack! it streaked across my still scarlet bottom. I shot up, but my resistance had gone. I collapsed forward again and started to cry.

Crack! My knees went and I nearly fell to the floor. I had just straightened up when *CRACK!* it cut into me again. This time I did slip off the dressing table onto the floor.

I heard a bell ring and Mike left the room. It was the door bell, John was back to save me! I stood up and walked onto the landing, tears still in my eyes. I was about to go downstairs when I suddenly realised I could hear two men's voices and neither of them were Mike's or John's. I was horrified.

I was stark naked, my bum was scarlet and striped with purple, I was in a stranger's house and two men I did not know were downstairs. If Mike brought them upstairs anything could happen to me. I heard their voices in the hall! but then the door opened and they left. I have never felt so relieved in my life. Mike came back upstairs and apologised for the interruption. To his amazement I kissed him, handed him the tawse, took up my position on the dresser and said, 'Three to come, I think.'

When John finally arrived I was still naked and almost drunk with champagne.

Mike gave me a lovely pair of gold ear-rings as a present and John enjoyed watching the video while I stood around showing off my still scarlet cheeks. ●

