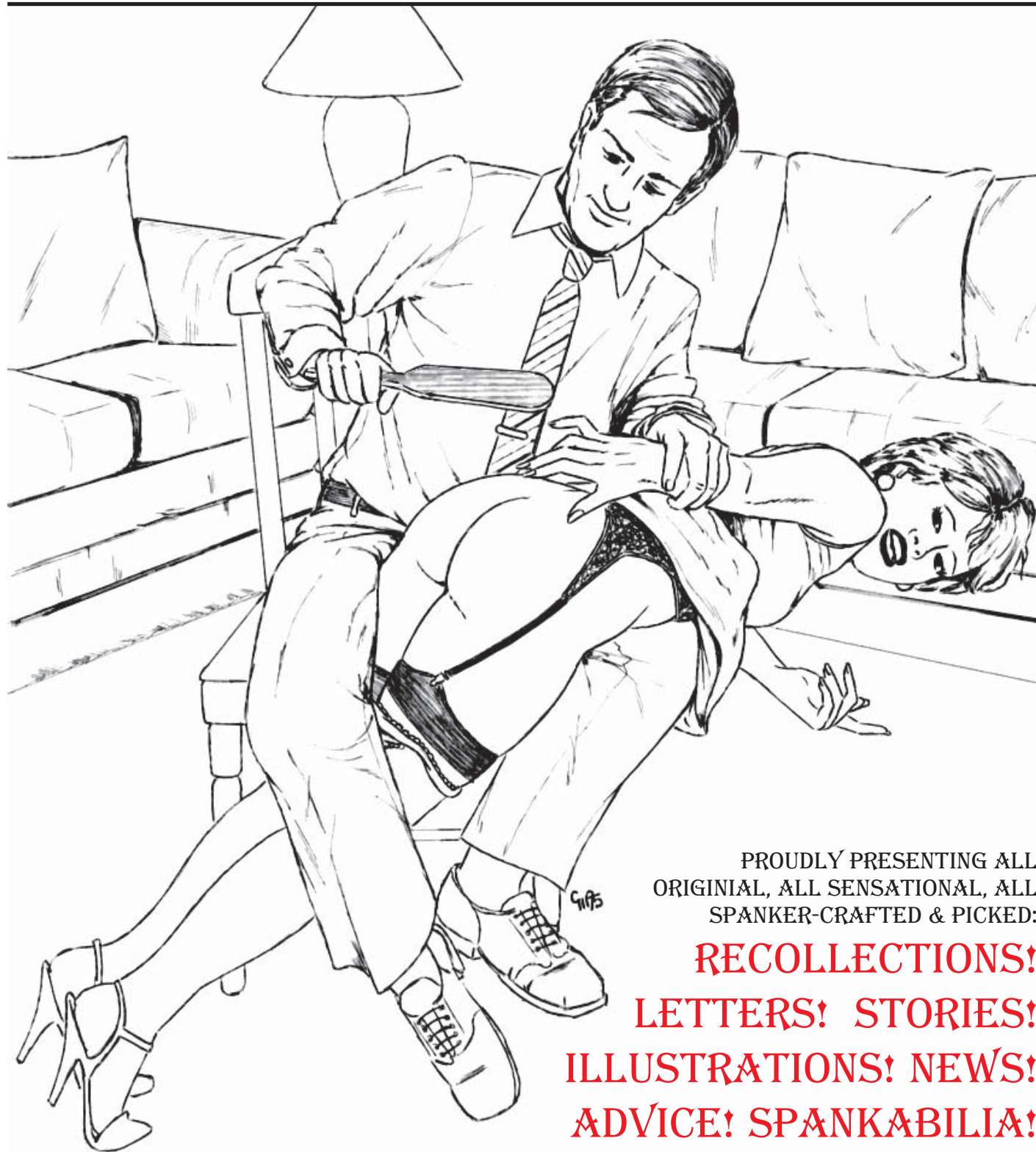


# STRICTLY SPEAKING... **SPANKING** # **30**

SCARLETT HILL'S SPANKING-HOT FANZINE BY/FOR LADIES & GENTS WITH A PASSION FOR GOOD,  
OLD-FASHIONED HE-SCOLDS-STRIPS-SPANKS-SHE EROTICA & OH-SO BLUSHING MUCH MORE!



PROUDLY PRESENTING ALL  
ORIGINAL, ALL SENSATIONAL, ALL  
SPANKER-CRAFTED & PICKED:

**RECOLLECTIONS!  
LETTERS! STORIES!  
ILLUSTRATIONS! NEWS!  
ADVICE! SPANKABILIA!  
PERSONAL ADS! & MORE!**



# Publisher's Plank

I hope our newest readers will excuse me for offering a quick hello instead of a proper welcome, but I feel it urgent that I offer an explanation to our regular readers as to why this is our latest issue ever, and how I can possibly be announcing a new quarterly release schedule after emphatically emphasizing our 60 day schedule was "almost set in stone" only last issue!

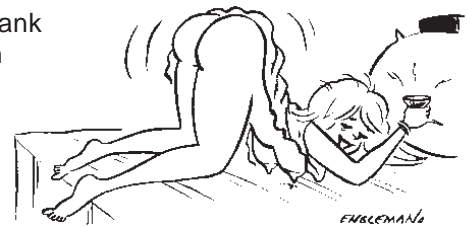
I assure you I haven't gone off the deep end, although I'll admit more friends have commented on my eccentricity than ever before in recent months. Others have flatly advised that I had taken on far too much for myself and my small band of merry spankers, but I've been known to have a stubborn streak and didn't heed their advice, until I remembered a truism I once heard years ago: *If one person calls you a jackass, ignore them; if three agree with the first, think about it; if it's more than five, buy a saddle.* I haven't bought a saddle yet, but I have thought about it and realized that if I and SHE do not adapt, I'll be doing so soon. The simple fact that is that SHE just can't possibly continue to produce the amount of issues our various titles and release schedules demand, without sacrificing quality, service, and, closer to home, irreversible burn out for yours truly. My state of mind isn't really the issue, but as the leader of the SHE parade, it is my responsibility to know where we came from, where we are, and where we're going.

There were 16 pages in the premier issue of *Strictly Speaking Spanking* when I mailed it in January 1991, but more importantly, there were idealistic hopes, excited dreams, and enthusiastic expectations woven into every page. I won't bore anyone with a historical recitation, but suffice it to say that things were very different for spanking enthusiasts in '91. There were few reliable spanking publications, I was frustrated with that fact, and so *Strictly Speaking Spanking* was conceived. My mission and goals were simple and obvious, and with more idealism than realism and only one publication, I and my original band of volunteers happily set forth to change the sad legacy of American spanking publications and expand the spanking community.

My original cast of creative cohorts has changed several times over since then, our product line has drastically expanded, and there's a new name on the stationary: Scarlett Hill Enterprises. By and large, I and Barbara Lewis, former Calbrat Enterprises' soloist, have managed to fulfill our promise of improvement and reliability, but while 100+ combined issues over 4 1/2+ years is an unprecedented achievement for an American spanking publisher, our release record has easily exceeded it's maximum more times than I'd like to remember. More disappointingly, we've just not had the time or manpower to fine tune our issues as we once did, aggressively pursue mainstream opportunities, or provide many of the informational publications I've always believed important to our common vision to enlighten and inform spankers and non-spankers alike.

I believe the release schedule changes we're announcing for all of our magazines and other changes at SHE central bode very well for our future, and, in fact, have already borne fruit in this issue. Thanks to my great friends Barbara, Morgan, Nancy, John, Fred, Charles, all the others I can't possibly list here, and, most importantly, you, a new spirit prevails at Scarlett Hill. Since clairvoyance isn't among my given talents, I won't try to predict our long term future, but I will say that things really do look rosier than ever. In short order, you'll see Scarlett Hill ads reaching out from the pages of every possible mainstream advertising source, a renewed energy in all our publications, more and better single release publications and books, and a return to the highest standards of service and quality possible.

In closing, I'd like to thank all of you for your support, and especially thank those who have called to find out where this issue was and reacted with patience and understanding when we explained the situation. I've always maintained that we spankers are a classy lot, and you all keep proving it again and again. On behalf of all of us Scarlett Hillers, I leave you with warm regards and high hopes that you'll enjoy this and all future Scarlett Hill issues and products. -- *Michael Constantine*



Strictly Speaking Spanking (SSS) is presented by Scarlett Hill Enterprises (SHE), 1329 Highway 395, Suite 10-298, Gardnerville, NV 89410 and our staff of genuine spanking devotees: Publisher: Michael Constantine; Editors: Barbara Lewis, Nance T. and; Art Director: Charles W.; Staff artists: Charles W., Sean, and Ed. SSS is solely intended as a freely expressive entertainment for consenting adults. Scarlett Hill Enterprises assumes no responsibility for opinions or veracity of statements expressed in any department of this publication and does not support, condone, or advocate assault, domestic violence, or child abuse. Unless specifically stated, any resemblance of characters appearing in SSS to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. All submissions for publication become the sole property of Scarlett Hill Enterprises and will be edited, published, or rejected at the sole direction of its editors. Publication location (magazine title) and date of publication is solely at the discretion of SHE editors based on content, size, and volume of material received. Scarlett Hill Enterprises assumes no liability for veracity of advertisements appearing herein nor any liability resulting from contact through ads contained in this publication. All advertisements accepted in the agreement that intentional misrepresentation may result in permanent prohibition from any and all future products or services offered by the publisher and its subsidiaries and forfeiture of any prepaid fees. Scarlett Hill Enterprises guarantees the confidentiality of its readers and will not release personal information without prior, written consent of any and all parties involved. Entire contents copyright © Scarlett Hill Enterprises 1995/2011 and/or individual authors as stated herein. No unauthorized reproduction of any part of this publication in any form is permissible by law without express written permission of Scarlett Hill Enterprises.

*Playful, romantic, serious... Strictly Speaking Spanking is devoted to the celebration of spanking in all of its intimate joys. While "outsiders" might consider spanking a simple act, we devotees know that it is a captivating cacophony of sensations and emotions and an ever changing communion of intimate intrigue. In our last issue, we concentrated on the disciplinary nature of spanking, with the promise that this issue would focus on the euphoric eroticism consenting couples can find with spanking play. With gratitude and pleasure, we present the following contributions from readers who have found the elusive pleasure many of us seek. More explicit than our usual fare, we trust you all will enjoy them in the spirit with which they are presented, but we conclude this preface with a reminder that such intimacy, while universally desired, may not be possible and should never be expected of a partner. There are many misconceptions about spanking, but the eroticism of the event is not one of them. Be that as it may, we urge you all to remember that spankers are not necessarily swingers, and no one should demand or be expected to do anything outside of the safe, sane, consensual bounds we support and defend...*

**Dear SSS Mail,**

I live a fantasy life. I'm a spanking lifestyler that has everything a lady could ask for. I have fantasized about spanking since the age of 12, and have, in the past, searched the personals of spanking publications for Mr. Right, only to come up short. That was until a year ago when Nick came into my life. He had been searching for the same things I had and, as luck would have it, we met at a party and clicked almost at once.

From the first, I knew Nick would be the one for me. He is tall, well proportioned, and has



piercing brown eyes and wavy brown hair. He's funny, smart, and also has an abundance of that special talent I've longed for almost all my life. Nick knows what to do with a lady who enjoys spanking, both as a prelude to sex and just by itself.

After our first meeting, we started dating on a pretty regular basis and found that we had a lot in common, besides spanking. As our relationship grew, so did our desire to experience more and more kinds of spanking and sexual play. Making love after having my bottom

spanked by Nick is the most explosive experience I've ever had.

Being in a one on one relationship gives us a chance to explore spanking more intimately and spontaneously. We've played out all of our favorite spanking fantasies and found some new ones.

One night Nick was rather restless, shifting on the couch from one position to another. I knew something was up. Finally, he stood up, took my hand in his, and told me to follow him up the stairs to his bedroom. I didn't know what he had

## *Spanking Mail*

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in mind, but I was ready. Playing with my man is the sexiest thing in the world.

"Take off your clothes and stand before me." He said as he sat down on the bed.

I smiled down at him and slowly removed my dress. Then I reached back and unhooked my bra and let it fall off my shoulders, landing in his lap. He just smiled up at me. Then slipping my fingers in the waistband of my panties, I slowly worked them down over my bottom and let them fall around my ankles. Then, kicking them aside, I stepped forward between Nick's knees and placed my hands at my sides.

As many times as Nick has seen me naked, I still find it embarrassing having to stand before him and await his decree of what will happen. I feel so vulnerable, exposed and defenseless. These feelings make me feel anxious and excited, and I feel myself growing hotter as I wait for his voice to break the silence in the room. It's just wonderful!

Nick reached underneath the bed and took out a bag. He pulled out a pair of leather cuffs and some white nylon rope. "Maggie, I've got a surprise for you. Hold out your hands."

I'm sure the look on my face was one of surprise and intrigue. We had discussed light bondage before and agreed we'd like to try it one day, but until then it never got any further than discussion. Nick had obviously decided it was time, and I was instantly ready too.

But something inside me couldn't make it easy for him. Suddenly, I found myself putting my hands behind my back, a direct act of defiance that I knew I would pay for. Nick grabbed me by the elbow and pulled me face down over his knee, quickly peppering my bare bottom with an equal distribu-

tion of swats to each cheek. Nick has a hard hand when he wants, and although my tolerance has increased dramatically with all his wonderful attention, he can still make a quick point when he wants to. And right then he wanted to. When he set me on my feet again, my bottom was a shade of bright pink.

"Maggie, your hands! Don't make me ask you again, young lady." He repeated, his tone melting all my inhibitions and making my knees grow weak. I just love that stern voice of his.

Without resisting, I held out my hands and he took each one and secured the leather cuffs to my wrists, the "D" ring at the top. Then placing the rope through each ring, he ordered me to lay over the pillows in the middle of the bed and spread my arms and legs apart, wide apart!

Intrigued by the unknown and my sense of adventure, I did as I was told and positioned myself over the pillows, my naked rump high in the air. I held out my arms to each side of the bed, and with a few good coaxing swats to my bottom, I spread my legs, leaving me open and very vulnerable.

As Nick took each cuff and secured the rope to the bedpost, I could only imagine what he had in mind. He made sure I was comfortable as he secured my wrists. Moving towards the back of the bed, Nick took out a few more pieces of rope and started to secure my ankles to the bedposts. With the pillows under me and my spread-eagle position, I felt totally exposed, helpless, and very excited.

Nick finished binding me, and then he teased me as he ran his fingers up the inside of my thighs to find that I was wet with desire. "I see we're getting a little excited my pet. I wonder if you would enjoy me running my tongue up and

down your thighs? Ummmm?" Nick said as he started nibbling on the inside of my thighs, reaching my pussy and then just flicking his tongue. All I could do was moan in sheer pleasure, delightfully helpless to his whim.

Nick got off the bed and reached into another bag he had at the foot of the bed. Bringing out his leather gloves, a riding crop, and a leather paddle, he told me how beautiful I looked, and how helpless. Slipping on his leather gloves, he started running his hands up and down my body, spanking my bottom as he traveled up and down my curves, dipping between my legs and running his hand up my belly to my breasts, caressing them and then pulling away. Nick has fantastic fingers and knows how to play my body like a fiddle. He teased me just short of an explosive, mind blowing orgasm.

"No, not yet." he said as his fingers left me whimpering for their return. "We still have to try out my paddle and riding crop on that naughty bottom of yours. Don't we, Maggie?" He asked.

"Not necessarily..." I responded, my voice filled with passion.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

"That is not a proper response, young lady! You will answer, Yes Sir, when I ask you a question. Is that clear?" Nick said as the leather paddle landed on the middle of my bottom cheeks, causing me to pull up on the wrist cuffs, making me stick up even more over my pillows.

"Yes Sir. I'm sorry Sir." I said with just a hint of sarcasm in my voice.

"I see I have my work cut out for me."

With that, Nick removed his gloves and his clothes, then

# Spanking Mail

kneeling on the bed next to me, he put his hand around my waist and started spanking me, long and hard, until my bottom was red hot.

"Ooooh! Stop Nick, that hurts, that hurts!" I cried out, struggling against the pull of my restraints.

"Now, what was the proper response?"

"Thank you Sir, for spanking me." I said in a very submissive tone.

"Very good. For that you shall be rewarded." Nick said as he rubbed his hard cock against me and reached down to kiss my burning backside.

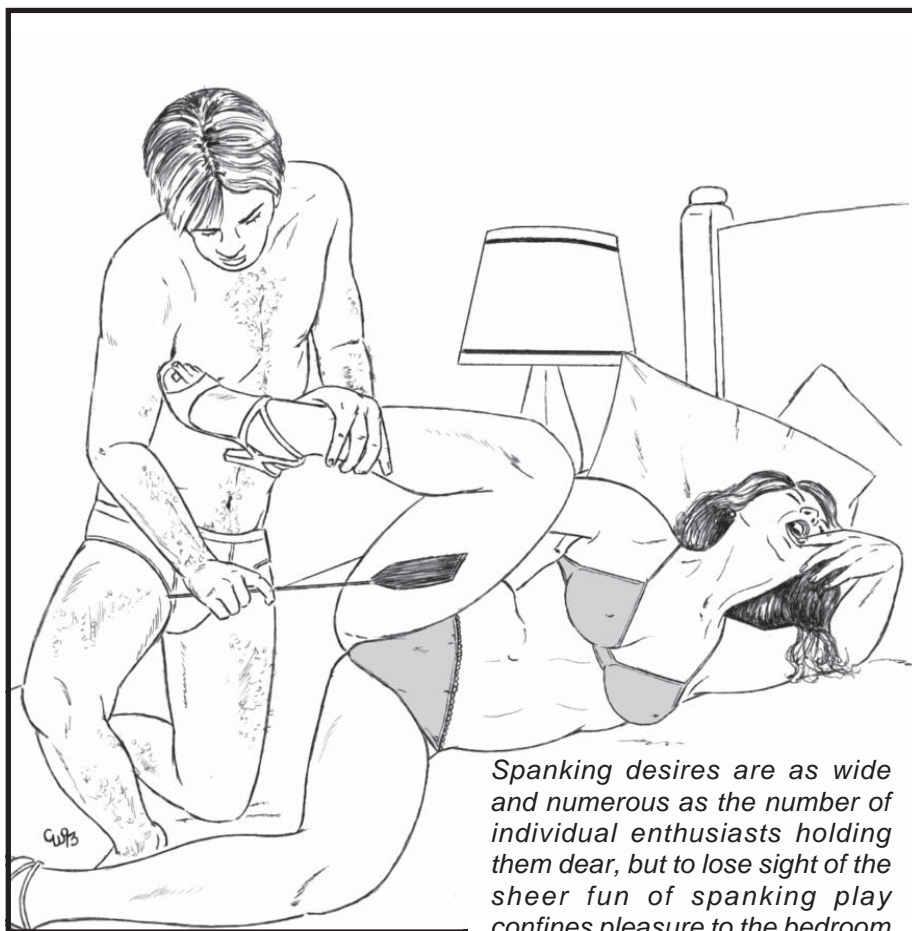
Nick got up from the bed and picked up the riding crop. Standing behind me, he rubbed the inside of the crop up and down the insides of my thighs, flicking the end against my dripping pussy. My bottom raised and vulnerable, offered its crimson cheeks to his desires.

A riding crop is a wondrous implement. It can inflict pain or pleasure and Nick was masterful at both. Again and again, the crop's tip would flick against my bottom, quickly, effortlessly, leaving a sting of desire and burning lust bursting out of every pore of my body.

WHACK! A teasing flick of the crop to my thighs. WHACK! A stinging flick of the crop to my bottom. WHACK! WHACK! The riding crop landed over and over, and I never knew if it would be a tender touch of the leather tip or whether the tip would sting like a bee, exploding against my hot skin.

Suddenly, I felt Nick's weight behind me as he moved into position, his stomach touching my hot bottom, his rock hard cock, teasing my wet lips. Oh, how I wanted him inside me.

"Please Sir, please take me. Please..." I begged in the most



*Spanking desires are as wide and numerous as the number of individual enthusiasts holding them dear, but to lose sight of the sheer fun of spanking play confines pleasure to the bedroom or, worse, bored-room. If you have a fantasy you've always wanted to try and a willing partner, do so!*

*Often misperceived because of their appearance, toys bring a wealth of sensuous variety to spanking play. Leather is lighter and softer than wood-- even the much maligned riding crop can become an instrument of sensual splendor in the hands of an experienced user. (Always start slowly with new toys!)*

*Costumes and clothing (sexy lingerie is a sure way to get your man meandering your way!) can add fresh avenues of adventure to your spanking life. Don't be too uptight to try some. You might feel self-consciously silly at first, but if you relax and get into it, you just might find the fantastic adventures you seek. Relax and let your playfulness, enthusiasm, curiosity, and maturity blend and blossom for really good adult spanking play. - Michael*

submissive tone I could muster.

"My sweet Maggie. Of course I will take you."

Nick helped raise me up higher over the pillows, and then he entered, ever so slowly. I squealed with pleasure as I felt him and moaned ecstatically as he gave me every inch of his beautiful, burning cock. If I wasn't bound, I know I would have thrust backwards to end the sweet torment of his slow entry. I wanted him so badly. But I couldn't, and I'm glad.

Nick's husky voice told me how beautiful I looked, how hot I felt to him, and how hot my bottom felt against his skin. I...

**OH NO! Sorry to pull the plug at such a moment, but biz is biz & you're going to have to get the cover the cover complete edition to find out & feast your eyes on the rest of the equally arousing erotca in this jam-packed, 49 page issue!**