

ployed!"

"Hold the melodrama, Eva Lindt! Nobody wants revenge for your Friday evening gossip sessions. Your victims are just like you. They can use the notoriety. Whether people speak good or ill of you hardly matters, as long as they're talking about you."

Of course I knew that, it was the first rule of the business.... Casanova pointed to the bag where he'd put the green notebook. He explained: " 'The Art of Spanking' is my life. Nothing else matters to me. I owe my finest moments of happiness to it, whether engaging in it firsthand or recalling it later to write or draw."

"Take it back. If you don't, it'll end up in the toilet!"

"That would amaze me!"

"You don't believe me? Do I have to rip it to pieces before your eyes?" I got up, opened my purse and brandished the famous notebook.

"If I were you, I wouldn't do that," said Casanova. "You'll regret it."

"Are you trying to frighten me?"

"Not at all. I think Clara is right, that you are more gifted than many others for our art. I spotted you a long time ago, even if on television one usually sees the least interesting part of you..."

He then explained to me that he

hadn't been on this train, in this compartment, by sheer chance. He'd anticipated everything, with Clara's complicity.

"Today, each person must live out his or her true uniqueness. It's the best way to fashion a lasting celebrity. You'll be Eva Lindt, 'the spanking queen.' If you don't want to go under in a seedy little sex scandal in the Venice train station, it's your only way out. Proclaim your love for spanking and you'll be admired, celebrated, invited everywhere. As for me, I'd be happy to remain in the shadows, represented by a dream woman."


He knew how to get his way, Donatien Casanova, encountered on the 7:42 Paris-Venice train. He was all the more persuasive since I had no choice.

So that's why I chose to publish "The Art of Spanking" under my own name, with my picture on the back cover.

As you now know, I am not exactly the author. But if you meet me, and your tastes coincide with mine, I will be most happy to write a new chapter with you...

Eva Lindt (Jean-Pierre Enard)

January 24, 1988



*The Art of
Spanking*

MANARA•ENARD

Translated by
ELIZABETH BELL



•EUROTICA•

Also Available
by
Milo Manara

AN AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF SIX CHARACTERS

BUTTERSCOTCH

CLICK!

CLICK 2

DIES IRAE

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

HIDDEN CAMERA

INDIAN SUMMER

PERCHANCE TO DREAM

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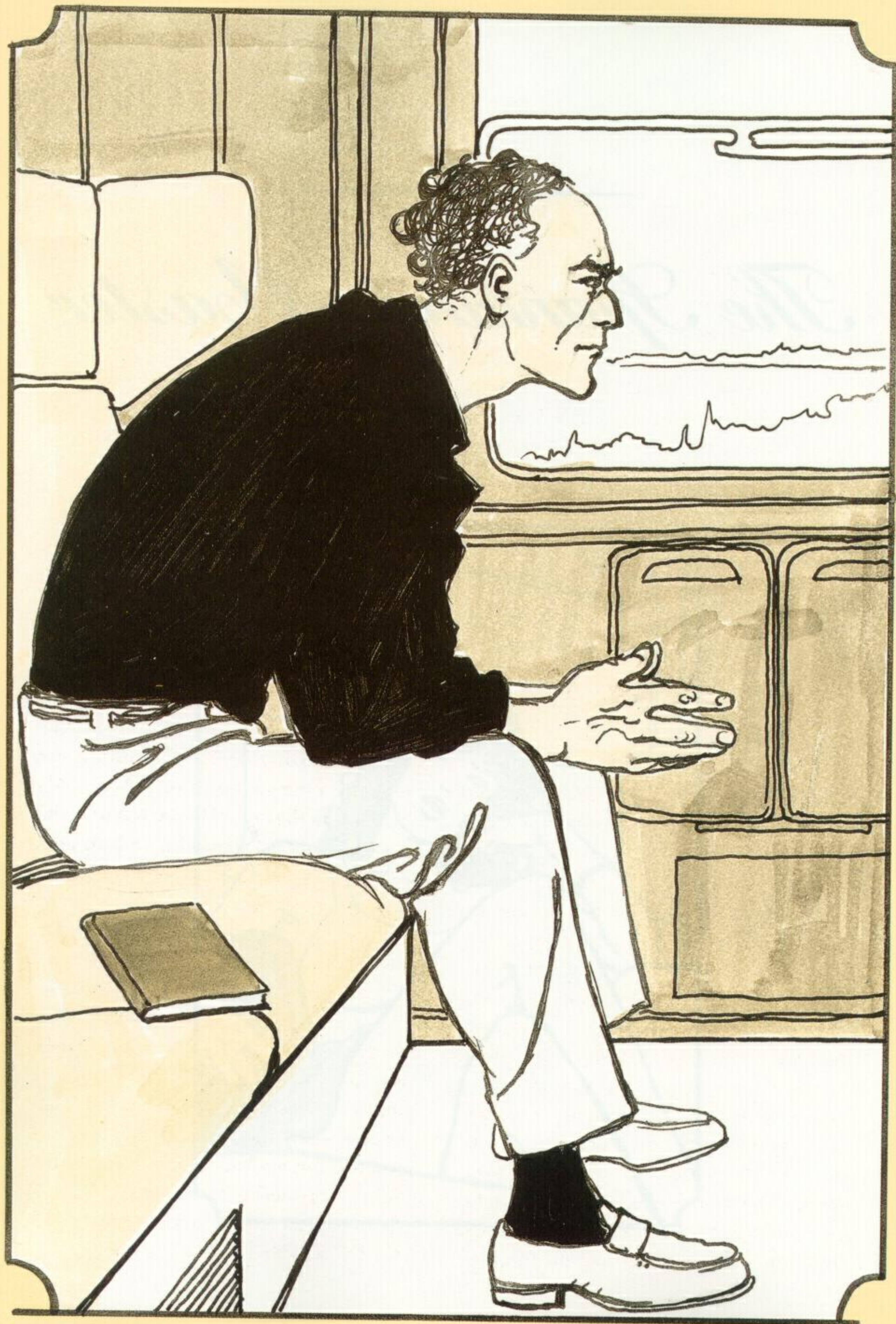
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Applied Exercises

— I —

The Spanking Master





He was one of those men women go wild over. I know whereof I speak: my name's Eva. You've undoubtedly seen pictures of me. Eva Lindt. The gossip queen, the sultana of scandal. Magazines fight over my chronicles of the sex lives of the stars. I tell you when Steph isn't sleeping with Anthony anymore, and that the little prince has a decided preference for dark-haired men with moustaches, military types, if possible. "La Lindt," they call me on television, where every Friday at ten I offer a view of my plunging neckline and spicy anecdotes I deliver through my sensual lips. In this business, you make the most of what you've got.

To get back to this guy... He walked into my first-class compartment on the Paris-Venice train. I despise airplanes, where, contrary to what a certain Emmanuelle would say, nothing ever happens. Trains lend themselves to encounters. Especially on long trips.

I'd taken the 7:42. A warm, blue summer fog hugged the station at Lyon. I was wearing a scoop-neck T-shirt and the suede miniskirt that always inspires men to confide in me. I have this way of letting it creep up my thighs that makes them say more than they meant to. I was alone in the window seat, facing forward. The man looked over the empty seats without so much as a glance in my direction. He placed a bag on the lug-

gage rack and sat down across from me. His legs brushed mine. He apologized with a vague smile... I devoured him with my eyes. Tall, still slim, greying at the temples, his face just lined enough to hint that he had loved a great deal and suffered more. White pants, blue denim shirt, tan loafers. I sighed, to inflate my chest. I twisted in my seat. I dropped my newspaper... To no avail! The man stared out the window. His eyes appeared to be fixed on the pumping buttocks of the female passengers as they thronged to get on board. A girl slunk down the platform in front of us. Ultra-tight shorts molded themselves to her like a divine second skin. She walked with a wiggle, her fleshy lobes jutting out from the narrow band of fabric. My neighbor swallowed. He started to stand up. I thought he was going to leap onto the platform. But he sank back into his seat. He took a small green book out of his pocket, turned some pages and began to write feverishly. Just at this moment, the train pulled out.

As we headed for Dijon, the traveler's eyes were closed. He was drowsing, his notebook on the seat next to him. I couldn't contain my curiosity... It's an occupational hazard. Very slowly, I stretched out my hand and picked up the book. I opened it to the first page. A title in capital letters met my eyes: THE ART OF SPANKING.

"It's all in there," he said. "At least, the best that life has brought me. That's why I want to write a book. 'The Art of Spanking,' by Donatien Casanova."

"Is that your real name?"

"It is and ought to be! Just as yours should be Eva..."

He'd racked up a point. I love to be recognized. He reached to take the notebook back from me, and despite myself I stared at his hands, large and rough, with diaphanous, almost fragile, palms. Hands meant to slap and to stroke, to haul off, jerk off, seduce, seize. He noticed, holding back a smile.

"Spanking's gone out of style," he declared. "These days it's easier to admit a penchant for whips and leather than for a few innocent whacks! You've probably never been spanked..."

My first reaction was to say something stupid like, "Oh, no you don't!" But I already liked this Donatien Casanova too much. Donatien as in De Sade, Casanova because a stranger encountered on a train across Europe, destination Italy, has to be named that...

I ended up saying, "I never have! Not the way you mean it."

"No one understands what spanking is. Some think it a child's punishment. Others a ludicrous mania. But it's the finest form of homage to the most worthy, most refined, most generous part of

a woman: her buttocks. Did you know, Eva, that the human being is the only living thing endowed with buttocks? Animals have a posterior! We have that arrogant, adorable roundness that attracts, protrudes, provokes. In women it takes the shape of delectable curves, an irresistible appeal to the hand. To spank is not to beat. It is to caress and to violate at the same time. I know of nothing more magnificent than buttocks that buck under the hand, stiffen, then reach out to beg the next blow. They give themselves and rebel in the same motion... To spank a woman's ass is better than fucking her. It's making love to her while observing the effects..."

He tore the notebook from my hands and leafed through it rapidly, revealing a series of notes written in black ink and sketches as masterful as the one on the title page.

"I've put it all in here. Everything I know—because you don't engage in spanking in just any manner, nor with just anyone. Read it, Eva. I'm sure you're woman enough to appreciate it."

It felt as if my buttocks were suddenly burning on the leather bench. I wanted to get up, but it was as though some great weight pinned me to the seat, which had molded itself beneath me like a hand. I glanced out the window. We were nearing Dijon.

— II —

The First Spanking



The train had pulled to a stop at the platform. A loudspeaker informed us there would be a two-minute stop. A woman around thirty, red hair in a chignon, pale complexion, appeared in the doorway of our compartment. She was holding the hand of a grumpy little boy, his face smeared with the remains of a strawberry lollipop.

"Sit down, Julien," she said.

"Sorry," said Casanova.

"I beg your pardon?" the woman said.

"I wanna sit down," Julien whined.

"All these seats are taken," Donatien reported.

"I don't see..." the woman stammered.

"The rest haven't gotten here yet. We're waiting for them. We're on our way to a conference near Rome. We're representing the Confederacy of Erotic Dionysians... ConED: surely you've heard of us."

The woman cast a terrified gaze in my direction. I hitched up my mini-skirt a bit more and confirmed his words with a nod.

I added, "If you can't find another seat, stay! We'll squeeze in. Besides, your little boy's really cute! I like him. I could teach him a few games he hasn't learned..."

The housewife fled, dragging her brat by the arm. My companion seemed off in the clouds.

"Did you like her bottom?" I inquired.

"Too flat, too anonymous. When you learn more about spanking, you'll understand that not all women deserve it!"

The people on the platform, the luggage carts, chimneys, telephone poles began to file by. We were moving again. My companion pointed a finger at the green notebook:

"Well, read it now!"

"I was just like you. Living, loving, screwing, knowing nothing of the delights of the spanking. Nor did I know it as an art, one which, like any other, requires a talent that must be trained.

"I discovered spanking by accident. Very much, it seems, like Archimedes and Newton, in the bathtub and orchard respectively. Where could I have such a revelation but in the warmth of a bed, in loving company?

"I was eighteen years old and had already espoused the pursuit of pleasure as my guiding light. My friends went to great lengths to seduce young girls, managing a few panting kisses and some light petting after hours and hours of movies, dancing, restaurants... I had worked it out, and it was cheaper to pay someone who'd made it her profession. Like my ancestor, like all true libertines, I find nothing reprehensible in paying women for the pleasure they give me.

"Gina worked at home. I got her



address from my godfather, Giacomo, who had seen to a major part of my education. Ah, Gina! Twenty years old, breasts like inner tubes I clung to so I wouldn't go under as I plunged into her deep, red-rimmed sex, creamy and smooth, with a scent of apricot and coral. Gina had one of the most fantastic derrières I'd ever seen. She knew it, and didn't hide it. I loved to see her in tight jeans clinging to her skin, molding the two generous globes that jutted out at the hip, swaying as she walked. Most of the time, so she'd waste no time between customers, Gina wore only panties, the merest strip of transparent nylon that slightly softened those milky, perfectly-toned spheres. Imagine her! In front, a blaze of flaming pubic hair adorned her fleshy lips, that greedy slit, the voluptuous oceanic valley; behind, her rocking, rubbing loaves, one after the other, heaved like two dancers in an inextricable tango.

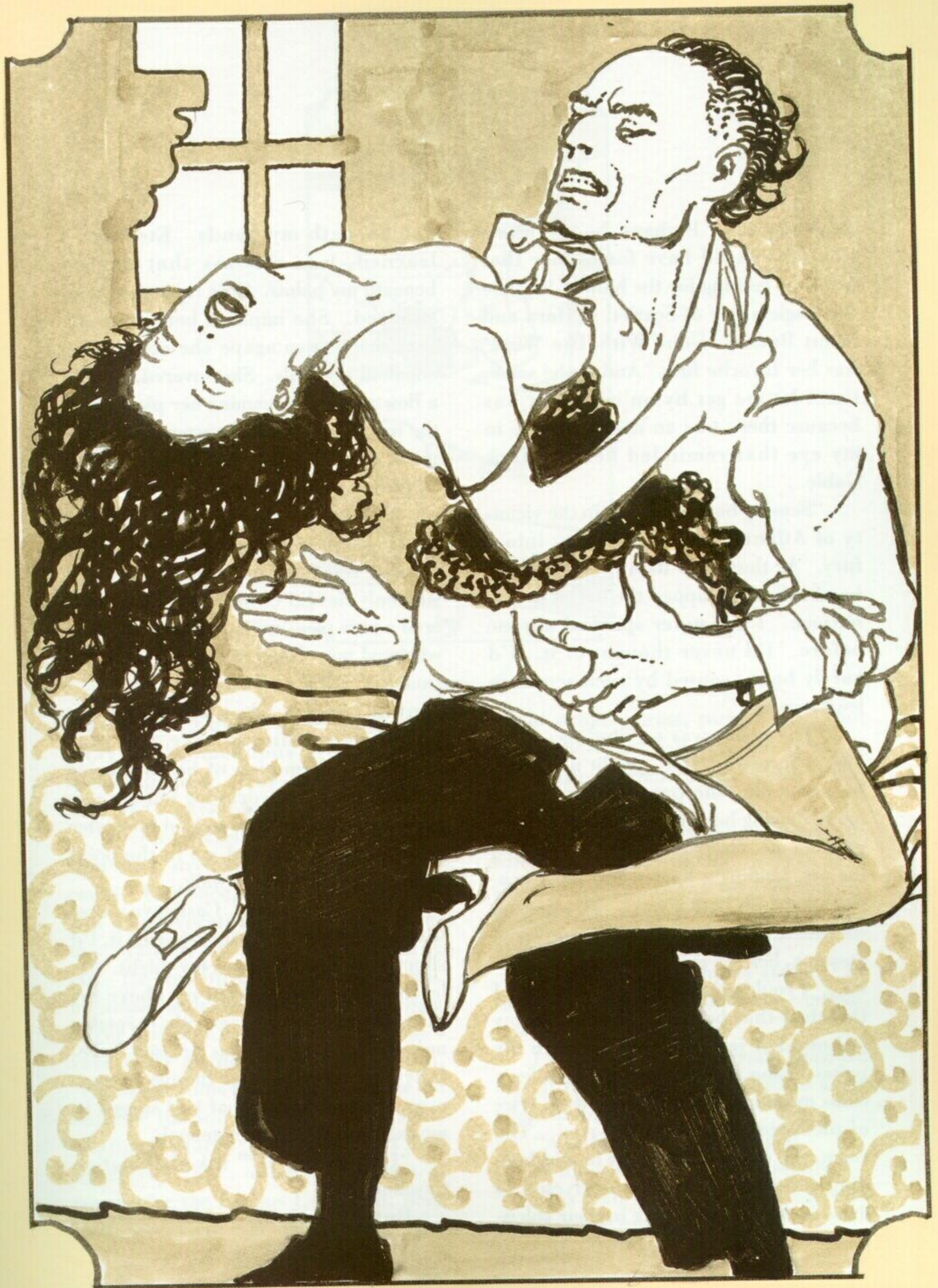
"In short, Gina drove me wild, and I didn't regret the thousands of lire I dropped on her three times a week. I had only one regret, really: Gina was a true professional. She yielded to every whim, as long as she got her price: 'The Chinese,' in which the woman folds her legs at the hips so her heels rest on her buttocks; 'The Swimming Frog,' wherein she lies face down and wraps her legs

around the man; 'Mysterious,' making love on a chair, the woman's back to her lover; 'Milking,' in which, as its name implies, the man comes between her breasts as she presses them against his cock... No caprice was foreign to her. She was no functionary of love—she adored novelty, she even invented her own variations and suggested them to her clients, for a small additional fee. But, following the prostitute's code of honor, Gina never came... This made me miserable. Her tender words, her encouragements, her saucy repartee, even the obscenities uttered at just the right moment, were no consolation for her indifference.

"I was young then. I didn't realize that a prostitute who doesn't come is more honest than a lover who pretends to. And we place too much importance on this, too. Pleasure is never found where the sexologists say it should be.

"That afternoon, Gina was straddling me. I was stretched out on the bed; with both hands, she guided my sex toward her russet grotto. I plunged in with a rocking motion as she whispered to me, luring me into the trance again.

"My body was arched like a bow, my hands kneading her smooth pneumatic bulbs, when I suddenly raised my eyes to my tender equestrian. She wore the blank expression of someone thinking of



something else. Perhaps she was listing what she would have for dinner that night, or reliving for the hundredth time the tragic affair of Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler: 'Gone With The Wind' was her favorite film. And if she sometimes let me get by on credit, it was because there was an ironic twinkle in my eye that reminded her of Clark Gable...

"Sensing her elsewhere, in the vicinity of Atlanta, I guessed, I flew into a fury. As though of its own accord, my hand rose and slapped the harlot on the buttock. I had never spanked anyone before. I'd never thought of it. I'd barely been aroused by such scenes in lewd novels.

"The result was astounding. Gina jerked forward. Her eyes lit up; bending over me, she pressed her lips to mine, driving her tongue into my mouth, probing me, electrifying me. I repeated the act, landing a louder and more central whack on both cheeks. My Amazon whinnied with pleasure. She quivered atop me, her sex grew dense as the tropics... I could control myself no more. I thrashed that bottom, wriggling to my unbounded joy, burning beneath my palms. Gina accompanied me with ferocious moans indistinguishable from cries of pleasure. I was transported. The room, the street sounds, the humid bedding ceased to exist. I was riveted to those buttocks, reddening in their splen-

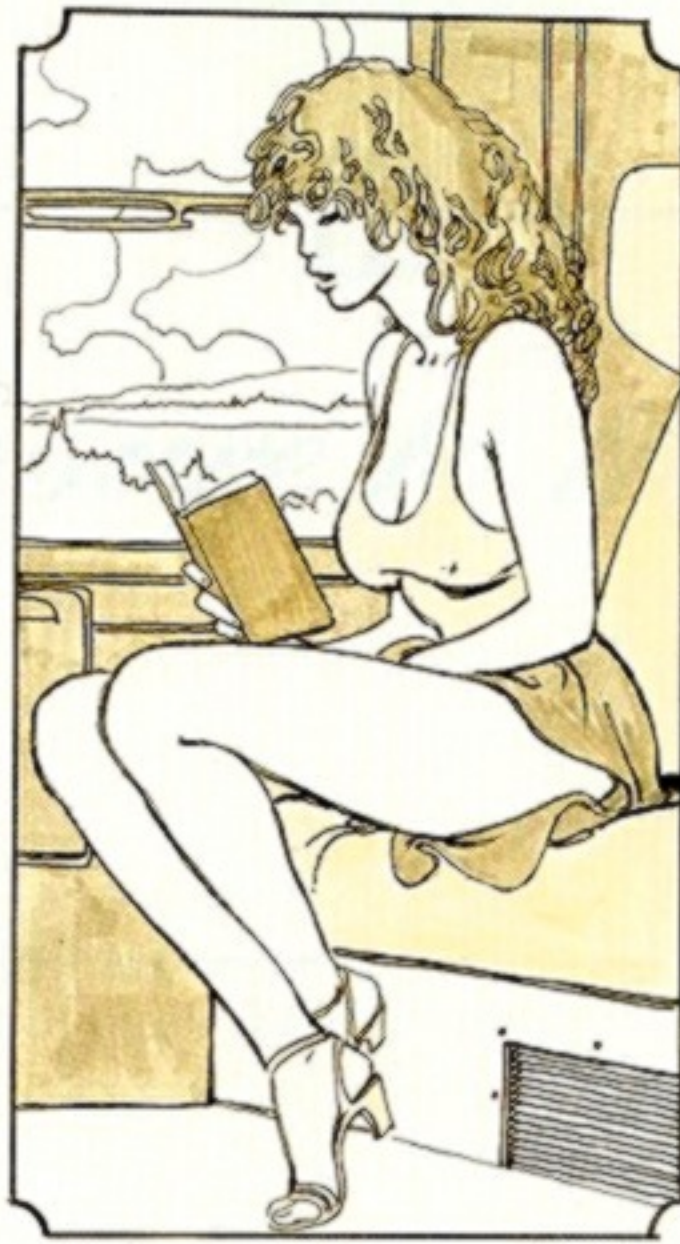
dor beneath my hands. Eternity, I learned, was this ass that danced beneath my palms. Gina twisted, sighed, swooned. She impaled herself on my sex; she was so agape she could have engulfed my balls. She covered me with a flow of lava, screaming her pleasure at the top of her lungs. I responded with a jet of jism shooting out in bursts that seemed to go on forever.

"When I found myself back in the street, I went over the scene again. My normal relations with women seemed suddenly devoid of all zest. I'd discovered a rare pleasure in spanking; it overwhelmed me. I had only one regret: I'd smacked Gina's radiant ass unseen, I couldn't watch what was going on. Imagining starting all over, this time observing the motion of her posterior beneath my blows, drawing out my gestures like a film in slow motion the better to savor them, excited me to the point where it was difficult to walk..."

I raised my head. Casanova's eyes were still on me. Without realizing it, I'd slipped my hand between my thighs. My leather skirt had ridden up above my silk panties. I wasn't exactly caressing myself, but my palm was pressed forcefully against my sex as though to suppress the palpitation that had surged in me as I read the green notebook.

"Do you like it?" asked Donatien Casanova.

But he quickly added, "Don't



answer yet! I didn't understand right away the tremendous attraction of spanking, either. I was gifted, it's true, but I had a ways to go..."

Despite myself, I tugged down my tight skirt, stretching it over me as best I could. For once, I was almost sorry I had on provocative clothes. This man, this stranger, felt terribly dangerous to me. He was upsetting all my givens, beginning with the verity that one must never strike a woman. "Even with a rose," my grandfather always said, "because it ruins the flower and does not improve the woman." I'd have gladly changed places with Gina. I felt aggrieved that, out of an excess of respect for the famous Eva Lindt, none of my lovers had ever spanked me. They

would stroke, caress, suck, fuck... But spank, never! They were too afraid of my reaction. Poor things, if they'd had the slightest intuition...

The sun was streaming through the window. I felt as though its rays were shining through to my sex, searing, as though I were naked. Casanova looked at his watch.

"I'll buy you a cup of coffee," he said. "Unless you'd prefer to continue reading..."

I hesitated, but I'd already imagined myself in Gina's place. I had to know what happened next.

"A little later, thanks," I said.

"I thought so," Casanova replied.

This man was definitely dangerous. And damned seductive!

— III —

Pleasure to the Eye



Gina awaited me on the next page. She was shown from the back, but from the curve of the hips, the hollow of the back and the hair cascading down the shoulders, I recognized her at once. It was she, and Donatien had taken particular care to recapture the excitement of her buttocks.

I'm not bad myself, in that department. My bottom has several worshipers who have lauded it in word and deed. I've seen photos where I'm leaning forward at the waist, my elbows propped on a stool, presenting my *derrière* to the viewer. And believe me, it's worth it: slim, tense, coquettish, and quite cheeky enough!

But Gina's, as drawn by Casanova, broke all records. If there were a contest for the most glorious ass in the world, she'd walk off with the title of Butt-Beautiful. Gina's buttocks were two full, supple hemispheres; superb tender domes; firm tasty bonbons; impish melting pears. Gina's buttocks were provocations to spanking, pinching, grabbing. You wanted to smack them, lick them, nurse on them, kiss them, bite them, trounce them. Gina's buttocks were desires, whims, manias. Dreams you could touch, finger, weigh in the hands. A fantasy bottom, but "really real," as a child would say.

Donatien Casanova nodded. "Ah, yes," he said, "she had the same effect

on everyone, man or woman. You know, even to think about her gets my hand itching!"

He wasn't lying. His wrists and fingers shook like he had Parkinson's disease. And that was just the memory, the recall of an unparalleled summit in the art of spanking.

"I had only one desire: to go back to Gina's and give her a spanking I was sure would bring her as much delight as it would to me. But pleasure is heightened by delay. I forbade myself to return. I wandered the streets all night. I finally ended up at a bookstall that stayed open late. There I discovered a slim volume that at last shed some light on my newfound taste: 'In Praise of Spanking,' by Jacques Serguine.

"The same merchant had a sizable shelf of books devoted to 'English education.' I picked up a few of them, but the stories of schoolgirls punished with the switch were monotonous to me. In my mind, spanking shouldn't be a punishment. It should never take that form, even as a game. Spanking should be practiced solely for the pleasure of the two participants. Any rationale would deprive it of its uniqueness.

"When I paid for my purchases, the bookseller remarked, 'Since you seem to be an aficionado, too, allow me to suggest a visit to 12, rue Cavour. You won't be disappointed.'

"The next day, true to my resolve, I again postponed my visit to Gina. I wanted to savor the hours between me and my next visit. I envisioned that unique *derrière* straining toward my palms, quivering beneath my blows... I could think of nothing else. I went into a movie theatre. Marcello Mastroianni and Monica Vitti notwithstanding, I left after fifteen minutes... Walking the streets was worse. I couldn't stop staring at women's rumps as they passed. There were all kinds. Brazen, boring, generous, emphatic, gluttonous, lubricious, arrogant, disdainful, queenly, bigoted, austere, disguised, promising... I'd have liked to have one of those magical machines children dream of, allowing one to perceive the hidden nakedness all around. I imagined globes of flesh imprisoned in pink or black panties, roomy shorts, naughty lace. The girl I'd been watching for some time, rolling her fanny in a tight skirt that narrowed at the knees, had to be wearing a transparent, raw silk panty cut high on the buttocks, barely covering the mound of Venus. A peep show starring her tuft of dark frizz. Another, I'd have bet on it, wore nothing at all beneath her school-girlish scotch-plaid kilt.

"With each step the harsh material clung to the fragile skin, in my mind's eye, milky and freckled.

"I couldn't bear it any longer. I

recalled the address the bookseller had given me. I went there. It was a three-story house with its shutters drawn. When I rang the bell, it was answered at once by a maid in classic costume, black dress, white apron.

"'Yes, sir?' she asked.

"She was such a picture of a respectable home's maidservant that I almost thought I'd been mistaken. I nearly left without a word. She understood my hesitancy and, with the tiniest of smiles, said, 'Follow me.'

"She, too, knew how to emphasize what interested me most in a woman. She walked slowly, lifting like sacred goblets each fleshy protuberance at the base of her pelvis in turn. It was a supple, majestic motion, like a sacred dance. Merely to follow her down the hallway draped in velvet and illumined by glints through stained glass, I was seized with a thoroughly uncontrollable erection. The maid showed me into a salon. Enthroned there was a woman of sixty or so, her cheeks excessively rouged, grey hair pulled back with a pearl comb, bare slack arms ringed with silver and gold bracelets.

"'Someone to see you, Madame,' said the maid. She went out.

"I found myself alone with this matron, who extended a limp hand to me in greeting. 'Make yourself at home, young man. Call me Cordelia.





Everyone here calls me Cordelia.'

" 'G-Good day, Madame,' I stammered.

" 'Cordelia,' she corrected me.

"I had a hard time getting the syllables out. I managed to repeat, 'Cordelia.'

"A silence fell upon us, during which I cursed the bookseller and my own recklessness and began thinking of ways to flee. Cordelia, however, after having observed me awhile with half-closed eyes, declared, 'I know what you're after. At your age, you don't come looking for old women!'

"She gestured toward a door directly across from the armchair in which she sat, which had opened without my noticing it.

" 'Come, we'll take care of you.'

"I obeyed. Another walk down a

velvet-carpeted corridor, then I entered a small well-lit bedroom. A very young girl was waiting, seated on the bed. She had barely reached the age of consent and wore only a fine cotton shift through which her young breasts formed delicate points. She gestured to me to sit down next to her.

" 'I am Sophie, here,' she told me. 'You don't have to tell me your name.'

"She had a shrill voice. She leaned toward me and offered her lips, which had an acidic taste like English cherries.

" 'Do you like me?'

"I didn't really like her, but I couldn't tell her so. I mumbled a vague reply and clutched her to me. She was actually quite skinny. I grasped her buttocks. They were two nutshells, sharp and hard. They barely filled my hand. I missed the maid with her voluptuous



ass. And at that moment, she walked in.

“ ‘I see you’ve gotten acquainted,’ she said.

“ ‘I reached for her tempting bottom. She drew back with a little laugh.

“ ‘Ah, no, Monsieur. We have to deal with Sophie first.’

“ ‘She took the young girl’s hand and pulled her to a standing position. Then she snatched off the shift. The adolescent stood naked before us. Slender torso, blonde pubis with very short hair, just starting to grow. The maid turned her around to show me her buttocks. They were rounder and fuller than I’d guessed. They were, in short, the promise of buttocks...

“ ‘The maid sat on the bed next to me. She said, ‘Watch.’

“ ‘The maid drew Sophie to her and

had her lie across her knees. She took my hand and ran it over the child’s bottom.

“ ‘Touch it. It’s soft, supple, firm. It hasn’t been used yet. A gift fit for a king, Monsieur, but you’re not to touch it from here on.’

“ ‘She began with a series of pinches that left pink and white marks on Sophie’s buttocks. The adolescent squirmed on the maid’s knees like a fish fresh from the net. My sex stiffened at the sight of this helpless bottom, subject to any whim the serving maid might have. She then went on to a sort of light tapping, this at an angle, which seemed to merely brush the skin but left a definite red zebra-stripping. My cock bulged beneath my pants. Sophie noticed, reached over, and casually unzipped my





fly. My organ burst out, swollen and purplish. The young girl peppered it with delicate kisses while the maid rained a torrent of loud, violent smacks on her that brought tears to the girl's eyes. The maid took my hand again.

" 'Feel how she's burning, Monsieur!'

"It was too much. The spectacle of the spanking had excited me beyond imagination. I tilted Sophie aside and pushed the maid down on the bed. I trussed up her skirts. She was wearing sensible cotton panties that covered her bottom completely. I snatched them off so brutally they ripped. She let out a brief laugh of contentment and whispered:

" 'At your service, sir.'

"She got on her knees on the bed, head lowered, in a position much like the faithful facing Mecca to pray. Her buttocks bulged, full heavy balls spread to reveal the violet flower of her anus.

"I set to it avidly, my hand spread wide to cover as much surface as possible. At each blow, the maid encouraged me with a small throaty laugh. I struck without restraint, certain she could bear even more. Besides, I was so aroused that I could never have harmed her. Only cold-blooded sadists hurt their vic-

tims. Such practices have nothing to do with the gentle and playful art of spanking...

"I whacked the maid's plump quivering ass. I saw her place her hand between her thighs and begin to caress herself, begging me, 'Yes, Monsieur, harder! Harder!'

"Sophie wasn't idle. She slid herself under her companion to place her snatch just at the maid's face. The older woman at once began to lap at it, her tongue flicking into the acidic slit as the girl's mouth reached for me. I happily cooperated and, without missing a beat in spanking the full-cheeked bottom, slipped my penis between the adolescent's lips.

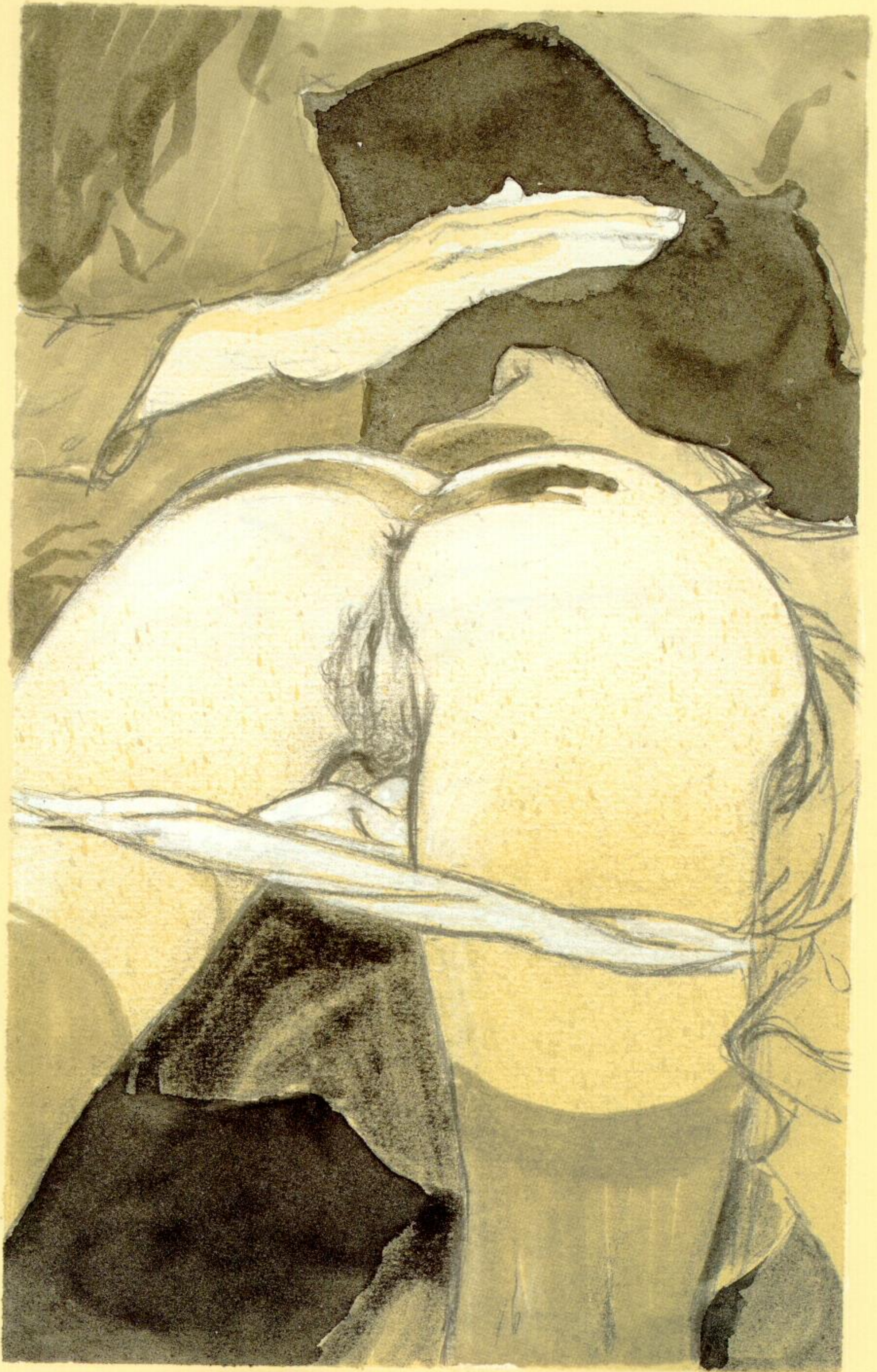
"I was fascinated by those buttocks as they tensed, gave themselves, drew back and returned in rhythm with my spanking. The maid went to work on her precious button, her sighs coming faster and more vehemently. I adjusted my striking. She suddenly stiffened and screamed, 'No!'

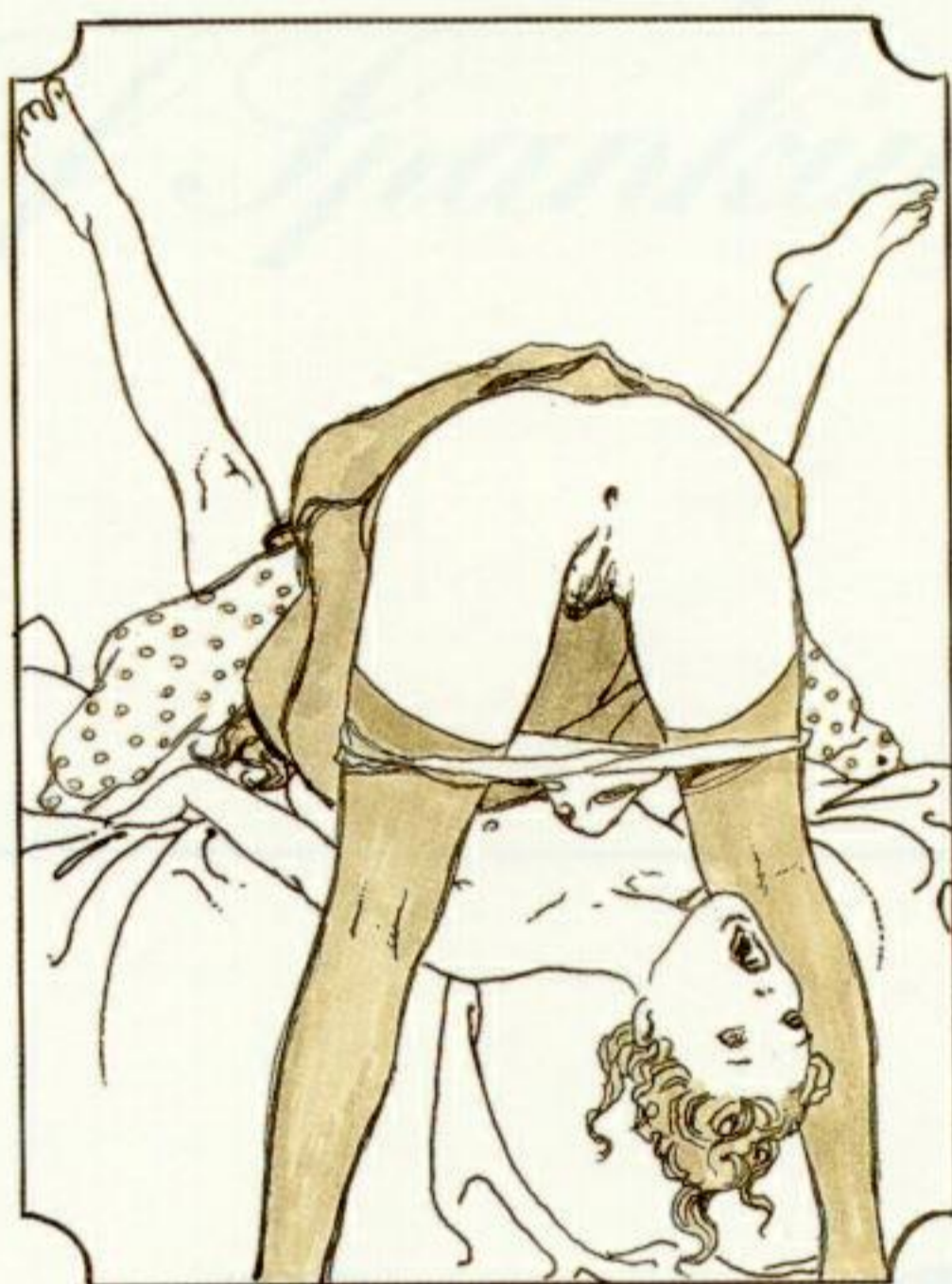
"In my beginner's naïveté, I thought I had hurt her. But I quickly understood as I watched her wriggle and buck in rapture. At the same moment she drew Sophie's vulva into her mouth, labia and clitoris together, gripping,











kneading, sucking it. The girl shuddered and abandoned herself to the climax, emitting an amber and lemon scent into the room. As for me, it would have been ill-mannered to prolong my pleasure any longer. I spurted down

Sophie's throat a jet of liqueur that nearly choked her.

"Then I savored my joy, in each hand a differing, delightful ass. My visit to rue Cavour had taught me one thing: to forget about preconceptions."

—IV—
*The Benefits
Of Spanking*





“Tickets, please.”

We were approaching Vallorbe, on the Swiss border. The inspector was a tall gangly blond with a rather charming awkward manner. His eyes fastened on the indentation in my T-shirt, my breasts with their dark nipples naked beneath it. He was obviously taken with me. I handed him my ticket with a smile I usually reserve for male politicians I’m about to interview. The train swerved on the hillside and he nearly lost his balance.

“You’re going to Venice,” he asked.

“Are you?” I replied.

“Unfortunately, my shift ends at Lausanne.”

“Too bad,” I said, putting the ticket back in my purse. I took the opportunity to shift slightly, my thighs opening to afford him a glimpse of my panties and dark fur. Without removing his eyes from the spectacle, he punched Casanova’s ticket. Then he turned and regretfully went on to the other compartments. My eyes followed him. His lower back rocked seductively with a nonchalant gait. I wondered if I, too, wouldn’t enjoy kneading and spanking his railway

employee’s ass.

As though reading my thoughts, Donatien Casanova remarked: “Good-looking guy. Nice ass...”

“Does he interest you?”

“No, I’ve no taste for boys. But I could read it from your eyes like a subway poster...”

I was a bit put out to be so easily seen through. I rejoined:

“There’s no hiding anything from you!”

“Everything on the subject is of interest to me. Men proclaim their love for women’s buttocks. The reverse is rarely true. Yet many of you admit that it’s one of the first features you notice in a man. A great ass on a man is just as important as on a woman.”

He was right, there was no point in arguing. I returned to the green notebook, asking him:

“Didn’t you see Gina again?”

“Of course I did! I couldn’t live without her. But my experience at Cordelia’s had a very beneficial effect. I had learned that pleasure is not dependent on one given person, however well-endowed she may be.”



I thought of all the men I'd known until then. Especially Patrick, an aristocratic young buck with his own television show. We had met on the set, in front of the camera. He knew my reputation as a man-killer, and went all out to seduce me. Toothpaste smile, melting looks, voice like a cello. I gave in to his assault. He took me back to my place. He jumped on me right in the entryway, still in his Burberry trenchcoat. The door to the apartment was open. I heard the elevator being called on different floors.

"I can't wait a moment longer," Patrick mumbled, foraging between my legs.

His extreme passion aroused me. I hooked my legs around his waist and gave myself up to him. He held me by the buttocks, reddening with the effort. But not a hair on his brilliantined head fell out of place. After a few seconds he ejaculated a few drops of sperm which, amazingly, induced a gigantic orgasm in me.

We went on this way for several weeks. Patrick took me anywhere and everywhere, in the most unlikely posi-

tions, and I climaxed like a lost soul. He avoided traditional locales, beds, couches, sofas, divans, bedrooms or carpets. This was fine with me until one day I realized that he always arranged things so he could see his own reflection. What thrilled him about our affair was that he, Patrick de Whatever, was getting off with the famous Eva Lindt. If a photographer had come upon us he would no doubt—for once—have held an erection for the whole sixty seconds that make up a minute! That instant, I decided I'd had it with narcissistic sex... That same night I picked up a stranger, and together we knew seventh heaven, exploding suns and shooting stars that lasted a lot longer than my TV idol.

"We all have our memories," Casanova said. "Some bitter, some sweet. But in the end I find that I am always grateful to anyone who has afforded me pleasure. Even for the briefest instant."

Now I knew that this man was telepathic! I had an impulse to get out of the compartment to avoid having him delve too deeply. But something held me





back... The green notebook... The need to know more... Or do more...

I replied randomly, "Gina, too?"

"I owe her everything. You'll see—I won't interrupt you again."

He lit a Monte Cristo number 3. The compartment filled with an aromatic blue smoke that wafted through the rays of sunlight. I put my hand between my thighs without shame and continued reading, softly jostled by the train.

"After three maddening, delicious days of waiting, I showed up at Gina's door. She seemed disturbed to see me. She greeted me with a pout:

" 'It's you!'

"I only had eyes for her plump brown body, the russet triangle of her pubis, the roundness of her hip where it gave way to the buttock. I gave her a kiss on the lips to which she responded without enthusiasm. She hadn't made up her mind whether to let me in or not. Despite my disappointment, I took stock of the situation and whispered,

" 'You have someone here?'

" 'No.'

" 'Are you waiting for someone?'

" 'No.'

" 'Then let me come in.'

" 'I'm not sure I should.'

"I burst out laughing and asked, 'What's the matter, Gina? Turning over a new leaf? Have you decided to enter the convent?'

" 'No—that's just it,' she answered.

"With this willfully enigmatic reply, she decided to let me in. But instead of taking me to her bedroom as usual, she led me into a small sitting room, very bright, furnished with a couch, two arm-chairs and a low glass table. It was just the opposite of her rococo boudoir. I sat on the couch and took in these austere surroundings with their simple, clean lines. I was dumbfounded, and it showed. Gina knelt before me and took my hand in an emotional gesture that owed nothing to professionalism.

" 'Don't look like that! You're in my home. My real home. I've never brought a client in here!'

"I was aroused. Seeing Gina at my feet, her voluptuous mouth at the level of my sex, her heavy breasts I had so often lifted to my lips and sucked, drove me



mad with desire. I had a painful erection. The coming spanking I had imagined with such joy had me pulsating in epileptic anticipation. I could scarcely restrain myself from grabbing Gina with one arm, turning her over my knee, bottoms up, and having at her like a threshing machine.

“I swallowed, and asked in a hoarse voice, ‘Why have you brought me here?’”

“‘Surely you know...’”

“She lay back on the white wool carpet, stretched like a cat, her head resting on one hand, offering me her irresistible rump in profile. A feverish shudder ran through me, and in a slightly more controlled tone, I said:

“‘Gina, don’t play guessing games with me!’”

“She smiled like a sphinx, and shot back, ‘Schoolboys always like to play at being the master.’”

“‘Gina, let’s go to the bedroom.’”

“‘We’re fine right here.’”

“‘I’ll give you money. All you like. I know I ask more than the others. Just name the price.’”

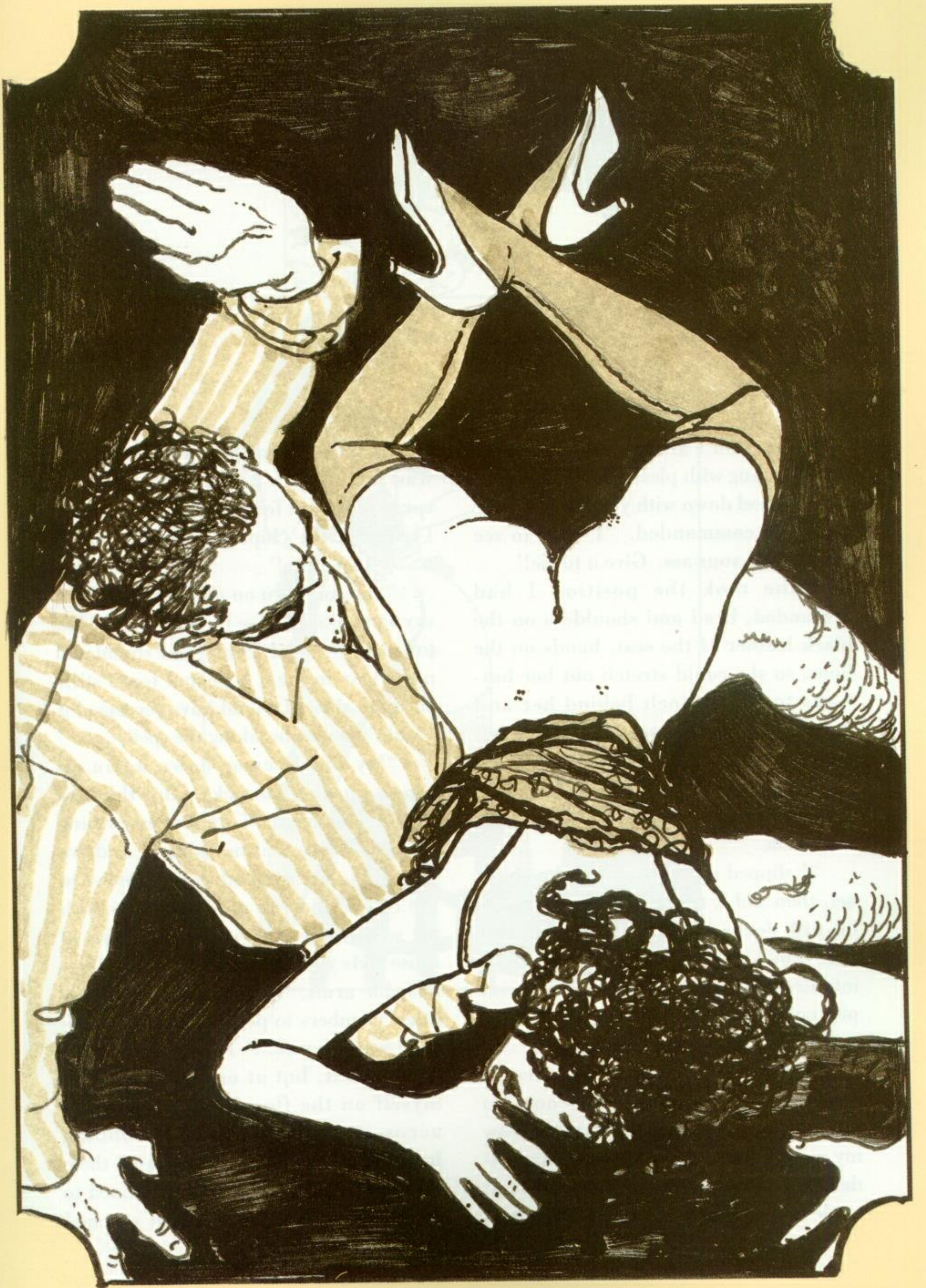
“She turned onto her stomach and

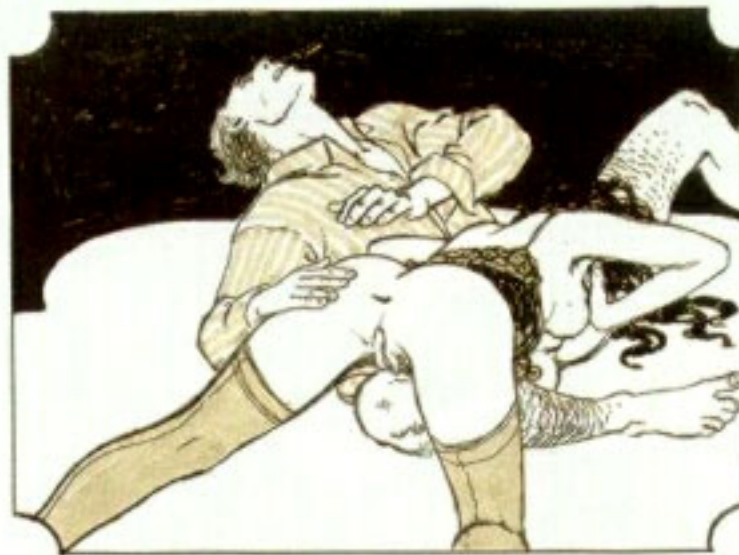
raised her buttocks toward me. They were rounder and firmer than ever, encircled by a white silk panty that stopped halfway up, leaving the sloping valley and the upper part of her globes naked. Without looking at me, Gina murmured:

“‘Silly!’”

“It was too much! I leaned over her and with a wild gesture snatched off the panties, which ripped in two. I clutched the silken tatters in my hand and brought them to my lips. I breathed in Gina’s heady juices. The girl, flat on the carpet, let out a small cry of surprise and rapture. Her buttocks were now straining toward me with everything she had. She was waiting for the next move, and I didn’t disappoint her. Astounded by my own ferocity, I thrust the shred of silk under my shirt, next to my skin... It was as though the contact switched on some violent, uncontrollable machinery I contemplated those arrogant buttocks, palpitating as though with a heartbeat of their own.

“I stood up and said to her, ‘You must obey me, Gina.’”





“She didn’t answer, but her body was vibrating with pleasure.

“ ‘Kneel down with your head on the couch,’ I commanded. ‘I want to see nothing but your ass. Give it to me!’

“She took the position I had demanded, head and shoulders on the black leather of the seat, hands on the floor, so she could stretch out her buttocks to me. I knelt behind her and kneaded the two globes. I pinched them, massaged them, spread them to reveal the violet orifice of her anus. I licked them, nipped them, inhaled them, nibbled them.

“I slipped my tongue into the channel, then slid it toward her sex, streaming with desire. I pulled back then, and gently, like a caress, gave her a series of infinitesimal taps that raised the barest pinkness in the delicate flesh.

“ ‘Yes... like that!’ Gina sighed.

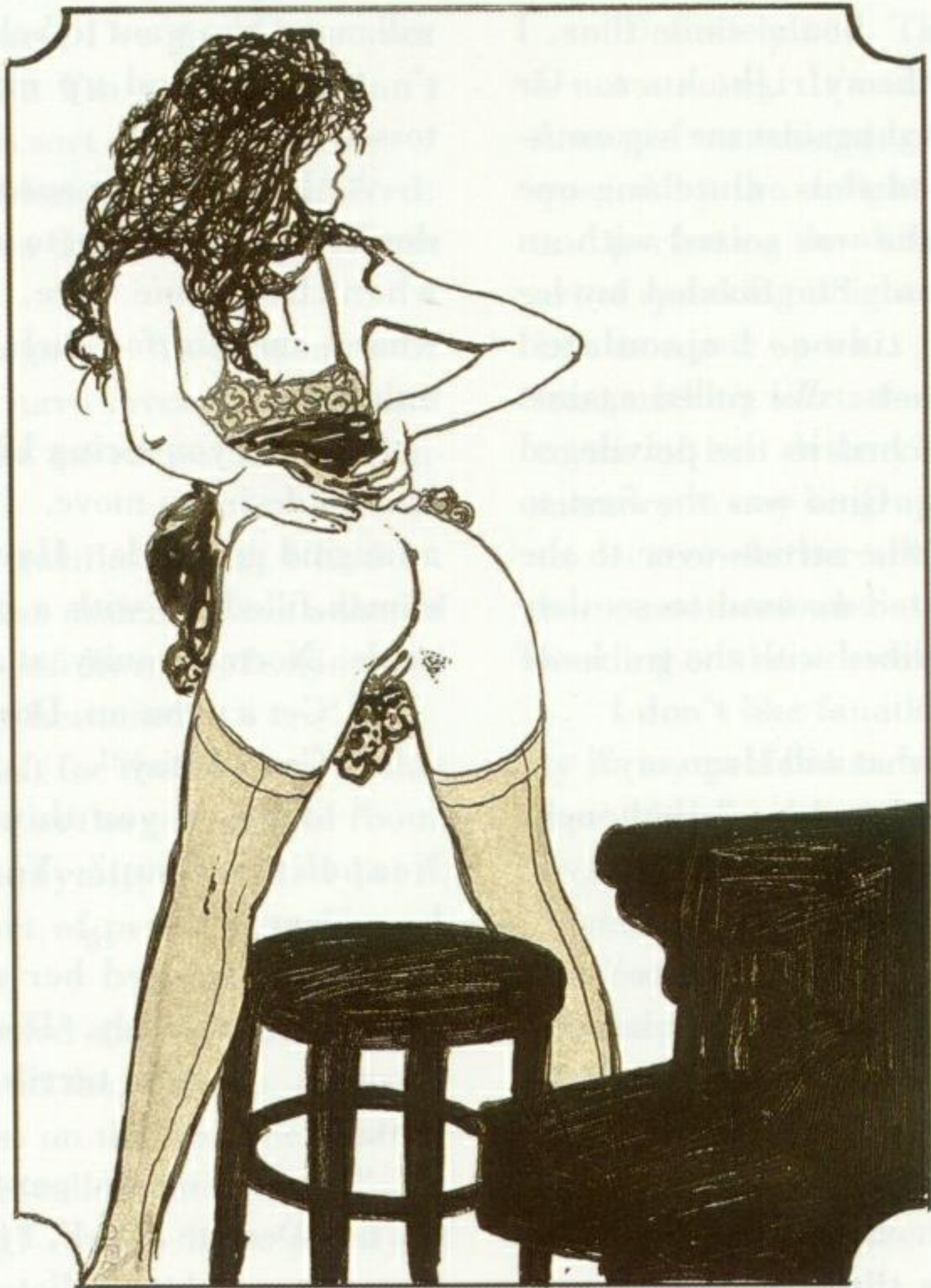
“I didn’t have to be asked twice. I heightened the tapping, firmer now, on one buttock then the other, using now my right hand, now my left. Gina reddened, labored, gasped for breath, but made no complaint. With no other con-

tact than my palms on her buttocks, I was seized with a sudden orgasm; a spray of sperm fell on the white carpet. I gripped Gina’s hips and commanded:

“ ‘Lick it up!’

“She got down on all fours and, butt skyward like a feline in heat, proceeded to lap up my seed. This sight stimulated new vigor in me. A primal force stiffened me anew; I would have screamed if I hadn’t feared breaking the spell.

“My hands came down again on Gina’s burning buttocks. But this was no longer enough. I wanted everything at once, to drink at her source, to drive myself into her rosebud, penetrate her to the throat and roll on her breasts with my whole body. I wanted to be one of those gods you see in pictures with innumerable arms. But I needed countless other members to possess her every possible way at once... I’m not sure what we did next, but at one point I found myself on the floor. Gina was lying across me. My sex was throbbing between her breasts as she pressed them together with her hands. I continued to spank her bottom, which had reached



incandescence, patterned with mauve and white strips. At the same time, I wanked her with my right knee. Or rather, she rubbed against me vigorously. We continued thus, clutching one another, when she was seized with an intense convulsion. She flooded my leg with a scalding tide as I ejaculated between her breasts. We rolled against each other, clenched in the privileged abyss of ecstasy. Gina was the first to detach herself. She strode over to the mirror and twisted around to see her bottom, still inscribed with the tracks of the spanking.

“ ‘Oh, God, what will Hugo say?’

“ ‘Do you have a lover? I thought they were all clients.’

“ ‘Are you jealous?’

“ ‘If I were, I wouldn’t be here!’

“ ‘You’re right, my young Casanova. I’m unfaithful to each of you with the others, several times a day...’

“ ‘But this Hugo...?’

“ ‘Yes, Hugo. He’s a very nice gentleman, probably three times your age. He doesn’t do much with me, but he, too, adores my bottom. Not the way you do: he respects it, honors it, savors it. He’ll be shocked by these marks. He’s a good customer, I’d hate to lose him.’

“She thought awhile, then, with a little laugh, decided:

“ ‘I’ll tell him I fell in the bathtub,

that I slipped on a bar of soap... That will make him want to baby me.’

“She picked up my clothes and tossed them to me.

“ ‘He’s coming soon, so hurry! I don’t want my clients to meet each other when they come here. You all know what I am, but for each one, I must be unique...’

“ ‘Will you bring him in here?’ I had no desire to move. I was filled with a languid gratitude. Having made Gina climax filled me with a moronic sort of pride. Normal vanity, at age twenty...

“ ‘Get a move on, Donatien.’

“ ‘Can’t I stay?’

“ ‘Who do you think you are? A Neapolitan pimp? You’re not that heavy, caro!’

“She shrugged her shoulders and said, more seriously, ‘Don’t force me to get mad. It’d be terrible to part like that.’

“I pulled on my pants and knotted my tie. Despite myself, I felt a tightening in my stomach as I listened to Gina’s words.

“ ‘We’re parting... for the moment, aren’t we?’

“She came over to me and, with an automatic motion she undoubtedly used on all the good husbands who passed through her bedroom, straightened my collar.

" 'No,' she explained, 'we can't see each other anymore. It's over! You've given me pleasure, I've given it to you. We're even. But I'm a whore. I can't allow myself this sort of indulgence.'

"I was thunderstruck. I stammered:

" 'You... you don't want me to come back?'

" 'Never again. As customer or lover. I can't have lovers. You found out how to make me come. It's too dangerous for me.'

"I argued awhile longer; I had to. But I knew it was useless. Gina adhered to the ethics of her profession. I couldn't change her mind.

"Before I left for the last time, I shot a parting glance at the geometrical room, that spare anonymity that had been, perhaps, a sort of permission for our excesses.

"Gina hustled me out, giving me a sweet little pat on the buttocks. She gave me one last kiss on the lips, then, as she closed the door, called after me:

" 'So long! You'll have plenty of other bottoms to spank!'

"I didn't want to make a liar of her."

"Well?" asked Donatien Casanova.

"And you never saw Gina again?"

"I kept my word. I never went back to her place."

"Surely you must have tried to learn what became of her, though," I persisted.

Donatien shook his head sadly. He explained:

"Definitely not! The art of spanking is not a novel. It's an initiatory drama. A way of transforming those not yet conquered by the delights of the practice, and perfecting the skills of the rest. The art of spanking is lightness, irony, play... Life as comic opera... All is false, but at least nothing hurts for real. You speak to me of her destiny! I prefer Gina's memory to any biographical data. What do I care whether she's married one of her customers who's a judge, or is out hustling on the sidewalks!"

I don't like fanatics. I've seen plenty in my profession, righters of wrongs, new philosophers defending the West over coffee in some cafe, reformers of humanity ready to put us all behind bars for our own good, or prophets inspired directly by God to deal death to the infidel. At times they've frightened me, at times amused me, but I've always detested them, their bad faith, their blindness, their stupidity elevated to doctrine.

I proffered the green notebook to Casanova. "Here, take it back. I'm afraid I'm not worthy of it."

He refused with a wave of his hand. He wanted to apologize, but he didn't get a chance. A hand had seized the notebook.

"Passport?" It was the customs officer.

— V —

*All Spankings Are
Not Created Equal*



The customs officer opened the green notebook to the first page, and his eyes met Gina's buttocks stretched out to Donatien. He let out a low whistle of admiration, then scoured me with his eyes from head to foot.

"Congratulations," he said. "But I'm afraid this document, accurate though it is, won't do!"

He gave me back the notebook, which I tossed onto the seat. I was torn between laughter and rage. After all, it was flattering that he thought that gorgeous ass was mine! Casanova handed his passport to the inspector, who gave it a cursory glance. The guy clearly wasn't interested in men. I rummaged in my purse but couldn't seem to find my papers. I was getting upset. The official aggravated my impatience, repeating:

"Your passport, Madame?"

Then I remembered that I'd left it in my suitcase. I stood up and, with my back to my companions, stretched up on tiptoe to search through my baggage. At that moment I felt a hand brush over my rump, and then, since I didn't react, boldly squeeze my buttocks! I had finally unearthed my passport. I whipped around, hoping to catch the perpetrator in the act. Casanova was properly seated in his place. The customs inspector had his hand open to receive my papers. He read the name several times, spelled it out, gazed at me

again, then burst out:

"I'll be darned! I should have recognized you! I never miss your show!"

I thanked him with a narrowing of the eyes, rather perturbed. He paid no attention, then nodded toward the green notebook:

"Please don't mind me. That got me a bit off balance. I seem to have lost my head. Even though I've seen plenty, in this business..." With a satisfied laugh, he added, "Well then, do you have anything else to declare?"

I shot a stormy glance at Casanova, who was observing the scene like an amused spectator. The customs man gave me back the passport, then went out, calling over his shoulder:

"Eva Lindt... I'll remember this!"

When he had closed the compartment door, I wheeled around:

"You might have refrained..."

"From what?" Donatien interrupted.

"You know damned well!"

"From feeling your bottom?"

"Exactly!"

"It wasn't I. The inspector did it."

A government employee! In the performance of his duties! It was out-and-out abuse of power. People got fired for less than that. I knew that Casanova wasn't the sort to lie. Not on this subject... I stammered:

"Damn right, he'll remember this!"



Casanova offered me a cigarette. As he lit it, he said:

"You have to understand him. He told you himself, the drawing set him off. And you have an extremely attractive bottom. Take it from a connoisseur. He didn't wish to offend you but to pay you homage. Accept it for what it is."

"The man's an obsessive! Like you!"

Casanova let out a long sigh. "I see you haven't read enough, yet. Of course, I do have an obsession, like any art lover. Do you know anyone more obsessive than collectors, no matter what it is they amass? In my own way, I'm a collector of bottoms!"

"What about the rest? The minds, bodies, imaginations, fantasies women have, do you give a damn about that?"

"You wouldn't be Eva Lindt if you believed what you've just said..."

He was right, and I felt, in retrospect, rather foolish. Casanova, sensing he'd gained some ground, continued:

"First of all, not all buttocks are of interest to me. The same way certain women aren't attractive to certain men. Or the other way around, if you prefer. And that's for the best! But it's true there are admirable asses that amount to walking provocations. Like yours, my dear Eva... But read the next chapter."

"Certain bums are irresistible. They exert a pull on the hand the way a bottle

draws a drunkard or a slipper entrances the fetishist. You'd follow bottoms like that to the ends of the earth. The minute you see them, your throat goes dry with excitement. You observe their rhythm, their sway, their interplay. You worry: what if they refuse you the pleasure they are so evidently destined to bestow? Often, they know nothing about it. No one's ever suggested it. Or it remains a childhood memory... Or perhaps an engraving of a caning in an English school, from the beginning of the century, elicits a smile. Then you become Pygmalion. The pleasure of spanking is doubled by the pleasure of teaching. Even enlightening. Long-lasting love affairs can be built on such grounds. Spanking can coax pleasure out of hiding.

"The buttocks don't have to be perfect. On the contrary. An ass is like anything else. Too much beauty is chilling. You admire it without wishing to touch. Who has ever dreamed of making love to the Gioconda? Not even Leonardo himself. Mona Lisa's pout would be alive with impish joy if Leonardo had trussed up her skirts, spun her over his knee and whacked her on the bottom!

"One isn't aroused because a curve measures up to some standard of elegance, or because someone's skin would be the envy of beauty schools every-





where. Fashion photographers specialize in those motionless, rectilinear butts, to all appearances as flavorless as they are fleshless. To sell pantyhose or panties, advertising inflicts on the public the sight of fannies flatter than a political speech. It is a triumph of boredom. These buttocks reproduced in newsprint are probably good for sitting on or draping in cloth. But they lack the gusto of pleasure, of merrymaking.

“The aficionado of spanking ignores the dictates of fashion. He walks the streets unfettered by conventions, open to any form of encounter. There are narrow buttocks that seem to falter atop the legs as though embarrassed to be on view; their shyness makes them stand out all the more. There are rounded bottoms—‘chubby-cheeked’ ones—bursting from denim jeans. There are

mischievous asses, scarcely curved at all, slightly angular, their form encased in pants so tight you can see the pantyline. Wide, strong asses that jut out with authority, ones you sense you might not be the master of; false flat asses that look shapeless but reveal their secret softness when in motion; arrogant asses whose owners, aware of their charms, never miss a chance to bend over; modest asses hidden beneath long skirts, surfacing only when a gust of air from a subway grate unveils them for a fleeting instant; temperamental asses, rigid or relaxed depending on mood, now lively and gay, now threatening, tense; languid ones lazily swaying, that shimmy at the hand’s approach; innocent ones with impeccable curves hiding beneath cotton underpants; clever ones, with the merest hint of asymmetry, that tease each other as



they tantalize you; falsely slim and truly fat ones; sleeping asses lying in wait for the awakening kiss; vibrant asses, incitements to debauchery; ample ones, their buoyancy well tested in years of good and loyal service; blushing virgins desiring more and more, enticing you ever farther toward delights of no return...

"It is an embarrassment of riches. At times they require a circuitous advance. At times they acknowledge themselves at the first contact. This happened to me on a Paris-Marseille train, one long night when the sleeping cars were full and I'd ended up in a corner of the smoking car in second class.

"My companions there were from the North, boring soldiers drinking beer and passing around a walkman with a single cassette: Sylvie Vartan, with her doleful voice and doleful buttocks. They

allowed as how the army had its advantages, at least they weren't unemployed. They spoke of re-enlistment, wondering if they'd make junior officer grade, given their meager education. Such was the state of Europe.

"I was bored. With my lined face and trenchcoat, I was an old man to them. Or worse, a professor, something like that. Not quite an enemy, just a drag. It was then that I cast a glance into the aisle and saw her. Or rather it, her butt, just at the level of my eyes. A round mass ready to burst out of her yellow shorts, so brief they revealed the endearing fold of skin between thigh and buttock, a heady promise of intimacy. I contemplated at length this bottom hovering before my eyes, to which the soldiers, dullards typical of their station, paid not the slightest heed. I imagined it



slightly tanned by the sun, pools of emerging color on the upper buttock, marked tan line, soft, firm flesh. I closed my eyes and envisioned the impact of my hand on that skin. When I opened them, I saw I was being watched. The woman had probably sensed the fixity of my gaze. She had turned around to confront the voyeur. I knew at once that she had plumbed my reveries and my desire.

“In fact, she turned her back on me again and resumed her position with a certain added brashness. As if, leaning her elbows on the windowsill, she were exaggerating her stance to offer me her posterior. Thus situated, we let the hamlets file by. We didn’t move, but I divined in the crude thrust of her body,

the way she placed her hand when she adjusted her shorts, that my fellow traveler was as excited as I. The soldiers, aslosh in their Kanterbrau, soon dropped off to sleep. I slipped into the aisle.

“The woman and I were the only ones left awake. She was blonde, dark-eyed, with a generous bosom overflowing her pink T-shirt. We exchanged the requisite banalities of acquaintanceship. Yes, she was German. No, she wasn’t staying long in Marseille. She was on her way to Algeria. Her name? Inge. No, not a student—a teacher. Spanking? She blushed and pretended not to understand. I imitated the gesture on imaginary buttocks of little German devils. She burst out laughing: What could



I be talking about? That sort of punishment was outdated after Freud! I was indignant:

“ ‘I don’t mean for punishment!’

“Inge agreed, almost despite herself. And it was almost despite myself, too, that my hand slid under her tight shorts and caressed those mounds that had been driving me to distraction since we’d pulled out of the station at Sens. I felt her stiffen. She grabbed me around the neck and drew me toward her. We kissed gratefully. Then she pulled away and whispered:

“ ‘Not here!’

“I followed her down the aisle. All the cars were sound asleep. The inspectors were shut up in their compartments. There was no risk of discovery, except possibly by an old man on his way to relieve himself. This slight danger augmented our desire...

“Inge pressed herself to me. I pulled her top down, her breasts bouncing free. I took them in my mouth, sucking and biting. She held me tightly to her, my hard sex against her slit. Suddenly, she turned around and took the same pose she’d been in when I first saw her: head to the window, partially bent over, her buttocks held out to me. I grabbed her by the hips and pushed at her with my sex, through our clothing. She waggled

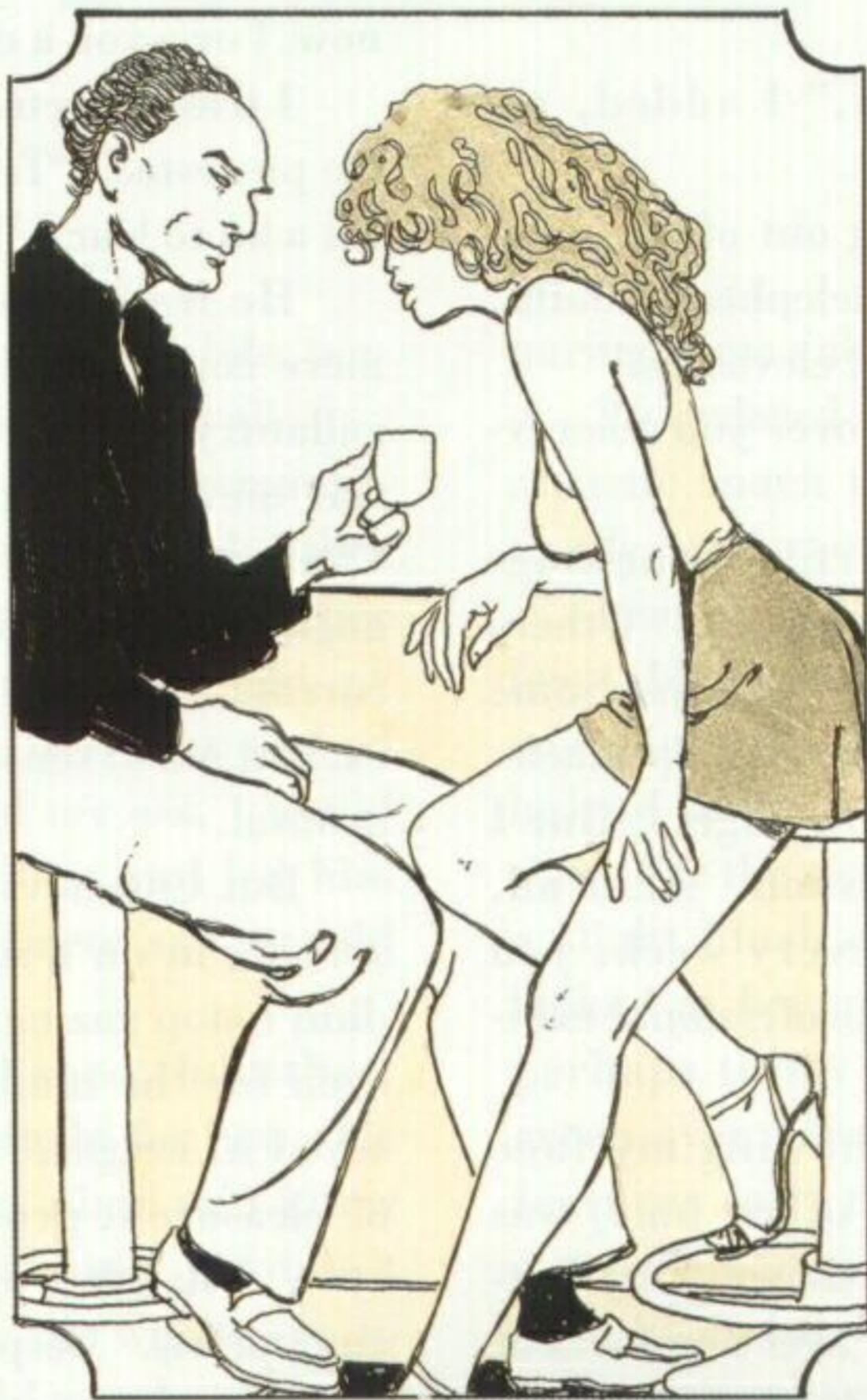
her bottom, desperately accentuating the pressure against my penis.

“She took off her shorts herself. She wasn’t wearing panties. Her buttocks were just as I’d dreamed. Gilded by the sun, velvety in texture, with a smooth, well-muscled tension. I brought my lips to them. Then I did what we’d been waiting for. I started with a light slap right in the middle of her ass. Inge moaned. She nodded yes, ja, mehr. I struck harder, to hear the ringing of my palm. Inge stretched farther and I saw her hand disappear into her crotch... The third time I struck lower, at the border of the thighs. She hadn’t expected this, and let out a small cry of pain. But I showed her no quarter. I spanked her with the flat of my hand, observing each impact, feeling myself explode as her skin reddened and she groaned with pleasure.

“When Inge’s buttocks were red-hot, her whole body clenching as the climax mounted in her, I pulled out my cock. I drove it into her and felt like I’d been sucked into some seething engine. She abandoned herself, spouting incomprehensible vulgarities. I flowed into her as she let out a scream that was muffled by the whistle of the train. We were coming to Avignon and its famous bridge.”

—VI—

The Undressing



Donatien Casanova examined me with his calm, slightly acerbic gaze. I roused myself as if from an erotic dream, a bit disappointed that reality was resuming in the distant Swiss mountains, in the metallic reflections of a lake.

"There's no special locale for a spanking," said Casanova. "I've spanked the most gorgeous bottoms in many settings."

"Even on a train," I added, my throat a little dry.

"A train is nothing out of the ordinary. You should try telephone booths, movie theaters, garages, elevators."

"The desire comes over you wherever you are?"

"It depends... Certain spankings require calm, comfort, leisure. Others demand suddenness, swiftness. Some fear discovery, others revel in spectacle. That was the case with Inge... But I won't belabor the question. After all, you're on television every week, you might be considered a professional exhibitionist yourself."

I retorted that showing my face (and, I'll admit, a bit of my bust) was hardly comparable to showing my bottom. I speak about the lives and loves of others, but I certainly don't reveal myself in action!

"Are you quite sure?" asked Casanova. "What do you think some viewers are doing when you appear in

their homes with your plunging neckline, eyeing us all like some perverse virgin, your husky voice suggestive of a woman who's seen a lot—of everything?"

"But it's just a show," I protested.

"Spanking is also a show. It's street theater or lyric opera, depending on the circumstances."

He arose abruptly and said, "And now, I owe you a coffee."

I tried to return his green notebook. He protested: "Take it with you. You've got a lot to learn."

He leaned aside to let me pass, a mere courtesy... but I realized that his gallantry was hardly disinterested. I'd felt men staring at my back before. Climbing stairs, I'd even exaggerated the angle of my hips, like a call-girl trying to corral a client. It pleasantly amused and excited me to sense their stares and their arousal.

But Casanova had a unique way of zeroing in on a woman's derrière. He didn't stop gazing at it for a second, not even for the blink of an eye. He measured it, weighed it, estimated the world of pleasure it promised, simply with his eyes. You felt a warmth spread through your pelvis. Despite yourself you began to accentuate your curves, to stick out your bottom as others do their breasts. You danced in place, harmonizing the rhythms of those radiant globes. You reduced yourself to nothing but those



two mounds of flesh: supple, mobile, tender. Your buttocks became your all...

The green notebook, our remarks, the customs agent's caresses, had rather excited me. Passing through the other cars to reach the dining car brought my agitation to a pitch. If Donatien had raised his hand toward my ass, I would have pressed against him and led him into an empty compartment so he could take me on the spot.

He was more polished than that. Fucking me wasn't enough for him. He wanted to achieve his aims and knew that I still had reservations. He didn't even brush against me the whole way to the dining car. He held my chair for me in the most respectful manner. However, his gaze was fixed on my buttocks, his gaze like a burning brand, as if he had torn aside my clothing and was

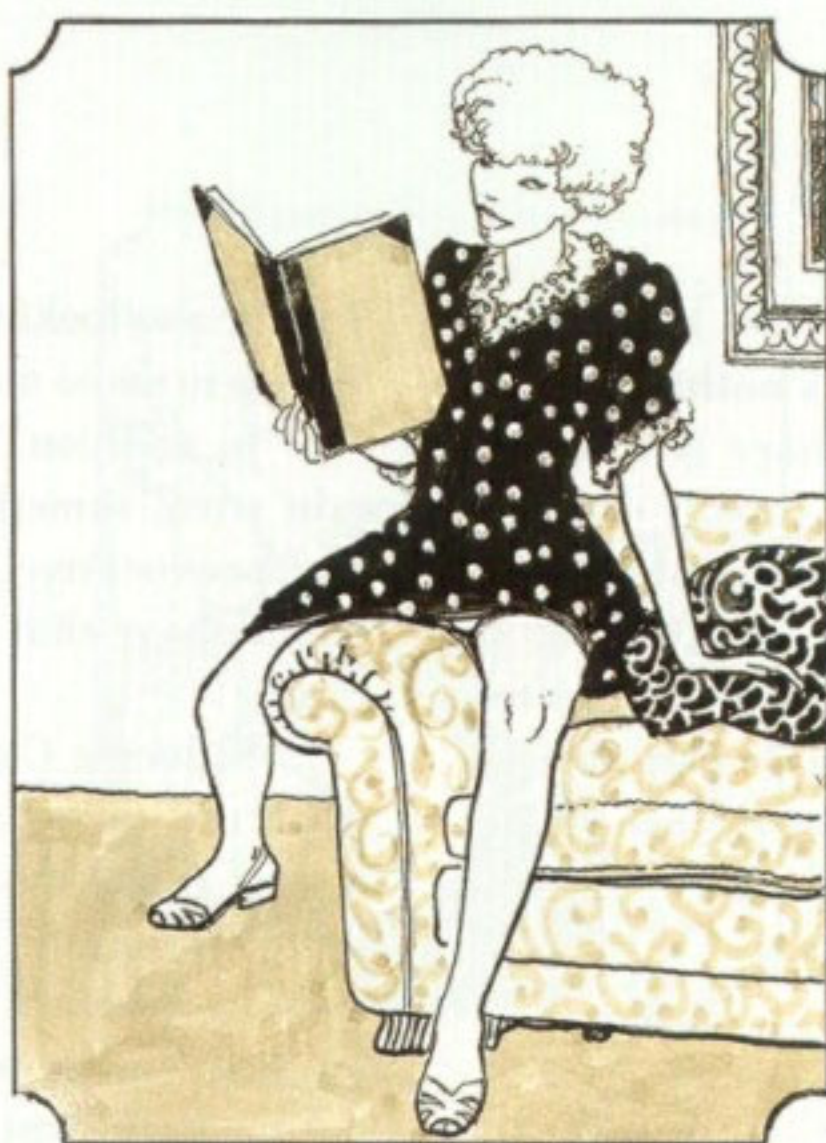
staring at me naked.

We ordered coffee, brioche and jam, a rustic snack that went well with the simple comfort of the Swedish train.

I saw him smile at a young woman a few tables away who was eating in the company of a little boy and a white-haired man, her dark suit much too warm for the season. She smiled at him, a slight blush coloring her cheeks. I looked at her more carefully. She was perhaps thirty and very pale. Large green eyes devoured her thin face, its features soft, though lined. She had meager breasts and, as far as I could tell from behind the table, meager hips. As Donatien poured the coffee, I challenged, "You also spank skeletons?"

He laughed so hard he overturned his cup on the table. The waiter rushed up to repair the damage. Casanova had





to stand up, and his excitement was visible. With a hint of jealousy, I wondered whether this was an homage to me or the stranger at the next table. He noticed my glance and, far from hiding his state, arched his body to make it more evident. As I didn't avert my eyes, the mound grew to appetizing proportions.

"You can sit down again, sir," said the waiter. Casanova slipped a bill into his hand and fell back into his chair. I noticed that he was still eyeing the stranger. She hadn't missed a bit of the scene, especially the most compelling part. By now her cheeks were on fire.

"Excuse me," said Casanova. "But I must tell you about Clara... yes, the young English woman traveling with her son and husband, some lord or other, I

forget."

"An English woman, not surprising," I noted, recalling various films about the customs of British schools.

"Look. It's right here, on this page..." He opened the notebook to a drawing of a pair of buttocks that were puny yet spirited, dry but with a conical tilt that made them piquant and flavorful.

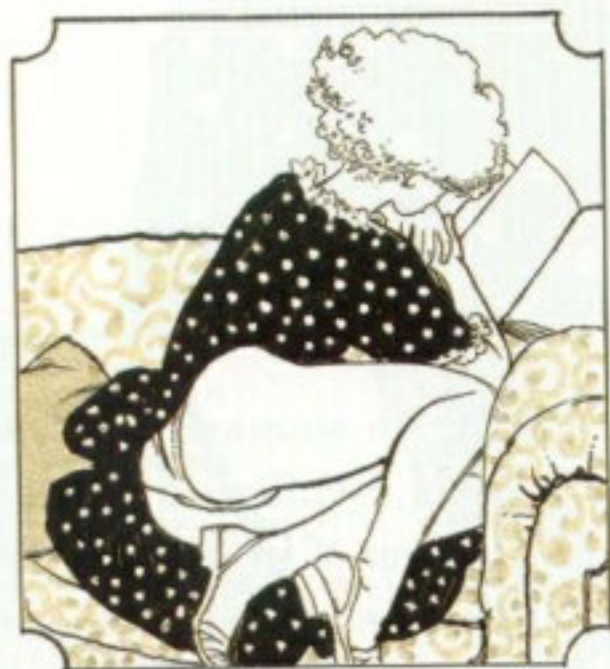
"It's Clara, of course. You'll see, her story is not without interest. I'm going to pay my respects to her and her husband, now."

He left me and, since I didn't want to just sit there like a fool, I gobbled down my brioche in three bites and plunged into the green notebook.

"Spanking is neither force, constraint,

nor violence. Whoever uses it to punish or compel understands nothing of this art. What's more, there is a strong chance that the act will rapidly degenerate into a series of blows and injuries that have nothing to do with spanking.

"Far be it from me to condemn anyone's tastes, but I can state unequivocally that sadism and masochism fill me with total horror. Nails, whips, insults and abuse are for others. I'd take the



Hardy Boys over the complete works of the Divine Marquis, any day.

"Sometimes, however, there is confusion in certain minds. So it was with Clara, the young wife of the Duke of W., whom I met during a stay in London. Clara is a slender, frail-limbed woman with a perpetually astonished expression, who seems never to have completely emerged from childhood. It was evident, even to a stranger who had known her for five minutes, that she was bored to death with her life with the Duke of

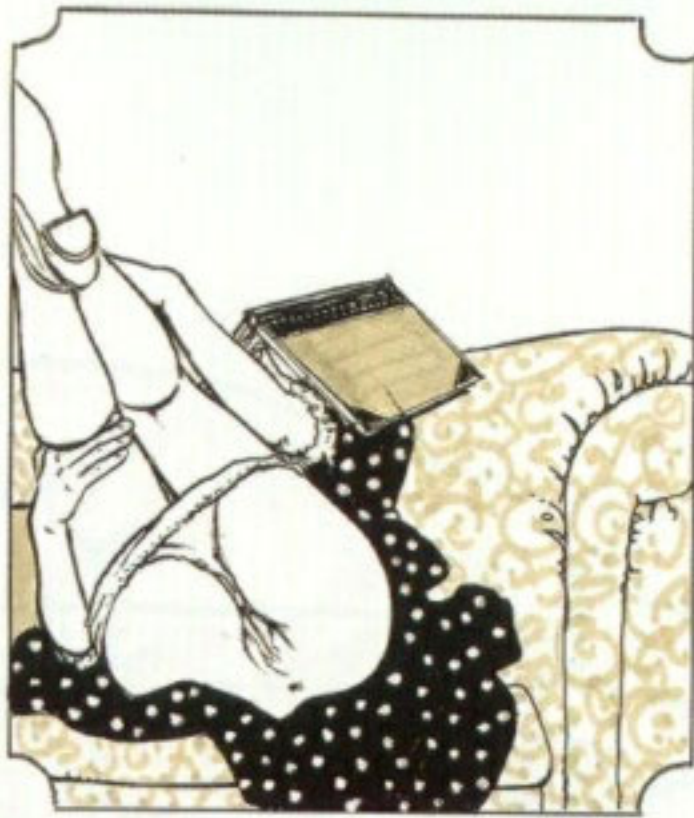
W. She was looking for something else; it was up to me to make her discover what.

"In addition, Clara's ass had a certain aura, something sharp, equivocal and provocative, that inflamed me. I had to have that ass... So I set about getting it.

"Seducing Clara de W. wasn't very difficult. Less worthy suitors than myself could easily have achieved it. Should I say it? My last name is an advantage with women. It amuses, intrigues, attracts them. They want to put me to the test and see if I'm worthy of my illustrious ancestor...

"We soon found ourselves alone in a room in one of the many inns that dot the English countryside. Outside there was green prairie and a blue river; inside, yellow-flowered wallpaper and a dark red quilt on the bed. Clara offered me her lips and I took them. Then, modern young woman that she was, she began to unbutton her dress. I quickly





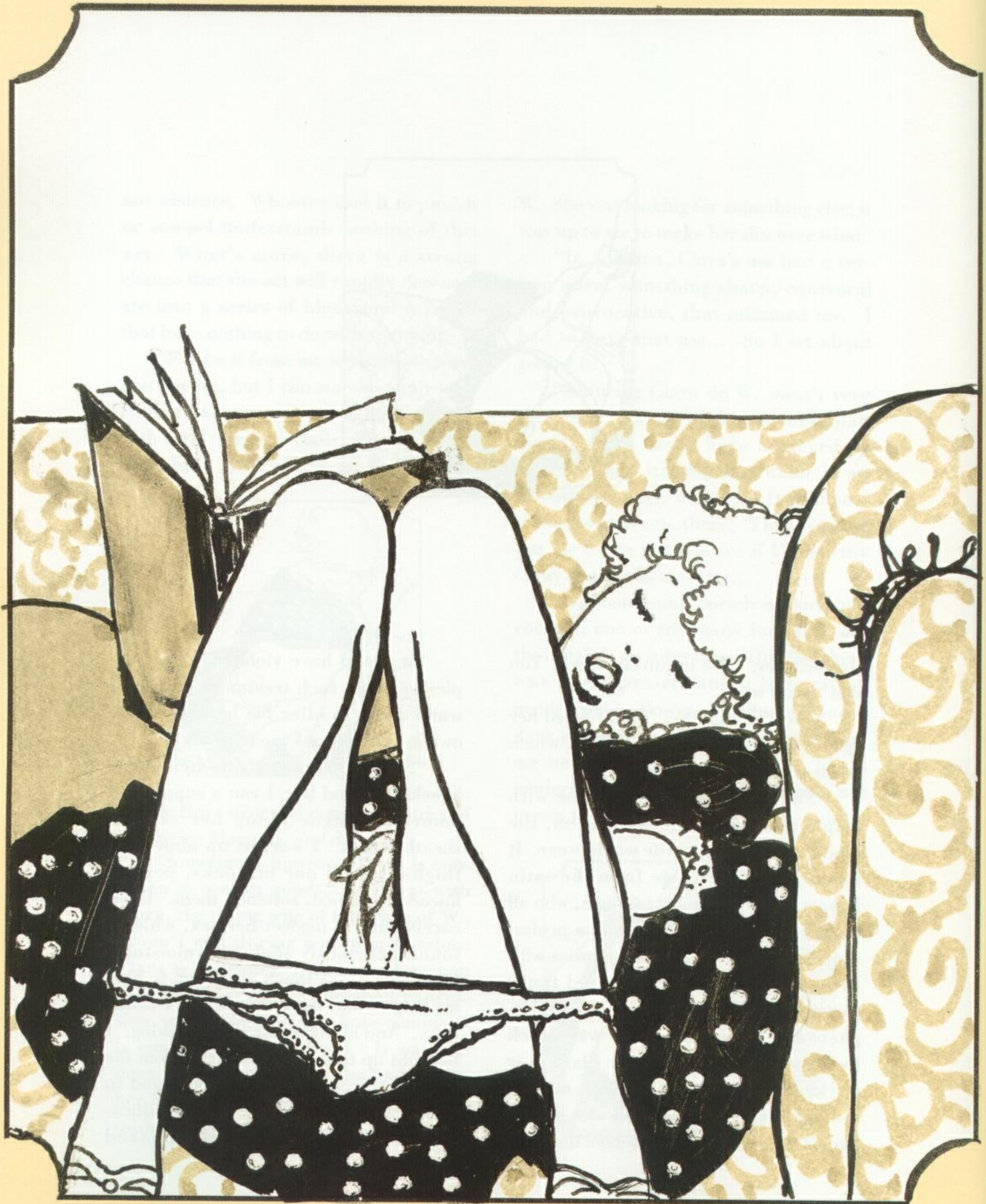
stopped her. She inquired, hurt: 'You don't want to.'

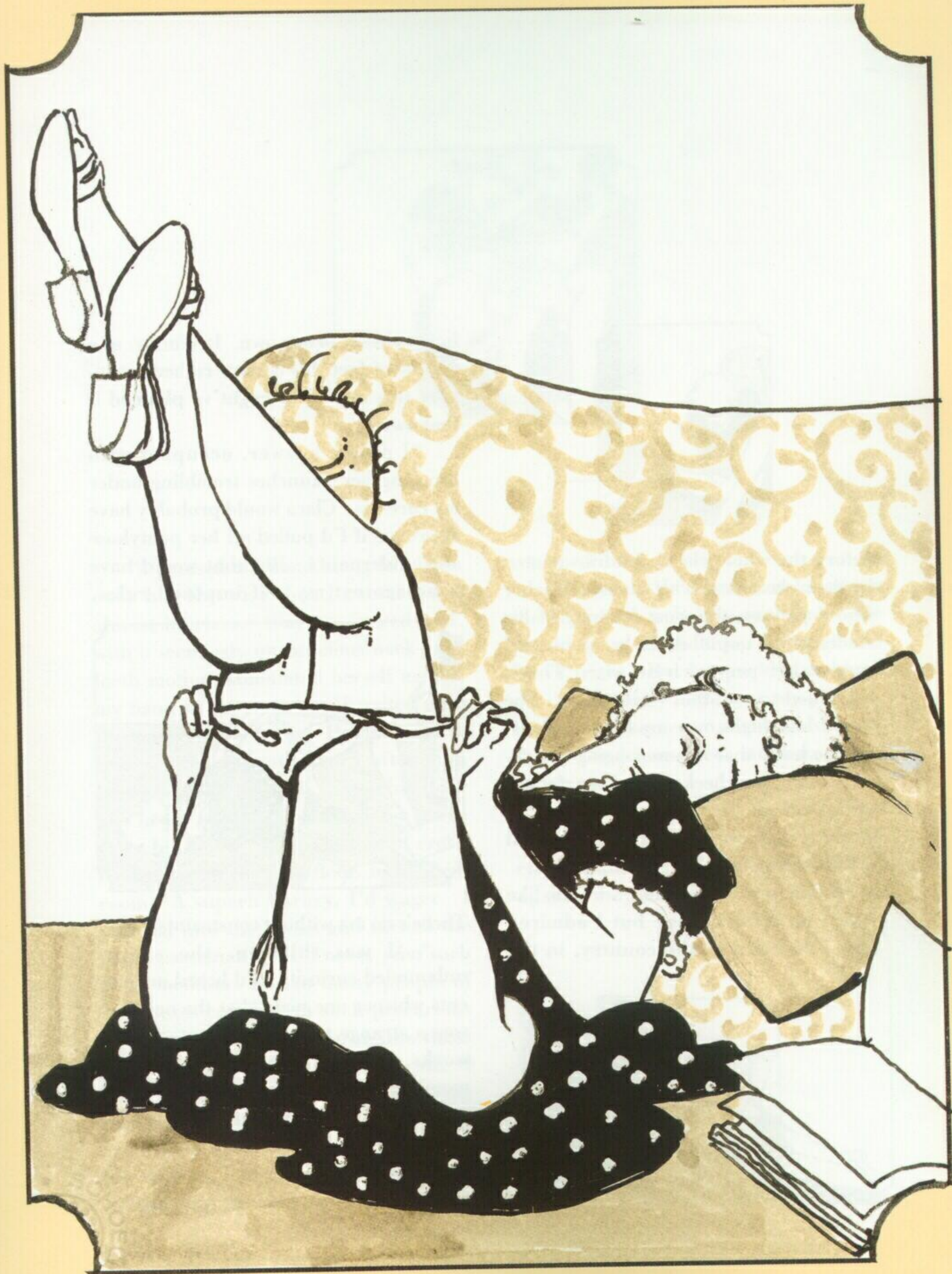
" 'Yes,' I said, 'yes,' and I lured her against me to caress her buttocks, which hardened under my palms.

"She was wearing pantyhose with ample underpants beneath them, the kind a proper young wife would wear. It was a pleasant change from the satin fripperies of middle class women, who all thought they had to doll up like professionals. They usually wear panties with slits, nipple-revealing bras and fancy garter belts. Feeling her virtuous underpants and outmoded hose, I was struck by a sudden craving to turn Clara over my knees and give her a harsh, meticulous spanking of the kind she surely hadn't received since her school days.

"It would have violated my principles to inflict such treatment on her. I wanted her to offer me her ass of her own accord and ask me to spank it.

"So I began by lifting her skirt; kneeling behind her, I ran a supple and amorous tongue along her cotton-sheathed legs. I worked up above her thighs, teased her buttocks, petted, kneaded, shaped, softened them. I was careful not to neglect her sex, which I found deliciously slick with moisture, throbbing at my touch as though to hold my fingers and force them farther inside her... And all the while, I was talking. I brought up those absurd books from the turn of the century that specialized in what was then called an 'English education.' Meaning young girls spanked

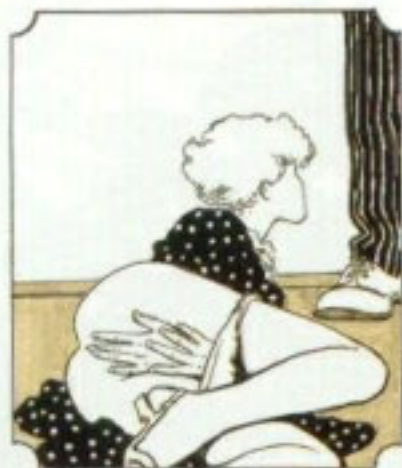






before the whole class, children beaten by their classmates with canes, a teacher who'd pick on the most fetching of his students just to pull down her pants and redden her pretty virgin ass. 'That's happened to me, too,' said Clara. She closed her thighs over my fist, imprisoning the hand that was massaging her clitoris. I put my cheek against her slender bottom, and, with a voice choked by desire, beside myself, I suggested: 'Tell me about it, Clara.'

"'He was tall and thin... a little like you... he disturbed me but I admired him... he lived in the country, in the



house closest to our own. It's funny: as a matter of fact, his cottage rather resembled this inn. You might've planned it that way.'

"I didn't answer, occupied with arousing her haunches trembling under my caresses. Clara would probably have approved if I'd pulled off her pantyhose and underpants. But that would have gone against my self-imposed rules.



There's no art without constraints...

"'I was thirteen, the age of unbounded curiosity. I'd heard my parents whisper one night that the neighbor was a strange type who collected erotic works. To me that word was synonymous with "forbidden." The dictionary gave me a more precise definition. I burned with desire to discover these books about sex, of which, despite the magazines, I remained very ignorant.'



“I pressed my hand along her hose, over her flat rise that I guessed was almost hairless. Clara quivered and, with a seemingly unconscious back-and-forth motion, stimulated herself against my hand as she went on: ‘I waited until the neighbor was away. He had regular habits and went out every afternoon between two and five. Since his door was never locked, it was easy for me to enter his house. His collection of erotic books was on the first floor, in his bedroom. A superb library, I’d wager. I plunged into the books and turned the pages passionately. I’d never seen such giant members nor so many people of both sexes coupling in such precarious positions. However improbable these images were, they turned me on. I tucked up my skirt, pulled down my panties and tickled a button as flagrantly erect as the those in the books!’

“I guessed what followed and blurted out: ‘And just then your neighbor

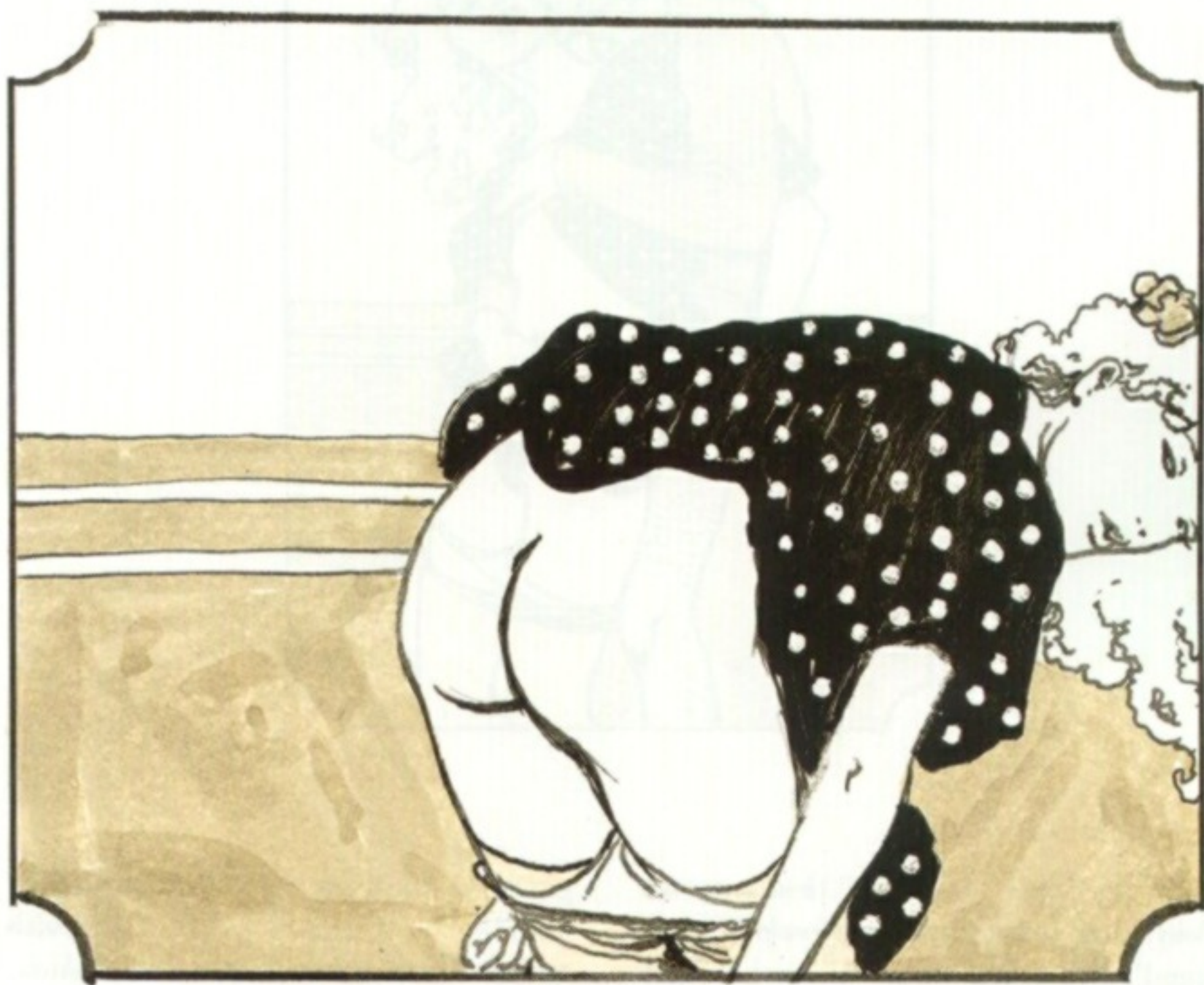
returned!’

“ ‘Right... He’d been watching from the beginning, unbeknownst to me. He picked me up in his arms. I thought I’d die of fright. But he quickly reassured me that he’d say nothing to my parents. He said I deserved a stern punishment, though, and I assented, anything to seal his silence.’

“He’d put her across the bed, pulled down her panties and given her a hellacious spanking, all the while rubbing against her abdomen a prick which







seemed as huge to her in reality as those which had thrilled her in imagination. He struck her wholeheartedly, and it hurt. The more she squirmed to escape him, the more excited he grew. Finally, he flooded onto her belly and pushed her away.

“ ‘He told me to go home, which I did without a murmur. I didn’t come, yet when I recall that scene, I get excited

all over again.’ ”

“ ‘No one’s spanked you since?’ ”

“ ‘Good God, no,’ she said, bursting into laughter.

“ ‘I spoke in a grave tone: ‘I am your neighbor. I like to spank girls. But I don’t pressure anyone.’ There was a silence. I feared I’d been too frank. Clara’s cheeks were pink. The purple tint around her eyes bespoke desire.



She abruptly decided: 'I want to. Anything for a change from my husband's mechanical ways.'

"As I didn't move, she added, 'What shall I do?'

" 'This,' I said, pulling off her hose.

"She pushed me back several steps, then, turning her back, gracefully slid her pantyhose down her hips and the length of her thighs. It was a simple gesture, but one which undid me as completely as if I'd surprised her in an intimate moment. My desire raged; I thought I couldn't contain it. But I controlled myself and Clara pulled down her

panties. She bent over to show me her derrière. Without prompting, she spread her cheeks to uncover the anus. She stepped backward toward me and rubbed her ass against my erect cock.

"I held her between my thighs and showered her with a hail of stinging, vigorous slaps. She moaned with pleasure and, without interrupting the spanking, managed to impale herself on me. My slaps seemed to keep time to our coupling.

"The cavalcade couldn't last very long. I climaxed at length as she dropped forward, shaken by spasms. I

had encountered the most gifted of my disciples.”

I'd just completed this chapter when Donatien signaled me to join him at the table with the Duke of W. and Clara. I got up begrudgingly and joined them.

“You've surely recognized Eva Lindt,” said Casanova. The duke and his wife affirmed that they had immediately spotted me. Their son, a spoiled ninny, took advantage of the change to beg an autograph. I scrawled something illegible on a paper napkin.

“We're approaching Milan,” said the duke. “We'd best return to our

compartment.”

“My husband's concerned about his pigskin bags!” Clara told us.

As they were taking their leave, Casanova took the young woman's hand in his own. He said: “Did you know, dear Clara, that our friend Eva is also interested in art?”

“Do you collect?” Clara inquired.

“Not yet,” replied Casanova on my behalf. “She's just discovering it. But she'll surely become a connoisseur.”

Clara sized me up from head to toe and then said, smiling, “I'm quite sure, especially with lessons from you!”

— VII —

The Spanker Spanked





We returned to our compartment. I'd attempted to doze off as we pulled out of Milan, but I was too much on edge. Casanova was acutely aware of my state. I felt as if I were his prey that he was only awaiting a propitious moment to pounce on me and bend me to his whim. But that's not the way I do things. I, Eva Lindt, choose both the man and the moment.

As I couldn't sleep, I decided to attack the heir of the great seducer. I declared point-blank: "You would be quite mistaken to confuse me with a young English wife, Mr. Casanova. Even if I have childhood memories, I wouldn't share them with you."

"I'm not asking you to," he responded. "Anyway, Clara's story has nothing to do with those juvenile activities."

He stroked the back of the green notebook and, flipping through the pages, showed me a series of sketches.

The first one showed the back of a young girl; she was removing jeans under which she wore nothing. Her curvaceous adolescent buttocks bulged out as if they had been compressed too long and were dying to be free.

The second drawing showed a naked woman, lying on her stomach. She was as plump as a model for Renoir, having a milky skin, one guessed, with a natural sheen. She was slowly taking off an embroidered undergarment. Casanova had taken particular care with the floral motif.

Third drawing: an adolescent with buttocks like hazelnuts. She was well-formed, standing with her legs spread apart. Another girl, completely naked, was crouched at her feet, helping her off with her panties. I seemed to recognize Clara in her manner.

The model in the fourth drawing could have appeared in a fashion maga-

zine. She wore delicate, ornate panties, silk garters and stockings which exposed in a stirring fashion a band of naked flesh at the top of her thighs. A man, doubtlessly Donatien Casanova himself, was ripping off her underclothes, as fragile as the young person who wore them.

"All methods are good, provided they induce pleasure," remarked Casanova. "The story of Clara is only meant to show one way a spanking can take place. There are so many others! I can't go over all of them. The key is that both participants, and I do mean both, must experience pleasure."

"You've never forced anyone?"

"Never, except as part of the game."

"And when someone resists you?"

"No one resists me," he responded simply.

I crossed my legs, revealing my panties under my skirt. I leaned forward and offered him my breasts under my T-shirt. As he didn't react, I got up and pretended to watch the Italian countryside roll by, with its plane trees and houses with pink tile roofs. I rounded my bottom. I even shifted in such a way as to brush against my companion, who, without the least gesture toward me, advised: "Sit back down. I don't intend to beg you. It would give you too much satisfaction to rebuff me."

He was right, of course. But the

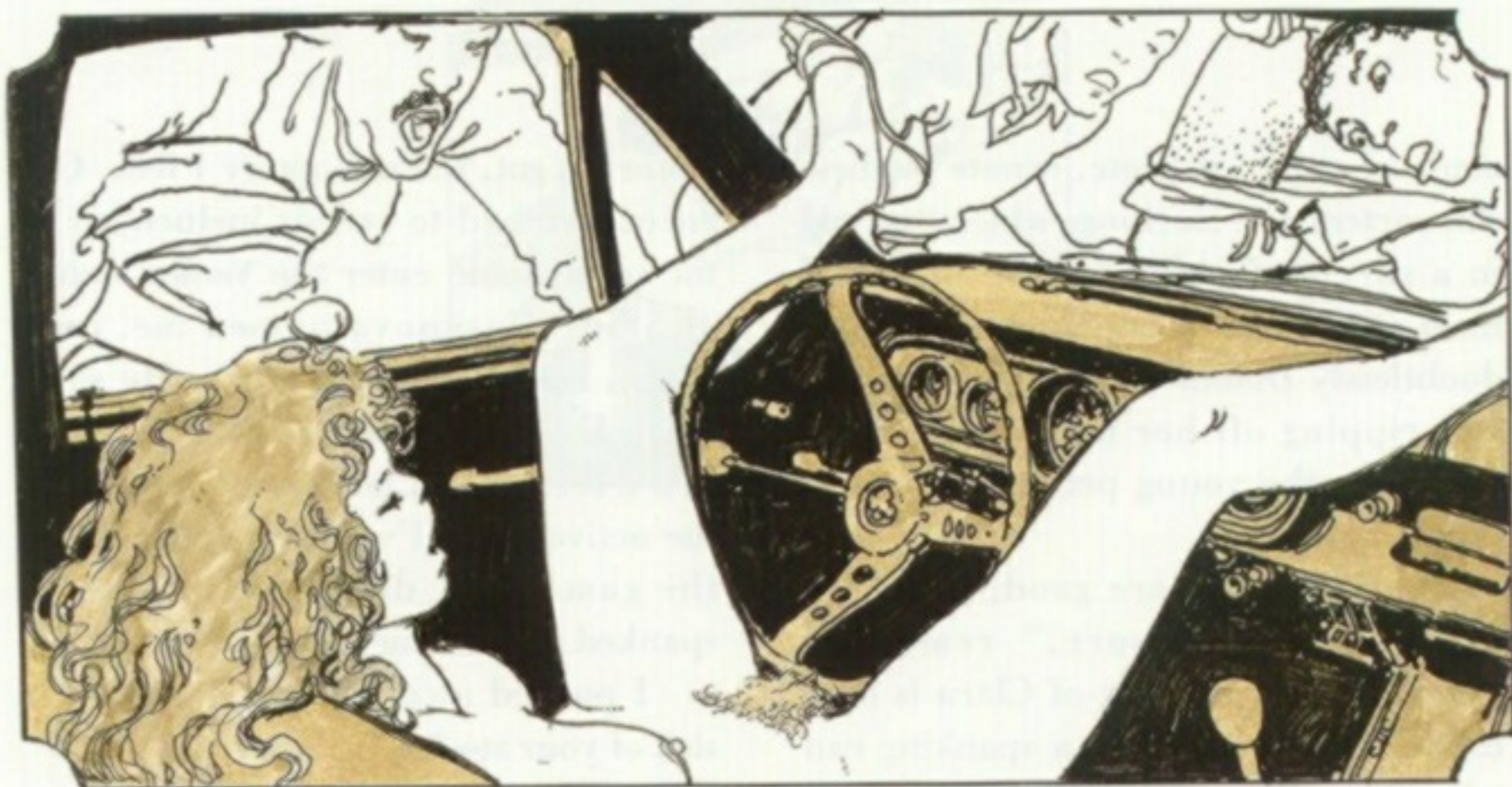
closer we got, the unhappier I felt. Our encounter had to end as ineluctably as the train would enter the Venice station at 5:50. Casanova passed me, once again, the green notebook. He said: "You have one last chapter to read. You'll see, I don't necessarily have to be the active one. I've discovered, late in the game, how delightful it is to be spanked in one's turn."

I pushed away the notebook: "I'm sick of your stories."

But he held it open in such a way that I was forced once again to see a sketch. It showed two women with Casanova. One, dark-haired and authoritarian, resembled Virginia S., the latest Hollywood discovery, to a tee. The other, blonde and rounder, looked kind of like a Paris street kid.

"That's Françoise, her secretary," explained Donatien. "This took place in Florida last year. But the setting is of no importance."





All the same, he had sketched tropical vegetation and a swimming pool in the background. What were the three people doing? Spanking one another, of course. Casanova spanked Virginia S. while Françoise spanked him. Virginia was mounted on a sort of stool, and Donatien was twisted so that as she took her blows the starlet could see the spectacle of the spanker being spanked.

"She didn't go halfway, our little Françoise, you'd better believe it. In fact, in my opinion she was the most energetic of the three of us."

I couldn't hide my surprise and he pretended to misunderstand the reasons. He offered: "You're wondering how I met Virginia? Everyone knows everyone else over there. Anyway, it's not difficult to meet well-known people. I've met you, after all!"

I was fascinated by this scene of a threesome. Of course, I'd already found myself in bed with men and women. I'd even gone to those clubs where girls give themselves publicly to the men who are there. Once a friend had driven me to the woods and forced me to undress while men appeared out of the surrounding bushes and jerked off, spurting semen all over the windshield. All that had seemed less immodest to me than this drawing! As if spanking provided a heightened revelation, uncovering the intimacy of each person more than nudity or caresses.

"You're beginning to understand," said Casanova.

I turned the page.

"I had Françoise, the secretary, over my knees and had just spanked her until her taut skin was a vivid white and scar-



let. “‘That’s enough,’ said Virginia.

“Françoise was crying, but wriggled against me meaningfully, caressing my thighs with her belly as she emitted groans of pleasure mixed with tears. I wanted to go on spanking her. Virginia stayed my hand: ‘I said, that’s enough.’

“The actress, I knew, shared my tastes. Maybe she wanted her turn at being spanked. She had a magical rear, small, finely moulded, but sensual as the devil, perched above two long, lean thighs. I’d already tasted it, and the two of us were still congratulating ourselves.

“I grabbed the starlet by the arm. I forced her to lie face down. I tore off her blue silk panties and uncovered her exuberant bush. Irresistibly, I brought

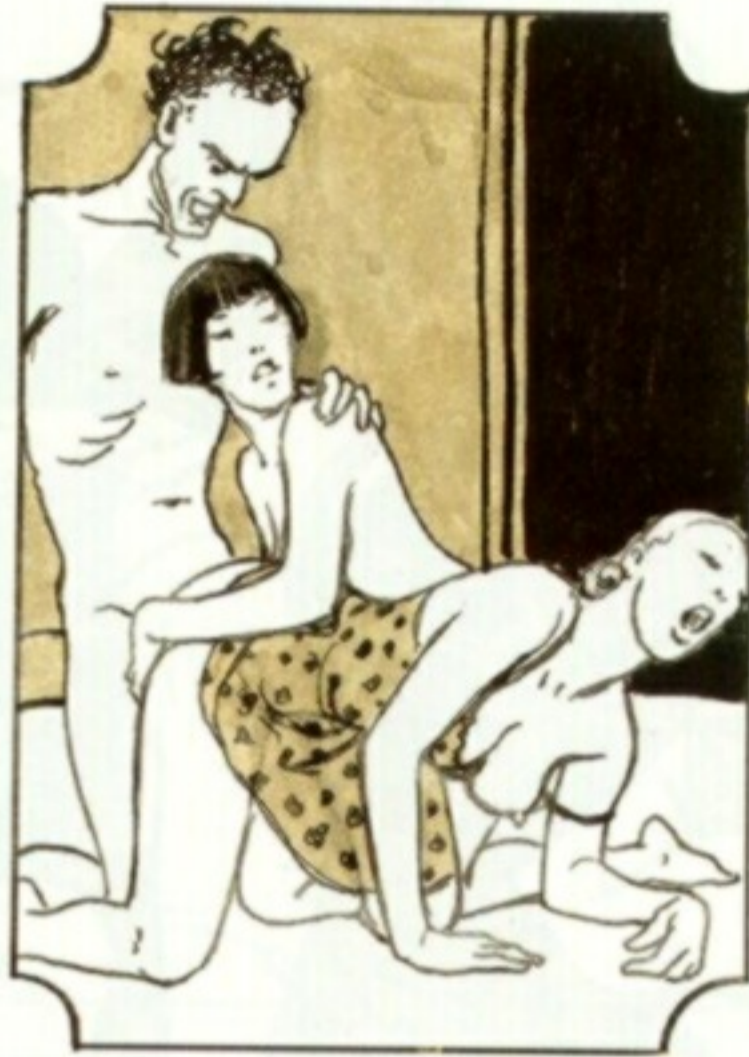
my mouth to it and directed my tongue between the intimate lips that I found already moist with a dew of pleasure. I plunged into the grotto, for once neglecting my principal interest.

“I was lost in our little frolic. Virginia pulled away from my embrace. ‘You’re losing your head!’

“Françoise watched us with a half-smile, heatedly delving into herself in her turn. Virginia moved toward her, tilted her head back and planted a kiss on her lips.

“‘Spank me,’ she ordered her.

“She had the secretary sit on a stool, then stretched out across her legs. She offered her ass and repeated, ‘Spank me!’



“I drew near, aroused in anticipation of the forthcoming spectacle. I hadn’t seen one of my lovers spank another since the rue Cavour.

“Françoise gave a timid slap to her boss’s buttocks. The starlet writhed on the thighs of her employee and repeated: ‘Go on, spank me!’

“Françoise gave her a series of sonorous slaps which rebounded off the star’s derrière. My nose was at the level of her ass. My hands itched; I would have willingly taken Françoise’s place. By this time she was going all out. The exertion brought pink to the pretty blonde’s cheeks and colored her full throat. I knelt between her thighs. Thus I had my head at the height of both

Françoise’s and Virginia’s sex. I worked them over with my tongue, first one, then the other. Virginia tasted of seaweed spiced with cinammon and pink pepper. Françoise offered me a thick vanilla liqueur, with a flavor of Marennes oysters. Suddenly, Virginia sprayed me with a heavy, warm spurt that flowed down my throat and over my chin. At the same time, she let out a cry more strident than in all the horror films she’d starred in.

“At that exact moment, Françoise, too, released herself on me, closing her thighs so tightly around my neck that I almost strangled. I pushed her away, my sex swollen, my temples pounding. Virginia took hold of my organ and light-



ly stroked it with her finger. The caress heightened its tumescence still further. The actress motioned to Françoise to come near her. She made her crouch down, head between her thighs, and began to tap at her buttocks with my instrument. Each blow made me cry with pleasure, even if little damage, to be honest, was done to Françoise.

“But this baton of flesh was unruly. Virginia couldn’t wield it as she wished without separating it from my person, which was, needless to say, out of the question!

“Then she had Françoise assume a more convenient position on all fours, wide open to me. She herself slid me into her secretary’s quim. I penetrated to the hilt, enchanted by the velvety sheath. Virginia didn’t leave me in peace. She made me reemerge, then penetrate the anus, where with more difficulty I sank into the rosette, smelling of musk and amber, which closed around my rod like a holster. I plunged, blasted, drilled.

“ ‘In front, again!’ commanded Virginia.

“So I fucked Françoise alternately in



the ass, in the cunt, reaming one after the other, extracting myself from the first to plunge into the second, thrilling to that one, deserting it to explore the other. When she saw that I had the rhythm, Virginia straddled me and began to spank me without quarter. I twisted under her blows, shrieked, protested. But at the same time I goaded her on, harder, faster. And still, up the ass, up the cunt, up the ass... Françoise swayed below me to the tempo of our mounting pleasure. My buttocks heated. Virginia had at me with the flat of her palms and the edge of her hand. My ass was on fire. I had to explode. I clutched Françoise by her haunches and worked down to her core. She began to dance below me, transported into some mysterious ceremonial trance. The tremor



began at the nape of my neck, ran the length of my spinal column and erupted throughout my entire being. Feeling my liqueur spurt, Françoise abandoned herself to the pinnacle of pleasure. And yet I still wasn't finished with Virginia, who squatted astride me, continuing to strike my buttocks. She closed her thighs around my hips and rubbed her mound against my loins. She slapped, she hit, she spanked, with an ardor which electrified me. Suddenly, she squeezed me between her legs, let out a thick stream onto my flank and collapsed, murmuring ecstatic vows."

"The scenes go on and on..." said Casanova. "I'd illustrate one day, recount the story the next."

I didn't respond. My throat was knotted by what I had just read. My

panties were soaked, desire oozing beyond my control. All I could do was close the green notebook and hand it back to its author. He refused it: "Keep it, I'm sure you'll put it to better use than I."

I wanted to stand up, hitch up my skirt, and offer my ass to Donatien for him to beat, spank, pinch, fuck. I spread my thighs and plastered my open palm, over my sex. I masturbated, insensible, my eyes fixed on Donatien, who stared back at me unblinking. The rolling of the train, its muffled, regular rhythm, added to my desire. I would have let even the customs man screw me at that moment! I dreamed of the entire train penetrating me!

"Keep it," repeated Donatien. "I have no author's vanity. I give it to you. Published under your name, it will



achieve a success I could never hope for."

He added with a half-smile: "One writer in the family is enough!..."

I wanted to knock him down on the seat, my handsome Casanova, I wanted to unzip him and gorge myself on his incandescent cock. He stuffed the green notebook into my bag. He said, "I have confidence in you. Everyone will be talking about 'The Art of Spanking,' thanks to you!"

As though I had my mind on books and literature! I wanted someone to scorch my ass, set me on fire, transport me beyond Italy, the Grand Canal and the Piazza San Marco...

Casanova eyed me with a merciless gaze. Then he said: "You're right. We have better things to do. Now, take off that skirt..."



— VIII —

Applied Exercises





I was completely naked before Donatien Casanova in compartment 6, car 14, on the Paris-Venice train, except for my sheer silk panties. "You want it?" he asked.

I didn't reply. My excitement was so strong I couldn't articulate even a simple yes. He pulled on the elastic of my panties and asked, "These?"

"You do it," I said.

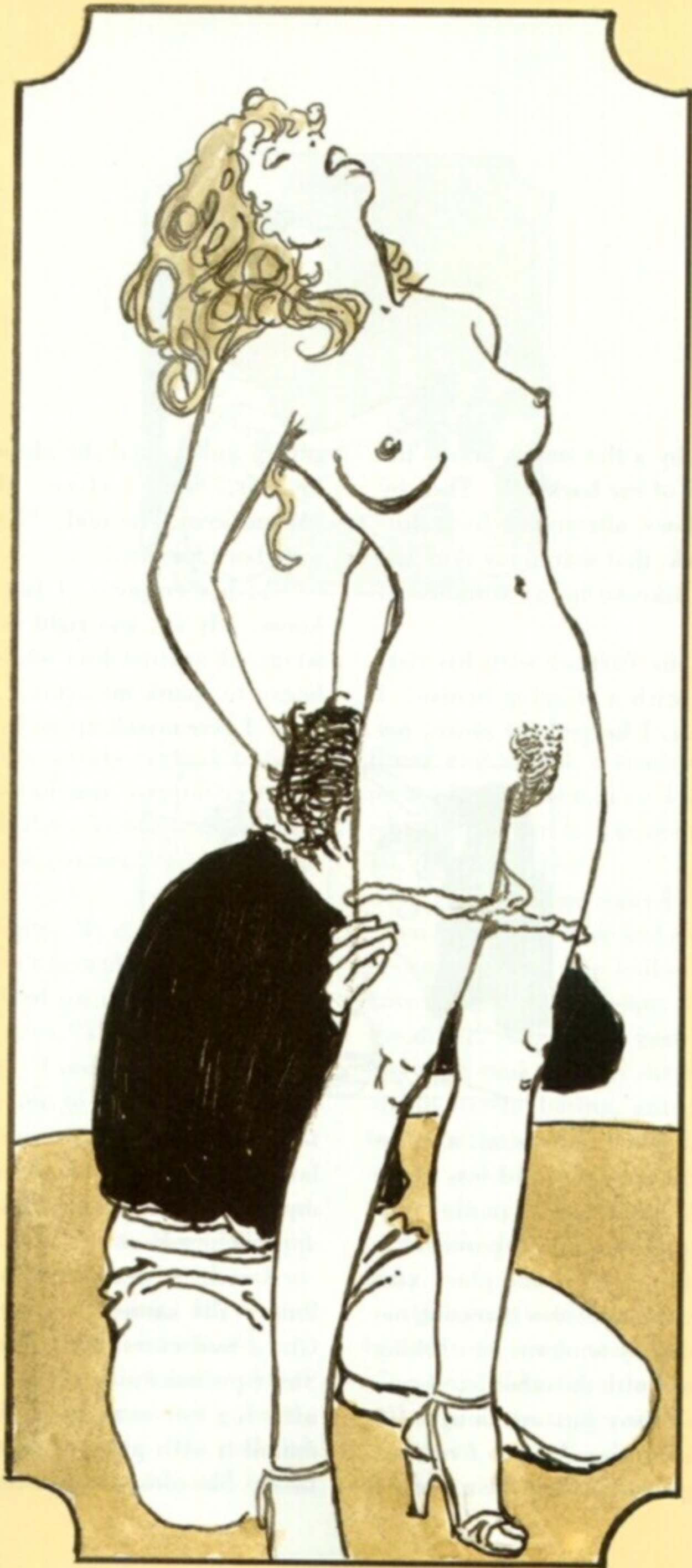
I wanted him to slip off my panties and force me to my knees to marvel at my ass. He made me pivot. He passed a nonchalant hand over my ash-blond fleece with its soft, downy hairs. He slid a finger into my crotch and explored my intimates. I was streaming. He turned me around and bent me forward, my hands on my knees. His hand explored my ass with the same precision and acuity I had seen in his gaze. He grabbed my panties between thumb and index

finger and pulled, a single quick movement. He left them at my knees. I started to bend down to take them all the way off. He stopped me.

"You're more naked this way..." Then he bent me over and ascended with his tongue from the hollow behind my knee to the fold of my lips. One leg after the other. I couldn't restrain myself. My hand sank into my intimate cavern, openly masturbating, anticipating and fearing what was to come.

He asked me to kneel before him, my mouth at the level of his sex. I wanted to take him in, but he gently drew away.

One must learn to wait... He felt my behind one more time, pinching and caressing. The first slap came like an ambush, at an angle, with a backward movement of the hand. It surprised me as much as it hurt me and I jumped. It



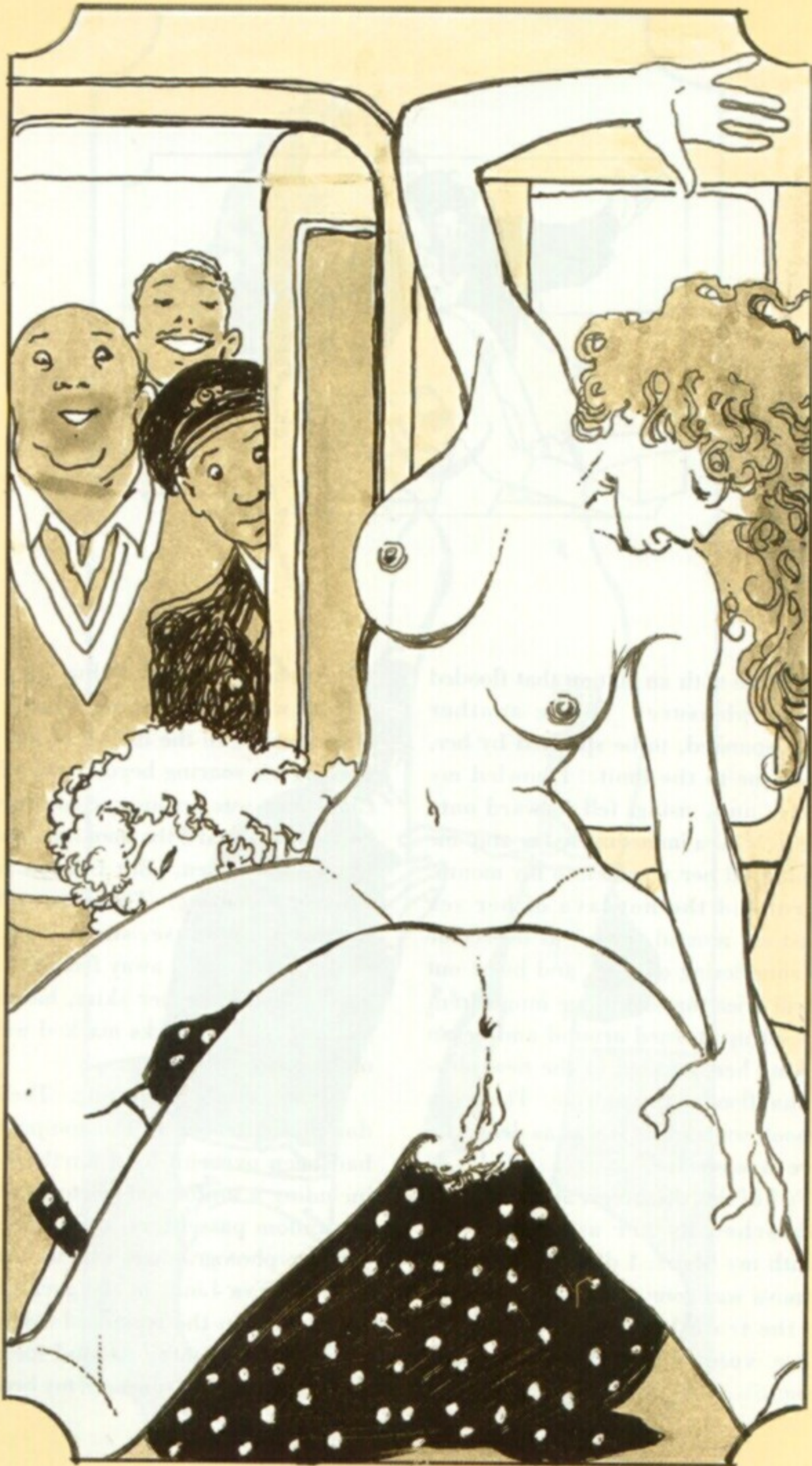


spanked me with an elation that flooded me with pleasure. To see another woman spanked, to be spanked by her, pushed me to the limit. I howled my pleasure and, rising, fell forward onto the seat. Clara immediately lay atop me and plunged her tongue into my mouth. She rubbed the hot lava of her sex against my mound. She was overcome by a shuddering orgasm, and burst out in shrill cries that drove me into a frenzy. I sat up, turned around and began spanking her, amazed at the new pleasure that flooded through me. The green notebook was right. It was as delightful to give as to receive.

Full of this discovery, and completely absorbed by her ass, trembling beneath my blows, I didn't notice that Casanova was gone. Nor did I perceive that the train had stopped, nor the hoarse voice announcing, "Venice, Venice..."

Nothing mattered but this new orgasm which invaded me literally from my fingertips to the hollow of my loins, sending me soaring beyond any reality. Clara, too, was goading me on, when her head lifted toward the door as if noticing Donatien's return. But I didn't realize why until too late. There was a flash, laughter, applause, shouts, another flash. Clara rolled away from my knees and pulled down her skirt, hiding her burning pink buttocks marked with the outlines of my five fingers.

It was really happening. The corridor and entrance to the compartment had been overrun by a mirthful mob, including a uniformed porter, a couple of random passengers, the Duke of W. and two photographers who were madly shooting Eva Lindt in the garb of Eve, sacrificing to the so-called forbidden pleasures. I glanced around for my T-shirt and, stupidly, covered my breasts.





"Autograph, Miss?" asked a porter bent over with laughter.

"You've had fame—and now, glory!" cried a photographer.

Suddenly I heard Casanova's voice: "Let's go, let's go, break it up! Show a little respect, won't you!"

He appeared—my savior, I thought... for perhaps a second...

cially gifted. I've rarely been spanked with so much finesse and power!" I realized that the photographers, the porters, the husband and everyone else had been summoned by Casanova. But to what end? Who, through him, sought revenge against me? So many people had been brought to public scandal through me. I turned on Donatien at once: "Who are



Clara, very composed, straightened herself up and rejoined her husband. With a little wave of her hand, she said to me, "See you soon, I hope."

"Donatien was right, you're espe-

you working for?"

"Calm down!"

"My career is ruined. The station I work for is ruined! Thanks to you, thousands of people will be unem-



NOT FOR MINORS

