

Scene

Silver Moon Readers Club Magazine

Tender breast, covered in cream & whipped lightly until tender, served with lashings, liberally doused with hot wax & light dusting with a crop.

This isn't M&S,
This is S&M!



Welcome back to something like normal service!

We totally lost the summer and autumn this year due to the move and Silver Moon Books Ltd becoming part of Shadowline Publishing Ltd.

We have moved to a rather pleasanter part of Gainsborough and now inhabit slightly smaller premises having got rid of the print machinery, unfortunately. However, in the long term that will prove to have been in the company's best interests.

In this issue I was hoping to be able to include a photograph of our very own office pussy. Her name was Sadie, she was a tabby pussy (those of you still thinking along the more usual lines of Silver Moon's connections with pussies, will no doubt be thinking that a tabby one is definitely something you don't see every day!) who befriended us in our latter days at Schloss Shadowline. Fortunately we were able to find her a good home with a well-to-do lady in Lincoln. As you can see we have settled in and you should now be back to being in receipt of our usual rapid response service.

Coming Soon to a Readers' Club Near You

So what have we got coming up for you?

Tim is currently illustrating the new Katherine Forbes epic 'Good Breeding'. Do get a move on Tim, there's a good chap. Folks are asking where it is!

Fran is penning the next Whipmaster instalment.

Sean is working on 'The Slavemaker' a departure from the arenas for the moment.

And in between those projects they've got together – no really! – and are producing a Club novel called 'First Blood'. For some reason best known to herself, Fran has never considered Sean one of her favourite people. As expected, she put up a lot of resistance to the idea originally but thanks to the persuasive efforts of both myself and her Master, she eventually agreed. I can tell you that Sean leaves each writing session with a great big grin on his face and Fran is frequently seen rubbing her bottom and asking why she's always the one who's got to type everything up. However, both of them privately tell me that their 'research' has gone very well indeed. Is that what they call it? And will Sean be on her Christmas card list now?

We have the first instalments of two very promising series coming up by two highly impressive newcomers in the new year.

The sixth Slaveworld MS is safely lodged here and all in all '07 is looking like a vintage year for SM lovers! There are no fewer than twelve new titles in the first half of the year alone!

Apart from the usual appetisers, in this issue you'll find the first of what I hope will be a series of occasional features. Long time subscribers will know that one of our loyal readers, Frank, has been a great admirer of Sean O'Kane's work and I asked him what he would like to ask Sean if he could interview him. The questions were easily obtained, but the saga of how we managed to get the self-effacing and modest Sean (Down Francine! Bad girl! Sit!) back from the pub in a fit condition to focus long enough to type his replies is a story that must wait for another telling...

Take it Away, Frank!

1. Modesty would preclude you saying so but you must be reckoned as one of the very best, most prolific and highly respected BDSM authors of the age. SILVER MOON/SHADOWLINE and ourselves, the readers, are fortunate to have you around. Authenticity and realism being the hallmark of all Kane penmanship, from where do you draw the inspiration?



Frank, that's the most elegantly put way of asking 'Where do you get your ideas from?' I've ever come across! And your opening remarks are deeply gratifying, I do hope not too many of the readers (or other authors!) are already sharpening their quills in order to flood the editor with protests. However, I think the answer is fairly short. I love BDSM and love writing stories, so I tend to draw inspiration from pictures on the net or real scenes I've been lucky enough to be involved in, or just passing thoughts. Or just pure imagination. Church of Chains was written when I'd been living in an area heavily polluted by street prostitution, so the idea of Paula's mistaken identity just fell into my lap once I was clear of it. The Arena idea took about three years to evolve, originally ITA and Gladiator were going to be one book but I realised that the mental journey the girls had to go on to become gladiators would take too long to fit into one book and once I'd reached that stage, I realised I had room to go into Conor and Carlo's relationship and their whole world. Then other characters just cropped up during the writing and finding that we were heading back to The Lodge was a delight! I had no idea that that was where Blondie would end up. It was like coming home! And I think that the Prologue of 'Slave's Honour' was almost my favourite bit of all five books to date.

My latest project 'The Slavemaker' came from the title. It just popped into my head and I liked the sound of it, so I started asking myself who he was. Where could he exist? And so on.

So I guess the answer is; I get ideas from all over the place but mainly I just love women who love submitting!

2. O'Kane novels are focussed overwhelmingly within the fantasy erotica of female submission. Some 45 to 50% of SILVER MOON/SHADOWLINE authors are women (though not in terms of actual books published), which is a remarkable and commendable statistic for any publisher let alone one concentrated specifically on the BDSM area. This is a powerful argument against the censorial claim that s&m is demeaning to women. How do you yourself view this equation as a writer?

The submissive woman on the receiving end of sm is undoubtedly demeaned! She'd be pretty disappointed if she wasn't; it's what she's there for! However for

women who don't relate to any form of subby behaviour, they will never be able to understand the inverted and paradoxical world of sm. Any woman who actively wants to be demeaned as part of sm roleplay can't then, in my opinion, be demeaned in the way a 'straight' woman would mean the word.

So the answer to your question is really 'yes' and 'no' – I'm a sad loss to the political establishment! – it depends on your point of view. But what 'outsiders' often fail to realise is that what we write is fantasy. In reality sm players are the last people to actually harm their partners. As the inestimable Francine once said, "No one ever accused Agatha Christie of being a murderer."



3. As noted above, female submission is the principle ingredient of both your own and others' writing formula. However, there are many who enjoy their BDSM reading matter from both ends of the spectrum, dom and sub. I myself am one of them, although the reasons for the paradox have never really been clear to me. May I attempt a little bit of psychology here? The slave—WOMAN— is punished (by men AND women) as a consequence of her intrinsic beauty. Out of envy she is disciplined. Men, at least, cannot ever hope to match the irresistible attraction of WOMAN. For the same motives men are willing to worship at the feet of an imperiously beautiful woman. Either way, it is my conjecture that the act itself is rooted in acknowledgement of the unparalleled perfection of WOMAN, her infinite desirability. How do you perceive the impulses of your own writing emerging?

Um, I think what you're asking is what makes me the sadistic bastard-in-writing that I am.

In reality and in fantasy, I find women utterly desirable – as you say – I find that the attraction of every curve and bump that nature has programmed me – as a man - to desire, is heightened and intensified if those physical attributes are unconditionally offered to the male. The sense of freedom it gives a master is heady indeed when he knows the very fact that he demonstrates not the slightest concern for the slave's pleasure, is guaranteed to stoke the fires of her lust. And, in contrast, the flooding of her cunt! Of course one does have responsibilities but once one knows a slave, there is no greater pleasure in life than to wield a whip with one's full force knowing that she is nowhere near her limit and one can flog away happily. I would guess that that appreciation of the submissive means that I don't get off on the cold domineering Mistress figure. I appreciate the beauty of women and I like it when they relinquish all 'ownership' of it and give it to me. The passion and trust is deeply exciting!



4. In any BDSM writing (or visuals) a strong humiliation factor is one of the prime elements. Others may not agree, but I would say this is the wellspring from which much of the potent allure of s&m is drawn. In your own writing humiliation is employed to great effect, especially as a constant thread running through the whole 'ARENA' series. Would you agree the 'degradation of the personal' is a fundamental constituent of successful narrative?

Yes, I think that any sub craves humiliation; that's really at the core of her submission. And that's why straight women can't understand them. They can't see why voluntarily lying across a man's lap with her bottom in the air getting spanked, turns her on. Mind you, I find it difficult to understand too! I just know that the view from where I'm sitting is great and the smacks on a shapely bottom are pure heaven! In bdsm fiction I just try to think what humiliations would be possible if you weren't constricted by tiresome reality.



5. All your work is interspersed with rich, pellucid detail. Is this attributable to either a florid imagination or actual hands-on experiences? Or perhaps something else entirely?

Right, I've looked up 'pellucid' so I can reply now! Bits of both. Imagination plays a very big part but I'm fortunate enough to have had some 'hands on' experience – a felicitous phrase, Frank! As far as possible I try to think my way through a particular scene or procedure I'm describing to bring it to life as best I can. Actually I do find English frustrating – although I love it to bits as well! – there are times when there are just no words. It's impossible to do justice, for example, to the various sounds a slave makes when under discipline. The variations on slap, smack, whack, that various implements make when plied on various parts of the anatomy are far more subtle and delicious than those words can convey. The exact feel of wet, warm and soft labia, being parted ready for clamping.....(Yes, yes, *thank you Sean, we get the picture!* Ed.)



6. The covers on SILVER MOON/SHADOWLINE books have always been seductive. Currently they are better than ever, with artist Doc Johnson creating magnificent images to match the text. Lately you have tried your own hand at illustrating, with laudable results. Good artwork can definitely add something to even the most engaging stories. Does the SHADOWLINE editor intend to continue, perhaps expand the use of graphics do you know?

As far as I'm aware, yes. I'd really like to find time to develop my own pen and pencil skills. And I hope people enjoyed getting a glimpse into the author's mind's eye in ITA illustrated. Gladiator next.....and I just thought, Tara takes a real pounding in that one, it'd be fun to illustrate that! I think there might be plans afoot to develop a new book format for 'First Blood' the one I'm writing with Francine, bless her! *(Yes, there's masses developing on the visual front. Watch this space! Ed.)*



7. The 'ARENA' sequence has been a riveting collection of linked storylines, surely as good as anything produced in the genre ever. A veritable 'magnum opus' in my opinion. Still, being no doubt a progressive author! are there any plans to touch down on new ground any time soon? Without upsetting the editor too much, could you let us in on projects lined up for the future?

'Slavemaker' is an alternative reality tale about half complete. After that, one or two people have been kind enough to say they'd like to see another Arena title so I'm having a think about that. Maybe moving on to a time when Blondie and Co. have been put out to stud and the next generation has taken over. I fancy Brian and Carlo wouldn't settle for slippers and a pipe though.....

But beyond that I can't say. I find it very difficult to think of new projects when I've got a head full of ideas for current ones. Something will crop up though and I'll make sure his Editoriness knows, as soon as I do!

8. How many O'Kane slavegirls are at your beck and call at the moment? Do you/they regard you as a reasonably caring Master with his slavegirls' welfare at heart? Or a pitiless tyrant like some of the characters conceived for 'ARENA' et al?

Interrogation over, and thank you very much indeed Sean, for the interview and insights. And for all the very many pleasures given out via your wonderful writing down the years.

Unfortunately I have to confess to being sub-less at the moment! I have had some wonderful subs in the past, as readers of this magazine will know! So I'm open to offers... ..J

Perhaps I could put an ad. in Desire: 'One used Master. Clean. Regularly serviced. Any inspection, take for a spin round the block (he's been round it a few times). 3 litre, single piston, as many strokes as you like.'

In reality all masters take their responsibilities towards their slaves seriously. They wouldn't have 'em for long if they didn't. I'm pitiless when it's desirable to be; but careful when it's necessary to be. I tend towards the Sir Stephen model I think, framing orders as polite requests. I find the contrast between the politeness and the outrageous nature of what I require, exciting.

“Raise your skirt and open your legs, please,” for example, as long as the inflection is one of command that brooks no contradiction.

However, the talking dirty has its place and I can certainly deliver if required to.

Frank, you’ve got me all hot and sweaty now! Thanks for the thoughtful and thought provoking questions and thanks for all the encouragement and praise. It’s a great privilege for an author to receive letters from a reader and I know I speak for all of us scribblers when I say we get a real buzz out of reading your letters in the magazines. It’s so refreshing to read such articulate and intelligent responses to erotic writing.

(If you have any questions or points of view you want to put to a favourite author, please send them in and I’ll do my best to lure them into answering!)

Dear Editor,

The Spring 2006 issue of Scene mentioned WH Smith not stocking your titles. There are two WHS shops in Portsmouth, neither of which stock any male orientated ‘adult’ novels. One reason is apparently the covers are considered too erotic and might embarrass the girls on the checkouts. Have they seen the covers of the men’s mags they carry? As for embarrassing the checkout girls, a quick roll around the pubs and clubs in Portsmouth reveals said girls wearing fashions so skimpy you would hesitate to put them on your covers – so embarrass them? Do me a favour!

On the subject of covers have you ever considered publishing under a plain cover? You could re-instate the idea of a frontispiece or even a centrefold to carry the illustration. My own opinion is that the picture is essential, being part of the reading experience.

I’d be interested to know what you and other readers think.

A.E.S. Portsmouth.

Thanks for that. I entirely agree about the unshockability of youth. Just to hear young females swearing and shouting at each other makes the blood run cold with despair for the species. Smiths are a mess and we no longer supply the High Street stores but we do supply the stations and airports.

I’ve often wondered about plain covers and would also like to hear opinions on that subject.

Do you like ‘hardcore’ covers or would you feel happier if the image was tucked inside?

Dear Sir,

Having a little time on my hands, I thought I would write and let you know how much I enjoyed ‘Slave Lord’. But there is one query I would like to make; in the last scene at the picnic in the park, Sarah is present with her owner, Lady Franklin, but there’s no mention of Sarah’s husband, Charles, I understood that married couples were always kept together



and Lady Franklin torments them by making them hate each other.

I like Prince Samuel, since I have a similar sense of humour! And he is a very sharp fellow. I approve of the ambassador's treatment of the journalist. I hate journalists. Something like that should happen to all of them!

I am also very much enjoying the Arena series and I hope there are more to come. It did occur to me that, if Blondie, Cherry and Jet are slowing down a little, they could be retired to stud, like brood mares, and imagine what a fighter a daughter of Carlo and Blondie might be! It's just a thought! I imagine that Carlo, Brian and Tony would enjoy acting as stallions. Nice if Amelia gets a full time groom's post – she's too sexy to be a part-time one.

John. London.

I can't remember whether or not Sarah and Charles are actually married. Can Stephen or any other readers enlighten us?

I've let Sean have a report on the Arena thoughts. He sounded quite impressed on the phone, so you never know, you might have started something!

New and Coming Titles

Now for our usual preview of upcoming titles with one small cheat because due to the move I didn't get a chance tell you what a truly superb read 'Beaucastel' is.

Beaucastel

By Caroline Swift

Claudia found the cunt torrid and saturated, still spicy and pungent, clogged with semen from the ejaculations an hour before. As she withdrew her perfectly manicured fingers, Janet leaned over the distended loins.

"May I?" she solicited quite naturally, thrusting in deep, almost up to the wrist,

revolving the fist and the rings on her long fingers slowly round within the vagina. Marina convulsed abruptly, straining as far as her bondage would permit, which was very little but sufficient to grip and retain the gratifying hand for a moment in the hope of a long awaited masturbation. Janet immediately withdrew; she was not there to pleasure slaves.

"She clenches hard, your whore," she commented with a touch of admiration. "I wonder how she reacts to the flesh needles. I hear she's to receive thirty—into the breasts, nipples, labia and what's really worth staying up for until this unearthly hour, through the clit. And the slut has a fair sized nubbin." She smoothed the stub upwards along its



length, making Marina arch her body with a hiss.

“Entertaining, Claudia, flesh needles.”

Claudia peered at the cruel lines surrounding Janet’s mouth and eyes. She evidently was accustomed to threading glittering steel through the breasts and sex—a sentence totally unannounced, of which Claudia had had no warning.

November release:

Painful Performances

By Richard Garwood.

(Richard contributed ‘Pain Ordained’ to *Seet Subs Vol II*. His first novel is an unusual and vivid portrayal of some entertainments we would all like to see more of.)



Nick shouted at Sarah and she adopted the position with which she had started the dance. Nick wasn’t satisfied and flicked her arm with the tip of the whip. Sarah gave a little shake and adjusted her position and began to move across the floor in slow motion. Nick flicked her buttocks and she thrust out her hips provocatively. She did a turn but half way through was checked by the whip against her thigh. She repeated the turn and took three steps towards Nick. He flicked the tip of the whip across her breasts and she uttered a whimper, moving her arms back and raising her breasts in the process.

Sarah danced on at less than half the previous speed and Nick flicked the whip at her and caught her across the back and the belly. She twisted away from the audience and turned her back on them. She bent forward at the hips and Nick cut her across the buttocks where her labia protruded. She at once straightened up and spun slowly away from him, only to receive two cuts to the belly and the back. Nick cracked the whip and Sarah stopped and came towards him. Two metres away and she raised her hands in front of her, as if in supplication. He cracked the whip again and Sarah turned sideways to him folding her hands at the back of her neck. Nick snaked out the whip across the tops of her thighs, and almost without pausing he cut her across the belly and then the navel and next below her breasts and then across her breasts. Sarah uttered a moan of despair and shook her arms making her breasts move rhythmically against one another.

Nick caught her just below the shoulders and then in the middle of her back, round her waist and across her buttocks. Sarah shook and groaned.

December Release:

Ultimate Slaves

By Denise La Croix

(A very welcome return for Denise – who gave us ‘Stern Manor’ for the fem-dom canon. This one is straight down the line male dom however!)

Stumbling in their high stiletto-heeled boots they walked along the corridor and down the marble staircase across the Great Hall. At last they reached a door in the interminable maze. Jenkins pushed it and it swung slowly open, a black mouth waiting to swallow the girls. They could hear muffled voices; a chorus of moans and the sharp crack of a bullwhip split the air.

They had entered a very large, dimly lit dungeon and all the telltale signs of depravity opened up before them. Suddenly the noise ceased as the two girls entered.

Kerry took in the scene that appeared before her. There was a mediaeval rack oozing with half-congealed candle wax, pitted with the marks of a thousand fingernails that had gripped the contraption. Two tethering posts cemented to the ground with thin chains hanging from them. In one corner of the dungeon was a burning brazier, the rising smoke heavy with the sweet smell of hashish nearly choking her. A thick set, tall man stood nearby it with a long black leather paddle between his hands, wearing an executioner’s outfit, complete with a black leather hood over his head with cut out eye slits. Then came the sound they’d heard as they’d entered the dungeon, the ear-splitting snap of a bullwhip. Kerry turned to see The Master, his sinister face once more hidden by a full leather mask with two slits for his eyes. His thin lips pouted through a small opening enabling him to speak. His well-formed sickly white torso was bare, save for two criss-cross black leather straps, studded with metal spikes and tight leather leggings with the obscene leather organ jutting out in front. His long thin white feet were encased in pointed ankle boots.

The other men and women were in equally bizarre outfits. They were creatures from a nightmare. There was a bald-headed man in a leather loincloth caning the naked backside of a blonde bent over and handcuffed to a punishment chair. As he brought down the thin bamboo cane, each flick sent quivering ripples down her thighs and she whimpered for more.

January Releases:

Africanus I; Arena of Torment

By Geoffrey Allen

(This is the first of what promises to be a really good series. Africanus is an African slave in Rome and she starts her adventures as a gladiatrix in this tale. Africanus II is already ‘in the can’ and will be out later in the year.)

“She has to be ready within a month,” Quintus grunted, omitting to mention that that was when the money lenders would call in their loans, but he did applaud when

Africanus struggled to her feet rubbing her welted bottom.

“That’s enough for today,” Fortuna said, handing her helmet to the slave. “You fought hard and well. I think now you deserve your bath. I shall join you later.”

“Thank you, mistress,” Africanus bowed, and she hobbled towards the baths, wondering how much longer it would be before her master sold her to anyone who needed a slave to wade calf deep in urine, or empty the pots of piss at the nearest brothel.

“You did well,” Fortuna complimented when they were alone together in her room. “I had you heavily armed to show you how much you have to learn, and I whipped you to test your strength and speed. I think that in a month or so you will be ready for your first real combat. You demonstrated great resilience. I was surprised how much of a beating your arse can take.”

“Thank you, mistress,” Africanus replied, relieved to hear that she had done better than she imagined. “Have you always been a gladiatrix?” she asked.

“By the Gods, no. I was a slave like you. Now I fight on my own account. Perhaps one day I shall have my own ludus and train my own fighters. But it costs a lot of money. I was lucky I suppose because my former master liked me and in return for having my body he made sure I was trained well.”

“They’ve had my body here too,” Africanus confessed.

“A slave is expected to do her master’s bidding. I remember how my master used to fuck me every night and whip me into the bargain, but it did no harm, if anything it strengthened me and I of course, I enjoyed it.”

“What happened?” she asked, intrigued that she wasn’t the only one who everybody wanted to fuck.

“He always used to whip me before having sex, and I soon learned that a good whipping made me more eager for his cock. It was always the same. I used to lie belly down on his bed with my arms and legs reaching for the bed posts. He tied my wrists and ankles with rope, pulling the knots tight until I couldn’t move. More often than not I was gagged with a ball of cloth stuffed in my mouth. Then I would offer up my bottom for his pleasure. He didn’t always use a whip, sometimes he used a rope or a cane and boy, did he know how to lay on the stripes. I used to writhe in agony, squirming like an eel, my arse flogged raw and my thighs red and burning, and you’d never believe it, but I used to have orgasm after orgasm. When I was hot and ready off came the ropes and he’d turn me over and give it to me there and then. His cock was enormous after he’d thrashed my arse and his balls fully loaded. I had to lie on my back with my legs in the air while he pumped his stuff. He used to suck on my tits until I begged for more. If he’d come and I was still hot for it, he’d use a candle on me, pumping it in and out until I came. But it was the lash I loved most of all. It was a single length of leather hide which he kept well greased and supple, and it did hurt. I forget how many strokes he gave me, no more than fifty at one time, but enough to have me gagging for his cock.

Property of a Gentleman

By Toby Abbott.

(This is a fine tale of submission to the pleasures of the masters, set in the fifties. It's another one of many this year that's inventive and highly original!)

“The next step, Mary, is to paint your cunt. Gold for the lips, I think - if there is enough on board! - and scarlet for the clit. I used to apply it with a tiny brush, but it wasn't a success. The wretched slaves *would* have an orgasm no matter what threats I made, and then the clits slunk out of sight and ruined the whole composition. So now I use these little sprays, which are very accurate and very gentle. Don't you dare to come, now, or I'll shave your head.”

Mary might not have been able to control her body despite this threat, for she found that the sensation of the spray was far from gentle, but fortunately her experienced tormentor found means to divert her attention. He had begun by spraying the gold paint over her inner lips, but the feel of his soft fingers holding her open, and the tickling of the paint as it settled on her intimate flesh produced convulsions that warned him to pause. Climp was prepared for this, and he immediately snatched up a thin cane and brought it down sharply on the undersides of poor Mary's dangling breasts, first one and then the other. For a few moments she screamed and made the feeble ghost of thrashing which was all her bondage would allow. Then she hung quietly and sobbed, and in this interval Climp was able to complete the painting of her inner lips. He took from his pocket a clever device designed to hold a wet cunt open without smudging the paint - the club possessed hundreds of no less arcane implements - and left her for a while.

Later the same process was repeated on the outer lips, and when they were dry it was the turn of Mary's clit. The hairdresser masked the surrounding flesh with tissue, and then directed the shortest and lightest possible burst of scarlet paint onto the inflamed organ. Immediately it began to throb and Mary to pant, and it took several applications of the cane not only to the breasts but also to the nipples before Climp could safely finish his design.

When the paint was quite dry Sir Roger was summoned again to help remove a very sore and stiff Mary from her undignified elevation. She was allowed to relieve herself while the two men watched critically, and was then placed in a more conventional hairdresser's chair while Climp made up her face and arranged her hair in an elegant beehive. But she was tied with her thighs widely spread and her buttocks raised so that Sir Roger could periodically tickle her clit with a feather, and thus keep it and her in a state of barely suppressed excitement.

February Releases:

Dragon Candy; Volume I. Captured.

By Talia Skye

(This is a really interesting one! I won't give too much away but I was struck by the imagination that went into this. Talia's our first American authoress and I'm hoping to have an interview in the spring mag. The best news is that Dragon Candy II is well on its way to completion.)

While life trickled back into her extremities, the poles that bore the cuffs were unfastened and she was hoisted back onto her feet. The regal woman that she knew as Lady Uzume moved out into her sight. On her shoulders were two fluted plates of steel armour and from them draped a long satin cloak. She had replaced her bullwhip with a long riding crop that had a carved bone handle. The two naked women were at her side and both had a curved sword in their hands.

A leash was clipped to the lowest ring on Candy's back and the crop flashed around and into her buttocks. Candy gave a cry and staggered forward until she reached the limits of the lead. A single yank made her stop and caused the backplate to shift and the steel shaft in her anus to tug at her sphincter.

The two nude guards moved ahead and stood just before Candy to help guide her passage as the Lady gave her another flick of the crop to force her to walk forward. Soldiers followed the noblewoman and together the group began a tour that both apprised the noblewoman of the camp and also served to exercise Candy's weary form.

The soldiers bowed deeply as she passed and did not rise until the Lady had passed them by. It was obvious now that the woman was of no small standing which meant that Candy's new master had to be even higher. Was she going to be sent to some majestic palace of depravity? The obvious fetishistic inclinations of Lady Uzume, and the meticulous bondage they had applied suggested that perhaps her lot was going to be a very interesting one. They had a serious predilection for domination and Candy was starting to become a little concerned about the constraints they would apply to her, after all, she was still a relative novice. Their expert attentions might be too much.

They passed areas of the perimeter on several occasions where Candy saw warriors standing like dark sentinels, watching the land with nightvision goggles and assault rifles. Candy could see lights on the horizon in the direction they were heading. The twinkling line was too pale to be from fires, and suggested that their destination was using electricity. Again, the bizarre merging of technology and primitive devices was bewildering.

A circuit of the camp was made and she was shown back to a large tent at the very heart. The entrance had two sets of guards standing rigidly on either side and they bowed as the four women marched in.

The interior of the tent was warm and scented by the clusters of incense burners

that left a purple mist hanging in the air. Thick drapes created several distinct areas and the floor was bedecked in rugs and piles of embroidered sumptuous pillows. There were some low tables and decorative fixtures upon some of the tent supports, and several sets of manacles hung from the roof beams, but what astonished Candy was the human element that was brazenly present.

On each of the four main tent poles was fastened a naked woman. Their arms and legs were held to the wood by individual straps of leather and this left their elegant torsos and large breasts free and open. The belts were riveted to the surface and were clearly permanent incorporations. Leather hoods that bore only a small hole for their mouths smothered their features and the hoods had tall and stern posture collars that kept their heads upright and to attention. The collars also had a curling metal strut that sprouted from the front and from the sides, and resting upon each of these ornate supports was a dense white candle.

Facing blindly inward, the four human chandeliers served to illuminate the tent with a soft glow. The flickering light also drew attention to the shining silver rings that transfixed their nipples and the other piercings that could be seen running through their clitorises.

Brought to Heel

By Samantha Brook

(This is superb fem-dom fiction with a plot that twists and turns as well as a male slave who ends up doing a lot of that as well!)

When she had finished her cigarette and coffee, she said, “Good, now spread your legs.” Josh was already kneeling as she got up and walked behind him, but spread his legs further, exposing his balls.

“Wider,” she ordered.

He spread his knees even further. His balls hung quite free, very exposed and available to her touch. The feeling of such exposure of his penis and balls to another woman and the extreme vulnerability of his posture made him shudder with excitement. He felt his nipples harden and he developed a hard erection as his body prepared itself to submit further.

“A slave knows no modesty, he must do exactly what his Mistress commands,” she added casually. She then took a long black cord, encircled his scrotum from underneath and brought each end to the front, crossing the laces below his penis to encircle his balls. She then laced the cord behind again, this time bringing the ends forward tightly in front, to separate each of his balls. She then wound the cord around each ball several times in a criss-cross fashion until they were tied tightly, but quite separated, like two plums. Then she finally tied a bow in front of his balls with the remaining ends.

She then attached two lead weights to the cord around each ball. Josh felt the pulling sensation as his scrotum stretched and he grunted but noticed his pre-come flow had started.

March Releases:

Carmen's Masters

By Marie Penscroft

(This is a very impressive debut indeed – like so many we've been blessed with this year!)

Carmen stopped wriggling on Georgos's cock as he took control of the pace. Front and back, the two men slid in tandem — one in, one out. They timed themselves so Carmen was constantly stuffed from one end or the other.

Ivan laughed as she struggled to brace herself, her palms sweaty on the smooth vinyl floor. 'My little Chinese fingercuff,' he said. 'Look at how she can't escape getting rodded.'

Then Georgos got vicious. He grabbed her bottom, squeezing as roughly as he could, and smacked her harder than before. 'Spread your legs,' he said. Carmen panicked at the sudden pain and his tone. She looked to Ivan for help, but he sat there, watching. She did as she was told.

Georgos pinched her labia from behind, twisting the flesh until she shrieked around Kweku's cock. He jammed it in to gag her. She felt Georgos move from behind her. He pressed his hand down on her lower back, and she shoved her bottom out, only to get a spanking she hadn't foreseen.

He beat her snatch without mercy. Once, twice, on and on. Carmen looked at Kweku, sobbing in pain. He finally reached to grab Georgos's swinging arm, but Ivan said, 'No!'

Defeated, Carmen crumbled in front of them. With every blow that Georgos dealt her, she rocked forward, willing herself to absorb it.

He grabbed a handful of hair on her head and dragged her backwards. Carmen could barely get her legs out from under herself before he turned her, still using her hair. 'Here, taste yourself. Suck your cunt juice off my dick.' His cock was rock-hard with the thrill of beating her pussy until it was one throbbing bruise.

She took his glans in her lips, unable to do anything else through the haze. But then someone shoved her from behind. Carmen cried out and collapsed onto her stomach. She turned to see Kweku's stiff-stander. 'On all fours,' he ordered. 'I want your hole now.'

Pain Ordained

By Richard Garwood.

(Nothing if not prolific, our Richard! Here he offers us a selection of highly original short stories that are all superbly erotic in their own way.)

She's beautiful. She's hanging there by her wrists with her arms stretched apart, and her feet and legs are opened by a spreader bar. She has been there half an hour. My

job is to keep watch on her. Not a difficult task. She is lit by several candles which flicker and gutter and make it seem as if she is moving, but I know she is tightly stretched so that she is immobile. In the half hour since they went away I have looked at her from all sides. I've not found one that is anything but beautiful and exciting. I have time to catalogue each of her attractions. The most immediately apparent are her legs, which are long, shapely and slender. The pose she is forced to adopt reveals the muscles in her calves and her thighs. There is not an iota of surplus fat or flesh, nor has she any body hair, though her head is covered by a mass of short auburn curls. Her face is exquisite. She has milk white skin with just the slightest blush of pink in her cheeks. Her eyes, now nearly closed, are a startling light green set in perfect whites, in contrast to the scarlet fullness of her clearly defined mouth whose lips hide a set of small, regular, pearly teeth and a flat, pointed tongue. It is a mouth made for kissing, and so much more. I haven't heard her voice, but I expect that I will.

Her jaw line is drawn like a master artist's sketch, giving her a muzzle of provocative sensuousness and a look of inner strength and control. She will need all that she can summon. Her slender neck is turned towards me with a throat which looks vulnerable compared with her jaw. It descends to her shoulders which are pulled up by the weight of her body hanging by her wrists. Her arms are slender but rounded with shadowed arm pits setting off the frail collarbones drawn up in a V. The little cup between the bones looks almost as if it had been designed as a receptacle for tears as it lies below her chin. I shall see if it is as I think it might be. Then there are her breasts. How I regret that I am not allowed to touch this body. I wonder what difference it would make, but I know that I must serve and obey. Her breasts, seen from the front, are quite remarkably large for such a slender torso. They spring from her chest filling the space which is presented to me. They are solid and almost conical in shape with the areola and the nipples pointing upwards at their tips. The nipples stand out from the breasts as if they had been sucked. They are a warm pink in colour, just slightly lighter than the areola at their base, in contrast to the pale skin of her body. They are just at the level with my lips and I long to go over to her and draw the tips into my mouth. I move to take in the side view which shows a surprising amount of projection from her body. The ends of her nipples must stand out twelve centimetres from her chest. Seen from the side there is a substantial fullness where the breast develops from the rib cage, but no signs of any sag. To my surprise the upper slope of each breast is just slightly convex, which contributes to the impression of being conical.

It really does look like being a bumper year!

Thanks for all the forbearance over this year's upheavals. But as you can see, Silver Moon is shining all the brighter! In the next issue look out for comics and graphic novels plus illustrated classics and new titles. In the meantime Happy Christmas from everyone here and we all wish everyone a prosperous New Year!

Stop Press!

Talia Skye's interview for the next issue is in the can.

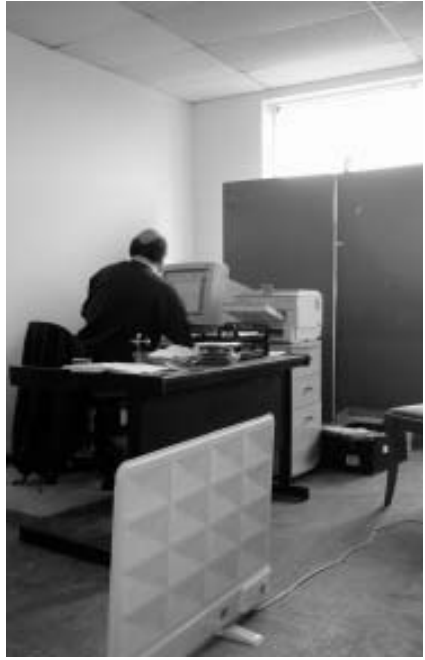
Topic for discussion and letters with your opinion;

Francine and I were arguing about this the other day; is it better for a slave to be blindfolded before being disciplined as it's none of her business what the Master chooses to use on her; or is it better that she should see and have time to contemplate the array of implements she is about to suffer under... ..I look forward to your opinions!

Our New Home



Delivery man: What sort of books are they? (Jaw hits floor) Uh... nice.



The Editor securely chained in place. "Don't sit facing the window" office geek advises, and is ignored. "I can't see my screen. Put up some blinds!"

The Art of DrTaJ The Silver Moon 2007 Calendar

2007 Calendar

Featuring the Artwork of Premier Artist DrTaJ, yes our very own Tim Johnson, we bring you a collection of images both old and new . Images include classic Silver Moon cover work, especially created artwork and previews of forthcoming Silver Moon covers, comic books and illustrated titles.

