

ASSTR 08b An Adulterer Takes the Chop Part 2

A Cock That's Numb and a Well Caned Bum

or

Kissing the Scalpel

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Readers, welcome! And a special welcome to those of you who are lovers of FemDom and amused and sexually stimulated by my fate! I am Jim Phillips, the husband of Maggie, the adulterer who got tightly circumcised by his wife's best friend, and then caned by his wife. Laugh at me! Tease me! Mock me! Humble me! Shame me! Make me cringe and squirm! Never let me off the hook! I deserve it. It is part of my punishment.

Another part of my punishment is that I am under strict instructions to write accounts of my continuing chastisements and to post them onto the World Wide Web for all to see. I am forced to write this or my bare rump will get strapped and caned.

After Maggie discovered my adultery, and to avoid marital breakdown and divorce, I swore on the Bible a solemn oath that, for the rest of my life, I would submit to whatever discipline and punishments my wife resolved to inflict upon me. Maggie has enforced that regime with strictness and vigour. My rash commitment has kept my wife in my bed, but at a stinging and humiliating cost.

I have a good job, and I work hard to feed and maintain my wife and children. When I arrive home in the evening, tired and exhausted, I must go straight to the notice board in our bedroom for my instructions. If I am lucky these will read "Free Night." Other messages, however, are less welcome. These include:

10 p.m. Bedroom. Discipline.

10 p.m. Bedroom. Tawse.

10 p.m. Bedroom. Cane.

The most problematic, however, is:

10 p.m. Bedroom. Privates Parade.

This instruction requires me to report to our boudoir at the appointed hour, strip stark naked, with my privates on display, and stand in the corner of the room, hands on head, facing the wall. I then wait in trepidation for up to an hour until my wife condescends to grant me her presence.

Then she barks out her orders like a regimental sergeant major:

“Face aaa-BOUT!”

At which I turn through 180 degrees.

“Tennn-SHUN!”

In reply I give a smart military salute, pull back my shoulders, straighten and stiffen my body, and shout back:

“Yees, MA’AM!”

Then comes the dreaded order.

“Onnnn POINTE!”

Now ‘en pointe’ is a French ballet expression. It literally means ‘on point.’ It describes a ballerina when she strikes a pose, tip toe on one leg, balanced on the end of her shoe, arms outstretched, gracefully poised.

But, according to the *Urban Dictionary*, in street slang ‘en pointe’ also means “perfect, great, awesome,” or, as we might say in English, “Just so” or “Spot on.”

For madam, my wife, the instruction ‘en pointe’ is an order to my cock. It must stiffen, straighten, stand proud and hold itself at attention; but after a hard day at work, and a lengthy session of standing up, in fear and trepidation, in the corner, I frequently fail to do that.

So madam titillates me. She puts slow, seductive music on the audio player. She strips off in a sexy routine that leaves her totally naked. Her

palms massage what is left of my cock skin after the depredations of the circumciser's knife, and her fingernails tickle and gently scratch the back of my scrotum.

Tired as I am, these saucy shenanigans frequently excite my cock to bone hard erection; and that is the best outcome for me because one of two things then happens. Either my wife slaps my face and tells me that I am not getting it tonight. Or she takes me to bed to enjoy her bodily treasures.

Oh wow! My wife is beautiful, and that is my fervent wish, my greatest delight, and my best pleasure!

Worse for me is if my wife's bodily charms and blandishments fail to put my cock 'en pointe' and at attention. If my cock does not attain a stiffness that she finds acceptable she talks dirty about my adultery and my ex-lover, Jane.

"That little bimbo! I bet you would be rock hard for her, wouldn't you? You still fancy her don't you? You wish she were here now, instead of me, don't you? Wouldn't you like to hold her pert little titties in the palms of your hands? How you ache to playfully slap her meaty little rump. How you long to caress her inner thighs, to run your fingers through her pubic hair. Wouldn't you just love to finger her tight little cunny and flick her stiff, aroused clitoris? What would you not give to rub your tightly circumcised, rock hard cock up and down her sticky excited love tunnel until you both explode in violent, ecstatic orgasm?"

Well, dear reader, it is not really fair. I lost my foreskin, shaft skin and frenulum in a tight, extreme circumcision, and from that I learnt my lesson. I am now a good boy, and a true and a faithful husband. But what man would not be sexually excited by talk like that, especially accompanied, as it is, by my naked wife's lascivious embraces, her tweaks to my cock, and her teasing tickles and scratches to my scrotum?

Soon I am 'en pointe,' at attention, and with a cock like a rock.

My wife then flattens her right hand and brings it across hard onto my left cheek.

Slap!

"That's it! You still love her, don't you? Tomorrow night, my boy, you will pay for that!"

When I arrive home from work on the next evening there is a note on the board: 10 p.m. Bedroom. Discipline.

A standard Discipline Session starts with 3 "Hail Scalpels" accompanied by three scalpel kisses.

After my circumcision Jill, my wife's best friend and the circumcising surgeon, donated the scalpel that had sliced off full 25 square inches of my cock skin to my wife.

"Make him kiss this frequently, and pay homage to it. It will keep him humble and contrite."

So first I must read out the rubric from a prompt card, slow, loud and clearly articulated:

"Hail surgical scalpel with thy sharp blade of carbon steel. Hail thou punisher of my adulterous flesh. By thee have I been tightly and messily circumcised. To thee have I sacrificed a full 25 square inches of foreskin and shaft skin. By thee has my entire frenulum been chopped off, stripped out and excised. From thee has my cock received an ugly annular scar. I thank thee for the punishment that thou hast rightly inflicted upon me and I acknowledge it as just; in token whereof I contritely kiss thee in all humility and submission."

At which Madam holds the sharp end of the scalpel, blunt side forward, to my lips and I am required to give it a slow, lingering kiss.

This entire rigmarole is then repeated another twice—a total of 3 "Hail Scalpels" and three scalpel kisses.

Next comes, 12 times, the "Hail Tawse" ritual. I touch my toes keeping my legs straight. Maggie usually slaps me into position with a few gratuitous flicks from the strap. Then I must read out the rubric from a prompt card, slow, loud, and clearly articulated:

"Hail Lochgelly tawse! Hail thou disciplinary strap of sharp slapping leather! Hail thou punisher of my adulterous flesh! To thee do I offer up my naked rump. By thee is my rump striped, stung and tingled. I thank thee for the punishment that thou dost rightly inflict upon it and acknowledge it as just; in token whereof I most humbly offer up to thee the naked flesh of my bare buttocks. Please inflict across them the first slap of my 12 of the best."

Crack!

"Hail Lochgelly tawse... the second slap... etc."

Then, after the twelfth and final slap, I am required to read from a prompt card, slow, loud and clearly articulated:

"Hail Lochgelly tawse! Hail thou disciplinary strap of sharp slapping leather! Hail thou punisher of my adulterous flesh! To thee have I offered up my naked rump. By thee has my rump been striped, stung and tingled. I thank thee for the punishment that thou hast rightly inflicted upon it and acknowledge it as just; in token whereof I most contritely kiss thee in all humbleness and submission."

Madam then holds the business end of the tawse, slapping side, to my lips, and I am required to give it a slow, lingering kiss.

Next comes, 6 times, the "Hail Junior Cane" ritual. I touch my toes keeping my legs straight. Maggie usually whacks me into position with a few gratuitous flicks from the junior cane. Then, I must read out the rubric from a prompt card, slow, loud, and clearly articulated:

"Hail Junior Cane! Hail thou disciplinary rod of sharp cutting rattan! Hail thou punisher of my adulterous flesh! To thee do I offer up my naked rump. By thee is my rump cut, stung and made to throb. I thank thee for the punishment that thou dost rightly inflict upon me and acknowledge it as just; in token whereof I most humbly offer up to thee the naked flesh of my bare buttocks. Please inflict across them the first cut of my 6 of the best."

Crack!

"Hail Junior Cane... the second cut... etc."

Then, after the sixth and final cut, I am required to read from a prompt card, slow, loud and clearly articulated:

"Hail Junior Cane! Hail thou disciplinary rod of sharp cutting rattan. Hail thou punisher of my adulterous flesh. To thee have I offered up my naked rump. By thee has my rump been cut, stung and made to throb. I thank thee for the punishment that thou hast rightly inflicted upon it and acknowledge it as just; in token whereof I most contritely kiss thee in all humbleness and submission."

Madam then holds the business end of the junior cane to my lips and I am required to give it a slow, lingering kiss.

I am forbidden to rub my bum. Instead I am stood in the corner, hands on head, face to the wall, for 15 minutes while my bum stings, tingles and throbs.

I then have to put away the scalpel. I am then required to lubricate the tawse and the cane with linseed oil. Then I put them both away. Finally I take the "Record of Discipline" book from the drawer and enter into it:

(Date): Tawse 12, Cane 6.

When I have put away the book my punishment is over and I am allowed to get into bed. If I am lucky I might find my wife forgiving and open to my amatory advances. If I am unlucky I get my face slapped, my wife turns away from me, and I go to sleep with a sore bum, rueing my adultery and feeling very sorry for myself.

Ever since my adultery was discovered my wife's best friend, Jillian Philpott, has made my life a misery. At the time Jill was a medical student. It was she who, at Maggie's request, circumcised me; and she cut me extremely tight.

For a standard cock chop the cut is made about 1.5 inches from the tip of the foreskin. The foreskin is a double fold of flesh. This means that about three inches of foreskin are removed. The cock is about five inches in circumference when erect, so about $3 \times 5 = 15$ square inches of skin is routinely cut off.

Jill, however, to punish me and to teach me a lesson, marked my cock for the surgery with a line 2 inches up my foreskin. This would have removed about four inches of prepuce and $4 \times 5 = 20$ square inches of cock skin.

However, to chasten me for a couple of lippy remarks that I made to her, Jill decided that I should be stripped of a further half inch of doubled over skin and drew the final line 2.5 inches down my prepuce. This removed about five inches of prepuce and $5 \times 5 = 25$ square inches of cock skin. Then, in addition to that, she completely stripped out and excavated my deliciously sensitive frenulum so that not the slightest vestige of it is left and the underside of my erect cock is now smooth and tight.

Now the 20 square inches and the excision of the frenulum were fair enough. I had committed egregious and wrongful adultery against my wife and I deserved to be severely punished for it.

But that extra 5 square inches for talking back have left me boiling and fuming with anger. You have probably read the story for yourself, dear reader. If you have you will know that, when roused by Jill's kinky taunts, I called her a bitch a couple of times. Well just for that an extra $1 \times 5 = 5$ square inches has been hacked off my cock. Wow! A square patch of flesh 5 inches by 5 inches! Twenty-five square inches! Chopped off my cock! And I will never get it back.

Even worse, Jill and Maggie constantly tease me about it. The "surcharge" Jill tells me was well deserved. She adds that, by cutting an inch deeper, she has "squared the oblong."

Now the "Cock Skin Display Jar," more usually referred to as the "Display Jar," is a large old fashioned glass pickling jar filled with formaldehyde. It contains my severed cock skin clamped between two glass plates. Jill did the clamping immediately after my circumcision. Then she sealed the jar and presented it to my wife.

This jar is on permanent display on the dresser at Maggie's side of our double bed. During foreplay my wife will take it from the dresser, hold it in front of my face, and mock me with it. And oh, but she has perfected some infuriating, wicked teases and torments; and while she inflicts them she giggles, grins and laughs at me. To her it is all one big joke, but to me it is maddening. Yet I dare not say a word out of place in anger or resentment. If I do I get the strap, or the cane, or both.

Then sometimes, when Jill is present, Maggie instructs me to fetch the Display Jar from the bedroom. Then the two ladies scrutinise the contents of the jar and fall into a discussion as to whether the pickled cock skin really is square shaped, or slightly oblong.

"You know, Jill, it looks pretty square to me. If there is any elongation I would say that it is in the depth rather than the width. I suspect that you might have cut into the skin by a smidgeon more than the 2.5 inches you were aiming at."

"Yes, Maggie. I agree. The shape seems to be more or less exactly square to me, but at all events the width is definitely no longer than the depth. How do you see it, Jim?"

By this time I am seething with anger, but I have to disguise my fury with a suitably polite, contrite and anodyne reply.

"It's too close to call, Jill. I would rather not say."

At which Jill will smile at me.

"Yes. O.K."

Then, turning to my wife, she will add, in an approving, indulgent and patronising tone:

"I must say, Maggie, your husband is a lot more courteous now than on the day he was circumcised."

Of the various punishments that Maggie inflicts upon me the most painful are the cane cuts. The rattan is light, but very thin and whippy, and I always take a minimum of six of the best. The cuts are closely bunched together. They are sometimes inflicted across the sweet spot just above my thighs, next to my perineum and between my scrotum and my anus:

Swish, crack! Swish, crack! And so on.

Alternatively, I sometimes get the tawse first. That inflicts red stripes across my sweet spot. Then the cane strokes are applied just above the stripes from the belt, across the middle of my bum cheeks.

When I object to these canings Maggie is infuriatingly dismissive. She laughs off my complaints. It is only a junior cane, she will say. In the old days it was used to discipline children in primary schools up to the age of eleven. If she were using a thicker, heavier, senior cane I might have something to complain about; but she is merciful and kind hearted, she will claim, and she is letting me off lightly.

Well my wife has a point, I suppose. But, on the other hand, that thin, whippy rattan really cuts into my hide, and its sting is horrendous. Sometimes the pain is so sharp that, despite my best efforts, I can take it no longer and I burst into tears. When that happens my wife mocks me, and calls me a cry baby and a wimp. But she does delay the completion of my chastisement until the following evening.

My dear reader, are you familiar with the *Ode to Melancholy* by John Keats? "In the very temple of Delight," writes the poet, "Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine." The point he is making is that pleasure is fleeting.

We all know this, and it causes us twinges of sadness even in our most joyous moments.

But with me there is an extra dimension to my regrets. My wife is exquisitely beautiful. I love her and, despite the depredations of the circumciser's knife, sexual coitus with her drives me to paroxysms of intense bodily pleasure. And yet! And yet! As I hover on the brink of orgasm, as I pause and savour the moment before I enter Nirvana and Seventh Heaven—well! My tight immobile cock skin tugs hard up my stiffened shaft. In, out, in, out goes my ramrod. But the cock skin has no give at all, and my cock, already numbed by circumcision, now becomes raw and sore as well. Meanwhile my frenulum has been completely excavated and delivers no sensation at all.

I may be lucky. My wife and I sometimes climax together. Wow! That is by far my greatest pleasure in life. But then I ponder on what my adultery and my circumcision have robbed me of. I think of a purple, unkeratinised glans. I think of the sybaritic delights of a wrinkled ridged band. I think of a foreskin packed with tens of thousands of nerves and pleasure receptors. I think of an intact, exquisitely sensitive triangular frenulum harnessed to the dimpled ridge on the underside of my cock head. I think of the cock, I think of the coitus, that I might have had. And, when I think of all that I am missing, it brings me close to tears of frustration and self-pity.

However, Maggie's disciplinary regime is not always so strict and severe. As time has gone on sometimes even the canings are not as hard as they once were. For madam is capricious. She can quickly change from strict dominatrix to romantic, loving spouse.

"You are booked for a caning tonight aren't you, my boy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh, well. You are forgiven. Take me to bed and make love to me."

One reason for my wife's gentler touch of late is her desire for pregnancy. At the time of my adultery with Jane we had no children. Now we have three, and Maggie wants more. She tells me that this is part of my punishment.

"I will give you many children, my boy. I will make you pay for your illicit pleasures. I will make you toil. I will make you sweat. I will make you mop your brow as you slave away to maintain me and your offspring in

the comfortable middle class station to which we have become accustomed.”

But there is more to it than that. My wife and I both love children, and I am prepared to give her as many as she will take. For me an added bonus is that when my wife is pregnant, and for a short period after every birth, I am released from the disciplinary regime which I am usually forced to endure.

I recently asked my wife whether she would ever release me from my domestic bondage.

“Oh no,” she replied, “Of course not. I love disciplining you, and I love teasing you. You are a good sport; and it is excellent fun.”