

## An Adulterer Takes the Chop

Or Cut and Caned

By Big Billie

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My name is Maggie Phillips, and despite everything I am still married to my husband, Jim. Eighteen months after our wedding, however, Jim, who was 25 at the time, got involved with a sixteen year old girl at his office. For all her tender years, she was a brazen hussy and she wanted my husband for herself. To be fair to poor old Jim, what man can resist a beautiful, scheming vixen when she throws herself at him, especially if she is nine years his junior? Jim did not know what had hit him and the bimbo in question, who was called Jane, soon had him locked into an adulterous relationship.

For about six months I knew nothing about all this, but then I went out on a hen night with a group of ladies from Jim's office (I used to work there myself once). My God, women can be real bitches! During that night on the town, when the booze began to flow, a gang of my old "friends" made it perfectly plain to me, by their sexy innuendoes and suggestive remarks, exactly what my husband was up to with Jane. They seemed to delight in stirring up trouble and, wow, did they rub my nose in it and make me feel a fool! They were all most amused at my discomfiture, and seemed to think that the whole thing was one big laugh. They did not tell me exactly what was going on, but for most of the night they kept making nudge, nudge, wink, wink type in-jokes to each other designed to tease and torment me. I was furious, and determined to have it out with my disloyal spouse as soon as I got home.

When confronted Jim made a clean breast of things and told me the whole story. He said he was sorry, swore that I was the only one that really mattered to him, promised not to screw the bimbo again (a likely story, I thought), and pleaded with me to forgive him. But I was not taken in, and told him in no uncertain terms that there was no question of forgiveness. Then I balled him out, insisted that I wanted a divorce, and let him stew in his own juice for a few days by banishing him to another bedroom and refusing to speak to him.

Meanwhile a plan was forming in my mind. I was deeply hurt at what Jim had done, and I concluded that there could be no excuse for his conduct. I agonised over just how sharply he must have enjoyed the intimacies of Jane the bimbo's exquisite and sexy body for the last half year. I bet he had had an enormous amount of pleasure at my expense, and I was determined, if I could, to get my revenge and to make him pay for it with interest. And yet I was torn. The reason that I was so unhappy was because I loved my husband, and I did not want

our marriage to break up.

So I decided to offer Jim a choice. The first option, I told him, would be much the easier for him. He could have a divorce, and that would be the end of the matter. This, I added, was what I would do if I were him. The effect of this suggestion on my husband was dramatic. He fell to his knees, clasped my hands in his, and begged me not to throw him out. He would do anything, he said, anything, if I would only take him back. I pretended to be unimpressed. "You have made your solemn vows and promises to me before," I told him, "only to break them at the wiggle of a bimbo's bottom. How can I ever trust you again?"

Then Jim asked me what the other option was. This, I told him, was to agree to be punished for what he had done. Only if he promised that, for the rest of his life, he would allow me to discipline him whenever, and in whatever way, I saw fit would he stand any chance at all of getting me into bed with him again. At this, Jim grabbed a Bible from the nearby bookcase, and swore on it solemnly that he would take whatever chastisement I had in store for him, until the day of his death if that was what I wanted. I looked him square in the eyes. But hang on, I replied, he had no idea as yet of what I was going to do to him. Whatever it was, he cried, it would be better than having to live without me. He could not bear that. He had chosen his option, he concluded, and it was now up to me to say what I had decided for him.

"I will tell you that tomorrow night," I said. "Be in your office alone at 6 p.m."

Jim used to stay at work after hours quite often, even before he started putting in overtime with the bimbo. A big advantage, from my point of view, of a meeting at 6 o'clock was that by that hour my sniggering "friends," and the voluptuous Jane, would have gone home.

At our meeting the first thing I explained was that there would be no more nooky until I was satisfied that Jim had expiated his sins. Unless or until I instructed him otherwise, he would be sleeping in one of the spare bedrooms, and would only enter our usual bedroom when I was there, and with my permission. Jim took this in silence.

"Now," I said, "You will not like the fate I have in store for you, so I am offering you your last chance for a divorce. You have had an opportunity to ponder things overnight, and now I want your final answer. I am prepared, if you say so now, to release you from your solemn promise of yesterday. If you decide to go on, however, I swear that I will never let you wriggle out of it, and that I will never divorce you unless forced by law."

Jim was clearly having slight doubts.

"I think I should know what I am letting myself in for," he replied.

"Request denied," I answered brusquely. "I think a divorce is the best solution in any case."

I turned to go, as if the matter was settled. But Jim yelled out at me to stay. What the hell, whatever I had in store for him, he would rather take it than live without me. I was touched, but still as determined as ever to sweat him and to make him sorry for what he had done.

"OK, then," I concluded. "That's settled. I will see you here again at six o'clock tomorrow evening."

At our second meeting at Jim's office the next day, I laid out the first part of my programme of discipline. His, I said, had been a physical transgression, and he must pay for it physically. The Bible told us that if our hand offended, we should cut it off. In his case it was his cock that had sinned, and it was his cock that must be punished. Except that I was treating him leniently. I did not want it cut off. I just wanted it circumcised. I was therefore going to arrange a little operation for him.

"Oh, yes, my boy," I added, "I am going to punish you at the point of pleasure. No more will your sensitive and lascivious foreskin be sliding deliciously up and down young ladies' pussies. It will be pressed between two pieces of glass in a jar of formaldehyde on the dresser at my side of the bed."

Jim was stunned by this revelation, so I told him that I would be back at 6 o'clock tomorrow with more, turned on my heels, and abruptly left.

Jim did not come home that night, but I did not really care. I was in a vindictive and dangerous mood, and it did not concern me much what he did. I did not think that he would be prepared to go through with my proposal, and therefore, as far as I was concerned, our marriage was over.

I went along to his office at six o'clock the next evening, expecting to find it deserted and closed. When I arrived, however, Jim was sitting there behind his desk.

"I thought you would be gone by now," I said.

"I gave you my word, didn't I?" he replied. "You can do to me whatever you want." "Well," I said, "if I do, my boy, I must warn you that it will be a lot more than just a circumcision that you will be getting."

"So be it," answered my spouse. "You're the boss."

When I heard this profession of submission I smiled archly.

"Okay." I said, "Sign this."

I then handed Jim a print-off of a document I had downloaded and adapted from a pro-circumcision site on the Internet. It read as follows:

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SENTENCE OF DEATH BY EXECUTION ON A FORESKIN

To all whom it may concern,  
Greetings!  
Be it known that the cock of Jim B...  
Has been tried, found guilty and convicted  
Of the felonious crime of  
Adultery in the First Degree.

In punishment whereof  
The FORESKIN of the said cock  
Has been sentenced to  
DEATH BY EXECUTION.  
It is further ordained that the  
Mode of execution shall be by  
TIGHT CIRCUMCISION of the Flesh of the Foreskin  
Of the said cock  
And that the entire FRENULUM of the said cock  
Shall also be CUT OFF.

The sentence of death by tight circumcision  
Of the flesh of the foreskin of the said cock  
And the cutting off of the entire frenulum  
Of the said cock  
Shall be executed  
Before the culprit's wife  
At a time and a place decided by the said wife.

The nature of the tight circumcision  
Of the flesh of the foreskin  
Of the said cock  
And of the cutting off of the entire frenulum  
Of the said cock  
Shall be determined by the circumcising surgeon.

This sentence of death by execution of the foreskin  
Of the said cock,  
The tight circumcision of the flesh of the foreskin  
Of the said cock,  
And the cutting off of the entire frenulum  
Of the said cock  
Are accepted by the bearer  
Of the said cock, foreskin and frenulum  
As a fit, meet, proper and appropriate punishment  
For the felonious crime of which the said cock has been  
Convicted, namely  
Adultery in the First Degree.

Accordingly the bearer  
Of the said cock, foreskin and frenulum  
Agrees to present the said cock, foreskin and frenulum  
At a time and a place decided by the said wife  
In order that the punishment  
To which the said cock, foreskin and frenulum  
Have been sentenced  
May be inflicted.

In acknowledgement and acceptance whereof  
The bearer of the said cock, foreskin and frenulum  
Has hereunto affixed his signature.

In witness whereof the culprit's wife  
Has set her hand  
On the date indicated below.

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"Here," I said, "Sign this."

Soon the arrangements were made for the first part of my revenge. My best friend is called Jillian Hayes. I have known her since we were at primary school. She also went to the same girls' grammar school that I did, and, being very bright, continued on to do medicine at university. She was now training to be a surgeon.

Well, I told my whole story to Jill, and then asked her for a favour. I was half expecting her to reject my plea as kinky. But no, she came up trumps. We have always been very loyal to each other, and Jill was appalled and outraged at how Jim had treated me. Nothing would give her greater pleasure, she assured me, than to see him taught a sharp, embarrassing and painful lesson. She would gladly circumcise him for me, and as soon as I liked. We arranged it for 8 a.m., at our house, on the next Saturday morning.

On the Friday night I decided to have a little fun with Jim. I told him in advance that he could sleep with me if he liked. I wanted him, I said, to have one last evening of passion with his foreskin on. And who was to know, I suggested. If he was very nice to me, gave me a good time, and pleaded with me very long and very eloquently, it was just possible that I might relent, and that he might get a reprieve. I would give him my final decision, I said, on the first stroke of midnight.

That night Jim came home to a beautiful and romantic candlelit supper that I had prepared for him. He found me dressed in a stunning, low cut evening gown and wearing a beautiful necklace and other adornments. I had been to the hairdresser for a sexy, short cut style that showed off my bare neck to full effect. My armpits were new shaven, and I was wearing lashings of my most expensive perfume. My gown was the length of a very short mini-skirt, and it showed off my bare legs and thighs (which were also newly shaved) to full effect. I was not wearing knickers,

and when I bent over or sat down my naked quim was on display. I had shaved my pussy meat completely bare and then rubbed it generously with perfumed oil.

Jim was stunned. After being banished from my bedroom for the best part of a week he was very frustrated, and I think that he was finding me distinctly over-stimulating.

"I've only cut the *hairs* off my pudenda," I teased, as I caressed him coquettishly. "Soon I'll have the *skin* off yours."

After our meal I took Jim to the bedroom.

"Well, go on, then" I urged as I lay invitingly on the bed, hoiked my skirt up over my waist and pushed my moist, oiled quim towards him. "Get on with it, and it had better be good."

In fact, it was good, very good. Jim took me three times before midnight, and I could tell that he was really trying to please me. By midnight I was a very well fucked woman. Also egged on by me Jim gave me a lot of bleat about how sorry he was, how he would never wrong me again, how he was throwing himself on my mercy, how he did not want to have his foreskin chopped off, etc., etc. I pretended to listen carefully, even sympathetically, to everything he said. Wow, was I setting him up!

At twelve o'clock I gave Jim my final decision. I cuddled in closely to him as we lay naked in bed and giggled as I affectionately tweaked his foreskin. Then I moved my lips up to his ear, and gently nibbled the lobe while blowing down the hole. Then, after keeping him guessing until the last moment, I let him have the punch line. It was whispered in such a gentle and seductive way that it took a few moments for it to sink in.

"The verdict," I murmured, "Is that this cock is guilty as charged. It is sentenced to circumcision at 8 a.m. Right of appeal is denied."

After I had finished saying these words, I felt the cock in question going rock hard in my hands. This was the first indication that I had ever had that Jim was a masochist, and that he was being turned on by what I going to do to him.

"Ooooh!" he breathed in ecstasy. "You bitch! You absolute bitch!"

My riposte was to yank his foreskin tight back down his shaft, as firmly and as roughly as I could, and to flick his naked, engorged, sensitive purple prick tip, hard, with the nail of my forefinger. I did this several times, with a pause between each flick to give the recipient plenty of time to feel it.

"Bitch, bitch, bitch" repeated Jim in a low voice. "My God, that hurts!"

"I bet it does," I giggled saucily as I gave him another hard flick, "but not as much as it's about to."

Then my tone changed to that of stern dominatrix.

"Tomorrow, young man, you will be severely punished for those words. Bitch, indeed! I'll make you so sorry for yourself that you will never, ever, dare to address me in such terms again."

Then I told Jim to get out. He was banished again from my bedroom. By 7 a.m. the next morning he must be in the shower, and by 7.45 I expected him to report to my bedroom for the chop. If he were as much as a second late he would suffer additional punishment.

Jill arrived at 8 a.m. sharp the next morning to find Jim in bed with his pyjamas on. Her manner was brusque and official. She inspected the consent form that Jim had already signed.

"Hmmm!" she said. "'The nature of the tight circumcision of the flesh of the foreskin of the cock, and of the cutting off of the frenulum of the cock, shall be determined by the circumcising surgeon,' eh!"

She chucked Jim under the chin with her forefinger and, using upward pressure from her finger, lifted his head upwards. Then she turned his face towards hers and gazed steadily into his eyes.

"Well, young man. I tell you this. To Maggie I am an Avenging Angel, but to you I am the Devil Incarnate. I will chastise you with the utmost severity for what you have done. Maggie has granted me the power to punish your cock and I will punish it well. I am going to circumcise the flesh of your foreskin in a manner that is very tight and very drastic. I will make you gasp. I will make you wince. And I will make you grunt. Oh yes! I will make you very, very sorry for cheating on my best friend; and be very, very determined, and very, very afraid, never, ever, to cheat on my best friend again or I will take my knife and give you another chopping on top of this one."

Jill then made Jim sign another consent form for her records. As had been previously arranged, Jim was then required to hand over to Jill an enormous fee of £1,000 for the operation, in cash.

When we had arranged this, Jill had assured me that she was doing this for pleasure, not for profit, and that I would not be out of pocket. Now I found out exactly what she meant by this. She put the cash safe in her handbag and at the same time drew out a £1,000 cheque, payable to me and only to me. She told me to put this in my own personal account, where Jim could not touch it, and to be sure that he never saw a penny of it.

"Treat yourself to a few little luxuries with it," she said gaily. "Some Chanel No. 5, perhaps, and an expensive hairdo."

And how about a designer bikini to overexcite your admirers on the beach? You could even take yourself off alone on a package cheapy to show it off. I want you to spend this money luxuriously and extravagantly upon yourself alone. And I want you to swear that you will do this, and the adulterer to swear that he will let you."

Impromptu vows were then taken, more enthusiastically by me than by Jim, and Jill proceeded with her work.

Jill explained that circumcising a fully-grown man was a much bigger job than circumcising a baby. Often a general anaesthetic was used, but she was going to use a local one. Oh, she added, and she thought Jim might like to know that she had never performed a circumcision before. She badly needed the practice, but she was quite likely to botch it up.

Without further ado, Jill then pulled from her medical bag a large disposable syringe and injected Jim's prick with about 5 or 6 jabs all around its base and its circumference. Meanwhile the victim was taken aback by the speedy development of this surgical initiative. He looked shocked, and winced visibly in pain.

Soon, Jill had opened her surgical textbook to the appropriate page. Then she marked Jim's cock for the surgery.

"I'm taking off much more than is recommended in the medical textbooks, including not only the whole of the deliciously sensitive frenulum but also most of the foreskin's sensitive inner mucosa" she said, in an *ex cathedra* matter of fact tone that left absolutely no doubt that this was not a question for democratic debate.

"The tip of the frenulum I am completely gouging out to form a wicked little triangular scar, tightly stretched across and into the valley that divides the glans on the underside of the cockhead. In addition, the circumcision will be very low and tight, with only a millimetre or two of sensitive inner mucosa between the glans and the less sensitive outer skin of the lower cock shaft. I am also chopping off so much that the skin and the hairs of the scrotum will be pulled half way up the cock shaft when the victim is erect! Oh wow! This will be a circumcision to remember me by!"

"Bitch," muttered Jim gloomily.

"What was that?" asked Jill sharply.

"Oh, nothing," replied Jim quickly, obviously thinking better of his complaint.

Jill stopped what she was doing, put her face a few inches from Jim's and eyeballed him out truculently.

"Oh yes it was something!" she fumed. "I heard that, young



man."

Then she took her surgical marker in her hand again and drew another line around Jim's cock just below the first one. Then she eyeballed her victim again.

"You have just earned yourself a five millimetre surcharge," she continued. "What have you got to say about that then?"

"Bitch!" muttered Jim again, defiantly.

Without uttering another word, Jill promptly took her marker and briskly drew a third line just below the other two. Then she eyeballed Jim yet again.

"Ten millimetre surcharge" she added pertly. "If this goes on young man, your cock will have more rings around it than a hornet's arse."

This threat at last reduced Jim to silent compliance, and he said nothing.

Jill, however, decided to rub Jim's nose in it. "That ten millimetre surcharge," she explained, "is a whole extra centimetre of skin off your cock! The circumference of your cock shaft is about 5 centimetres, so the price of those two words, those two 'bitches' of yours, is 5 square centimetres of skin missing from off your cock shaft for the rest of your life! Just think! All that just because you couldn't button your lip! Oh, yes! I'm going to teach you not to be sassy with me, young man! I'm going to make you very, very sorry for yourself! Oh, and yes! If it's any consolation, you are right! I am a bitch!"

Ten minutes later the local anaesthetic had taken effect and Jill had removed her surgical knife from the sterilising dish.

Meanwhile, I prepared my camcorder and my high quality Japanese digital camera and flashgun for action, since I was determined to catch all this on film.

The actual operation was over quickly since Jill was very brisk and free with her knife. Within seconds (or so it seemed), and almost before I had time to focus my camcorder, she had cut around the lowest of the three lines on Jim's cock.

Soon there was an open wound about 5 inches long around the cock shaft, and Jim's bloodied foreskin was lying in a stainless steel dish.

Jill had threaded her surgeon's needle in advance, and now she quickly stitched around the cut.

"I suppose I should be taking more care, and doing a neater job" she remarked insouciantly. "As it is the scar will heal up all ugly, pitted and pockmarked, and the cock will look beat

up, battered and victimised. It's a messy job. There will probably be skin flaps and stitch tunnels. But then, like most surgeons, my time is valuable and I cannot concern myself with purely cosmetic considerations."

Jill was clearly enjoying herself enormously, and had concocted in advance some superb wind-ups! When she had finished the stitching, she cut off the thread. Then, as I had previously requested her, she carefully stretched the severed foreskin between two glass plates, clamped the plates together, put them into a large, old fashioned pickling jar filled with formaldehyde, sealed the jar and presented it to me.

"There you go," she said triumphantly. "There must be more than 17 or 18 square inches of adulterous foreskin there."

Then she pointed at the foreskin in the jar.

"There," she commented. "There is the frenulum. I have excavated it completely. And just behind it, look. Do you see that flap of wrinkled skin? Well that is the ridged band. I was particularly careful to chop that off in its entirety. I have been reading up on all the latest research on foreskins in preparation. I discovered that the ridged band plays a crucial role in sexual pleasure and enjoyment, and that its excision leads to a significantly less ecstatic sexual experience. Well, all I can say is that after what he has done to you the bastard deserves it. I came here this morning determined to make him pay, and I think that I have just succeeded."

Well, this was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

"Aaagh!"

Jim let out a piteous yell and then, feeling angry, frustrated and very, very sorry for himself, he broke down into helpless sobs and tears.

"It's too late for that now, young man," said his tormentor impassively. "If you can't do the time, then you shouldn't do the crime. You've had your pleasure. Now you are going to pay for it, every single day of your life. Anyway, I will be back next week, same time, same place, for a post-op inspection. And I warn you, young man, that if this cock offends again, I will re-circumcise it for you by cutting off even more shaft skin from around the scar."

Then Jill took Jim's newly chopped cock into her hands and inspected it carefully. She was clearly transfixed and fascinated by her handiwork. Her eyes shone brightly as she ran her fingers all around the scar, smiling in delight and satisfaction.

"Yes," she said smugly. "I've punished him for his adultery to you and his insolence to me. I've circumcised him very tightly indeed. I enjoyed doing that. The bastard had it coming to

him."

Then Jill gently pulled all around the thread with which she had sewn up the cut and meticulously scrutinised her needlework. Jim felt nothing (yet!), of course, because of the effects of the local anaesthetic. But, temporarily abandoning his helpless sobs and tears, he surely yelped at the sexy verbals when Jill unleashed her parting shot.

"My word, young man" she exclaimed pertly. "I've stitched you up good and proper, haven't I?"

"Ayeeee!" howled the victim, and the cry was somewhere between a howl and a sob.

Jill then biffed off quickly out of the house. Within seconds, the roar off her car engine signalled that she was gone. In all, she had been with us for less than half an hour. But she had played her part superbly, and after 8.30 a.m. Jim's cock was never the same again, and his sex life had been changed forever!

I instructed Jim to stay in bed for the rest of the day to recuperate from the operation. The next stage of his comeuppance, I told him, would commence at 8.30 p.m., when the effects of his local anaesthetic had worn off and he was feeling nice and sore. I then tended and looked after my spouse for the rest of the day.

At 8.30 p.m. sharp I abruptly entered our bedroom.

I had just showered and perfumed myself and fixed my hair. I was wearing a lacy, cutaway black bra designed for use with low cut evening gowns, skimpy, frilly black knickers, black suspender belt, black fish net stockings and black stiletto heeled shoes.

I had never dressed kinky for Jim before, and he was stunned. He gazed transfixed for a long time. Then he grinned lasciviously as he sniffed my expensive perfume.

"Right, my boy," I said sternly, "I will soon wipe that smirk off your face. Get out of bed."

I then told Jim to strip, put on a jock strap and close his eyes. Jim did as he was told, wincing ruefully as the tight fitting athletic support rubbed and pressed against his sore, newly cut cock. I then came at him with a plastic jar of finely ground table salt, to which I had added just a tiny bit of water to make it moist and sloppy. I pulled open the pouch of his jock strap and pushed his freshly chopped cock firmly into the jar, completely submerging it in wet, sticky salt. I then released the tight fitting jock strap pouch so that it held the salt jar in position.

Wow! As soon as Jim's cut cock hit that wet salt, he gave out a

tremendous yell of pain and fury, leapt onto the bed and lay there on his back writhing and cursing helplessly.

"Oh, you bitch, you bitch!" he yelled over and over again. "You cruel, spiteful bitch!"

"Right," I said brusquely when Jim's curses had subsided into whimpers of pain. "In that bottom drawer, you will find a cane. Fetch it for me please." And I stood there with my hands on my hips, bold and uncompromising.

To my slight surprise, the victim complied.

Then I barked out another order: "Stand on that mat, please, and face the window. Now touch your toes, keeping your legs straight. Go on! Right down! Stretch hard! No, not good enough!"

I followed these words with a wicked little flick from the cane straight across the bare meat of Jim's bum.

Crack! The blow was like a slap from a riding crop rather than a fierce cut, but it was still hard enough to make the buttocks shudder. The recipient let out a shrill, involuntary, howl of pain.

"Go on," I urged, "You can do better than that." And I gave the bare bum another, slightly harder, little flick, to exactly the same place as the first one had landed.

Whack!

Howl!

I then stretched out the palm of my left hand and gently pushed the back of Jim's head towards the floor.

"Come on!" I said. "You're beginning to annoy me."

I then administered a third stroke, slightly harder again, onto meat that was by now all red and tingly.

Crack!

Yell!

These three preparatory flicks were not particularly hard, but Jim was quite obviously of the opinion that he did not want to take a fourth one like that! He was pushing and grunting madly to comply with my orders. Thus, by now, Jim was reaching and straining until the tendons at the back of his straightened knees ached, and he was gasping from the effort of stretching. I always do this before I cane Jim. It stops him from flexing, hardening and tightening the muscles of his buttocks against the strokes of the cane. I like his rump to be soft, unprotected and vulnerable when the cane starts to bite into it

in earnest.

For the next part of his punishment, Jim took 12 strokes of the cane across his bare bottom.

I had purchased the thinnest, whippiest rattan cane that I could get from an Internet sex shop. It was a so-called 'junior cane' and was less, I should think, than the diameter of a pencil. For several days I had immersed it in linseed oil to make it even more supple and springy. I really laid into Jim with it, whacking him as hard as I could. The only concession that I made was that after stroke number one (which I brought down right onto the red weal created by my preparatory flicks) I spread the strokes over the full area of his buttocks, rather than concentrating them in one part.

I took my time and waited several seconds between strokes, to give the bare bum plenty of time to sting and smart. By the time I had finished with him, Jim had 12 deep, red, livid ridges, already beginning to turn blue, cut into the fleshy meat of his backside.

Again, I was amazed that Jim stood in position and took his caning like a man. But he did. Swish, crack, swish, crack went the cane and at every cut Jim howled piteously in his agony.

Afterwards, I monitored the 12 stripes. Much to Jill's amusement, they were still clearly observable when she came for her post-op inspection a week later.

Then I kept Jim bent over for 20 minutes, with his cock smarting in the salt and his bum stinging from the cane, while he was forbidden to rub himself or regain his composure.

This, I then told Jim, was the "punishment of the thirteen cuts, one with the knife and twelve with the cane."

Thirteen, I added, was unlucky for some, and, in this case, particularly unlucky for him! He had been punished fore and aft, and there was plenty more to come!

I then peremptorily ordered Jim to the spare bedroom, telling him to return for the next stage of his punishment at 8.30 p.m. the next evening.

As Jim left I allowed my stern dominatrix mask to slip. I embraced him tenderly and puckered up my lips. Then, as we were about to kiss, I relaxed my pucker and pushed my moist, yielding lips full against my husband's. Then I gave him a deliciously teasing French kiss, darting my tongue quickly and lightly all around the inside of his mouth.

Despite his throbbing cock and his smarting rump Jim returned my kiss with passion.

"Go on, be off with you," I said coquettishly, and I gave him a

sharp, playful slap with the flat of my hand across the bare meat of his buttocks.

"Agh," yelled the victim in agony.

I grinned again. "Does it hurt when I slap you across your cuts?" I asked innocently.

"What do you bloody well think?" howled the victim.

"Oh, oh!" I replied. "Naughty! We must learn to show madam proper respect."

And I delivered another sharp, playful slap to exactly the same place.

"Bitch" muttered Jim involuntarily.

This time the smack I delivered was sharp and disciplinary rather than playful, and my tone was angry.

Slap!

"What did you say?"

"Bitch!"

Slap!

"I beg your pardon?"

"Bitch!"

Slap!

This went on until Jim had taken six hard hand spans, at which point I had broken him. He apologised humbly and begged me for mercy.

But he did not get it. I sat down on the edge of the bed and ordered him across my knee for extra chastisement. It took some time to get him there since I had to manoeuvre the salt jar between my open thighs. But eventually Jim was in the classic spanking position just as if he were a naughty little boy, and his bare, upturned rump was perfectly positioned for my descending right hand.

"Right!" I said. "I'll teach you to be cheeky. It's hard hand on soft bottom for you, my boy! You're going to get another six of the best!"

Slap!

Silence.

"That's better. Take it quietly or you will be feeling even

sorrier for yourself.”

Slap!!

Slap!!!

SLAP!

SLAP!!

SLAP!!!

“Now get out!”

As my husband left he was indeed feeling and looking very sorry for himself.

As for me, I could see the funny side. I giggled saucily and advised him to sleep on his side. I also told him that this was only the beginning of his punishment, and reminded him to report for more in 24 hours time.