

Pit, Slit and Clit: the Lady Cut and a Chopping for the Gentlemen

or

Adultery Punished, Arabian Style

by Big Billie

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Author's Note This story is a fictional fantasy. The sheikdom of Abujah, and the characters here depicted, do not exist, and none of this happened. The themes here depicted excite my fantasies, but in the real world I strongly oppose genital mutilation of men and, even more so, of women.

If you would like regular briefings on these matters I recommend setting up daily alerts from Google to your email inbox. For the search terms specify "circumcision" and "FGM".

I am old now, but while I am alive you can contact me by email:

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With, dear reader, my best regards, and all good wishes, to you and yours,
Billie.

1. My Early Life, Education, Courtship and Marriage

My father was a military man who spent much of his army career in the Middle East. After I was born I was brought up in the United Arab Emirates, where my father was at that time stationed, by my mother, and by Faria, my Arabic nanny. Faria had little English and always spoke to me in Arabic so that by the time that I was 5 I had begun to build up a sound knowledge of that language.

When I was of school age the British Army paid for me to attend boarding schools in England. After preparatory school I was accepted into St. Paulinus' College, the famous public school for boys located near York, where I took the necessary studies and examinations to qualify for matriculation to university.

Meanwhile, during the vacations, I continued to improve my knowledge of Arabic on my visits to the Middle East to see my parents. Then, at the age of 18, I was offered a place by SOAS (the School of Oriental and African Studies) at the University of London, to study Arabic at degree level.

Well I had received an excellent education at St. Paulinus' and, from my home background, I knew a lot more Arabic at the start of my course than many of my fellow students; so it was not, perhaps, surprising that I left SOAS at the age of 22 with a first class single honours degree in Arabic and good chances of gainful employment somewhere in Arabia.

Remembering my discussions with my Sixth Form Careers Tutor I turned my attention towards finance and joined the Middle Eastern section of the London Metropolitan Bank. For the next 3 years I worked to improve my banking skills and to pass professional qualifications for membership of the Chartered Institute of Finance and Banking (CIFAB) by part time study. The result was that by my mid-twenties I held down a well-paid job as a bank executive and, with generous financial assistance from my parents, I was living as a mortgage holder in a reasonably large and spacious flat overlooking Hyde Park in central London.

I studied for my CIFAB qualifications at LSE (the London School of Economics) and following my classes on Friday afternoons I used to hang around in the Bar and later attend the various discos and dances organised by the Students' Union.

One night in late November during my second year of study I got talking and dancing with a very beautiful girl. How it happened was this. I had started the evening dancing with any female who was prepared to dance with me. As is common with men who have attended all male schools I was pretty gauche and incompetent with ladies but on this occasion I seemed to be doing quite well, and for some reason I was getting far fewer refusals than usual.

Then, suddenly, I spied an absolutely drop dead gorgeous blonde girl just as she was entering the dance after paying her admission fee to the doorman. As soon as I saw her I recalled the words of the famous Chuck Berry number: "She looks too cute to be a minute over seventeen." So, OK I thought, I seem to be in luck tonight so I'll give it a go.

"Hello," I greeted the beautiful lady, "Can I buy you a drink?"

"OK, if you like." The answer was non-committal but at least it was not a refusal and it succeeded in separating my beauty from the gaggle of other young females with whom she had come to the dance.

"My name is John Willoughby," I continued. "I am studying here for my banking qualifications."

And so on. I went on to learn that my new friend's name was Margaret Carmichael and that she was, indeed, a mere 17 years old; she told me that she was a Sixth Former at the prestigious St. Cecilia's Ladies Academy, a posh private school for girls located in North West London.

"I hope to be coming here next year," she told me, "to study politics and economics. My grandfather used to be a Member of Parliament for the Social Democratic Party and my father is a barrister and a member of the London Assembly representing the Liberal Democrats. I am hoping to follow them into politics.

Well thus began my lifelong relationship with Margaret Carmichael, the lady who was later to become my wife. She was about six years younger than me but neither of us was worried by that; indeed, Margaret soon got to like the idea of being squired by a well-paid young banker with an affluent life style and a luxurious flat in central London.

But oh dear! What a pity it is that the people with whom we fall in love, and for whom we build up fierce sexual desires, are frequently not suitable for us. Soon I was locked into a passionate affair with my new partner and the sex scenes that we acted out in the bedroom of my Hyde Park flat blew my mind. Margaret was everything that a blonde bombshell is supposed to be except that she was not stupid. As well as a formidable intellect she was tall (nearly 6 feet) and she had a powerful, well-built, shapely body. She was the captain of her school hockey team and had also represented her county at that sport, first as a junior and then, while she was still at school, in the adult team. Jogging, and regular sessions in the gym, helped to keep her stomach beautifully tight and taut, and her legs and thighs shapely. Her bottom was callipygian, big firm and meaty without being steatopygic and fat. Her breasts were of average size rather than large, but they were plump, firm and nubile, slightly pendulous but held erect and free from sagging by the suppleness and elasticity of youth. When I first saw Margaret at the age of seventeen she reminded me of some beautiful warrior maid from Norse mythology; well, she is somewhat better developed and her figure is slightly fuller now, and that image is even stronger in my mind.

So what, you might reasonably ask, dear reader, was the problem? Here I was, an affluent young executive whose main wish was to settle down to marriage with a trophy wife and have some sweet, clean children. As time went on Margaret seemed more and more enamoured of that scenario, so why not get on with it?

Well unfortunately it became more and more apparent that Margaret and I had different world views and different opinions on political, economic and social questions. I am a reader of the *Financial Times*. I believe in free and open markets, in a small, efficient public sector, in low taxation, and in encouraging people to stand on their own two feet; and I vote Conservative. Margaret, in contrast, is an avid reader of the *Guardian* and she believes in market regulation, high levels of public expenditure, high taxation, especially of the rich and of corporations, and the further extension of the nanny state; and she was a paid up member of the Labour Party and an adherent of the "New Labour" tendency. Furthermore, Margaret was no brain dead bimbo who could not argue her case; she was a cogent and articulate advocate of her creed and she had her father's legal skills in developing arguments and tying you up in knots. We also had decidedly different views on the role of women. I am no dyed in the wool reactionary on this. I believe that women should be given equal opportunities in the workplace, including in the boardroom. But if, as in Margaret's case, a woman was lucky enough to have a partner who was in lucrative employment, my opinion was that the best option was for her to stay at home after the birth of the first child and bring up the kids. Margaret, in contrast, was keen to build a political career for herself and she seemed quite prepared to delay, if not abandon, any idea of children if it clashed with her ambitions. Aaaagh! I desperately wanted children, and as many of them as I could get, and Margaret's liberated views, on this matter in particular, really got my goat. There were times when I would have dearly liked to have put her across my knee, pulled up her skirt, tugged down her knickers, and spanked her, hard, with the flat sole of a large gentleman's gym slipper, across her naked, succulent, shapely, callipygian bottom. But for all of these skirmishes, it is Aphrodite (Venus), the Goddess of Love, rather than Athena (Minerva), the Goddess of Wisdom, who often determines matrimonial outcomes, and four years later, shortly after she had finished her undergraduate degree in politics and economics at LSE, I married my lover.

2. Peter and Soraya Collingwood

After my marriage to Margaret we lived for two years at my flat in London. Then came a development that was later to lead on to a bombshell that turned our lives upside down for ever.

One morning my line manager at the bank called me into his office. The Board of Directors, he told me, had been considering the business opportunities in and around the small oil sheikdom of Abuja in the Persian Gulf, where we had some

big deals going down with the prospect of more to follow. Consequently, the boss continued, the Directors had decided to set up a dedicated SBU (strategic business unit) in Abujah, and he had been asked to come up with the name of a director for it at a special extraordinary meeting to be held in a week's time.

"You can probably see where this is going, John," he continued. "I've looked at the possible candidates for the post and you are the man that I want in it."

By now my heart was pounding violently against my ribcage and my mouth had gone as dry as dust as I wrestled with a variety of conflicting emotions. I was flattered to be asked, and excited at the prospect of such a big promotion at such an early age; but I also doubted that I was up to the challenge, and I was uncertain about how Margaret would take it.

"Can you give me 48 hours to consider it, chief?" I asked.

"Of course. Let's meet again on Friday morning; shall we say 10 o'clock?"

To my surprise Margaret wanted to go to Arabia and she did not give me the opposition that I had been expecting. Since she had left university my wife's political ambitions had been thwarted and things had not gone to plan. In 2010 the Labour Party had lost the General Election and had been booted out of office. This should have opened up possibilities of adoption as a Labour Parliamentary candidate for the next election in 5 years' time or less. But Margaret was finding that the real world of politics is more challenging than the student scene and she was becoming disillusioned. She had also failed in her attempts to get a suitable job; Britain was in recession, jobs were scarce, every vacancy was fiercely contested, and the only openings seemed to be for unpaid internships that would probably lead nowhere. My wife was therefore enthusiastic about our prospective move to Arabia, and when I voiced my concerns that I might not be up to the job she told me not to be a wimp, to pull myself together and to go for it. Three weeks later we disembarked from an Emirates flight onto the tarmac of Abujah airport.

For several months after I took up my post as the London Metropolitan Bank's main man in Abujah I was very busy at work. My team, with the exception of myself, were all Arabs. Some were existing bank employees, but most were not and it was a big job to house train them and to get them all singing from the same hymn sheet. Then I myself needed a lot of training and advice on the business climate in Arabia. Out there many of the standard business practices are corrupt by British standards and it took me a long time to work out how to apply the bank's ethical guidelines as laid down by HQ in London to situations where bribery and nepotism featured large. Then there was the difficulty in operating a bank in an Islamic cultural environment in which usury and interest payments were forbidden. Finally,

my mandate extended beyond Abujah itself and into the various little oil sheikdoms that were its neighbours in the Persian Gulf; there was a lot of potential business all over the region since these oil rich sheikdoms were very wealthy, they all had plans to invest in roads, utilities, public buildings, and similar, and they all needed financial and banking services to set up the deals. Meanwhile my wife was at home in the luxuriant mansion provided for me by the bank as part of my new employment contract, and, in that strict Islamic state where women were for the most part kept at home, she was very bored.

Over time, however, our social life improved. For example, we joined the British Expatriates Club where there was a restaurant, a member's lounge, a swimming pool, and potential social contacts and friends. In addition the Arabs are a courteous and friendly people, and some of my work contacts were very generous and hospitable to us. Finally, Margaret's boredom was to a large extent conquered by the demands of a new job that she acquired about six months after we arrived.

I first met Peter Collingwood at the Expats Club. I was reading a newspaper in the members' lounge and as I put it down he asked me whether I had finished with it. This stimulated a discussion on what was in the newspaper, the most interesting and significant articles and so on, and from that day onwards we tended to chat whenever we ran into each other. During the course of our conversations I learnt that Peter ran an English language college and that he was short of native English speakers to deliver his courses. I mentioned my wife, Peter said that he would like to meet her to discuss possibilities, and soon Margaret and I had been invited around to the Sheik's Palace in Abujah for a meal with Peter and his royal wife, Soraya.

I had already learnt from our meetings and discussions at the Expats Club that Peter was from the English upper middle classes and that some of his relatives were mentioned as minor gentry in Burke's peerage. He was by nature not very bright and rather indolent, but his family was rich and, despite periodic grumbings that he should "make his own way in the world," "get himself a career," "stand on his own two feet" and so on, they looked after him. For a time, as a result of his family contacts, he worked in chambers in Lincoln's Inn, London, as a barrister's assistant; but the precision and cut and thrust of the law were not for him and he soon gave it up. Eventually he landed at the Courtauld Institute, London, studying for a degree in the History of Art.

It was not, however, until we had our first meal together that I met Princess Soraya, Peter's wife, whom he had met while they were both students in London. At that time the lady was studying for the final stages of a medical degree in obstetrics at King's College, having completed her preliminary studies at a medical

school in the Middle East with a King's College franchise. By birth Soraya was a royal princess of Abujah's ruling Afarmi dynasty and she was a favourite daughter of her father the sheik. From birth she was educated by an English tutor within the Royal Palace in Abujah, and as soon as she was old enough she was sent away to preparatory and boarding schools in England.

During one of our exchanges at the Expats Club Peter had already mentioned that his wife Soraya was a princess and the information had immediately excited my interest. Even so, I had no idea that the couple actually lived in the Royal Palace until Margaret and I were invited around for dinner.

The arrangement was that we would meet up with Peter and Soraya at the Club and then travel with them in a chauffeur driven car to their suite of rooms in the Palace. Soon we were driving through a large, imposing portico entrance, into the sheik's sumptuous residence, and along to our friends' spacious and luxurious habitation. The meal started in mid-morning and with interludes and intermissions went on all day. Margaret and I were the only guests, and together with Soraya and Peter we were the only diners. We were served an array of sumptuous food prepared by the Palace's kitchen staff and delivered to us by a large team of servants and retainers. For much of the time, however, we were left alone, just the four of us, and we talked, intensely and intimately, about ourselves, our families, our lives, our interests and our aspirations.

I was fascinated by Soraya. She was tall and, like many Arab ladies, shapely and voluptuous. Her age I put at about thirty and she was, I concluded, at the very peak of her mature feminine beauty. Unlike Margaret she was dark and sultry, and she was sumptuously dressed in traditional Arabic raiment, like a ravishing fairy-tale princess from Richard Burton's translations of the *Thousand Nights and One Night*.

Soraya was the perfect hostess and she had an amiable familiarity that soon put us at our ease. She was gracious and utterly charming and I was bewitched by her. That day I became her devout admirer and friend, and, despite (or rather, perhaps, because of) her subsequent actions, I will remain her devout admirer and friend until we are both parted by death.

In contrast to his wife Peter Collingwood was quiet and reticent. Soraya was a vivacious and lively conversationalist with a sharp wit, a lively sense of humour, and a seemingly endless stream of entertaining and amusing details and anecdotes about her life, the sheikdom of Abujah, the politics of the Royal Palace and so on. She was the life and soul of the party and Peter for the most part sat in silence, enjoying with us her entertaining discursions.

But Soraya did not merely harangue us with her own wit and repartee. She deftly and skilfully drew Margaret and me into the conversation, asking us about our own lives, our opinions, our aspirations and so on. She engaged us both with intimate eye contact, expressed interest in our remarks and laughed at our jokes; and I thought to myself, here is a loyal and devout Islamic lady. She is a credit to her Prophet, her God, her faith and her traditions. And I envied Peter Collingwood that he had won a wife of such beauty, glamour and talent.

I was particularly interested in Soraya's current activities in Abujah. Unlike some members of the large royal family to which she belonged, she held down a full-time and responsible job. The sheikdom's oil wealth had enabled the sheik, Soraya's father, to provide an excellent free health service to his people including first rate maternity provision in a modern state-of-the-art hospital. However, in that conservative, traditional, devout Islamic country there was a strong preference for obstetric services to be provided by women doctors and women nurses. Foreseeing this, Soraya's father the sheik, noting her intelligence and her excellent academic abilities, had her educated and trained as a fully qualified obstetrician, baby doctor and surgeon; and she had recently been appointed as the Director of the Maternity Unit at Abujah Central Hospital. So wow, I thought. This lady is not just witty and scintillating eye candy. She is holding down one of the most important and responsible medical jobs in the sheikdom.

3. The Bombshell

At our meal with the Collingwoods Margaret arranged to call round to Peter's office in two days' time to discuss the work as an English teacher that he had offered her. The employment was arranged and Margaret took to it with enthusiasm. For the next six months or so she worked as a tutor with a large number of clients, many of them wealthy Arab ladies whose husbands did not want them to be taught by a man. The work was well paid and, in addition, Margaret received a number of valuable gifts. She particularly relished the social contacts that she developed and the status that the work gave to her; in addition, many of her customers were eager to learn all about life in Britain and the West and Margaret was very happy to enlighten them—in English, of course, to improve their language skills.

Then one day, as I was about to leave work, I got a phone call. It was from Soraya. She asked me to call around to see her at the hospital. I said that I would come at once. During the drive of twenty minutes or so from my bank to her hospital I pondered on what it was that she could possibly want with me and I drew a blank.

When I arrived Soraya ushered me into an inner sanctum which she used for private, confidential one-to-one consultations with patients and sat me down next to her on a chair that was facing a large white display screen.

"Watch this," she said, and she turned around, clicked her computer mouse and ran a video file through a projector and onto the screen.

Well the film ran for between twenty minutes and half an hour and it was still going strong when Soraya paused it.

"That's enough for the present," she said. "I think you get the picture."

Well yes, I certainly did. The film was in high resolution colour complete with good quality stereo sound track. It consisted of edited highlights of a number of surreptitious meetings between my wife Margaret and Soraya's husband Peter while Soraya and I were occupied at work. The more graphic sections showed the miscreants stark naked on a large bed with no covering sheets or blankets; and they were doing what comes naturally to a young man and a young lady when, in the words of the poet Alexander Pope, "kind occasion prompts their warm desires." What I found even harder to take than the petting, the passionate kissing, and the intense violent coitus was the tender and romantic sweet talk between the lovers. The couple were not merely enjoying each other's bodies. This was not just a bit of slap and tickle on the side. There was a genuine affection and a deep, loving, mutual regard each toward the other; and that hurt.

"How did you get this footage, Soraya?"

"Well I could see that my husband was showing a somewhat inappropriate interest in your wife at our very first meal together at the palace," she replied. "Did you not pick up the vibes?"

"No."

"Well they were electric, and they got me worried. Peter has a bedroom at his office where he is wont to take a nap through the mid-day heat. I knew that Margaret regularly calls by that office for work meetings and briefings and I worked out that if there was any hanky-panky it was likely to be consummated in the bedroom. So I had the bedroom fitted with a top quality secret camera and I got my faithful retainer Rashid (he has served on me since I was a baby) to monitor the output. He has been giving me regular reports for some time now, and what he has told me and shown me in the last two to three months has been truly alarming, as you have seen for yourself. I decided to give the culprits enough rope to hang themselves but I found it increasingly hard to contain my impatience and for the last three or four weeks their escalating antics have made me more and more angry."

I was still in a state of profound shock and unable to say anything except to ask the inevitable question: "Where do we go from here?"

"This," replied Soraya, "is an intolerable slight and an insufferable insult to a royal princess of the house of Afarmi. It will be dealt with immediately, and the adulterers will receive condign punishment. You will stay at the hospital and dine with me here. I have arranged for the miscreants to be brought to us by the police."

Thus it was that at 8 p.m. that same evening Margaret and Peter were marched into Soraya's inner sanctum by four members of the security forces.

Soraya gave orders to the officers to wait outside. She then sat my wife and her lover down beside us and showed them the video footage. Then she gathered us all around her desk.

"In Abujah the penalty for a woman who commits adultery is death by stoning, and the punishment for a man who sullies the name of the royal house is beheading. So prepare yourselves for death."

The effect of this dramatic intelligence, coming hard upon the shock and the shame of seeing their antics on video, reduced the two adulterers to subdued silence. For at least 30 seconds in that room you could have heard a pin drop. Then, gently and quietly, Margaret began to sob, and soon tears were streaming down her face. It was then I realised that despite her blatant infidelity I still loved her, and I did not want her to die.

"When I press this button to ring for the guards," said Soraya, "They will come to escort you to Abujah's maximum security prison. From there you will be taken to trial before the committee of state security. The whole process should take about six days. Then if the sentence is death it will be inflicted immediately."

By now Margaret was a broken woman. She wailed and sobbed helplessly and a flood of tears dropped from her eyes. I leapt from my seat, went to her, lifted her up and embraced her tenderly.

"I'm sorry, love. I'm so, so, sorry. Princess Soraya, I beg you not to do this. I forgive these crimes. Please grant your gracious royal pardon, or at least inflict some lesser punishment."

By this time I too was in tears.

Well Soraya, as I was later to learn, had thought through all of this in advance. She was toying with us, and she now put her plans into action.

“Very well,” she said brusquely, “This is what will happen. Tonight all three of you will stay at this hospital. You will shortly be taken down to my operating theatre for surgery. You will, all three of you, be circumcised. You will also, each one of you, receive a tattoo on your right buttock itemising your crimes and your punishment.”

Well this was bad enough, I thought, but nothing like as bad as seeing my wife publicly killed, reduced to a bloody lifeless corpse, the victim of a brutal death by stoning. But what was my prescribed punishment all about? Well I asked Princess Soraya that question, and I got her answer.

“John Willoughby, I hold you mainly responsible for this situation. You do not have your wife under proper surveillance and control. In fact, you do not have her under any kind of control at all. This must be dealt with. It is a problem that we will return to when you have all recovered from your surgery.”

Soraya then rang for the guards and instructed them to take the three of us to the operating theatre. Soon we were all on beds, locked into the theatre by Soraya with the guards waiting outside. There were no ancillary staff; Soraya had clearly decided to inflict her punishments single handed. She began by coming at me with a large syringe. I felt the prick as it was thrust into my upper arm. Then everything went black and I was dead to the world.

4. Post-Operative

We all three awoke the next morning to find that we were being tended to by a team of nurses. The first thing that I became aware of was that my cock and my bum were both very sore. I also noted that Margaret was wincing and groaning from pain. Then Soraya entered the theatre, cleared out the nurses and addressed us as follows.

“I have here three glass jars. Each jar is labelled with the same text that is tattooed onto you right buttocks.” Then she turned to me. “Your text and tattoo reads as follows:

John Willoughby
Punished 23 April 2012
For Lack of Uxorial Supervision and Control
Over His Wife Mrs. Margaret Willoughby
Who as a Direct Result of His Slackness
Cuckolded Him by Her Adultery
With Peter Collingwood
Punishment: Tight Islamic Circumcision with Frenectomy

The glass jar contains your foreskin and your frenulum preserved in formaldehyde.”

Then Soraya directed her attention towards her husband. “This is the content of your text and tattoo.

Peter Collingwood
Punished 23 April 2012
For Adultery with Mrs Margaret Willoughby
Punishment: Tight Islamic Re-Circumcision with Frenectomy
Plus Excision of Remaining Inner Foreskin
And of Extra Shaft Skin
Take That You Bastard—From Your Wronged Wife

The glass jar contains what remained of your frenulum, inner foreskin and outer shaft skin after your first circumcision.”

Soraya then explained to Margaret and me what she was on about. “Peter received an Islamic circumcision before our marriage. It was deemed inappropriate in this strict Muslim country for a royal princess to have carnal relations with an uncircumcised husband.”

Next Soraya addressed my wife. “This is your text and tattoo.

Mrs Margaret Willoughby, née Carmichael
Punished 23 April 2012
For Adultery with Peter Collingwood
Punishment: Clitoridectomy
Plus Excision of Labia Minora and Majora
Mutton and Button—Pit, Slit and Clit
Take That You Bitch—From a Wronged Wife

The glass jar contains your clitoris, your labia minora and your labia majora. Right, that is all for the present. I will instruct the nurses to give you something to eat and drink. I will be back in an hour to continue with this.

When Soraya returned she gave us a medical exposition. First she turned to me.

“Circumcision, as you may know, is the surgical removal of the foreskin of the penis. It is the Islamic tradition that all Muslim men are circumcised. The procedure to which you have been subjected is similar to the procedure that almost all male followers of the Prophet undergo except that I have taken care to strip out and cut off your entire frenulum and significantly more foreskin and shaft skin than usual. The control that you exercised over your errant wife was criminally negligent and I have punished you for it.”

Then Soraya took down a medical text from her bookshelf, opened it, found the page that she wanted, and addressed Margaret.

"I quote from page 136 of the 6th edition of the *Oxford Concise Medical Dictionary* published in 2002:

Female circumcision involves removal of the clitoris, labia minora, and labia majora. The extent of excision varies from tribe to tribe and from country to country. The simplest and least damaging form is **clitoridectomy** (removal of the clitoris); the next form entails excision of the prepuce, clitoris, and all or part of the labia minora. The most extensive form, **infibulation**, involves excision of the clitoris, labia minora, and labia majora. The vulval lips are sutured together and a piece of wood or reed is inserted to preserve a small passage for urine and menstrual fluid. In the majority of women who are circumcised, episiotomy, often extensive, is required to allow delivery of a child.

Page 236 contains the following further information:

episiotomy n. an incision into the tissues surrounding the opening of the vagina (perineum) during a difficult birth, at the stage when the infant's head has partly emerged through the opening of the birth passage. The aim is to enlarge the opening in a controlled manner so as to make delivery easier and to avoid extensive tearing of adjacent tissues.

I have cut off your clitoris and your inner and outer labial lips. I have not, however, sutured together the lips of your vulva nor have I inserted wood or reed into them. In other words you have not been infibulated and you should not suffer from the birth difficulties common with women who have undergone that procedure."

Soraya went on to point out that the full infibulation of all young girls around the age of ten had for centuries been the tradition in Abujah. Her father the sheik was a moderniser and he had done his best to discourage the practice; but it was deeply ingrained and had continued in secret. As a compromise, therefore, it had been agreed that girls whose parents were determined to infibulate them should undergo the ritual provided that the operation was conducted by a qualified obstetrician in a state hospital. This meant that it was Soraya who performed all of the legal infibulations in Abujah.

"The numbers are going down," she continued, "But I still usually infibulate about half a dozen young virgins every week. What I do to them is far more drastic than what I have done to your adulterous wife, John. But this is only the beginning. I have further punishments lined up for all three of you. I will give you another hour's break now to take all of that in. Don't go away. I will be back."

When Soraya returned she was brisk and directive, and she made it quite clear that what she was proposing was not a matter for democratic debate.

"John, I have prepared a suite of rooms for you within the Royal Palace and I have arranged for you and Margaret to move into them immediately. You will inform your employers that you now have alternative accommodation and that you are arranging for the bank to sell your current accommodation.

"Margaret, from now on you will be under my medical supervision. You will cease to take any medications to control fertility and you will get yourself pregnant as soon as possible. Thereafter you will bear as many children as you can until the onset of the menopause. John, you will be guided by me in your efforts to father as many children as you can with your wife.

"Peter, you will never sleep with me again although for the time being we will continue to present ourselves to the outside world as man and wife. Instead, I have arranged for my old retainer, Rashid, to marry four young brides and he has agreed to share them with you. As for me, I will bear children for John.

"All three of you will be subject to corporal chastisement, administered or ordered by me, at my discretion. This chastisement will be inflicted with a Scottish strap, or tawse, and with a thin, light, whippy rattan cane. This is a so-called 'junior cane,' formerly used in your country to whip the bottoms of naughty pre-teen schoolchildren. All of you will take the first dose of this discipline in a few weeks' time, when your surgical scars are on the way to healing up. In addition, you, Margaret, will take additional chastisement with the tawse and the cane from your husband, and this will be administered under my direction and supervision. Thus far John has been far too soft and lenient with you and I intend to teach him how to keep you under better control. You, John, will be physically chastened from now onwards at my discretion."

By that evening Margaret and I had been conveyed in an ambulance to our new home at the palace. The rooms were adjacent to Soraya's suite. When we arrived she called around to welcome us, and for the first time since the discovery of Margaret's adultery I discerned in her signs of humanity and charity.

"How are you, Margaret?" she asked, not unkindly.

"The surgical wounds are very painful," replied my wife.

"I will arrange for some pain killers to be sent here. How are you, John?"

"I've got a very sore cock!"

"Yes," grinned Soraya. "I bet you have! But count yourself lucky. Just wait until you see Peter's!"

When we were on our own I put Margaret to bed and gently cuddled her. She nestled into me.

"Oh, John, I'm so, so sorry."

"You love him, don't you?"

"I don't know. I thought so, but..."

"Love, whatever you feel, and whatever you did, you don't deserve all this."

"Oh, John, these wounds really, really hurt. I wish I were dead! And with that Margaret broke down and wept bitterly.

5. Post-Operative Inspections, and Three Smacked Bottoms

As soon as we moved into the palace Soraya began a series of regular checks on our health, and on the healing up of our surgical scars. After about five weeks she concluded that we were sufficiently recovered to undergo the next phase of her chastening. One Saturday morning Margaret and I were summoned to our hostess's royal suite, where we found Soraya and Peter waiting for us. Peter was wearing a mask over his eyes.

On a table were two identical tawses and two identical rattan canes. Soraya took one of the tawses and one of the canes and gave them to me.

"Look after these," she said. "Get your wife to keep them safe, and make sure that she lubricates them well with this." And Soraya handed me a bottle of linseed oil.

"Very well, Margaret," continued Soraya, "Take off all of your clothes please. Come on, don't be shy. Your modesty is protected. Your admirer here is blindfolded."

Margaret was wavering and uncertain so, realising that she had no option but to obey, I urged her on.

"Come on, love. Do what you are asked."

Well, it took some time but eventually my wife was standing before us in all her naked glory, and it made me remember why I had married her. "Wow, lady," I mused. "Circumcised or uncircumcised you are gorgeous!"

“Turn around please, Margaret. Present your bottom to us.” My wife obediently complied with this request and Soraya showed me what I had seen before, namely the clear, neat tattoo, in thick black lettering, that she had stencilled onto Margaret’s right buttock while she had her unconscious in the operating theatre.

“It’s a nice job, isn’t it? I love it when I get the chance to inflict a kinky tattoo in an appropriate place. These modern tattoo guns are very easy to use. I got one sent over to me from the USA. OK, Margaret, we have finished inspecting your rump; your pussy is next—please turn around and present it to us again.”

Soraya then invited me to inspect my wife’s circumcised vagina.

“Look. I shaved off the pubic hair before the surgery but it is beginning to grow back now. Soon there will be a good thick bush of it again and it will cover the scars left by my scalpel.”

Soraya then placed her right forefinger on the scar where Margaret’s left labia used to be, and her middle finger on the scar that had now replaced her right labia; and she then gently prised open the aperture.

“See,” she said, pointing with the forefinger of her left hand to the inside top of the vagina. The clitoris has been stripped out to its roots. The suture is healing up nicely.”

Then she flicked the scar tissue on the outer edges of the labia. “Note how the luxuriant outer folds of the labia majora have been cut off. I am proud of that. It is a neat job—beautiful.”

Soraya then pulled the labia wide open to reveal the interior of the pussy. “Wow! Look!” She exclaimed. “Can you see the labia minora? Neither can I. I have excavated them very neatly. See. If you look carefully you can just see the scar. There!” And, with her left forefinger, she pointed to the evidence of her deft and wicked surgery.

“The effect of such a circumcision on a lady’s coital pleasure is pretty devastating,” Soraya explained. “But the loss of sensation is at its worst when the mutilation is inflicted at a young age. In this case the interior of Margaret’s vagina will have been sensitised by the previous jousts of Venus that she has enjoyed, in the marriage bed and, unfortunately, elsewhere. And, of course, it isn’t just about the clitoris and the labia. The breasts, nipples and other erogenous zones also play a part and Margaret still has those, for you to work on and for her to enjoy. Even so, her coital pleasure will never again be anything like as intense as previously; this is the price that she must pay, for the rest of her life, to atone for her sin.”

At this Margaret broke down, and began to sob, helplessly and uncontrollably. I expected Soraya to meet this response with cold indifference or, perhaps, a smug, self-satisfied grin; but she did not. She threw her arms around her victim's waist and comforted her.

"Come on," she urged. "All is not lost. Stick with me and, along with the pain, I will help you to whatever pleasure I can; and I will do my best to enrich your life with the priceless gift of children."

Then Soraya kissed my wife, fiercely and passionately, on the mouth before pushing her away.

"Right, bitch! Now I am going to inflict the first of your many doses of corporal chastisement!"

Again, I noted, there was a tone of affection in Soraya's voice and she used the term "bitch" in a familiar and friendly fashion, like street-wise black guys sometimes call each other "nigger" and "mother-fucker."

This was a formal chastisement, so Soraya got Margaret to present herself for it in a formal pose, with her legs straight and her fingertips touching her toes.

"Right, I think that twelve with the strap and six with the cane should be sufficient on this occasion. Watch this carefully, John. Let this be an instruction lesson for you. The chastening of your wife is your job, not mine, and in future it will be done by you and not by me. But I will be supervising you and I will insist that the discipline is adequate, firm and effective."

Soraya lined up the tawse just above Margaret's thighs, between her bum hole and her pussy, at her perineum just above the back of her twat, with the end of it lying across and partially covering the neat black inked tattoo on the right buttock. She then raised her right arm. For a few seconds the strap hung tantalisingly in the air. Then Soraya brought it round in a swift, sharp circular movement that curled slightly upwards as it approached its target.

Crack!

The slap rang out loud and shrill as flat, shiny leather smacked flush against plump nubile bum flesh. I watched, horrified but entranced, as Margaret's meaty undercarriage wobbled and shuddered deliciously under the force of the blow, and her short blonde pubic hairs, still growing back to full length and luxuriance after their pre-operative shaving, twitched and quivered. Part of me was appalled at what was going on; Margaret was an unfaithful adulteress but, despite this, she was still the lady that I loved; and there I was--forced to watch in sympathy and

trepidation as she got her bum smacked, and smacked hard. Yet I still had to admire the wicked skill with which Soraya, a consummate dominatrix, bent my wife to her will.

"Wow!" I thought. "That is sweet!"

"Aagh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Meanwhile, Margaret let out a shrill, high-pitched scream at the strap's initial sharp sting, following by a series of loud, lusty yells as, after a few seconds, she began to feel the escalating tingling. The strap rebounded back from off its target to leave a strip of stinging white flesh; and then the white flesh blushed red as blood flowed back into it and it began to tingle.

Crack!

Soraya left it a few seconds for Margaret to feel the full impact of slap number 1; then she gave her another one, slap on slap, exactly on top of the first one.

"Aagh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Margaret screamed and yelled out, this time even shriller, louder and more lustily than before as the stinging and tingling of slap number 2 was incrementally added to the slap that preceded it.

And so it went on until Margaret had taken a full twelve of the best. Twelve times the flat, shiny, sharp slapping leather cracked against plump, succulent bum flesh just above the thighs. Twelve times the nubile buttock meat shuddered and the short pussy hairs quivered; and twelve times the victim cried out against the stinging indignity inflicted upon her.

Soraya landed each slap exactly on top of the one before it and the combined effects of her exertions had a dramatic effect on the recipient. After the twelfth whack Margaret straightened herself up and cavorted around the room madly clutching and rubbing at her beleaguered twat meat. Yet Soraya had been so skilful. That strap, as I was soon to find out myself, stung like hell. Yet it was quite light and it left no serious bruising or permanent damage. After a few minutes Margaret had more or less rubbed away the infuriating tingling and had calmed down enough to take the next instalment of her humiliating punishment.

"Straighten your legs and touch your toes again please. Present your rump to receive the cane."

Margaret adopted the position again and as she did so she presented to me a saucy and alluring view of her trimmed outer labia, nestled invitingly between and at the base of two plump, nubile, meaty buttocks, just above where four taut tendons formed two concave hollows on the top insides of the two upper thighs. Soraya took up the thin, whippy rattan cane and raised it into the air.

“Take this, madam! It hurts me a lot less than it hurts you!”

Fffffff! Crack!

The cane whistled through the air and hit home with a crisp, sharp crack right across the broad meaty middle of the buttocks, onto milk white flesh just above the deep red strip of bum that had recently taken the strap. The thin rattan bit into Margaret’s succulent rump and rebounded back off it to leave a deep ridged cut that, over the next four seconds or so, turned from an anaemic white colour to a deep, rich red.

“Aagh! Oh! Oh! Oh!” The initial sting from the cane slowly escalated into a sharp throbbing smart. Again Soraya paused for several seconds to allow the pain to escalate to a crescendo. Then

Fffffff! Crack!

With wicked precision she gave Margaret her second cut, nestled right into the indentation made by the first one. Thus were a total of 6 cuts inflicted, all of them tightly bunched together into one deep red, aggravated weal, already beginning to turn blue. Unlike the flat strap the cane did not merely slap its target; it bit into it to leave visible stripes that were to turn to blue-black bruises and take more than a week to go away. The pain was so intense that, between the second and third cuts, Margaret burst into helpless sobs; and when she straightened up at the end of her ordeal the tears were streaming down her face. Then my wife ran to me, stark naked as she was, and threw her arms about my neck.

“Oh, John, help me!” she sobbed. “The pain is unbearable! I wish I were dead!”

“There, there, love! Come on! It’s no big deal. It could have been worse. It’s only a schoolgirl spanking with a thin, light junior cane. It will do no lasting damage.”

Next, it was my turn to be tawsed and caned. I received exactly the same punishment as Margaret, and it stung, tingled and throbbed like hell. Apart from the odd involuntary grunt and expletive I managed to take the discipline in comparative silence. I could not, however, restrain myself from hopping from one foot to the other and rubbing my bum vigorously when my ordeal was over. It made me look like a chump but it did a lot to assuage and soothe away the worst of the sting and tingle.

The session ended with the chastisement of Soraya’s husband, Peter. He received double punishment, 24 slaps from the tawse and twelve cuts from the junior cane, and he did not take them well. Soraya hit him hard and from the very first slap he yelped and howled piteously. Then, when the cane began to bite into his rump he

began to weep uncontrollably. In addition, after every few slaps from the tawse and cuts from the cane he jumped to his feet and cavorted around the room frantically rubbing at his beleaguered rump.

"No more! Please, no more!" he sobbed at the end of his ordeal.

"Oh, there will be more than that, my boy," replied Soraya, "Much more! You have wronged and insulted a royal princess of the House of Afarmi and you must pay for it. I will make your rump sting and tingle in atonement once a week, every week, for the rest of your life."

6. Making Babies

A few months after Margaret and I moved into the Royal Palace Soraya told me that she wanted to conceive a baby. Thus it was that, a week before the most fertile night of her monthly cycle, she cut me off from my wife, ensconced me in a separate and isolated bedroom, and imposed solitude and celibacy on me. Then, one morning, she told me to report to her bedroom after our evening meal.

By the time Soraya had got me into bed with her I was wild from sexual frustration. But my mistress refused to let me ejaculate as she skilfully teased and tormented me through the best part of an hour of sexual foreplay. She then kept me on a tight sexual rein as, between sunset and dawn, with consummate amatory art, she slowly and voluptuously engineered four mutual orgasms. Four times that night the tightly circumcised, immobile cock skin on my stiffened penis shaft entered Nirvana. Four times Soraya's vulva spurted and dripped with spend. Four times we both writhed and groaned in orgiastic ecstasy.

Then, as we both lay entwined in an intimate post coital embrace Soraya asked me a question.

"Was that better or worse than sex with Margaret?"

"Better, of course. Thanks to your deft, shrewd, wicked knife work on my wife's genitalia, not to mention your neat, comprehensive excision of my foreskin, shaft skin and frenulum, our sexual pleasure and our enjoyment of our marital couplings will never be the same again. Like deflowered virgins, what we lost that night we'll never get back again. You chopped us, both of us, hard, with venom and spite, and you made Margaret pay in spades for her adultery with your husband."

Soraya gave a smug and complacent smile. "Yes, I did, didn't I? The bitch had it coming to her and I chastised her well. But don't worry. You are no worse off than

many citizens of Abuja. Historically every boy and girl in the sheikdom has been circumcised and the cultural norm for copulation is still circumcised cock up circumcised cunt.”

Then the smile gradually faded from my mistress’s face. “But what was that you said about venom and spite? You are getting a bit too cheeky and insubordinate, young man. Please fetch me the tawse and the junior cane. Let us hope that twelve slaps with the first and six of the best with the second will enforce a more contrite obedience.”

So, as I had already done several times before, I had to touch my toes and get strapped and caned on my bare bottom; and Soraya made sure that I felt it. The slaps from the tawse rang out loud and clear, and the six cuts from the junior cane whistled through the air with an audible swish. What I took was sharp and disciplinary rather than affectionate. Yet affection, good humour, and amusement at my plight were there, in Soraya’s eyes, as she inflicted my punishment. As for me, I was chastened but also aroused. When I took my fingers from off my toes and stood up straight my lover could clearly see that my manhood was at “half cock.” Soon Soraya and I were back in bed again and about forty minutes later we both exploded into our fifth mutual, simultaneous orgasm of the night. Ouch! Little does our eldest child, our daughter Aisha, suspect how sharply her daddy’s bottom was stung, tingled, reddened and striped on the night she was conceived.

All of this happened more than 7 years ago now, and during that time Soraya has born me a total of 5 children, 3 girls and 2 boys, and she is currently pregnant with a sixth. After that, however, I suspect that her child-bearing will cease since by then she will be well into her late 30s.

Meanwhile, at the same time, and with Soraya’s medical assistance, I was also fathering children to my wife, Margaret. Soraya tells Margaret that the pains of childbirth are in part a punishment for her adultery; but there is more to it than that. I have always wanted children, and I have always wanted as many of them as I can get. Thus far there have been six of them, four girls and two boys, with a seventh (another boy) well on the way.

But what about the inter-personal complications and tensions within our *menage a trois*? Well, Muslim men are allowed four wives and Margaret and I have converted to the Muslim faith. Immediately after our conversion, Soraya instructed her elderly retainer Rashid to divorce his four young wives and her husband Peter to divorce her and marry them. Soraya then wedded me, a ceremony that I did not choose, but that I went along with.

To illustrate the dynamics of this new scenario of wives and husband I need to explain the sexual tension and the sexual chemistry between Soraya and Margaret. Into her marriage with me Soraya has retained her role as dominatrix. She continues to hold me, Margaret (and also, incidentally, Peter) on a tight disciplinary rein. I am required to keep Soraya's tawse and junior cane well oiled, and I regularly feel their sting, tingle and throb across my bare bum. In turn, my tawse and junior cane are oiled and maintained by Margaret, and, on Soraya's instructions, and under her close supervision and control, I am frequently required to use them to make Margaret's bare bum sting, tingle and throb.

An interesting aspect of all is the love-hate relationship between Soraya and Margaret. This has strong, powerful Sapphic undertones. Most nights I find myself in bed, entwined into an ecstatic gleesome threesome with both of my ladies; and Soraya and Margaret are making love to each other as well as to me. But their love-making is edgy. Soraya is still resentful of the adultery committed by Margaret with her ex-husband Peter, and she makes me strap and cane her for it regularly. In turn, Margaret fears Soraya, but she also resents her genital mutilation and her continuous strappings and canings. Yet both of my ladies are strongly attracted to each other, locked into a fierce mutual passion; and there is me, in the middle, doing my best to soothe hostilities and to promote peace and harmony. It is a difficult but stimulating and exciting challenge, and, while the situation lasts, I will milk it for all of the pleasure, and all of the children, that I can get.
