

A RECKONING, RECORDED

A Side-Note to the Annex On Breach and Reconsecration — One Couple's Forty-Eight Hours

*Recorded with permission, identities withheld. Not doctrine — an illustration of doctrine, lived.
For adults 18 and over.*

WHY A CASE IS INCLUDED

The documents of this Set teach in the charter voice: principle, structure, law. But couples do not live in the charter voice, and a reckoning read as four numbered parts can feel abstract until it is seen walking down a hillside trail. What follows is a true account from a couple living a covenant of this kind — recorded because it happens to map, almost stage for stage, onto the Annex it now accompanies, though they conducted it by instinct rather than by any book. It sits outside the main structure deliberately: a window, not a wall. Read it as one answer to the question every couple asks the Annex sooner or later — what does a Reckoning actually look like?

THE BREACH

At an office leaving party, in front of his wife, a departing colleague kissed the husband — and he neither pulled away nor much reacted. His wife used the moment as it deserved: not as the offense itself, but as the loose thread. He was locked that night, and the questioning that followed on the next day's walk pulled the thread to its end: months earlier, the same colleague had brought him to climax at his desk while he was on a call, interrupted only by the accidental timing of his wife's unannounced arrival, tidied away and concealed ever since — through every evening ritual between. The kiss was the second offense; the desk was the first; the concealment, renewed nightly, was the gravest. By the Annex's terms, a compounded Breach with the full weight of the second theft upon it.

THE RECKONING, STAGE BY STAGE

Disclosure. She chose her ground: a remote hill trail, effectively private, the two of them alone. There she opened his trousers to the air — cage and all — and, a gardening glove already on one hand, asked her questions with the implement of consequence visible while she asked them. Where, when, what exactly, what else. The full account came out under that questioning, on his feet, exposed, before anything was administered. The audit preceded the sentence, as the Annex requires — the Reckoning cannot begin while any fact is still owed.

The Seal. Fresh stinging nettles, gathered on the spot; six measured taps to the testicles only — two to each side, two beneath — delivered in seconds, the nettles discarded, and the walk resumed. Calm, brief, finished. Authority, not temper: the

sentence spoken by the questioning, the seal merely applied. She gathered dock leaves for later, in the old folk tradition; the honest relief, as the note below explains, was the cool open air itself — which she had already built into the sentence.

The Lasting Consequence. He remained exposed to the air for the duration of the walk — a long jumper dropped for passing walkers and the leash palmed away, restored the moment the trail was theirs again, the couple-on-a-walk silhouette perfect throughout: the Public Theatre's discipline, executed mid-Reckoning. He was walked by a leash clipped to the loop of his scrotal ring, led by the very hardware of his fidelity, forbidden to touch himself — the penalty for reaching being a bare-hand tap on the very site that ached. At home he was kept out, in her sight and beyond his own hands, and he served the remainder of a full forty-eight hours in a flat cage while the sting ran its course — which, in his case, was close to thirty hours even with the dock leaves and cool water. The consequence outlasted the afternoon by two days, as a Breach-level consequence must.

What remains. The couple in question conducted everything above by instinct and, by their own account, consider the matter closed — he will not do it again, and neither of them doubts it. A couple working from this Set would add the Annex's fourth stage: the Articles read aloud out of cycle, both signatures set down anew. The sting settles the flesh; the re-signing settles the vow.

ON THE NETTLE ITSELF

The implement she reached for has a name — urtication — and a documented history older than any implement in the Schedule. Roman folk medicine applied fresh nettles to the male loins and genitals, attested in Petronius' *Satyricon* and consonant with Pliny's catalog of nettle remedies — though for the opposite purpose: to heat and provoke a 'cold' organ, to restore vigor, not to discipline it. The general practice of thrashing the body with nettles for rheumatism and numbness is well documented across centuries of European folk medicine; the genital application is attested in antiquity and plausible in folk continuity, though the old sources record no durations and no dosages — nobody in antiquity was timing the sting. What modern knowledge adds is the mechanism: nettle hairs inject histamine and companion compounds along with oxalic and tartaric acids, and it is the acids that are credited with the prolonged component of the sensation. On ordinary skin the acute burn runs minutes to a couple of hours, with sensitivity documented persisting a day or more; on scrotal skin — thin, densely innervated, and continually re-triggered by warmth, pressure, and movement — the long end of that range is the expected outcome, refreshed by exactly the walking and wearing that a sentence like this one builds in. Thirty hours is consistent, not exceptional. This is why the nettle belongs to Breach-level reckonings and not to casual rotation: its severity is loaded into duration rather than peak, and a consequence measured in days should answer only offenses measured in the same coin.

THE WALKED VARIANT, AND WHY NOT THE PADDLE

A refinement of the same instrument, recorded here from the same couple's continuing practice, for Breach-level use only. The husband is dressed — trousers on, the cage wrapped in film, every surface sheathed except the scrotum presented through the open zipper: the clothing itself enforces the site rules, masking every incidental surface and leaving one deliberate target. He is then walked, on the leash, through a stand of nettles the Regulator has scouted in advance — a narrow funnel of stems at the right height, so the target cannot pass beside them, only through them. He will know what he has done, and he will not want to walk; the leash is the sentence proceeding anyway. Reluctance is part of the scene — the halt word remains reality, and stops everything even mid-patch. Calibration honesty: a walk-through delivers drags, not taps — each stem sweeps a line of stings as he passes, so a handful of stems funneled into one target lands meaningfully heavier than the same count of measured taps, with a longer tail. First use of any stand is therefore a single pass at her slow pace, assessed over the following day before that stand is ever trusted with more; thereafter it becomes a known implement growing in her garden. The paces are counted and called in advance, as the taps were. The plants provide the sting; the arithmetic remains hers.

And the reason this instrument exists at all deserves stating as principle: an implement that lives in the couple's erotic economy cannot price a real betrayal. The paddle, the hand, the cage — the Covenant has spent every document teaching him to receive these as intimacy, ownership, even reward; deployed for a genuine Breach, the sentence arrives pre-softened, and at worst pays him for the offense. The nettle answers this precisely because it sits outside that economy: nothing in this Set eroticizes it, its severity is loaded into duration rather than peak so it cannot ride the arc a paddling can, and it follows him into ordinary life for a day and more, where finishment never goes. Every household governed by these documents should hold at least one instrument that is only ever a consequence — reserved, never played with, never mixed into the tease rotation — so that its appearance means one thing, without translation. In this house, that instrument grows wild on a hillside.

A WORD OF CAUTION

Read before any use of nettles, without exception:

Nettle stings work by injecting histamine, among other compounds. People vary enormously in histamine sensitivity, and a minority react far beyond the intended sting. Before any first use, apply a small test patch on ordinary skin — forearm or thigh — and wait a full day. Any spreading hives, swelling beyond the immediate site, faintness, or any change in breathing is an emergency, not a scene: stop, treat, and

seek medical help. Anyone with a history of severe allergic reactions, anaphylaxis, or significant histamine intolerance should not use nettles at all, anywhere, for any purpose.

Modern antihistamines are worth knowing about in both directions. An oral antihistamine taken after the fact can meaningfully blunt the histamine-driven itch, wheal, and swelling if a reaction runs stronger than intended — a sensible thing to have in the cabinet whenever nettles are in the Schedule. Note honestly, though, that antihistamines address the histamine component, not the acid-driven lingering sting, so they are a safety net, not an off-switch — and taking one beforehand to 'pre-soften' the experience defeats the purpose while masking the early signs of a genuine reaction, which is the one thing you want visible.

Site rules are absolute: never the urethral opening, never broken or irritated skin, never anywhere bodily fluids will subsequently go, and nothing beyond the deliberate, counted contact intended. Cool water, open air, and time are the honest relief; dock leaves are tradition and comfort. And as with every implement in this Set: the halt signals govern, the Schedule's ceilings apply, and genuine medical symptoms end everything immediately and without debate.

Doctrine teaches. A recorded case convinces. This couple, who never read the book, wrote one of its best pages.

A guide only. Not medical advice. For consenting adults, 18 and over.