

THE COVENANT SET

An Introduction to the Four Documents

For consenting adults, eighteen and over

WHAT YOU ARE HOLDING

You are holding a framework for a particular kind of marriage: one built on consensual power exchange, formal discipline, and total mutual devotion. In this arrangement, the wife governs and the husband serves — deliberately, completely, and by his own choice — because both partners believe that a marriage with one clear center runs deeper, holds longer, and builds more than a marriage of two negotiated equals drifting on goodwill. These pages take that belief seriously enough to write it down, sign it, and hang it on the wall.

Be warned honestly at the door: the documents inside do not flinch. They speak of chastity and keys, of a husband over his wife's lap, of corrections agreed in advance and delivered without appeal, of restraint, endurance, and marks. If that is not for you, close the folder with our blessing — this framework is one deliberate way to be married, not a verdict on any other. But if something in that list quickened rather than repelled you, read on. You are exactly who this was written for.

THE TWO IDEAS UNDERNEATH EVERYTHING

The first idea: structure is not the enemy of passion — vagueness is. Most couples who play with power do it in fragments: a game one night, an apology the next morning, no memory, no growth, no floor to stand on. These documents replace fragments with architecture. Everything is discussed before it happens, written before it is signed, and signed before it is done. The halt word is agreed before the first correction. The limits are recorded before the first implement is chosen. What looks like bureaucracy is actually the thing that makes real intensity possible: nobody can surrender completely to something they secretly fear has no rules.

The second idea: this only works in the light. Every page of this set assumes two adults who have read every other page — aloud, together, sober, unhurried. Nothing here is designed to be introduced gradually by concealment, softened by omission, or discovered later. A partner persuaded by a partial version has consented to nothing. If you take one sentence from this introduction, take this one: full disclosure, gradual implementation. Show everything; begin gently; let the one who governs decide the pace. The Covenant's entire moral foundation is a single fact — she chose this, with open eyes — and that fact is only true if the eyes were actually open.

THE FOUR DOCUMENTS

The set contains five documents. Read them in this order, and read all five before signing any.

The Articles of Submission and Ownership — The vow. The governing charter of the dynamic: his surrender, her authority, her binding standard, and the permanence of the whole. This is the document that hangs on the wall, and the one every other document serves.

The Schedule of Limits — The engineering. Signals and safewords, health disclosure, the implements and corrections marked welcomed or forbidden, ceilings of intensity, restraint and its safety rules, the discipline of stillness, and aftercare. The Articles have no force until this is completed — where the vow speaks in absolutes and the Schedule speaks in limits, the Schedule wins. It is also where nearly all of the safety knowledge lives; treat it as the load-bearing wall.

The Rite of Beginning — The threshold. A nine-stage ceremony for the night of first signing — the reading, the disrobing, the locking, the first correction, and the sealing of the covenant. Performed once, remembered always.

The Protocols of the Public Theatre — The world outside. How the dynamic operates invisibly in public: her station at his side, her study of him, the record and the debrief, and the creed of the house — the philosophy of undivided attention that the whole configuration rests on.

The Discipline of Desire — The fire. A guide to teasing, denial, and the refusal of the key — how seven deliberate days build a heat that no unlocked marriage can quite reproduce.

HOW TO BEGIN

Slowly. The documents describe a mature dynamic in full flower; no couple starts there, and none should. Read the whole set together first — all of it, including the parts you suspect are beyond you. Then complete the Schedule honestly, and mark most of it closed. A beginning Covenant might contain nothing more than the daily standard, the open hand, and the evening ritual — that is not a diluted version of this system; it is this system, done correctly. The Schedule exists precisely so the dynamic can grow at the pace of the one who governs it: limits loosen only in writing, only together, and only when she moves them. Let the architecture be ambitious and the first steps be small.

And talk — before, during, after, always. The couples who thrive inside structures like this one are not the ones who needed rules to replace conversation. They are the ones who talk so well that they could finally afford rules this strong.

WHAT THIS SET IS NOT

It is not a legal document, and it binds nothing but two consciences. It is not medical advice, and the safety knowledge inside it is a floor, not a ceiling — read further, learn more, and when in doubt, do less. It is not a tool for persuading a reluctant partner; reluctance is an answer, and the answer is no. It is not for anyone under eighteen, in any role, in any circumstance. And it is not a claim that every marriage should look like this one. It is a claim that this marriage — the one whose two signatures will appear on these pages — has looked at every other way of doing it, and chosen.

Five documents. Two signatures. One center.

Read everything. Hide nothing. Begin gently. Renew deliberately.

ON DISCIPLINE AND ABUSE

How to tell a covenant from harm, and what to do if it is harm

A companion to the Covenant Set — For Adults 18 and Over

THE LINE IS NOT FINE

People say there is a fine line between what these documents describe and abuse. From outside it can look that way. From inside it is one of the brightest lines there is, and this library exists in large part to draw it. Nothing in these pages condones assault, coercion, or the harming of any person who has not freely chosen it.

Two acts can look identical and be opposites, because what separates them is not the act. It is consent, negotiation, recorded limits, the power to stop it, and what happens afterwards. That is precisely why every practice here is written down, bounded, and signed. An abuser needs vagueness. A covenant cannot function without clarity.

WHAT A COVENANT LOOKS LIKE

It is agreed in advance, in writing, by two sober adults. Limits are recorded before anything happens. There is a halt word that stops everything, always, and its use is never punished. Either party may pause or withdraw at any time. Correction comes from authority and never from anger. Care afterwards is a duty rather than a favour. Both parties are bound by a standard — hers is written into Article Eight precisely so this is never one-sided. Nothing is hidden from the other. And the person being governed becomes freer, more confident, and more himself over time.

WHAT ABUSE LOOKS LIKE

It is imposed, assumed, or extracted by pressure. The rules change without warning or agreement. Saying stop is ignored, mocked, or punished. Leaving is threatened against, or made impossible. Correction arrives with temper, and often with drink. Afterwards there is silence, blame, or contempt. One party is above the rules entirely. There is secrecy from friends, family, and doctors. And the person subject to it becomes smaller, frightened, and isolated.

The clearest single test is the halt signal. Where a word does not stop things, there is no covenant present — whatever has been signed, and whatever either person calls it.

FOR THE ONE WHO RECOGNISES THE SECOND LIST

If you have read that description and found your own life in it, that is worth taking seriously, and it is not a failure of yours. Abuse is not made acceptable by having agreed to something once, by having enjoyed part of it, by having signed a document, or by being a man rather than a woman. Support exists in almost every country, it is free, and it is

confidential. Search for your national domestic abuse organisation, and if a device may be monitored, use a different one.

If you are in immediate danger, contact emergency services. In the United Kingdom that is 999, and if you cannot speak, press 55 when prompted.

A NOTE ON THE LAW

Consent does not settle every legal question. In the United Kingdom and in many other jurisdictions, agreement between adults is not a defence to charges arising from serious physical harm, and the law differs sharply from country to country. Nothing here is legal advice. Anyone practising what these documents describe should understand the law where they actually live.

WHY THIS PAGE EXISTS

Not to protect an author. A framework that cannot tell the difference between devotion and harm has no business describing either — and a couple who cannot say which side of that line they are on should stop until they can.

A framework that cannot tell the difference between devotion and harm has no business describing either.

A LETTER TO THE WIFE

For the woman who has been asked, and is not yet sure

A companion to the Covenant Set — For Adults 18 and Over

YOU WERE ASKED

Someone has put these documents in front of you, and whatever else is true, that fact matters: you were asked, not told. Nothing here begins until you decide it does. If you read no further than this page and want none of it, that is a complete answer and the Set says so in three separate places. What follows is written for the woman who is curious, or willing, or already halfway in — and who has questions nobody around her can be asked.

“DOES WANTING THIS MAKE ME CRUEL?”

This is the first fear and the most common one, so let it be answered plainly. No. What makes an act cruel is that it is unwanted, unagreed, and unwelcome — not that it stings. You are being asked, by a grown man in his right mind, to do something he wants, has thought about, and will thank you for. That is the opposite of cruelty; it is a request for care in a particular shape.

And it is worth knowing that the discomfort you feel about enjoying it is almost universal at the start, and almost universally passes. Most women in this position report the same arc: reluctance, then curiosity, then the discovery that they are rather good at it, and then — the part nobody warns you about — that they like being good at it. There is nothing wrong with you for arriving anywhere on that road, including at the beginning.

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BECOME SOMEONE ELSE

Authority is not a costume, and you are not required to shout, stalk about in leather, or produce a personality you do not have. The women who do this best are usually not the loudest; they are the calmest. Command in this Covenant is quiet — it looks like deciding, watching, and not hurrying. If your natural register is warm and steady rather than theatrical, you already have the harder half of it.

Nor must you invent desires you lack. You are permitted to begin by doing this because it delights him and because you are curious, and to let your own appetite arrive in its own time. It usually does. What you must not do is pretend to want things you do not want; that is the one dishonesty this whole framework cannot survive.

THE QUESTION YOU SHOULD ACTUALLY BE ASKING

Not “am I hurting him?” but “who is really in charge here?” The commonest failure in arrangements like this is not injury. It is the husband who submits with one hand and steers with the other — who suggests, hints, sulks when the answer is no, and quietly writes the script he claims to be following. It is so common it has a name in the wider world: topping from the bottom.

Watch for it, because it hollows everything out. If every session goes the way he would have chosen, if a refusal is met with a mood rather than acceptance, if he is disappointed by your restraint rather than governed by it — then you are not the Regulator, you are the staff. The remedy is simple and immediate: refuse something he wants, at a moment of your choosing, for no stated reason. His response will tell you exactly what you have. A man who accepts that gracefully has given you real authority. A man who cannot has given you a performance of it.

BEGIN ABSURDLY SMALL

You will be handed a set of documents describing a mature dynamic in full flower, and you should ignore most of it for now. Nobody starts there. A first month might contain nothing but a fixed evening ritual, the flat of your hand, and one standard he must meet daily. That is not a watered-down version of this system; the Introduction says it outright — that is this system, done correctly.

Mark most of the Schedule closed. Everything can be opened later; nothing has to be. Limits loosen only in writing, only together, and only when you move them — which means the pace of this is not his to set, however eager he is. Take longer than he wants. It will do him good, and it will let you find out what you actually think before you are asked to have opinions about implements.

WHAT HE IS ACTUALLY ASKING FOR

It will look like he is asking for pain. He is not, or not chiefly. What he is asking for is attention — to be watched closely, held to a standard, corrected when he drifts, and known by someone who has taken responsibility for him. The discipline is the instrument; being seen is the thing.

Which is why the part of this that will matter most to him is the part that looks least dramatic to you: that you notice. When you tell him he was closed off at dinner, or that his work has slipped, or that you saw him do something well — you are doing the central work of this Covenant. The rest is punctuation.

AND WHAT YOU GET

This should be said, because these documents ask a great deal of you and it would be dishonest to pretend it is charity. Done properly, you acquire a husband who is attentive, ambitious, and immediately responsive to you — not through

manipulation, but because he has asked you to hold him to a standard and you have agreed to do it. Most wives spend years hinting. You will be able to simply say.

You also acquire something rarer: a marriage with a clear centre, in which nothing important is unspoken and the drift that quietly kills most marriages has nowhere to accumulate unseen. That is not his gift to you. It is what the two of you build, and Article Eight of the Articles binds you to your own standard precisely so it never becomes a one-way arrangement.

WHAT YOU ARE ACTUALLY BUILDING

It is worth understanding that this is not only a private arrangement for the bedroom. The Covenant is built to make a man more, and the ambition in it is plain: to take a competent husband and produce a formidable one. That means his focus, his earnings, and his standing are all inside your remit, and the elevation is meant to run somewhere — out of employment and into ownership, out of adequate and into considerable. What you are agreeing to govern is not merely his conduct. It is his trajectory.

Which raises the question of his employer, and here the distinction matters. A boss buys some of his hours and is owed them; without that money there is no household, and no sensible Regulator pretends otherwise. But an employer rents a portion of his time. You govern the whole man — including the part that decides whether he is still selling his hours in ten years or buying someone else's. He answers to you not because your word outranks a contract, but because you hold the standard on behalf of the family, and the family is the thing the contract is supposed to serve.

That phrase is the useful one: he answers to you on behalf of what you are both building. It is not obedience for its own sake, and it is not whim. It means the authority you hold is held for a reason, and it binds you as much as him — which is precisely what Article Eight of the Articles says when it makes your own standard part of the law.

And be ready for what success brings. A man who becomes genuinely formidable becomes visible, and visible men attract interest they did not attract before — professionally, socially, and otherwise. The answer to that is not vigilance against every woman in the room, which is exhausting and corrosive. It is the architecture itself: a husband who is examined daily, whose evenings are accounted for, and who has no private compartment left to conduct anything from. You build the man; the structure keeps him.

YOUR ABSOLUTE RIGHTS

You may stop anything, at any moment, for any reason or none. You may say no without explanation. You may change your mind about something you previously agreed. You may end the whole arrangement while keeping the marriage. And

nothing you agree to in writing overrides any of that — the Schedule of Limits and the halt signals govern every page of this Set, including the ones that speak in absolutes.

If any of that is ever questioned, argued with, or made costly, you are no longer looking at this Covenant. You are looking at something wearing its clothes, and the page in this library titled On Discipline and Abuse will tell you the difference in two columns.

You were asked. Everything in this library depends on that remaining true.

A LETTER TO THE WIFE WHO SEES IT FIRST

*For the woman whose husband is drifting, and who does not know what she is allowed
to do about it*

A companion to the Covenant Set — For Adults 18 and Over

WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WATCHING

You have noticed something he has not said. The evenings have flattened. The ambition that used to run through him has gone quiet. He is working, or not quite working, and coming home smaller than he left. He talks less, or talks about nothing. He is not unhappy in any way he would ever name — he is simply diminishing, and he seems to have stopped noticing that he is.

And you can see it, because you are the one person positioned to. You have also, probably, tried the ordinary remedies: asking what is wrong, encouraging him, leaving him alone, waiting for it to pass. None of them worked, because none of them were the right instrument. What follows is written for you — the wife who sees it first and does not know what she is permitted to do about it.

FIRST, AND BEFORE ANYTHING: IS THIS DRIFT, OR IS IT ILLNESS?

This distinction matters more than any other page in this library, so make it honestly before you go further. Drift is a man who has lost direction, structure, and challenge — who has coasted, softened, and gone slack because nothing has demanded anything of him in years. That is what this Covenant is built to answer.

Depression is a different thing entirely. If he is sleeping far too much or barely at all, if he has lost interest in everything rather than merely in effort, if he has spoken of being a burden or of not wanting to be here, if he is drinking to get through the day, if the weight has fallen off him or piled on — that is not a man who needs structure. That is a man who needs a doctor, and structure imposed on a depressed man does not lift him. It confirms what he already believes about himself: that he is failing and is now being managed for it.

If there is any doubt at all, the doctor comes first and this library waits. It will still be here in six months. And if he has ever spoken of ending his life, set this aside entirely and get help today — not from these pages, but from someone qualified.

THE THIRD STATE: STUCK

There is a condition between drift and illness, and it is the commonest of the three. He is not slack and he is not ill. He is locked. He is carrying too much, running hot, holding several things together at once, and he has not put any of it down in months. The quiet you are seeing is not emptiness — it is a man with no spare capacity left for conversation, humour, or you.

The reason this state persists is specific: a man in it usually cannot give himself permission to stop. Rest feels like failure, and failure is the thing he is running from, so he keeps going while getting steadily worse at everything. Telling such a man to relax achieves nothing. He knows. He cannot do it, because the decision to stop is one more decision and he has none left.

WHY THE RESET WORKS

This is where the discipline in these documents earns its place, and it is worth understanding what it is actually doing, because it will not look therapeutic from the outside.

An hour over your lap does several things at once. It removes every decision from him — for that hour he is not managing anything, and there is nothing he could be doing instead. It forces him into his body and out of his head; nobody ruminates about a contract while being paddled steadily, and that interruption of the loop is often the first break in it he has had for weeks. It supplies exhaustion he did not have to arrange. And the aftermath — the drop, the warmth, the being held afterward — lands on a nervous system that has been braced for a very long time.

But the essential part is the one he could never have given himself: he did not choose to let go. He was made to. For a man who cannot rest because resting feels like quitting, being taken out of command entirely is not indulgence — it is the only door that opens. He is not permitted to be responsible for an hour, and that permission has to come from someone else or it does not count.

Couples who use this deliberately describe the same effect afterwards: perspective returns, the problem he was strangling shrinks to its actual size, and he can think again. Half an hour to an hour is the usual range. It is a reset, not a cure — it does not fix an unmanageable job or an impossible year. What it does is give him back the man who has to face them.

TELLING THE THREE APART

Look at what has gone missing. If it is direction and appetite, and he has coasted somewhere comfortable and stopped reaching, that is drift, and structure is the answer. If it is capacity — he still cares, still wants, but has nothing left and cannot stop long enough to recover — that is stuck, and the reset is the answer, along with a serious conversation about what he is carrying and why. If it is pleasure itself — nothing reaches him, nothing is wanted, and the darkness has begun to speak about

his worth or his existence — that is illness, and a doctor comes before anything in this library.

You may see more than one at once. A man can be stuck for a year and then drift once the stress finally breaks him. Treat what you see first, and reassess in a month rather than assuming you got it right.

“I want to say something and I want you to hear all of it before you answer. I have been watching you for a while, and I think you have been carrying something on your own that you should not have been carrying on your own. You have gone quiet. Not unhappy — quiet. And smaller. I do not think that is who you are, and I am not willing to keep watching it happen and saying nothing.

I am not asking you to explain yourself, and this is not a complaint. I want to propose something different. I want to take a proper hand in this — in what you are aiming at, in what I expect of you, in holding you to it. Not because you are failing. Because you are worth more than this and someone should be saying so out loud.”

Then stop, and let him answer. Do not fill the silence. Whatever comes next — relief, defensiveness, tears, a joke to deflect it — is information, and all of it is normal. Men are rarely spoken to like this and almost never by someone who means it.

WHAT HE MAY DO

He may bristle, because being seen is uncomfortable and his first instinct will be to defend the version of himself he has been maintaining. Give that a day. It usually softens once he realises you were not attacking him.

He may deflect, joke, or agree too quickly to end the conversation. Do not accept an easy yes; come back to it once, calmly, and ask again when he has had time.

Or he may simply be relieved — and some men, at this point, will be visibly moved, because nobody has taken an interest in what they might become for a very long time. If that happens, do not make anything of it. Let him have the moment and move on to what happens next.

THEN GIVE HIM THE WORDS

Once he has heard it from you, hand him the reading rather than trying to explain a whole framework aloud. Give him the Introduction to the Covenant Set and A Letter to the Husband, and tell him honestly that there is more, that some of it will surprise him, and that he may read all of it whenever he likes.

Then let him take his time. The one thing that will ruin this is pressing him for an answer before he has one. You have opened a door; you are not required to push him through it.

BE HONEST ABOUT YOUR OWN MOTIVE

One caution, and it is for your sake rather than his. Ask yourself whether you actually want this — or whether you only want him fixed.

A dynamic entered purely as rescue tends not to last. If you have no appetite for the authority itself, you will find the daily work of it tiresome within a month, and he will feel the moment you begin performing rather than governing. That is worse for him than never having started.

It is entirely acceptable to begin from love and concern rather than desire — many women do, and the appetite frequently arrives later. But be honest with yourself about which it is, and be honest with him too. This framework cannot survive a pretence, in either direction.

START SMALLER THAN FEELS USEFUL

Whatever you agree, begin with almost nothing: one standard he must meet each day, one fixed time each evening when you ask him how it went and tell him plainly what you saw. No implements, no ceremony, nothing from the later documents. Six weeks of that will tell you both more than any amount of discussion.

And if it works, you will notice the change before he does — in his posture, his focus, and the fact that he has started doing things before being asked. That is the system beginning to run. Everything else in this library is built on top of that foundation, and none of it works without it.

IF HE SAYS NO

Then that is his answer, and it must be allowed to stand. You cannot govern a man who has not asked to be governed, and a structure imposed on an unwilling husband is not this Covenant — it is simply control, and it will make him smaller rather than larger.

Say your piece once, well, and leave the door open. Many men return to a conversation like this months later, on their own terms, having thought about it in private. That is the version that lasts. And if he never does, you will at least have done the thing almost nobody does for a struggling man: you told him the truth, and you offered to help carry it.

He has been sinking politely. You are the only one who can say so.

If his low mood may be depression rather than drift, speak to a doctor first. This library will wait.

A LETTER TO THE HUSBAND

For the man who wants to ask, and does not know how

A companion to the Covenant Set — For Adults 18 and Over

BEFORE YOU ASK

You want to put something in front of her, and you are afraid of how it will land. That fear is appropriate and worth keeping — it will make you do this properly. What follows is for the man who has not asked yet, or has asked badly, or has been living half of this in silence and wants it above board.

ASK WITH EVERYTHING ON THE TABLE

The single most damaging thing you can do is reveal this in instalments — the soft version first, the rest once she is used to it. Do not. A wife who agrees to a partial picture has agreed to nothing, and the day she discovers what was withheld, you will not have a covenant. You will have a bait-and-switch with her signature on it, and every reassurance you ever gave her will be retrospectively suspect.

So give her everything: the whole Set, including the parts you suspect she will dislike, and say plainly that it is all there. Then make the offer that actually matters — that she sets the pace, marks most of it closed, and opens nothing she does not want. Full disclosure, gradual implementation. That sentence is the difference between a proposal and a manipulation.

HER YES MUST BE FREE, OR IT IS WORTHLESS

Not extracted at 2 a.m. after an argument. Not obtained by sulking, by repetition, or by making the alternative uncomfortable. Not gathered from a woman who agrees because it is easier than the conversation. You will know the difference and so will she, and a yes of that kind poisons everything downstream, because you will never again be certain whether she wants this or is managing you.

Ask once, properly. Then stop asking. Give her weeks if she needs them. If she needs months, give her months. The whole architecture rests on one fact — that she chose it with her eyes open — and you cannot build that fact later.

THE HARDEST DISCIPLINE IS NOT THE ONE YOU ARE IMAGINING

It is not the paddle. It is refraining from steering. You have almost certainly rehearsed this in your head for years, in detail, and you will arrive with strong

opinions about how it should go. Every one of those opinions is a threat to the thing you are asking for.

If you suggest, hint, correct her technique, sulk when refused, or show disappointment when she chooses differently than you would — you are not submitting. You are directing while pretending not to, and she will feel it even if she cannot name it. The test is simple and you should invite it: when she refuses you something you badly want, for no reason she cares to give, receive it well. Thank her. That single act does more to establish this dynamic than a hundred willing corrections.

HER PACE, NOT YOURS

She will move slower than you want. This is correct, and impatience here is the commonest way men lose what they have just been given. If she wants nothing but an evening routine for three months, that is the arrangement — and if you sigh about it, you have told her that her authority is contingent on her using it the way you like, which is the opposite of what you claim to want.

Understand also that she may need to arrive at her own appetite gradually. Many women begin doing this because it pleases their husband and discover their own taste for it later. That process cannot be rushed and is very easily ruined by pressure.

MAKE IT WORTH HER EFFORT

This is not free for her. She is being asked to take responsibility, learn safety, watch you closely, and carry a standard of her own — the Articles bind her to that in Article Eight. If the arrangement makes your life richer and hers merely more laborious, it will not last, and it will not deserve to.

So do the work: be visibly better because of it. Meet the standards. Do the things she should not have to ask for. And attend to her as closely as she attends to you — she is not staff, and a Regulator who feels used will stop governing long before she says so.

IF SHE SAYS NO

Then that is the answer, and this library says so plainly in three separate places. It is not an opening position, a first offer, or something to be revisited every few months in slightly different words. Pressing a refusal is exactly the behaviour that makes men in this position dangerous rather than devoted.

You may of course tell her, once, that the door remains open if she ever changes her mind, and then genuinely leave it. Many couples arrive at some version of this years later, by her route rather than yours. None arrive because they were worn down.

WHAT THIS IS ACTUALLY FOR

Understand what you are asking her to take on, because it is larger than an evening ritual. This Covenant is built to make you more — to take the man you are and produce the one you intend to become. Your drive, your earnings, and your standing all fall inside her remit, and that is the point rather than an accident of it. If you want this only for the discipline and not for what the discipline is for, you are asking her to run half a system.

Which means the ambition has to be real and it has to be shared. The direction is out of employment and into ownership — self-employed, then employing, then holding more than one thing. Say that to her, in those words, because it changes what she is agreeing to. She is not merely agreeing to correct you. She is agreeing to build with you, and she is entitled to know that the plan has a destination and that she is a partner in it rather than a supervisor of your habits.

On the matter of your employer: be honest, and do not use her authority as a stick to beat your job with. A boss buys some of your hours and is owed them properly; without that income nothing else stands. But he rents a portion of your time — she governs the whole man, and you answer to her on behalf of what the two of you are building. That is the distinction worth holding: not obedience for its own sake, but accountability to the household above every other claim on you. There will be weeks when work must win the day. There should never be a year when it wins the marriage.

And prepare, in advance and together, for what rising brings. Climbing means longer hours before it means shorter ones, rooms you have not earned yet, people left behind, and — plainly — attention you did not previously attract, from those who notice a man on the way up. Agree now how such things are handled, disclosed, and shut down, while it is theoretical and easy. The couples who fail this do not fail because temptation appeared. They fail because nothing had been decided before it did.

NAME IT HONESTLY

Last, and most useful: know what you are actually asking for, and say that instead of the mechanics. You are not, in truth, asking primarily to be hurt. You are asking to be governed, watched, held to something, and known — by the one person whose judgement you would accept. Say that. It is truer, it is less alarming, and it explains the rest.

A wife who understands that this is a request for her attention rather than an appetite for pain will find the whole thing far easier to say yes to — and far easier to enjoy once she does.

Ask once, ask completely, and then let her decide. That is the whole of it.

THE ARTICLES OF SUBMISSION AND OWNERSHIP

A Private Covenant Between Husband and Wife

ARTICLE ONE — ELIGIBILITY, CONSENT, AND SOUND MIND

This Covenant may be entered into only by two adults, each of whom is eighteen (18) years of age or older, and each of whom is of sound mind, free judgement, and full sobriety at the moment of signing. It is a private agreement between husband and wife. It is not a legal instrument, carries no force of law, and creates no obligation that either party cannot lay down.

Both parties affirm that they sign freely, without pressure, coercion, or fear; that they have read every Article aloud together; and that they understand consent is a living thing. It is given here in full — and though the language of this Covenant speaks of permanence, both parties acknowledge that consent may be paused or withdrawn at any time by either party, and that a single agreed word or signal shall halt all discipline without question, argument, or penalty. The strength of this document does not come from the impossibility of leaving it. It comes from the daily choice to stay within it.

ARTICLE TWO — THE PREAMBLE OF SURRENDER

By affixing my signature to this document, I formally acknowledge my standing as the property of my wife. This surrender is not weakness; it is a deliberate, strategic choice. I selected her to serve as my Regulator because I require her absolute authority to reach my highest potential. Whatever titles I carry beyond our door — professional authority, corporate rank, logistical command — within the boundaries of this union I am a subordinate asset. Her authority over my body, my conduct, and my discipline is complete. This document serves as the supreme governing framework of our shared existence.

ARTICLE THREE — THE MANDATE OF CHASTITY AND VULNERABILITY

My biology is not my own. I accept that my baseline state is one of locked containment and deliberate, constant vulnerability. I relinquish all claim to comfort, defense, or release. The key belongs exclusively to the Regulator, and my body remains denied, anchored, and openly presented for her discipline at all

times. Vulnerability is not my humiliation; it is my offering. It is the daily, physical proof that my trust in her is total.

ARTICLE FOUR — THE NATURE OF DISCIPLINE

Discipline is not cruelty; it is the fundamental mechanism of order. When my wife's palm is brought down upon me, she reminds me who leads and who follows. My body may jump, my breath may break, and my skin may burn, but I am required to stay in place and endure. That is true discipline. I do not decide whether I like it, and I hold no vote in its execution. I accept it because it pleases her — and if it pleases her, it is her law.

ARTICLE FIVE — THE MARK OF OWNERSHIP AND THE NIGHTLY ROUTINE

The sting on my skin is the mark of my wife's hand — the definitive proof that I belong to her. When I resist, I am spanked. When I hesitate, I am spanked. When she simply wishes to see me bend over her lap and take it, I am spanked. The red glow she leaves is her signature: a physical sign that I am trained and obedient. I further submit to the Nightly Routine without exception. No matter how grueling my day, no matter how heavy my earlier corrections, I will present myself for my evening discipline before my day is permitted to conclude.

ARTICLE SIX — OPERATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND CORRECTION

Laziness, procrastination, or any decline in the standard of my professional, financial, or domestic output is a direct challenge to this dynamic. My drive and my focus are assets of the estate. Any failure to meet the required standard shall be met with immediate, calibrated correction of the Regulator's choosing, drawn from and bounded by the Schedule of Limits. I accept that my body bears the physical cost of my inefficiency — and that the correction ends only when she is satisfied the lesson has landed.

ARTICLE SEVEN — THE SCHEDULE OF LIMITS

Absolute authority does not mean careless authority. Attached to this Covenant, and inseparable from it, is the Schedule of Limits — the companion document in which both parties record the disciplines that are welcomed, the ceilings that bound them, the acts that are off the table, the halt signals that override every Article, and the safety knowledge that governs impact, correction, restraint, and the Sentinel. These Articles do not stand without the Schedule. No signature below has force until the Schedule has been completed together, aloud, and

signed by both parties, and no correction may ever exceed what the Schedule permits.

The Regulator binds herself to honor the Schedule without exception, to attend to the Asset's body and spirit after every correction as the Schedule requires, and to watch his health, his marks, and his mind with the vigilance of an owner who prizes what she owns. Aftercare is not a courtesy. It is her duty, as surely as endurance is his. Where the Schedule tightens a limit, it binds instantly; where these Articles speak in absolutes and the Schedule speaks in limits, the Schedule prevails.

ARTICLE EIGHT — THE SYMBIOTIC MANDATE (THE REGULATOR'S STANDARD)

This architecture is built on mutual elevation. Just as the Asset is bound to obedience, the Regulator is bound to her standard. Her duty is to forge his focus, build his confidence, and project unimpeachable status and grace at his side in the public and professional theatre. She must push him to succeed — and she must match that effort in her own life, for if she abandons her excellence, she fails the system she commands. Her dominance is the catalyst for his conquests. The pair operate under one singular truth: when the asset succeeds, the Regulator succeeds.

ARTICLE NINE — PERMANENCE AND THE GRAND RENEWAL

This Covenant is spoken for life. It is a vow of the same weight and the same gravity as the marriage that houses it, and it may be ended only as a marriage may be ended — deliberately, soberly, and together; never casually, never in anger, and never by one party's silence. Until death do us part is not a figure of speech in this house. Choices were made, and we stand by them.

Once every ten years, upon the anniversary of the Date of Surrender, husband and wife shall hold the Grand Renewal: this Covenant is read aloud in full, its cost is counted honestly, and both signatures are set down again by hand. The Grand Renewal does not question the Covenant and cannot end it — the vow is not on trial. It is a re-consecration: the deliberate payment, a decade at a time, of what permanence costs, so that the Covenant is carried forward by choice rather than by momentum. The Schedule of Limits, being the working engineering of the vow rather than the vow itself, is reviewed annually as it prescribes; limits may be tightened by either party at any moment of any day, and loosened only in writing, together.

CLOSING DECLARATION

A man stands by his choice, by his words, and by his actions. I will bend to one person only: my wife, and her alone. And she, in accepting my surrender, binds herself to be worthy of it — today, and every day this Covenant stands.

IN WITNESS OF EACH OTHER, AND NO ONE ELSE

Signature of the Husband / Asset: _____

Printed Name: _____

Signature of the Wife / Regulator: _____

Printed Name: _____

Date of Surrender: _____

Date of Most Recent Grand Renewal (every ten years):

Schedule of Limits completed and signed on:

Agreed Halt Word (recorded in full in the Schedule):

For adults of eighteen years and over. Entered freely, with full and informed consent of both parties.

ON BREACH AND RECONSECRATION

Annex to the Articles of Submission and Ownership — For Adults 18 and Over

I. Correction and Breach Are Not the Same

The Schedule prices failures of standard: the lazy afternoon, the closed-off evening, the fumbled introduction. These are infractions — failures within the Covenant, and the Covenant's ordinary instruments settle them. A Breach is a different order of thing. A Breach is not a failure within the system; it is an attack upon the system itself — upon the vow, upon the ownership, upon the transparency by which the Regulator governs. It is named here separately so that no one may ever pretend it was merely an infraction, and so that its reckoning may never be mistaken for an ordinary correction.

II. The Law of the Body

This was supposed to be obvious, and it is written here precisely because the surrounding culture has decided to treat the obvious as negotiable. In marriage, each gave the other access to their body — his to her at any time, hers to him at any time, exercised always within reason and within privacy. What was given wholly to one cannot be lent, in any part, to another. His body is her property and her access, hers alone; no other hand has any right upon it, and no other person has the right to draw from her property what belongs to her — least of all its pleasure. To permit another's touch is theft from her. To seek it is treason against the vow. There is no small version of this. A kiss unresisted is a Breach. Anything more is a Breach compounded.

III. Concealment Is the Second Theft

And the gravest count is often not the act but the silence after it. A husband who conceals a Breach presents himself for the Nightly Routine while hiding what her property has been used for — he counterfeits, evening after evening, the very transparency the whole Covenant runs on, and every day of concealment is the offense renewed. A Regulator can only govern what she can see; concealment blinds her, and blinding the Regulator is a strike at the Covenant's machinery itself. Therefore concealment is counted separately from the act it hides, and priced higher. Confession made freely and at once is the one mitigation this annex recognizes; discovery is none.

IV. The Reckoning

A Breach does not receive a punishment. It receives a Reckoning, and a Reckoning has four parts, in order. First, full disclosure: the whole account given under her questioning

— where, when, how many times, what was said, what was hidden — retold until nothing remains in shadow, for the Reckoning cannot begin while any fact is still owed. Second, the consequence that outlasts an afternoon: extended containment, suspended privileges, a probationary standard — of a duration and severity the Regulator sets, within the Schedule of Limits, but deliberately longer than any ordinary correction, because the wound was deeper than any ordinary failure. Third, the seal: the physical correction of her choosing, within the Schedule, administered as all her discipline is administered — from authority, in calm, with the audit finished and the sentence already spoken. And fourth, Reconsecration: the Articles read aloud in full, out of cycle, and both signatures set down anew — because what was struck at was the vow, and a wounded vow is not merely avenged. It is re-consecrated.

V. The Law Binds Both

The authority in this Covenant is hers; the fidelity in it belongs to both. Her body, likewise, is given to him alone, and a Breach by the Regulator is no lesser thing for her rank — it is graver, for she is the standard the whole architecture leans on. Should she breach, the Reckoning is the same in kind: full disclosure, lasting consequence agreed between them, and Reconsecration — for the Covenant does not have one law for the governed and another for the throne.

What was supposed to be obvious is written here, so that it can never be pretended vague.

A guide only. For consenting adults, 18 and over. Subject in all things to the Schedule of Limits and the halt signals.

ON THE BREAKING OF TRUST

The First Answer, the Second Answer, and the Third

A companion to the Articles and the Annex On Breach — For Adults 18 and Over

I. WHY THIS STANDS APART

The Annex On Breach names the offense and sets out the Reckoning. This document concerns what comes after — the harder question of what a broken trust means, how many times it may be answered, and how a couple knows whether they are mending something or merely repeating it. Discipline and trust are not the same subject. A failure of standard is corrected. A failure of trust must be answered, and answered differently the second time than the first, because the second time it is no longer only about him.

II. THE FIRST BREACH — THERE IS A WAY BACK

Let the first thing said be the merciful thing: a way back exists. Discovery of betrayal is among the worst hours a marriage contains, and nothing in these pages pretends otherwise. But this Covenant does not hold that a single failure ends a life together, because it does not hold that men are made of certainty. Failure is inside the system, not outside it. A framework that assumed perfect obedience would not need a Schedule, a Reckoning, or a halt word — it would need only a saint, and saints do not require covenants.

So the first breach has an answer, and the answer is not exile. It is the Reckoning: full disclosure, a consequence that outlasts the afternoon, the seal, and the vow read aloud again. What that sequence offers is something the world outside rarely gives a wronged spouse — a way for the wrong to be **paid** rather than merely regretted, and a way for the marriage to be re-consecrated rather than quietly carried on with a wound inside it.

III. THE OFFERING

Understand what the price is for, because it is easily misread. It is not vengeance, and it is not a fee. It is an offering — something real, willingly borne, so that what he did may cost him something he can feel rather than something he can merely say. Apology is cheap and both of them know it. A man who submits to a genuine consequence without complaint is saying with his body what words cannot make credible: that he understands the weight of what he broke, and that she is worth the price of mending it.

And the offering is chiefly for her. This is the part that is missed. A wronged wife cannot simply decide to set the injury down; the mind returns to it unbidden, and

forgiveness declared too early is forgiveness that does not hold. Seeing the cost paid — visibly, patiently, without argument or self-pity — is what allows her to lay it aside and look at him again without the thing sitting between them. That is the true function of the price. It is less about his skin than about her being able to move on. He offers it so that she may.

For this reason the price must be real. A consequence that costs nothing restores nothing, and a marriage cannot be repaired by a gesture both parties privately know to be theatre. It must be measured, agreed, and bounded by the Schedule of Limits — never improvised, never inflicted in anger — but within those bounds, it must genuinely cost. That is the difference between an offering and a performance.

IV. THE SECOND BREACH — THE DIAGNOSIS

The second breach is a different creature altogether, and must not be treated as the first one repeated. Once is failure. Twice is information. The couple's first duty upon a second breach is not correction but investigation, and the investigation examines both of them, not one.

Ask, plainly and together: did the Reckoning fail to reach him — was it endured as a toll rather than received as an atonement? Was something in him never truly given, so that the Covenant governs a man who never fully entered it? Is something unmet or unspoken in this marriage, which he is meeting elsewhere rather than naming here? Or — the question the Protocols already require her to ask of herself — did the Regulator's watch slip, and was the drift visible to anyone who had been looking? The debrief cuts both ways in this house. It cuts both ways here most of all.

This is the quiet usefulness of a second failure: it drags into the light something that was already wrong and merely unseen. The betrayal is not the illness. It is the symptom that finally became loud enough to hear.

V. THE TWO ROADS

From the diagnosis, two roads. The first is the tightening of the reins: if the cause was opportunity, drift, or inattention, then the answer is structure — less room, more visibility, a shorter leash, a stricter routine, and the Regulator's watch renewed. Most second breaches end on this road, and end well. But tighten after diagnosis, never instead of it; reins drawn tight over an unmet need do not solve it, they merely bury it deeper and teach him to conceal better.

The second road is the decision. If the diagnosis finds that the Covenant governs a man who never truly gave himself to it, or who holds her authority in contempt, then no implement in the Schedule will supply what is missing, and no further Reckoning will manufacture it. At that point the honest act is not another sentence but a decision about the marriage itself — taken as the Articles require every ending to be taken: deliberately, soberly, together, and never in anger.

VI. ON THE INSTRUMENT

A word on the price itself, and on the nettle in particular, since it is the instrument this house reserves for such hours. It should be said plainly that this is not a light thing. What was once given as medicine — the old physicians laid nettles on the loins to drive heat back into cold flesh — is taken here as consequence, and the same fire that was thought to restore a man is felt for a day or more as the cost of what he did. Its severity is carried in duration, not in the moment: it follows him into the ordinary hours, into the next morning, into rooms where nothing else of this Covenant goes. That is precisely why it belongs to a breach of trust and to nothing lesser.

And that is also why it should almost never be used. An instrument reserved for the gravest failure is doing its proper work in the years it sits untouched. The house keeps it not because it expects to need it, but so that both of them know the price of this particular ruin is real, named, and waiting. It is the fence at the edge of the field, not the plough.

VII. THE CLARITY

One last thing, and perhaps the truest reason this document exists. Most marriages that fail do not end in an answer. They end in fog — two people who cannot say what went wrong, each carrying a private and probably inaccurate account of the other, wondering for years afterward what it was that broke. This Covenant offers something better than survival, and it offers it whichever way things go: an answer.

If the marriage holds, both of them will know precisely why, and what it cost, and what was rebuilt. If it ends, both of them will know that too — what happened, what was offered, what was found, and what was decided. Neither will spend the next decade guessing. For a framework whose founding claim is that vagueness is what kills a marriage, ending clearly is not a failure of the system. It is the system, working to the last.

Once is failure. Twice is information. Both deserve an answer.

A guide only. For consenting adults, 18 and over. Subject in all things to the Schedule of Limits and the halt signals.

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.

THE WALKED VARIANT

Addendum to A Reckoning, Recorded — For Adults 18 and Over. All cautions of the preceding pages apply in full.

The Walked Variant

The Reckoning above used the nettle in the hand: gathered, counted, tapped. The same couple's practice suggests a second configuration for graver sentences or later reckonings — the nettle in the ground, and the offender walked to it. He is dressed: trousers on, the cage wrapped fully in film where it sits at the open zipper, every incidental surface — thighs, groin crease, ring line — masked by cloth and wrap, so that the clothing itself enforces the site rules and only the scrotum is presented. To any passer-by at distance he is simply a dressed man on a walk. The Regulator has scouted a stand in advance — a handful of long shoots at the target's height, converging so the presented flesh cannot pass beside them, only through — and she leads him to it on the leash. He will know what he has done, and he will not want to walk. That reluctance is part of the sentence; the leash's tug is the sentence proceeding. The halt word, as everywhere in this Set, is the one thing that stops it.

Calibration

A tapped stem delivers one contact; a walked stem delivers a drag — bending, sweeping the length of the skin as he passes, discharging along the whole line. A handful of funneled shoots therefore lands meaningfully heavier than the same number of taps, with denser coverage and a longer tail, and waist-high mature stems sting harder than young growth. Price it accordingly: this is a Breach-grade instrument, never a routine one. First use of any stand is a single pass only, at her pace — slow enough that contact stays a brush, never a press — with the following day's response assessed before that stand ever earns a second pass. Thereafter it is a known dose growing in her garden: a calibrated implement she may reuse with confidence, and may even tune, since nettles cut back regrow young and mild while stands left standing keep their strength.

Why This Instrument, for This Offense

One principle from the couple's practice deserves stating plainly, for it may be the most useful sentence in this side-note. An instrument that lives in a couple's erotic economy cannot price a real betrayal. The paddle, the hand, the cage — the Covenant spends five documents teaching him to receive these as intimacy, ownership, even reward; deployed against a genuine Breach they arrive pre-softened, and at worst they pay him for the offense. The nettle serves 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 funishment never goes. Every

household under this Covenant should hold at least one instrument that is only ever a consequence — reserved, never played with, never mixed into the tease — so that its appearance means one thing, without translation. In this house, it grows by the path.

The Three Nettles

The estate need not treat 'nettle' as a single implement. Three species form a graded rack. The Small Nettle (*Urtica urens*) — the sharp shock. Despite its size, folk repute names it the fiercest immediate bite of the common nettles: denser stinging hairs, a blistering onset, and by reputation a shorter tail — the choice when the moment must be agonizing and unmistakable but the Asset functional the next day. A plant of gardens and disturbed ground across Britain and the north: the accessible, everyday implement of estate management.

The Wood Nettle (*Laportea canadensis*) — the broad canvas. The North American species, its stinging hairs carried on the stem and on both faces of its wide leaves, so contact arrives not as a point but as a flat, enveloping sting — the nearest thing the garden offers to the face of a paddle. Predictable, evenly distributed heat, suited to a measured Seal without unpredictable spikes: the estate's New World option wherever even coverage matters more than shock.

The Roman Nettle (*Urtica pilulifera*) — maximum escalation. Native to the Mediterranean, and by the old botanical literature the most virulent sting of the European nettles — the very species legend says the legions carried north for their own hardening. The deepest, most sustained payload of the safe nettle family, reserved strictly for the gravest compounded Breaches, such as repeated concealment; its historical weight makes its use inherently ceremonial.

Two honesty clauses close the taxonomy. First: these gradings are folk and botanical repute, not laboratory measurement — plants, seasons, and skins vary, so each species is a new implement in its own right: its own test patch, its own single-pass first use, its own recorded response. Second, the hard ceiling, absolute: nothing above the Roman nettle, ever. The tree nettle of New Zealand (*Urtica ferox*) and the stinging trees of Australia (*Dendrocnide*) are dangerous plants that have hospitalized adults and killed — they are not implements, not escalation, not for any offense in any covenant. And identification certainty is a precondition of use: a stem whose species the Regulator cannot name with confidence is not an implement. It is a weed.

The Three Postures

A sentenced man arrives at the nettles in one of three postures, and each is doctrine. The Penitent walks himself through, knowing he was wrong — the posture the whole system trains toward: sentence received as owed, every step a re-consent, the will and the verdict already agreed. His willingness softens nothing, but it completes the reckoning fastest, and may earn her acknowledgment afterward — not a lighter sentence, but the word that he walked it like a man who understood. The Reluctant balks, squeamish, and is pulled through by the leash — the commonest posture, and fully lawful: the flesh recoiling from consequence is human, the tug is the sentence proceeding, and dragging feet are not the halt signal. The Defiant refuses outright, and is fastened in place to receive his due — the tips applied across the whole of the presented target, and the remaining stems left standing in his sight as the promise of further use: anticipation itself conscripted into the sentence.

The third posture is lawful only upon three bright lines, and they are lines, not preferences. First: overriding in-scene refusal by restraint must have been agreed in advance, at the contract level, in the Schedule — this is consensual non-consent, a legitimate structure that can never be improvised the first time it happens. Second: the halt signal must remain live and physically usable while he is fastened — which is why the Schedule made the signal absolute over every article. Third, the line the whole structure balances on: defiance may be priced; revocation may never be. His fighting a lawful sentence may lawfully cost him more — resistance is itself an offense, added to the count. But the moment the halt word is spoken, everything stops, and its use is never punished, never priced, never remembered against him — for the instant a couple punishes the brake, they no longer have one, and everything after that is no longer discipline.

The Three Nettles of the Estate

Not all nettles are one implement. Practice and long reputation distinguish three, of ascending gravity — a tiered armory, each with its region and its office. The Small Nettle (*Urtica urens*), the sharp shock: an annual of gardens and disturbed soil across Britain and the north, smaller than the common nettle and by wide repute sharper-stinging for it — dense hairs, a blistering immediate bite. Its office is the Reckoning where the Regulator wants the moment itself unmistakable but the Asset functional the following day. The Wood Nettle (*Laportea canadensis*), the broad canvas: the North American cousin, its stinging hairs spread across the faces of broad leaves rather than concentrated on stems — less a sharp tap than a flat, enveloping sting, the nearest biological equivalent to the heavy paddle, suited to even, measured coverage of the presented anatomy. And the Roman Nettle (*Urtica pilulifera*), the maximum escalation: the Mediterranean species, by classical reputation the most virulent of the European family — the very nettle of the old legend of Roman soldiers flogging warmth into their legs, which makes its ceremonial weight literal rather than borrowed. It is reserved strictly for the gravest compounded Breaches, where the consequence must outlast the afternoon by days.

Honest Margins of the Taxonomy

Two truths keep this armory safe. First: the tiering above rests on reputation and practice, not laboratory tables — no formal study compares sting duration species against species, so every distinction of 'tail' and 'depth' is practitioner's inference. Accordingly, every new species, like every new stand, is an unknown dose until proven: test patch first, single light application first, the following day assessed before the tier is trusted. Second, and absolute: the safe family ends here. The stinging relatives of Australasia and the tropics — New Zealand's ongaonga and Australia's gympie-gympie chief among them — are categorically excluded from any use, anywhere, ever: these are genuinely dangerous plants whose stings are measured in weeks and worse, and no covenant, sentence, or curiosity reaches them. Three nettles serve the estate. The rest of the family stays wild.

The plants provide the sting. The arithmetic remains hers.

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

THE SCHEDULE OF LIMITS

Companion to the Articles of Submission and Ownership

A Private Covenant Between Husband and Wife — For Adults 18 and Over Only

HOW TO USE THIS SCHEDULE

This Schedule exists because structure is what keeps discipline safe. A dynamic without written limits does not become freer — it becomes vaguer, and vagueness is where injury lives. Sit down together, sober and unhurried, and complete every section aloud. Nothing in this Schedule is assumed. If a line is not marked “Welcomed,” it is off the table. Anything not listed here at all is off the table until it has been discussed and added in writing.

This document is a guide, and a guide only. It is not medical advice and not a legal instrument. The Covenant it serves is renewed at the Grand Renewal every ten years; this Schedule, being the working engineering of that vow, is reviewed and re-signed every year, and amended immediately whenever either party's limits change. Limits may always be tightened on the spot, by either party, without negotiation. They may only ever be loosened here, in writing, together.

SECTION ONE — SIGNALS AND THE RIGHT TO HALT

Before any correction is agreed, the halt system is agreed. These signals override every Article, every routine, and every punishment in progress. The Regulator binds herself to honor them instantly and without displeasure. A halt is never disobedience.

Halt word (stops everything immediately):

Caution word (slow down / lighter / check in):

Non-verbal halt signal (for when speech is impossible):

The non-verbal signal is mandatory, not optional. Any time the Asset's mouth is occupied, his face is down, or he is under enough intensity that words may fail, he must have a physical signal — a dropped object held in the hand, three sharp taps, an open-and-close fist. Test it before the scene, every time. If the signal cannot be given, the activity that prevents it does not happen.

Check-ins: during any new activity, any new implement, or any session more intense than usual, the Regulator will ask for a status and the Asset will answer honestly. An

Asset who conceals distress to seem strong is not obeying — he is sabotaging the system that protects them both.

SECTION TWO — HEALTH DISCLOSURE

Both parties disclose, fully and without embarrassment, anything that changes what the body can safely take. Discipline calibrated to a body the Regulator does not truly know is guesswork, and guesswork causes harm.

Heart, blood pressure, or circulation conditions:

Nerve issues, numbness, prior injuries (back, tailbone, wrists, groin):

Medications (especially blood thinners, which change bruising):

Skin conditions, clotting or bruising disorders:

Emotional triggers or history the Regulator must know:

Anything else relevant:

SECTION THREE — IMPACT DISCIPLINE (SPANKING AND PADDLING)

Mark each implement and each condition honestly. The Ceiling column records the maximum intensity ever permitted for that item, on a scale of one (symbolic, ritual sting) to five (the hardest correction the Asset consents to receive). The Regulator may always stay below the ceiling. She may never exceed it.

Implements

Implement	Welcome d	With Limits	Hard Limit	Ceiling (1-5)
Open hand	☐	☐	☐	
Light paddle / leather paddle	☐	☐	☐	
Heavy paddle	☐	☐	☐	
Strap or belt	☐	☐	☐	
Cane or rod	☐	☐	☐	
Wooden spoon / household implements	☐	☐	☐	
Other (write in): _____	☐	☐	☐	

Safe target zones — read together

Impact belongs on the padded, muscled, fleshy parts of the body: the lower curve of the buttocks and the upper backs of the thighs. These areas absorb force. The following are never struck, at any intensity, by anyone, ever: the spine, the tailbone, the kidneys and lower back, the neck and head, the hips and hip bones, the backs of the knees, and any joint. This is not a matter of preference or limits — it is anatomy. Strikes to these areas can cause lasting damage regardless of experience.

Conditions of impact

Warm-up is mandatory before heavy implements: the body must be brought up gradually, beginning with the hand or light strokes, so blood reaches the surface and tissue is prepared. A heavy paddle on cold skin does damage that the same paddle on warmed skin does not. Corrections stop immediately if skin breaks, if bruising spreads unusually fast, or if the Asset reports sharp, electric, or shooting pain — that is nerve pain, and it is different from the deep, dull ache of legitimate discipline. The Regulator learns the difference and watches for it.

Maximum session length for impact discipline:

Marks: acceptable to leave? For how long? Where visible?:

SECTION FOUR — CBT CORRECTION

The Articles name calibrated CBT as the correction for failures of focus and output. Precisely because this discipline involves the most vulnerable part of the body, it is the section where written limits matter most and where improvisation is least forgivable. Everything here is agreed in advance. Nothing is escalated in the moment.

Agreed corrections

Correction	Welcome d	With Limits	Hard Limit	Ceiling (1-5)
Open-hand slapping	☐	☐	☐	
Rhythmic light paddling	☐	☐	☐	
Heavy paddle strikes	☐	☐	☐	
Squeezing / compression by hand	☐	☐	☐	
Flicking / tapping	☐	☐	☐	
Other (write in): _____	☐	☐	☐	

Safety knowledge — read together, every renewal

The testicles tolerate gradual, rhythmic, and compressive sensation far better than sudden sharp force. Build slowly, always. The Regulator begins every CBT correction well below the ceiling and rises deliberately, watching and listening. Sudden full-force strikes are how ruptures and long-term injury happen, and no ceiling marked on this page authorizes them.

Stop immediately and do not resume if any of the following occur: nausea or faintness (a sign the body has had genuinely too much, not a sign of weakness to push through), sharp pain that continues after the strike, swelling, unusual discoloration, or pain radiating into the abdomen. If swelling or significant pain persists beyond the hour, seek medical attention without embarrassment — clinics have seen everything, and pride is a poor reason to lose function. Aftercare for this section is checked the same evening and again the next morning.

Ceiling intensity for CBT overall (1-5):

Maximum duration of any single CBT correction:

Hard limits within CBT (written plainly):

SECTION FIVE — RESTRAINT, CUFFS, AND SAFETY

Restraints in this Covenant are safety equipment first and symbols second. A hand thrown reflexively into the path of a descending paddle takes damage the buttocks were prepared for and the hand was not — broken fingers from a blocked stroke are a classic and entirely preventable injury. Flinching, twisting, or bolting mid-strike moves protected anatomy out of the way and unprotected anatomy into it. Securing the body is therefore not merely how correction is guaranteed; it is how correction is aimed. Both parties should understand that agreeing to restraint is, in a real sense, agreeing to be protected from reflex.

And there is a second truth, which is why restraint sits at the heart of this Covenant's intimacy rather than at its edge: taking the body's reflexes out of the equation deepens everything. An unrestrained Asset spends part of himself managing his own flinch — bracing, anticipating, holding position by willpower. A restrained Asset is relieved of that work entirely. He does not have to be strong enough to stay; the cuffs stay for him. What remains is pure receiving: total vulnerability, honestly given and safely held, which is the most concentrated form of trust this dynamic offers. The correction lands with more intensity precisely because nothing is braced against it, and the surrender is more complete precisely because it cannot be revoked by reflex — only by the halt signal, which restraint must never take away. This is why the couples who understand restraint best describe it not as being trapped, but as being held.

Agreed restraints

Restraint	Welcome d	With Limits	Hard Limit	Ceiling (1-5)
Wrist cuffs (soft / padded)	☐	☐	☐	
Ankle cuffs	☐	☐	☐	
Wrists secured behind back	☐	☐	☐	
Wrists secured to furniture / fixed point	☐	☐	☐	
Over-the-lap, hands held	☐	☐	☐	
Full positioning (bench / bed, secured)	☐	☐	☐	
Other (write in): _____	☐	☐	☐	

Restraint safety — non-negotiable

A restrained person is never left alone. Not for a moment, not to answer the door, not for a phone call — the Regulator's presence is the safety system. Circulation is checked regularly: cuffs admit two fingers, and any numbness, tingling, coldness, or color change in hands or feet means immediate repositioning or release, mid-correction if necessary. Nerve compression at the wrists does its damage quietly and quickly. Quick release is always available: a key within reach, cuffs that unclip, scissors for rope. If the Regulator cannot free the Asset in under thirty seconds, the

restraint is wrong. Nothing is ever secured around the neck, and no restraint may restrict breathing.

Maximum continuous time in restraint:

Positions excluded entirely:

SECTION SIX — THE SENTINEL (HOLDING STEEL, HOLDING STILL)

The Sentinel is the discipline of stillness: the Asset holds his assigned position — kneeling, standing, presented, or bearing a held weight — for the duration the Regulator sets. Its logic is the same as the restraint's: sometimes moving is more dangerous than remaining still, and the ability to hold position under discomfort is both the training and the protection. But stillness has its own physiology, and the Regulator must know it.

Sentinel safety

Locked knees while standing cause fainting — the Asset keeps a soft bend in the knees always, and a Sentinel who faints was positioned wrongly, not disciplined rightly. Kneeling positions get padding under the knees for any duration beyond a few minutes; bare kneeling on hard floors damages joints without teaching anything. Held weights are held with joints aligned, never locked, and are set down the moment form breaks — trembling is expected and acceptable, but shaking that breaks alignment is the end of the hold. The Regulator watches for pallor, swaying, and unfocused eyes, and ends the hold before the body ends it for him.

Positions in the Sentinel rotation:

Maximum hold durations (per position):

Held items / weights permitted, and maximum weight:

SECTION SEVEN — AFTERCARE

Every correction ends the same way: with the Regulator's hands on what belongs to her, checking it. Skin is inspected, water is given, warmth is provided, and the Asset is brought back down in her presence — not sent away to recover alone. Discipline drops the body hard once adrenaline leaves it, sometimes hours later, sometimes the next day; both parties watch for the drop and treat it as part of the correction, not an interruption of normal life. Aftercare is the Regulator's signature on the session, as surely as the marks are.

What the Asset needs after correction:

What the Regulator needs after correction:

SECTION EIGHT — STANDING RULES

No discipline under intoxication, exhaustion, or genuine illness — a body that cannot calibrate cannot consent to calibration. No new implement, position, or correction is introduced mid-session; new things are agreed here first, in writing, in daylight. Anger is never the hand that disciplines: the Regulator corrects from authority, not from temper, and if she is genuinely angry, the correction waits until she is not. And nothing on these pages, once marked a hard limit, is ever asked for twice.

ADOPTION OF THIS SCHEDULE

We have completed this Schedule together, aloud, sober, and unhurried. We are each over eighteen years of age. We understand that these limits bind the Covenant, that the halt signals override every Article, and that this Schedule will be reviewed annually — and carried, amended and re-signed, into every Grand Renewal — for as long as the Covenant stands.

Signature of the Husband / Asset:

Signature of the Wife / Regulator:

Date:

Date of Next Annual Review:

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

APPENDIX A — CARE OF THE HARDWARE

Steel that is worn daily must be kept daily, and the keeping is itself a ritual of the estate. The following protocol has proven itself over weeks of continuous wear without sores or irritation, and it is performed locked — the cage is not removed. A metal cage serves this method best: steel conducts the cold through to the skin it encases, and unlike silicone it offers nothing porous for irritation to take hold in.

The soak: one litre of cold water, brought to roughly 4-6°C with two or three ice cubes — the ice cools the water and never touches skin directly. Dissolve two teaspoons of a clean, additive-free mineral salt (Celtic salt serves well; what matters is the absence of iodine and anti-caking agents, which can irritate sensitive skin). Cage and testicles are immersed together for a full five minutes. The saline cleanses every surface the hand cannot reach — under the ring, within the tube, at every contact point — while the cold calms the skin and reduces any swelling before it can become a sore. Once daily is sufficient; up to three or four soaks a day may be used in hot weather, during heavy wear, or through an intensive week.

After every soak: rinse with plain cold water and dry completely before dressing. Salt residue left to dry beneath the ring becomes its own irritant, and trapped moisture causes more chafing than steel ever will. The signals to respect: numbness beyond the expected cold tingle, or skin turning white rather than pink, ends the soak early — at five minutes neither should occur. And two rules stand above the protocol itself: the Regulator keeps a periodic unlocked inspection in the rotation, at her discretion, because the soak prevents sores but only bare eyes catch the early red patch on the day it appears; and any broken skin means unlocked until fully healed, without exception. A cage over a sore turns a two-day problem into a two-week one.

APPENDIX B — THE CAGE AS AN INSTRUMENT OF INTIMACY

It would be a poor understanding of the hardware to see it only as a lock. The cage is the most intimate instrument the estate owns, and in the Regulator's hands it becomes what no unlocked marriage can quite reproduce: a way of making her husband want her — continuously, helplessly, and more each day — while she alone decides when wanting becomes having.

The mechanics of desire are simple and merciless. An unlocked man desires in peaks and valleys; satisfaction resets him, and the ordinary erosion of long marriage does the rest. A locked man cannot reset. Every glance at her, every brush of her body, every night beside her builds on the night before, and the steel converts what would have been release into pure accumulation. She becomes, quite literally, the only thing in his world — and she holds the proof of it on a chain at her neck, close enough for him to see, never his to touch. The key worn against her skin is not storage. It is theatre, and it works on him every hour of the day.

Teasing is her art within this, and the Schedule names it openly as a discipline of its own: her body moved against the steel, her hands feeling what strains inside it, her closeness offered and withdrawn at her whim — letting him reach the very edge of begging, hearing the plea to be unlocked, to prove himself, to feel her — and answering with a smiling, absolute no. That no is not a rejection. It is the most concentrated form of attention she can pay him, and both of them know it. His whole world narrows to her; he would do anything; and she, unhurried, simply enjoys what she owns. A week lived this way — her pleasure taken nightly against the cage while he serves and strains, the hardware bathed in the morning and again at night as Appendix A prescribes — is a week in which the marriage burns hotter with the act withheld than most marriages burn with it freely available.

And then, when she decides — not when he begs, when she decides — release. What follows needs no description here, except to name what both will notice: intensity in proportion to everything that was banked, and a bliss that belongs to both of them, because she built it. Denial, done this way, is not the absence of intimacy. It is intimacy compounded — and the couple that learns this use of the cage discovers that the lock was never keeping them apart. It was the thing pressing them together.

Two cautions close the appendix. During an intensive week, the care protocol is not optional — fluids and constant wear are exactly the conditions the saline soak exists for, so the morning and evening soak becomes part of the ritual itself. And the Regulator watches, as always, for the difference between the ache of denial — which is the point — and genuine pain, swelling, or injury, which end the week early without argument. Even the sweetest discipline in the estate answers to the Schedule.

THE SCHEDULE OF LIMITS

ADDENDUM I

The Daily Ledger and the Hardware Protocols
Companion to the Articles of Submission and Ownership — For Adults 18 and Over

BEFORE THE ARITHMETIC

What follows contains numbers, and numbers read coldly. Read this page first, because the figures mean nothing without it — and a couple who take the arithmetic without the reasoning will take the wrong thing entirely.

These Are Ceilings, Not Instructions

Every figure in this Addendum describes one household's established practice, arrived at over years by two people who know one another's bodies. They are a destination and not a starting point. A number that is ordinary for a man conditioned to it over a long time would injure a man in his third week, and a Regulator who reads these totals as a specification rather than as one couple's ceiling will hurt her husband while believing she is following a document. Begin at a fraction. Build across months. Let the body set the pace, never the paper.

Why There Is a Floor

A perfect day still returns fifty. This is the part most readers misunderstand, so let it be stated plainly: the fifty is not a punishment for succeeding. It is the ritual itself. The reckoning happens nightly whether the day was excellent or wretched, because a reckoning that only occurs after failure teaches a man to manage appearances rather than to keep a standard.

So the floor is the shape of a good day rather than the price of a bad one. Fifty is what success looks like in this house, and it is the number he works toward — everything above it is arithmetic he produced himself. He should be able to calculate his own evening before she reads a single question, and a man who ends his week at or near the floor has earned something rather than merely avoided something.

Why There Is No Option to Skip

Comfort is what erodes a man, and no man reliably chooses difficulty for himself past the first weeks of enthusiasm. Give him a way out and he will find it, dress it in a good reason, and be worse within a season — not because he is weak, but because that is what unenforced standards become in anyone. This is precisely why the standard is held by someone else. The Regulator exists so that the evening does not depend on his appetite for it, and the floor exists so that no version of the day quietly excuses him.

Both ledgers are completed together, nightly, in her hand. That is deliberate. He is not scoring himself and reporting a total; he is answering to a person who watched the day and will not accept a convenient answer. A ledger a man fills in alone becomes fiction within a fortnight.

What the Containment Is For

The hardware serves the same end as the floor, by a different route. Desire that resolves resets to nothing; desire that cannot resolve stays pointed at her. A man in containment does not drift into vagueness — he remains oriented, attentive and willing, because the wanting never discharges and therefore never stops directing him. He will do a great deal to be released, and that surplus is precisely what she has to direct.

Understand it as accumulation rather than deprivation. The steel does not take something from him; it prevents him from spending it, and what is not spent remains available. Everything else in this Addendum — the questions, the totals, the corrections — is the apparatus by which that surplus is pointed somewhere useful rather than allowed to dissipate.

And Both Chose It

None of this is imposed. He chose her as she chose him, and the sacrifice runs in both directions — his in the body, hers in the labour of holding a standard every single evening whether or not she feels like it. The discomfort in these pages is not the point of the arrangement. It is the price two people agreed to pay for something they judged worth the paying.

I. THE PRODUCTIVITY LEDGER

Each evening the Asset submits to a ten-question audit of the day's domestic output, upkeep, and bearing. The Regulator reads each question aloud; the Asset answers honestly, choosing one of four, and she records the score in her own hand. The ledger is not a formality and it is not negotiated after the fact — an answer given is an answer scored.

Scoring

Answer	Points	Mark
A — Yes. Fully completed to standard.	5	
B — Busy. Still actively working on it.	10	
C — Waiting on others. External delay.	15	
D — No. Did not attempt. Lazy default.	20	

The Consequence

The total score sets the correction, delivered to the backside: the score equals the number of paddle strokes, with a floor of 50 and a ceiling of 200. Where the score reaches 100 or above, the cane is introduced — one stroke for every 5 points above 100. A total failure of ten D answers therefore returns 200 paddle and 20 cane by arithmetic alone.

Above the arithmetic sits the household's hard ceiling for the cane: 50 strokes, which no evening may exceed for any reason — not by escalation, not by discretion, not by accumulation of a bad week. The formula reaches 20; the wall stands at 50; the space between belongs to the Regulator's judgement and to nothing else.

The ceiling exists so that the worst possible day is still a known quantity, and the floor so that the best day is still a reckoning. Between them he can calculate his own evening before he is asked — which is the point of a ledger rather than a mood.

The Ten Questions

#	Question	Score
1	Did you complete all assigned household chores and daily domestic duties to a good standard today?	
2	Have you maintained strict dietary requirements and fasting windows without deviation?	
3	Did you handle all personal errands, manual labour, or mechanical upkeep required?	
4	Did you wake on time and maintain a productive, focused routine throughout the entire day?	
5	Did you listen to instructions the first time, without needing to be reminded or told twice?	
6	Did you maintain a positive, eager attitude toward your responsibilities, rather than procrastinating or complaining?	
7	Did you anticipate the physical or logistical needs of the family before I had to voice them?	
8	Have you kept your physical environment — workspace and bathrooms included — clean and organised?	
9	Did you make time to properly prepare meals, drinks, or required comforts, in good time?	
10	Looking at the whole day, at home and at my side: did you operate as an effective and devoted partner, or were you sharp and easily angered?	
	TOTAL FOR TONIGHT	

II. THE PERSONAL DUTY LEDGER

A separate audit governs his direct service, his bearing under containment, and the care of what belongs to her. It is scored more finely, because these are the duties he cannot claim were prevented by circumstance.

Scoring

Answer	Points	Mark
A — Optimal. Exceeded standard.	1	
B — Acceptable. Met standard.	2	
C — Substandard. Required reminding.	4	
D — Failure. Did not perform.	6	

The Consequence

The total equals the number of calibrated corrections applied, floor of 10 and ceiling of 60, administered as the Schedule of Limits prescribes for that instrument — begun well below the agreed intensity and raised deliberately, never opened at force.

The Ten Questions

#	Question	Score
1	Have you kept yourself clean, and presented exactly as I require?	
2	Did you complete the required cleaning and maintenance of your hardware today?	
3	Did you endure the frustration and ache of your containment without sulking or poor attitude?	
4	When given the chance to be close to me, did you focus entirely on me — tender and careful rather than rough?	
5	Did you maintain respect and tone whenever you spoke to me today?	
6	When instructed, did you act promptly and without hesitation?	
7	Have you been completely transparent with me today, hiding no thought, frustration, or wandering focus?	
8	Did you commit your presence fully, or were you engrossed in things that did not matter?	
9	Have you paid close attention to me and to the family, adjusting your attitude to keep us well?	
10	Did your actions today prove, beyond doubt, that we are the centre of your universe?	
	TOTAL FOR TONIGHT	

III. HARDWARE, RELEASE, AND DISPLAY

Absolute Ownership

The hardware and the anatomy within it belong entirely to the Regulator. He may look; he may not interfere, adjust, or touch unless commanded to. They are hers, and his only standing over them is the standing of a keeper.

Release

The cage is unlocked under three conditions only: when a child is being sought; for hygiene and deep cleaning as Appendix A requires; and at the Regulator's unquestioned discretion, whenever she judges it needed. There is no fourth condition, and there is no petition.

Arousal and Teasing

She may keep him locked as long as she pleases, tease him as she pleases, and bring him to leaking as often as she pleases. She may require him bare about the house, and handle what is hers at whim. Display within the home is encouraged: the anatomy breathes better unclothed, and being kept on view reinforces what he is.

Discretion Beyond the Door

What is ordinary within the house is not ordinary outside it. Display in any place where another person may see him — including through a car window — carries real legal consequence in most jurisdictions, and consent between husband and wife is no defence to a stranger's complaint. The Protocols of the Public Theatre govern outside these walls: invisible architecture, nothing to see. Where he is on display in transit, a cover remains within immediate reach, he does not touch while the vehicle is moving, and the rule is that no one but she ever knows.

IV. IMPLEMENTS AND THEIR ROTATION

Which implement carries the count matters as much as the count itself, and most couples never consider it. Wood delivers a sharp, concentrated sting with little spread; leather distributes the same force across a wider area, building heat rather than bite. A long count served entirely on wood is a different and far heavier event than the same number served on leather, whatever the ledger says.

Within the Evening

The proven order is sharp first, broad after: the wooden paddle while the skin is fresh and can take concentrated work, then the leather for the bulk of the count once warmth is established. Fifty on wood followed by a hundred and fifty on leather is a well-built session; two hundred on wood is not the same sentence and should never be treated as though it were.

Across the Week

Rotate. Different implements load tissue differently, and alternating them allows one kind of loading to recover while another carries the count — which is the single greatest factor in whether a nightly practice survives months rather than weeks. A week that is leather on most nights, wood on some, and something lighter on others will sustain indefinitely where an unvaried week will not.

The Cane Stands Outside

The cane is not part of any rotation. It is an escalation instrument, brought out by the score and not by the calendar, and it is understood by both parties to be of a different order: it is designed to hurt greatly, it marks readily, and it will break skin more easily than anything else in the house. Where skin is broken, the correction stops for that night; broken skin also carries an infection risk that a bruise does not, and it must be cleaned, left uncovered by anything tight, and given days rather than hours.

V. ON AUTONOMY AND RISK

The opening pages state that these figures are a baseline rather than a prescription. That bears repeating here, now that the numbers have been read: begin at a fraction, build across months, and let the body rather than the paper set the pace.

Equally, no couple is bound by these ceilings in the other direction. Another household may set them higher, and that is their business; this is a guide and nothing more. But understand the exchange plainly: as the numbers rise, so does the risk, and the responsibility rises with it. Every figure above a baseline is one the two of you have chosen to carry, and it is carried by you — not by any document, and not by whoever wrote one.

What does not move, at any figure, is the principle underneath. You are responsible for one another. She is responsible for his body; he is responsible for telling her the truth about it. Damage stops the count, every time, at any number, however good the reason for continuing. That is the whole of the law here, and no ceiling in this house — theirs, yours, or anyone's — sits above it.

VI. THE GOVERNING NOTE

This Addendum sets numbers. The Schedule of Limits sets whether they may be served tonight, and where the two disagree, the Schedule prevails. Nothing below reduces the Regulator's authority; it defines the conditions under which her authority is exercised on a body she intends to keep using.

Skin Before Score

Before any correction, she inspects. Where the marks of previous nights have not faded, where the skin is broken or thinned, or where a bruise is deep rather than surface, that area is not struck again until it has recovered. Cumulative loading, not any single session, is how lasting harm occurs — the tissue must be allowed to rebuild between corrections, and a body worked nightly without recovery will eventually fail rather than harden.

The Cane in Practice

The cane does not run on consecutive nights, and does not fall on skin still marked from the last time it was used. Where the ledger calls for the cane on a night the skin cannot take it, the cane portion is deferred and the paddle portion served alone; the debt is recorded and paid when the body is fit for it. A deferred sentence is not a forgiven one.

Rest Nights

At least one night in seven carries no impact correction, and the ledger on that night is read, scored, and recorded without being served. The reckoning still happens; only the striking pauses. The Regulator sets which night, and may set more.

The Duty Ledger's Limits

Corrections to the anatomy are never applied to tissue already swollen, discoloured, or tender beyond the ordinary ache of containment. Nausea, faintness, sharp or radiating pain, unusual swelling, or any change of colour ends the count immediately, whatever the arithmetic said, and the remainder is not owed. The Schedule's stop signs are not overridden by a total.

Honesty Protected

The ledger only works if he answers truthfully, and he will not answer truthfully if honesty costs more than concealment. Therefore: a D answered honestly is scored as a D and nothing further. A failure concealed and later discovered is a matter for the Annex On Breach, not for tonight's arithmetic. She should say this aloud, more than once, until he believes it.

Above All

The halt signals govern this Addendum as they govern every page of this library, in the middle of a count as much as at its beginning, and their use is never punished, never priced, and never remembered against him.

The ledger sets the number. The Schedule decides whether the body may receive it tonight.

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

THE RITE OF BEGINNING

The Ceremony of First Signing, for the Covenant of Two

For consenting adults, eighteen and over. To be performed once — and remembered always.

ON THE RITE

Every serious vow has a ceremony, because a threshold that is not marked is not truly crossed. Marriage has its aisle and its rings; this Covenant has the Rite of Beginning. It is performed once, on the evening the Articles and the Schedule are first signed, in the room where discipline will live. It should not be hurried, and it should not be improvised — the couple reads this Rite together beforehand, prepares everything it requires, and then sets the paper aside and performs it from the heart. Nine stages, in order, none skipped. What follows is the order of service.

PREPARATIONS

Before the evening: both documents printed and laid out with a good pen. The cage fitted and tested days in advance — a first fitting is an errand, not a ceremony, and the Rite deserves a cage whose fit is already proven. Two keys: one for the chain, one sealed in an envelope in an agreed drawer, because a lost key is an emergency and this Covenant does not confuse recklessness with devotion. The key threaded on its chain and waiting. The paddle laid out where she will sit. The room warm, the door locked, the phones silenced, the bath or shower prepared, towels warmed if possible. The halt word spoken aloud once by each of them before the Rite begins — not because it is expected, but because a ceremony that cannot be stopped is not a ceremony this Covenant recognizes.

I. THE SIGNING

They stand together at the table. The Articles are read aloud — he reads the Articles of his surrender; she reads the Articles of her standard. The Schedule is not re-read in full, but she asks him, once, formally, whether the Schedule they completed together still speaks his whole truth. He answers. Then he signs first — the surrender is his to offer before it is hers to hold. She signs second, and in signing, takes possession.

HIM: *“By my choice, by my words, and by my actions. I bend to one person: my wife, and her alone.”*

HER: *“I accept what you place in my hands, and I will be worthy of it. From tonight, you are mine to govern, mine to correct, and mine to keep.”*

II. THE DISROBING

He disrobes first, completely, folding his clothes and setting them aside — the last thing he does that evening on his own authority. He undresses before she does because the surrender precedes the reward: he offers his vulnerability without knowing yet what it purchases. He stands bare before a fully dressed woman, and that asymmetry is the first lesson of the Covenant made visible. She takes her time looking at what now belongs to her.

Then she disrobes — slowly, at her own pace, because everything from this night forward happens at her pace. He does not touch. He watches, and he understands that the sight of her is no longer something he is entitled to, but something she grants.

III. THE LOCKING AND THE KEY

She fits the cage with her own hands. No word is spoken until the padlock closes — and then the click is allowed to hang in the silence, because that small sound is the true signature of the evening, the one made in steel instead of ink. She threads the key onto the chain and fastens it at her neck, where it will live: resting against her skin, visible to him daily, a piece of jewelry to the world and the whole architecture of his devotion to the two of them.

HER: *"This is not taken from you. It was given — and what is given to me, I keep."*

IV. THE FIRST CORRECTION

She sits. He goes over her lap — not for any failure, for there has been none yet, but as proof of choice: he must know what her discipline feels like on the night he signs for a lifetime of it, and she must feel him choose to stay in place under her hand. She begins with her palm, unhurried, building warmth the way the Schedule teaches, and when the skin is ready she takes up the paddle and finishes the work properly. His body may jump; his breath may break; he stays. There is no count and no target — it ends when she sees the color she wants, the first red signature of her ownership, laid on by her own hand on the first night.

HER: *"This is what correction feels like. You will feel it when you fail me, and sometimes simply because I wish to see it. Do you accept?"*

HIM: *"I accept it, because it pleases you — and what pleases you is law."*

V. THE PRESENTATION

He rises and stands facing away from her, hands at his sides, while she sits back and admires her work — unhurried, proprietary, the way an artist looks at a finished

canvas. This moment belongs entirely to her and he does not rush it. When she is satisfied, she tells him to turn, and he faces her: caged, reddened, bare, and entirely hers. She lets him stand in her gaze until he feels the full weight of what he has signed.

VI. THE OFFERING

She holds out her open hand, palm up, and waits. He steps forward and places himself into her care — the most vulnerable act of the entire Rite, done at his own initiative, on his own feet, with his own step forward. Nothing in the ceremony says more clearly: he chose her. What follows belongs to her hands and her judgement, and he receives it without complaint, because complaint would unsay everything the evening has said.

Her fingers close, and she takes possession the way an owner takes possession — unhurried, deliberate, thorough. She weighs what has been given to her. She squeezes, and watches his face as she does it; she eases, and squeezes again, finding by feel the exact border between what he can bear gracefully and what makes his breath catch — because that border is hers now, and she intends to know its every inch. She plays as long as it pleases her to play. His task is stillness: hands at his sides, feet planted, eyes on her when she wants them and lowered when she doesn't, every instinct to flinch or shield mastered and offered up along with everything else. If a sound escapes him, it is permitted to be a sound of endurance, never of protest. She ends the Offering when she is satisfied — not with his comfort, but with her knowledge of what she now holds — and she tells him so, with her hand still closed around the proof.

VII. THE CLEANSING

She leads him to the bath. His body is cleansed first — her hands or his own under her direction — washing the day, and the whole of his previous life, off his skin. It is tender and unhurried; discipline and tenderness are not opposites in this Covenant, they are the two hands of the same owner.

Then he cleanses her. This is his first act of service under the signed Covenant, and he performs it with total attention — her body honored inch by inch, worshipped with the focus the Articles demand. She relaxes into being served, and lets him learn what his hands are for now.

And while he serves, she teases — because the bath is where she gives him his first true lesson in what the steel means. She moves against him as the water moves, lets his hands travel where she directs and nowhere else, guides his touch across everything he has just surrendered his claim to, and watches the cage do its work. The response is immediate and helpless: the strain against the bars, visible and mounting, the body trying to answer her the only way it knows and finding the way

barred. She does not relieve it. She encourages it — a slow word, a slower touch, her closeness given exactly to the point of unbearability and held there — until the evidence of what she is doing to him gathers at the steel and falls, drop by drop, and he understands, wordlessly and completely, the arithmetic of his new life: everything in him now rises for her, and none of it goes anywhere until she says so. She lets him tremble. She takes her time. This, too, is the Covenant, and it may be the clause he remembers longest.

VIII. THE SEAL

Every covenant in history was sealed, and this one is sealed the only way it could be: with her pleasure, taken at her leisure, while he strains against the steel and learns the first great lesson of his new life — that his denial and her satisfaction are not in tension. They are the same event. He kisses, he focuses, he serves; the cage holds; she receives what she owns.

She arranges herself as she pleases and puts him where he belongs. From there his world reduces to its new and permanent dimensions: her body above him, her voice directing him, and the work of worship — patient, attentive, tireless, corrected when she wishes to correct it and continued until she has no corrections left. He learns her in the way this Covenant will now require him to know her: by devotion of the mouth and the complete surrender of his own urgency, the steel reminding him with every heartbeat that his part tonight is to give, and give, and give. She takes her time, because time is hers. She takes her pleasure, because pleasure is hers. And when it crests — once, or as many times as she decides the sealing of a lifetime deserves — she lets him stay exactly where he is and feel it happen: the Covenant ratified in the oldest ink there is, her hands in his hair, his whole strained and denied body serving as the altar. When she finally stills, the document is sealed. Nothing that was signed tonight is more binding than this.

IX. THE FIRST NIGHT

Afterward, she holds him — because the Schedule's law of aftercare governs even the Rite itself, especially the Rite itself. Water, warmth, her hands checking the marks she made, his head where she wants it. When they are ready, the two signed documents are hung on the wall of the room, where they will remain: read at every annual review, renewed at every Grand Renewal, witnessed every day by the two people they govern.

HER: *"It is done. You are mine, and I am yours to serve me. Until death do us part."*

HIM: *"Until death do us part."*

Performed on this date: _____

A guide only, for two consenting adults. The halt word governs even the Rite.

THE PROTOCOLS OF THE PUBLIC THEATRE

Companion to the Articles of Submission and Ownership — For Adults 18 and Over

ON THE PUBLIC THEATRE

The Covenant does not stay home when the couple leaves the house. It changes costume. Behind their door, the dynamic is explicit: the cage, the paddle, the Nightly Routine. In public, it becomes invisible architecture — unseen by everyone, felt by both, and working harder than it works anywhere else. These Protocols govern the Covenant in restaurants, boardrooms, dinner parties, and every room the couple enters together. They rest on one premise: the Regulator's work does not pause in company. In company, it intensifies.

I. THE UNSEEN ANCHOR

He wears the cage into the world. No one sees it; no one suspects it; and that is precisely its power. Under the tailored suit, beneath the handshake and the title, sits the constant, private reminder of who governs him — a secret worn against the skin that turns every public room into an extension of her authority. He is never off the estate. The executive at the podium and the husband over her lap are the same owned man, and the steel is what keeps him from forgetting it.

Practical discretion is part of the discipline: garments chosen so nothing prints, seating and movement managed without fidgeting, and comfort proven on long days before it is trusted at important ones. Discretion is his responsibility and his skill — being visibly uncomfortable in public is a failure of preparation, and preparation is obedience.

II. HER STATION

She is on his arm and at his side — and she is the most composed presence in the room. Her standard, sworn in Article Eight, is unimpeachable status and grace: dressed impeccably, carried with certainty, noticeable to everyone and reachable by no one. Others may look; none may land. Her attention, her warmth, and her focus belong to one man in the room, and everyone present can sense it even if no one could name it. That exclusivity is not decoration. A woman who is admired by the room and devoted to her husband raises his standing more than any title he holds — every person present recalculates him upward because of who stands beside him and looks at no one else.

Let this be said plainly, because the age misunderstands it: she is not a trophy. A trophy is inert — it sits on the shelf and shines. She is an engine. Her presence works, studies, adjusts, and builds. The room sees a beautiful wife; only he knows he is standing next to his Regulator on duty.

III. THE STUDY OF THE ASSET

Her first duty in any room is to read him — because she is the one person alive who can. She knows his tells the way a jeweler knows a stone: the flat tone that means he has gone internal, the crossed arms that mean he feels outranked, the too-quick laugh that means he is performing instead of connecting, the drift to the edge of the group that means he has quietly given up on the conversation. Others see a man being a little quiet. She sees an asset running below capacity — and she does not permit it.

This study is continuous and deliberate. She positions herself where she can watch him work a room. She notices whom he avoids, whom he defers to, where his voice drops, and when his posture closes. The Covenant made his focus and his drive assets of the estate; in the Public Theatre, she is the asset manager on the floor.

IV. DRAWING HIM OUT

When she sees him closed, she opens him — and she does it invisibly. A hand rested on his back as she joins his circle. A question aimed at him in front of the right person: darling, tell them what you told me about this. His success story introduced casually into conversation, because he will not introduce it himself. A quiet word in his ear that no one else hears and that lands like a hand on the back of his neck. She knows which side of him a room needs — the storyteller, the strategist, the listener, the closer — and she draws that man out of him the way she draws everything else out of him: with total confidence that he will produce what she demands.

This is the deep truth of the arrangement, and the reason the Covenant calls her the key in every social setting: she makes him who he is. Not once, at the altar — continuously, in every room, for life. A man alone rises to the level of his habits. A man with a Regulator rises to the level of her standard.

V. THE RECORD

She records his performance. During the evening she notes — mentally or, at her discretion, in the small book she carries — where he shone and where he shrank: the conversation he carried, the introduction he fumbled, the opportunity he let drift past, the moment he was closed off when he was needed open. The record is not surveillance for its own sake. It is the raw material of his development, gathered by the only person positioned to gather it.

Where the record is kept: _____

Standing focus areas (updated as he improves):

VI. THE DEBRIEF AND THE CONSEQUENCE

The record comes home. As part of the Nightly Routine, or the morning after a significant event, she delivers the debrief: what she observed, plainly and without cushioning, commendation given where it was earned and correction assigned where it was not. Social performance falls under Article Six like every other output of the estate — a man who was closed off, unprepared, or below his standard in the Public Theatre has failed a required target, and he answers for it the way the Covenant answers for everything. He does not argue with the record. She was watching; he was performing; her account is the account.

But the debrief cuts both ways, as everything in this Covenant does. Where he excelled because she opened a door, she owns that win. Where he shrank and she did not catch it, the Regulator reviews her own watch. The standard binds them both.

VII. THE REGULATOR'S DOMAIN (THE CREED OF THIS HOUSE)

In this Covenant, the couple has made a deliberate configuration, and it should be stated without apology: her chosen profession is him. The home is her command center, and his elevation is her career — practiced with the seriousness, the study, and the standards of one. This is not idleness and it is not housework; anyone who reduces it to either has never watched it done well. She manages the estate, curates the couple's presence, studies her asset, plans his development, and executes it daily.

The reasoning is structural, and this house states it plainly. A wife who answers to an employer answers to two authorities — and the second one pays for the privilege. The boss's claim on her hours, her energy, and her loyalty is not theoretical: it is contractual, it arrives every morning, and it competes directly with the family for the very resource this entire Covenant is built on — undivided attention. A marriage can survive many things, but a Regulator cannot regulate on the margins of someone else's schedule. Command divided is command diminished. In this house, she answers to the person she married, and to no third party in the relationship. One command. One focus. One estate.

And the cornerstone, without which none of this stands: she chose this. She was not forced into it, not married off, not denied a path — her prerogative was real, her options were open, and she spent them here, with open eyes, because she judged that one extraordinary marriage outranks two ordinary careers. Let those who object call it what they like; this house has looked at the state of the modern marriage — the

divided loyalties, the outsourced childhoods, the two exhausted strangers sharing a mortgage — and made its choice. The objectors may keep the average. This house is not building the average.

The configuration scales with means, and the couple should be honest about the tier they occupy. A household with staff — cleaners, a nanny, hands to rely on — has already outsourced the estate's operations, and there the Regulator may command from wherever she pleases: the home, a business of her own, a boardroom. The question was never whether a wife may work; it is who commands the estate, and with what attention left over. For the couple still climbing, the answer is harder and more expensive: the climb itself is her post. Climbing is brutal work. It means outgrowing rooms, leaving some people behind, and holding a standard when everyone around you has none — which is precisely why the house requires a wife who is powerful and dominant within its walls and gentle and knowing in her care. She must understand exactly who she is supporting and exactly who she is pushing, because those are the same man.

This house takes its model not from the sitcoms that mock marriage but from the one strange, immortal household that got it right: he answers to her, adores her without embarrassment, cares for no opinion in the world but hers, and is more formidable for it, not less — while she runs the house with absolute, elegant command and is worshipped for it, not resented. Their devotion looks eccentric to the age only because the age has forgotten what devotion looks like. The children of such a house grow up inside it, absorbing before they can speak that a marriage has one center, not two schedules — and in this house, the children are never raised by default or by strangers to the family's values: someone whose whole loyalty is to this family is present, always.

As for him: a father in this house is pushed, permanently, to do better than he did — held responsible when he fails, rewarded when he succeeds, and made to feel both, because a man who feels neither drifts. And a man driven this way rises faster than he could ever rise alone, provided — and it all rests on this — there is a woman who can handle him, who knows him to the bone, and who makes certain he arrives where he is needed. A wife in this Covenant is not ornament, not arm candy, not someone to be looked at and rented out to an employer five days a week. She is the maker of the man. He earns in the market; she compounds what he earns into something the market cannot produce: a formidable man, a formidable marriage, and a household that runs like a covenant instead of a compromise.

She has not stepped back from the world. She has taken command of the part of the world that decides whether the rest of it goes well. And by the Covenant's own accounting — when the asset succeeds, the Regulator succeeds — every deal he closes, every room he wins, every man he becomes is her portfolio performing. Her victory is not beside his. His is inside hers.

VIII. THE NEXT GENERATION

A marriage run this way is not only for the two who run it. A household with a clear order, a devoted center, and two people visibly committed to making each other more is the inheritance — the thing the next generation absorbs before they can name it: that marriage is not two careers sharing a roof, but two people building one another on purpose, for life. What the world has largely lost, this house keeps. That is the quiet, generational ambition underneath the cage, the paddle, and the signed pages on the wall: not merely a disciplined marriage, but a durable one — the kind that gets handed down.

ADOPTION

These Protocols bind the Covenant in every public room, subject always to the Schedule of Limits and the halt signals, which govern in public exactly as they govern at home.

Signature of the Husband / Asset: _____

Signature of the Wife / Regulator: _____

Date: _____

A guide only. For consenting adults, 18 and over.

THE DISCIPLINE OF DESIRE

A Guide to Teasing, Denial, and the Refusal of the Key
Companion to the Covenant Set — For Consenting Adults, 18 and Over

I. THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE LOCKED WEEK

Every marriage owns a fire; most let it burn however it happens to burn. This guide is about building it deliberately — banking it, feeding it a measured amount each day, and refusing it oxygen until the night it is finally allowed to take the whole house. The instrument is the cage; the fuel is his desire for her; the hand on the damper, always and only, is hers.

Understand first what the steel actually does. Desire in an unlocked man is self-extinguishing: it peaks, it is satisfied, it resets to nothing, and the marriage waits for it to gather again. The cage abolishes the reset. Denied its ending, his desire has nowhere to go but upward and inward — into attentiveness, into hunger for her presence, into a focus on her body and her moods that no free man sustains past the first years. By the third day of a locked week she is not competing with anything for his attention: not work, not screens, not fatigue. She is the only thought with anywhere to live.

And understand what the week is for. It is not a punishment — the Schedule has other instruments for that. The locked week is a courtship, run in reverse and at triple intensity: instead of him pursuing her favor, his pursuit is guaranteed, bottled, and set on her shelf, and what unfolds is her deciding, hour by hour, exactly how much of herself to let him almost have.

II. THE CURRENCY OF THE KEY

The key must be visible. This is the first law of the practice and the one most often underestimated. Locked away in a drawer, the key is a fact; worn on the chain between her breasts, it is a sentence he rereads a hundred times a day. She should let him see it constantly and casually — while she cooks, while she dresses, while she leans over him at his desk — because every glance renews the arithmetic in his head: everything I want is one inch of steel away, and the inch belongs to her.

From this follows the central transaction of the week: he will ask, and she will refuse. Let it be said plainly, because new couples flinch from it — the refusal is the intimacy. When he comes to the edge of begging, when the words finally spill out — unlock me, let me prove myself, let me feel you — she has received the most honest tribute a husband can pay. And her smiling, unhurried, absolute no is not the closing of a door. It is her hand tightening on the leash. Every no says: I know exactly what

you want, I hold it, I am enjoying holding it, and you will go on wanting it until I say otherwise. A man cannot hear that from a woman he adores and grow colder. He grows hotter, and both of them feel it happen.

She should refuse in variety: sometimes with amusement, sometimes with mock sympathy, sometimes with a single raised eyebrow and no words at all, sometimes with a condition attached that she has no intention of honoring yet. The one thing the refusal must never carry is anger — the no of the locked week is warm, confident, and delighted. Cruelty is not the register. Ownership is.

III. THE ARC OF SEVEN DAYS

The week has a shape, and she conducts it. What follows is a proven arc; she should treat it as sheet music, not as law — the tempo is always hers.

Days One and Two — The Settling — Light touches only. She establishes the frame: the key visible, a hand resting on the steel through his clothes in passing, a comment dropped at breakfast about how long a week can be. His desire is still ordinary; her work is planting the awareness that this time, there is no valve. The morning and evening soaks begin at once and run all week — care and ritual in one gesture, her supervision optional but recommended: there is a particular intimacy in her watching the cold water do its work on what she owns.

Days Three and Four — The Build — Now she leans in. Longer contact, deliberate display, her body against his in bed with nothing offered. This is where the begging usually starts, and where her refusals do their finest work. She should reward the begging — not with the key, but with more of exactly what causes it: another slow evening, another almost. By day four he is attentive in ways that startle them both; chores are done before they are asked, her coffee appears without prompting, his eyes follow her across every room. She should name it, sweetly: the cage is making a better husband of him, and they can both see it.

Days Five and Six — The Burn — The nightly ritual now carries the full practice: her pleasure taken openly and unhurriedly against and around the steel — riding the cage, using the length of him she has locked away as her own fixture, patting and feeling what strains helplessly inside it, her arousal left drying on the metal as a mark of exactly what he was this close to. He serves, he aches, he begs, and the no by now is barely a word — a look is enough. These are the nights the appendix called burning hotter with the act withheld than most marriages burn with it freely given. The morning soak, these days, is not optional housekeeping; it is the reverent maintenance of an instrument in heavy use.

Day Seven — The Decision — Release — when she decides, not when he begs; the begging, by now, is continuous and has stopped being a request and become a form of worship. She may unlock him on the seventh night; she may extend to ten days because his eyes at breakfast made her want to; she may unlock him and still make him earn the rest. The power of the entire week collects in this one fact: even at the end, the ending is hers.

IV. HER INSTRUMENTS

Proximity, granted and revoked — the fundamental note; her closeness is the tease, and her stepping away is its completion. Words — spoken low and in passing, promises with no schedule attached, observations about what she can see the steel doing to him. Her hands — feeling, patting, weighing, assessing what belongs to her, always with the proprietary calm of an owner inspecting the inventory. Her body — the instrument the others serve; in the nightly ritual she uses him as she pleases, takes what she wants, and lets him feel through half a centimeter of steel exactly how much wanting a body can hold. And the key itself — lifted, turned in her fingers, touched to the lock and withdrawn. Used sparingly, that last one is close to unfair, which is precisely its charm.

One instrument is his: obedience under provocation. His discipline in the locked week is to endure the tease without complaint — to strain, to beg beautifully when the begging comes, and to accept the no with the grace the Articles trained into him. A husband who sulks at refusal has misunderstood the game; a husband who thanks her for it has mastered it.

V. CARE UNDER INTENSITY

The locked week is exactly the condition Appendix A exists for. Constant wear, fluids on the hardware nightly, heightened swelling against the ring — the saline soak, morning and evening, five minutes, locked, is the non-negotiable spine of the week's hygiene, and drying completely afterward matters more than ever. The Regulator's eyes stay open throughout: the ache of denial is the entire point, but sharp pain, persistent swelling, skin breaking at the ring, or color changes end the week early and without debate. A week cut short by good judgement can be run again in a fortnight; an injury pushed through cannot. Even at the height of the burn, the Schedule governs.

VI. THE RELEASE AND THE AFTER

When the key finally turns, both should know what is coming: intensity in exact proportion to everything the week banked. Whatever form she permits the release to take, it will arrive with a force that surprises couples the first time — that is not exaggeration, it is arithmetic. And the aftermath deserves the same ceremony as any

correction in the Covenant: water, warmth, her hands, his gratitude, the two of them lying inside something they built together over seven deliberate days.

And here is the finding that converts couples into practitioners for life: the reset never fully comes. An unlocked release ends a desire; a released week ends a chapter of one. He returns to the steel — the next morning or the next week, at her discretion — already knowing what the cage now means, already carrying the memory of what she can do with seven days and a chain around her neck. The fire does not go out between weeks. It banks. That is the discipline of desire: a marriage in which wanting never again has an off-switch, because the switch was handed, freely and forever, to the woman wearing the key.

Subject in all things to the Schedule of Limits and the halt signals.

A guide only. For consenting adults, 18 and over.

THE HOUSE WITH CHILDREN

Running a covenant where children live
A companion to the Covenant Set — For Adults 18 and Over

THE FIRST RULE

Where there are children in the house, they come before the dynamic — not as a sentiment, but as an operating principle that overrides every other page in this library. The Covenant exists to build a strong household. A household in which a child is frightened, confused, or exposed to what belongs to the parents is not strong, whatever else is working.

WHAT THEY MUST NEVER SEE OR HEAR

No correction takes place where a child may walk in, and no correction takes place while a child is awake in the house unless there is a door, a distance, and certainty. Discipline is not audible. Implements are not visible. Hardware is not on display anywhere a child may be — the encouragement to display within the home ends entirely at the point a child lives there.

This is not prudishness, and it is not shame. It is that a child who witnesses this cannot understand it, will not have the framework to interpret what he or she saw, and may carry the fright of it for years. What is devotion between two adults is simply terrifying to a seven-year-old.

STORAGE

Implements live locked away, not merely out of reach. Children find things; older children look deliberately. Documents, ledgers, hardware, and anything else belonging to the practice go in a locked box or a locked room, and the key is not on the hook by the door. Assume that anything unlocked will eventually be found.

The same applies to devices. A shared tablet, a family computer, an unlocked phone, a synced photo library — these are the commonest route by which children encounter what they should not. Separate accounts, no synced albums, and nothing saved where a child hands a device to a parent to show them something.

IF A CHILD SEES OR HEARS SOMETHING

Do not panic, and do not lie elaborately. Panic teaches a child that something terrible happened; an elaborate lie will be remembered and eventually understood. Keep it brief, calm, and age-appropriate: adults sometimes play games or do things that are private, nobody was hurt, everyone is fine. Then change the subject and do not raise it again.

For an older child or a teenager who has clearly understood more, honesty within limits works better than denial: this is private, it is between us, nobody is being hurt, and it is not something to discuss further. A flat refusal to explain is more reassuring than a story that does not hold.

If a child seems genuinely distressed, that takes priority over every other consideration, including embarrassment. Attend to the child first and review the arrangements afterwards.

TIMING AND THE NIGHTLY ROUTINE

The Routine and a child's bedtime occupy the same hours, and this is the practical difficulty most couples hit first. The answer is usually to move the reckoning rather than to skip it: the ledger may be read and scored at the ordinary hour and served later, after the house is asleep. The account is still settled the same day, which is what the Articles require.

Where nothing can be served safely, Addendum I already provides for it — the ledger is read, scored, and recorded, and the striking waits. A father whose children are awake is not failing his Covenant by not being paddled.

WHAT THEY SHOULD ABSORB

They should never know what this is. They should absolutely see what it produces: two parents who are visibly devoted, a house with clear order, a father who is attentive and does what he says, and a mother whose word carries. That is the inheritance the Protocols speak of, and it is transmitted entirely by what children observe in ordinary daylight — not by anything that happens behind a locked door.

They should never know what this is. They should absolutely see what it produces.

ON RAISING THEM TO CHOOSE WELL

What is kept from a child, what is given to a young adult, and what is never shown to either

A companion to The House With Children — written for parents

TWO DIFFERENT SILENCES

There is a silence that protects a child and a silence that abandons an adolescent, and they are not the same silence. A young child needs to be kept entirely clear of all of this; The House With Children sets out how, and none of it softens with time. But a boy of sixteen whose body has changed and who has been carrying questions for two years is not being protected by silence. He is being left to be taught by other people, and those people are worse teachers than you.

So the rule shifts once, and only once: what is kept from a child is given to a young adult — not the practices of this house, which stay private permanently, but the understanding of what marriage requires and what they should be building toward.

WHY SIXTEEN

Sixteen is chosen because it is the age at which the law in this country recognises them as capable of consent, and because by then the questions are no longer theoretical. It is a threshold for teaching, not for permission. Nothing about this age marks anything as advisable — this house holds that intimacy belongs inside marriage, and that is taught plainly and without apology.

But teach it as a conviction to be argued for, not as a rule issued from height. An adolescent given reasons can carry them into rooms where you are not present. An adolescent given only prohibitions discards them the moment the prohibition is out of earshot, and learns to conceal rather than to choose.

WHAT STAYS PRIVATE FOREVER

Nothing in this library is ever shown to a child of any age, including an adult one. The specifics of a marriage belong to the two people inside it, permanently. A grown son or daughter learning the particulars of their parents' private life gains nothing and loses something they cannot get back.

If a teenager asks a direct question — and an observant one may — the answer is short and closes the subject: what happens between your mother and me is private, nobody is harmed, and it is not something we discuss. Delivered calmly, that satisfies. An elaborate denial does not, because it invites the search for what is being denied.

Public one side. Children one side. And the marriage, behind a closed door, on its own.

WHAT THEY ARE ALREADY BEING TAUGHT

Be clear-eyed about the competition. By sixteen, most young people have absorbed a great deal from pornography, from peers, and from a culture that treats intimacy as recreation and commitment as a limitation on the self. None of that is neutral. Pornography in particular teaches a boy that women are for consumption and teaches a girl what she must perform to be wanted, and it teaches both that intensity is the measure of a relationship.

You cannot prevent the exposure. You can be the counter-argument, and the counter-argument only works if it is specific. Vague disapproval loses to vivid material every time. Name what is wrong with it: that it shows use without knowledge, bodies without persons, and appetite without any of the things that make appetite worth having.

TO A SON

Teach him that a man's worth is measured by what he does when it is difficult and no one is watching. That his word is the whole of his credit. That strength exists to be useful rather than displayed, and that a man who frightens people is weak rather than strong. That he will spend his life either building something or drifting, and the difference is almost entirely habits formed before twenty-five.

On women: that no is complete, immediate, and final, in every setting and at every stage; that a woman's consent is not something to be negotiated toward; and that pursuing someone who has not chosen you freely is the mark of a small man. That the girls worth having are the ones who are hard to impress. And that whatever he thinks he wants at sixteen is not what he will want at thirty — which is precisely why he should not bind himself, or bind someone else, before he knows.

And teach him what he will owe a wife: provision, fidelity without exception, attention as a daily practice, and a standard he holds himself to whether or not anyone enforces it.

TO A DAUGHTER

Teach her that being wanted is not the same as being valued, and that a great many young men will manage the first without ever attempting the second. That attention is cheap and constancy is rare. That a man who pressures her — for anything, in any way, however gently framed — has told her everything she needs to know and should be believed the first time.

Teach her that her judgement is the thing to develop, because she will one day choose someone and that single decision will shape her life more than any other she makes. Teach her to watch how a man treats waiters, his mother, and people who can do nothing for him. To notice whether his words and his actions match over months rather than evenings. And to understand that the ability to walk away early is the most valuable thing she will ever possess.

And teach her what she may rightly expect from a husband: faithfulness, honesty, effort, and a man who becomes more rather than less over the years. Not perfection — but movement in the right direction, which is the only reliable sign.

COURTSHIP, AND WHY IT IS WORTH KEEPING

The old forms had a purpose that the modern absence of them does not replace: they slowed everything down long enough for judgement to work. Give them the principles rather than the etiquette. Time before intimacy, because attraction lies and character takes months to show. Introductions to family and friends early, because a person who resists being known in company is hiding something. Public places before private ones. And a clear head — most regretted decisions at that age were made drunk.

Teach them, too, that the point of courtship is assessment, not acquisition. They are not trying to win someone. They are finding out, slowly and honestly, whether this is a person they could keep a vow with for fifty years — and the right answer, most of the time, is no. That is not failure. That is the process working.

SELF-DISCIPLINE, WHICH UNDERLIES ALL OF IT

This is the inheritance that matters most, and it has nothing to do with anything physical. Teach them to do the difficult thing first. To keep a commitment made to themselves as seriously as one made to another person. To finish. To be on time. To take correction without collapsing and without arguing. To be honest when a lie would cost less.

A young person with those habits will build a good marriage whatever framework they eventually choose, and one without them will struggle inside any framework at all. Everything else in this library is downstream of this, which is why it can be taught openly, at any age, to anyone.

IF THEY CHOOSE OTHERWISE

Teach your convictions fully and without dilution — and then be honest with yourself about the fact that some will choose differently anyway, because young people always have. A child who makes that choice while ignorant of how to protect themselves pays a price out of all proportion to the decision, and that price falls on them rather than on the principle.

So ensure they have the facts as well as the values. Knowing how a body works, how pregnancy and infection occur, and what protection does is not permission — it is not an argument for anything, and it undermines nothing you have taught. It simply means that if they depart from your counsel, they do so informed. And make sure they know that whatever happens, they can come to you: a child who fears you more than the consequence will conceal, and concealment is how a manageable problem becomes a catastrophe.

WHAT THEY LEARN WITHOUT BEING TOLD

None of this teaching will matter as much as what they observe. They will absorb, long before they can name it, whether their parents are devoted, whether their father keeps his word, whether their mother is respected, whether promises are kept in this house and whether anyone raises their voice.

That is the real curriculum, and it has been running since they were born. A child raised in a house with a clear centre, visible devotion, and two parents plainly committed to making each other more will recognise the real thing when it stands in front of them at twenty-five — and will refuse the counterfeit without needing to be told why.

Teach them to choose well. Show them, every day, what choosing well produced.

Nothing in the Covenant Set is ever shown to a child of any age. This document concerns values, not practices.

WHEN THE REGULATOR FALTERS

*For the weeks she has nothing left, and the man who must carry her
A companion to the Covenant Set — For Adults 18 and Over*

THE ASSUMPTION NOBODY EXAMINES

Every page of this library assumes she is steady. The Articles give her authority, the Schedule makes her responsible for his body, the Protocols make her responsible for his trajectory, and Article Eight binds her to a standard of her own. What none of them address is the obvious: she is a person, and there will be weeks and months when she has nothing to give.

This is the commonest way arrangements like this quietly die. Not betrayal, not injury — attrition. She becomes exhausted, unwell, bereaved, or simply flat, and cannot say so, because the whole architecture rests on her being the one who does not falter. So she performs it, resents it, and eventually stops.

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE

The evenings get skipped and neither of them mentions it. Corrections become perfunctory, or oddly harsh, or arrive with temper where they never used to. She stops noticing things she would have caught a year ago. She agrees to whatever he suggests, which is the clearest sign of all, because a Regulator who has stopped choosing is no longer governing. Or she simply goes quiet, in exactly the way the third Letter describes him going quiet.

STANDING DOWN IS NOT ENDING

There must be a way for her to put it down without putting the marriage down, and it must be established before she needs it. The Covenant does not require her to govern every week of her life; it requires her to govern honestly. A month in which she says plainly that she has nothing to give is worth more than a month of hollow ritual, and the framework survives it easily.

The words should be agreed in advance, so that using them is not a confession. Something as simple as: I am standing down for a while. Nothing has changed between us; I have nothing in the tank. That is the whole of it, and no explanation is owed.

WHAT HE DOES

This is the part the rest of the library never says, and it may be the most important paragraph in it. When she falters, he carries her — and he does it without turning it into a role reversal. He does not take command, does not begin directing, and does not treat

her weakness as an opening. He simply removes weight: the household runs itself, the standards are kept without being enforced, and nothing requires her decision for a while.

And he continues to meet the standard she set when she was able to. That is the real proof of what these documents claim. A man who is only disciplined while being disciplined has learned nothing; a man who keeps to it while the person holding him accountable is flat on her back has actually been formed. The Covenant is either building a man who governs himself when required, or it is building a performance.

WATCHING HER THE WAY SHE WATCHES HIM

The Protocols require her to study him closely. This is the reciprocal duty and it should be written in: he watches her, and he says what he sees. If she is running on empty, he names it before she has to. If she has been carrying something alone, he notices. If her own standard has slipped — the one Article Eight binds her to — he tells her honestly, once, with the same directness she would use on him.

That is not insubordination. It is the covenant working in the direction nobody expects, and a Regulator who has never once been told the truth by the man she governs is being served rather than loved.

WHEN IT IS MORE THAN TIREDNESS

The same distinction the third Letter draws for him applies to her. Drift, stuck, and illness are different things, and structure does not treat the third. If she has lost interest in everything rather than merely in governing, if she is sleeping badly or endlessly, if she speaks of being a burden, or if the darkness has begun to talk to her about her worth — that is not a Regulator needing a rest. That is someone needing a doctor, and he should say so plainly and go with her.

A man who is only disciplined while being disciplined has learned nothing.

BODIES THAT CHANGE

Pregnancy, illness, injury, and age — and what the vow becomes
A companion to the Covenant Set — For Adults 18 and Over

WHAT A LIFELONG VOW ACTUALLY PROMISES

This Covenant claims permanence and means it. But every practice in it assumes a body that can take what is described — and no body does that forever. Pregnancy, surgery, injury, chronic illness, medication, and eventually age will each arrive, and any framework promising until death do us part must be able to answer what it becomes when the paddle is no longer possible. A vow that only works on the fit is not a lifelong vow. It is a hobby with an expiry date.

THE PRINCIPLE

The instruments are not the Covenant. Steel, leather, cane, ledger and nettle are the means by which one person is governed and another governs; they are not the thing itself. What the Articles actually promise is ownership, attention, transparency, and a standard — none of which require a body capable of taking two hundred strokes.

So the rule is adaptation, never abandonment. When a practice becomes unsafe, it is replaced rather than mourned. The Regulator's authority does not diminish because her instruments change, and a man who can no longer be paddled is no less owned.

PREGNANCY AND AFTER

The obvious adjustments are hers to make and should be discussed early rather than improvised. Impact to her is out. His impact continues only as she has capacity to deliver it, which is often much less than either expects, particularly in the first months and the last. Positions change, energy collapses, and the Nightly Routine may become a conversation rather than a correction for a season.

Afterwards, take longer than seems necessary. Recovery from birth is measured in months rather than weeks, and the Covenant's own principle applies: her pace, not his. This is also precisely the moment the previous document describes, when she has nothing in the tank and he carries her without taking command.

ILLNESS, SURGERY, AND INJURY

Any new diagnosis, operation, or medication is disclosed to her at once — this falls under the transparency the Schedule already requires, and concealing a health matter to protect the practice is a failure of the Covenant rather than a service to it. Blood thinners change bruising entirely. Heart conditions change what is safe under adrenaline. Nerve

damage, back surgery, and abdominal operations each rule out particular positions for particular periods.

The standing rule: where there is doubt, the practice stops until a doctor has been asked. Not for permission — a doctor is not being consulted about a covenant — but for the plain facts about what that body can currently take.

It is not necessary to explain the dynamic to a doctor. Any competent clinician can answer whether a healing wound tolerates pressure, or whether a medication affects bruising, without knowing why the question is being asked.

AGE

Skin thins. Circulation slows. Bruises take three times as long to clear and bones become less forgiving. The count that was ordinary at forty is dangerous at seventy, and a couple who do not adjust deliberately will discover this by injury instead.

What survives, and survives well, is everything that was never about force in the first place: the containment, the ledger, the evening reckoning, the standard, the attention. A hand on the backside for a symbolic count carries exactly the meaning two hundred strokes carried, provided the meaning was ever the point. Couples who have practised this for decades describe the discipline growing quieter and more ceremonial with age — and, almost universally, deeper rather than lesser.

THE TEST

There is a way to know whether what you have built is real, and it is worth asking early rather than finding out late. If every implement in the house were taken away tomorrow, permanently, would the Covenant survive?

If the answer is yes — if she would still govern, he would still answer, the ledger would still be read and the standard still kept — then the instruments were always servants of the thing rather than the thing itself, and the vow will hold through whatever the years bring. If the answer is no, then what exists is an arrangement rather than a covenant, and that is worth knowing now, while both bodies still work.

If every implement were taken away tomorrow, would the Covenant survive? Answer honestly, and early.