

THE LEDGER OF TWENTY QUESTIONS

A night as the Ledger sets it

A companion to Addendum I — The Daily Ledger — for adults 18 and over

The heavy leather cuffs click shut, securing your wrists to the iron rings of the frame. You are standing, displayed in the dim, amber glow of the room. You cannot move. You cannot turn around to see me. You can only breathe the cool air and wait in the absolute, heavy silence that I require of you.

I take my time. That is the first rule of tonight. There is no rush in this room.

I walk around you slowly, my heels clicking against the stone floor. I drag the very tips of my fingernails across your bare shoulders, down the rigid line of your spine, letting them trace the tense muscles of your lower back. You shiver... your breathing hitches... but you remain perfectly silent.

Twenty questions. That was the schedule we agreed upon when you walked through the door. You gave me your Ledger, and your answers gave me the amounts for tonight.

I step in close behind you, my lips brushing the shell of your ear.

The first ten questions were for your back. And the second ten questions... those were to determine the discipline for the more intimate area.

I run my hand slowly over your hip, trailing around to the front. My fingers brush the cold, heavy steel locking you away. The cage is doing exactly what I designed it to do. It holds back your desperate arousal, caging the erection and keeping it small and contained... keeping it completely out of the way, leaving everything else heavy, vulnerable, and exposed.

I step back, picking up the paddle from the altar. It is thick, smooth, and unforgiving.

You carried the weight of the world today, my love. You made the decisions. You sat at the head of the table. But here, you have no decisions left to make. You only have to endure.

The smooth wood strikes with a sudden, sharp crack—and I wait.

You gasp, your hips instinctively trying to pull forward, but the restraints hold you perfectly in place.

I do not strike again immediately. I wait. I let the sting bloom fully across your skin, watching the pale flesh slowly flush with a sudden, hot pink. I trace the edge of the paddle over the exact spot I just struck, making you tremble. The

patience is what breaks you—the agonising seconds between the impacts, where your mind anticipates the next blow, but my schedule dictates exactly when it falls.

That is one... I whisper softly. Nine more for this side of the Ledger.

Another sharp intake of breath. The colour deepens, a beautiful, slow redding spreading across your skin as the warmth rushes to the surface.

You were stubborn in your meeting at noon...

The paddle lands again.

That earned you three.

I walk around you again, coming into your line of sight. I let you see my eyes... entirely calm, entirely in control. I reach out, running my knuckles lightly down your chest, feeling your heart hammering against your ribs. I step behind you once more.

Stroke four. You forgot to text me when you landed.

Stroke five. You let your temper flare.

Stroke six.

With every calculated, perfectly spaced blow, the heat in your skin rises, the red darkening into a profound, aching flush. I am unmaking your day, stroke by stroke, replacing all your worldly stress with the singular, burning focus of my authority. You groan—a helpless sound catching in your throat as the tenth stroke finally lands, leaving your skin radiating with heat.

I set the paddle down softly.

I step around to the front of you, my hands resting lightly on your hips. You are flushed, breathing heavily, your eyes completely surrendered to mine.

And now... I whisper, trailing my fingers down your stomach, stopping just above the cold steel of your cage and the heavy vulnerability resting beneath it...

Now we move to the second ten questions. The ones that earned you something much more intimate.

Part II

Let's Continue

The paddle is set aside. Now, we move to a different kind of focus.

I take hold of his cage and pull him forward place it through a secure metal bar and lock the base ring in place his hips and now forward and unable to move.

I take hold of a smaller, lighter instrument. I face my husband and slowly remove any clothing I has left on, I want maximum impact visually and physically, I then step back into position and begin I set the timer 3 mins, then start a steady, rhythmic tapping . It is not heavy. It is not meant to sting like the paddle. It is just a constant, inescapable pressure.

Tap. Tap. Tap. He's wanting to move,

but his held in place, he stuck,

feeling everything as I speed up,

the pressure stays the same as the speed goes up,

and the intensity shifts from his back to where it needs to be, directly in his testicles.

His face is a picture, his breathing is that of pain and pleasure, he's legs a weak his arms are looking like he wants to let go, he's resilient so I do not stop... if it was to much he would call out the safe word, but he's on the line his hating it, but loving it, he's leaking and completely aroused, he's breathing is heavy and fast, and the sweat is starting to come out of him, he's trying to pull back but he can't, he's were I want him, he's completely mine.

Three minutes go on the clock. For three entire minutes, he cannot move, he cannot block, and he cannot stop it. The sensation starts as a mere discomfort, but as the seconds drag on, that constant rhythm spreads. It moves through him, building a desperate psychological tension. I watch his body is wound so tightly, winding higher and higher, looking for a release, wanting the tapping to stop, but now its gone beyond, he knows he's not allowed to orgasm, his release of his seed without permission, is a no, he knows it, and he's wanting it, it's payed off, he now want's the edge even more, he wants the release even though is not a full orgasm, he wants something.

You are breathing heavily now husband. I am watching you so closely, studying the exact way your chest heaves, listening to the shifts in your breath that tell me exactly how close you are to the edge. You are right there, suspended in the unbearable patience of it all.

And then... beep, beep, beep.

The timer sounds.

I stop immediately. I step back,

I watch his face... all that and not allowed to edge,

no release..., just left in the hight of the moment,
to wait.

A ragged, desperate moan escapes his throat.

"Please... no..."

I step around to the front of you. I lean in, my mouth brushing yours in a soft, mocking kiss.

"Not now, dear," I whisper against your lips. "You had three minutes. If it didn't happen in that time, then it is not happening tonight." "And you know the rules don't you",

"Yes my wife I know"

"What is it? tell me" I asked,

"Not release without permission" he said

"And did I give you permission my love" I asked teasingly

"No.... You did not"

You let out a sound of pure frustration, entirely at my mercy. I look up at him, my expression softening into a dangerous, beautiful smile.

"You begged just now," I murmur, my voice dropping back to that absolute, quiet authority. "Five with the cane."

I step away, slowly picking up the rattan cane from the altar. I altered the metal holding his cage in, lowered and push back, as I turned the wheel, his bottom still red from the paddles was now in a good position, my hands firmly taking his hips and repositioning him.

I push my breasts over his bottom, I can now see his cage leaking..., he's dribbling onto the floor from his little prison, I continued adjusting the restraints so he was bent deeper, completely vulnerable and perfectly displayed.

his legs were spread open, his anus was fully on display to me, i ran my finger down his open crack of his butt cheeks I watch it move as i passed over his whole, thinking to myself maybe i could insert a plug later, punishment first.

His legs are apart and the cage hanging down still trapped in the device holding them in place, he can't move at all his bottom is now a fixed point.

I stand behind him, I take hold of his scrotum sack from behind and give it a squeeze letting him know I have access and he cant see it.

I'm letting the thin rattan rest lightly against his skin before I draw it back.

I lean in, my breath warm against your ear. "Ready?"

"Yes,"

he whisper's into the dark.

"Count for me."

The cane sings through the air. Crack.

"One,"

he gasps, a moan of sharp discomfort following the number. A stark red line begins to form on his skin. I set the cane down for a moment and place my bare hand over the hot skin, rubbing the mark gently, soothing the exact pain I just caused.

I step back. I take my time. Crack.

"Two,"

he replies, and this time, his voice physically cracks.

Again, I place my hand on the area, rubbing the area, letting him feel my total ownership of both the discipline and the comfort.

I repeat the process. Slow. Steady. Targeted. Powerful.

Crack.

"Three."

Crack.

"Four."

Crack. "Five."

When the final number leaves your lips, I walk round to face him and set the cane down. The silence rushes back into the room.

I step in close in front of him. I tell him well done..., I take my breast to his lips, suck on my nipples I order him, he does as told until I move away, this gave the time for the cane strikes to set in..., a brief distraction, I go back round to his rear, I trail my fingers lightly up and down his back, tracing the muscles that are shivering under my touch. My hands map his shoulders, his neck, completely owning his body. I step around to your side, my fingers trailing down your chest that still bent over.

"How do you feel, husband?" I ask softly.

You open your mouth to respond, to try and put words to the heavy, floating submission you are suspended in, but I don't let you. My lips meet yours. I kiss

you deeply, taking your breath, pulling you entirely into me. There is no rush to release the cuffs. I am enjoying the absolute perfection of your submission.

I tease your poor balls more, making sure you stay leaking, I love watching you leak...,

your poor little confined penis belongs to me.

This is where I get my time on you..., your punishment is over but my fun can begin, and you haven't asked to be let down, so you will stay exactly where you are for now. Helpless, heavy, and mine, while I step into your space and make you kiss my neck, my jaw, my collarbone, my breasts, keeping you desperate and completely surrendered to the pace of my evening, until I let you down and as your reward if you do not ask, you can kiss my other lips until I am happy, and no..., not yet, you are not allowed to cum... its only me that get's to do that...

A guide only. Not medical advice. For consenting adults, 18 and over. This is one household's evening, not an instruction: nothing here overrides the Schedule of Limits, the ceilings of Addendum I, or On Striking Safely. The halt word governs this page as it governs every page — mid-count, mid-clock, and mid-sentence — and is never punished, never priced, never remembered against him.