

The New Arrangement

(By: Rosie Kreps)

THE NEW ARRANGEMENT (or, “An au pair thing.”)

“Daniel, sweetheart” Daphne said to me one afternoon as we shared the Sunday “Times”.

“Yes, dear?” I asked, “Do you want some more Irish coffee?”

Daph smiled and looked at me affectionately. “No, I wanted to talk to you, honey... I have some interesting news... it’s about taking things in our relationship a little further. Do you remember you were telling me that?”

I was confused for a moment “Further?” We’d been married nineteen years...” Oh, that.” I smiled and Daphne nodded enthusiastically. “Yes, honey, I remember now, I want you to take me past my limits as a submissive.”

Daphne smiled and her breasts shifted in her pink sweater. I felt my penis harden painfully against the steel tube between my legs. “I’ve been thinking...”

My breath quickened. What would she think of? Electrodes? Moving from the razor stroop to a real cat-o-nine tails? Or a spiked butt plug, I’ve been begging for one of those, I think I can take it...

Daphne watched my brain roll around with an amused smile. “Honey, I think that your needs in this case, could dovetail with mine... what would you think of having someone in here to help me train you?”

My mind raced. God, would it be her friend Penelope? That tall brunette with the high breasts always had a kind of contemptuous look about her, if it hadn’t been for my chastity tube, I often would’ve whacked off after every time Pen strode in our house, her spike heels clicking on the hardwood floor.. Or our babysitter. Wouldn’t that be something? She always writhed around in her little halter and shorts, grinning at me when I dropped her at her dorm after staying with Michael. I could picture her paddling my red bottom while bouncing around listening to Jewel on her Walkman. Then there was the girl who cleaned the pool...

“Which woman were you thinking of, honey, someone you know? Or someone in an ad, for a weekend?”

Daphne shook her head. God she looked radiant as the afternoon sun was hit her auburn curls. After all these years, she’s still my world.

“No, honey, I was thinking of someone to come and live with us. You know, full time. Michael is off to the Academy ‘til Christmas, so we have a lot of privacy.” Daphne’s eyes twinkled.

Oh, I want to make love to her, I thought. It’s been ten years since we actually had sex, Daphne and I, but maybe there would be supervised masturbation tonight.

Daphne giggled. “And it’s not a woman, I’m thinking of a man.” Something died in my throat.

“A man? To train me?” I looked around me, as if the guy were coming in the door. “Daphne, I don’t need a man to LIVE here, and train me... I’m not gay.” God, what was she thinking of? I’m the captain of the club tennis team. I bench two-forty.

Daphne leaned forward and put her hand on my knee. “I know, honey, but you’ve been with men before, you’re a hell of a cock sucker, actually.”

I flushed. “Yes, Daph, but that’s only because you ordered me to, when we were having that long session at the Ranch. I had to, you kept hitting me with the scourge.. I don’t ... I Well, it’s happened several times over the years. But only because you WANTED me to.”

Daphne’s fingers moved down my thigh. “I know, baby...and I want you to again. “I’ve met someone—well you know him. Tanner. You know he’s quit the Ranch, you offered him work in one of your warehouses. But he wants to go to back to school, it would be like an au pair thing.”

I choked. “Tanner? He can’t live here, Daphne!” Thinking of Tanner, belt in hand, did make my cock swell painfully once again against the cold steel. But I protested. “ I don’t want Tanner here! In this neighborhood?”

Daphne slapped my face, lightly.

“Hey! Are you a racist? He’s not even black, he’s one quarter Seminole. And he’s a good trainer. He’s done lots of work with you, you know. Do you think you could’ve learned to cock sucking overnight?” Daphne giggled again. “And what do you mean, you can’t serve a man? Tanner’s been working with you for over three years. Remember when I first gave you the strop? How you screamed and cried?”

Dan, honey, they used to laugh at you at every play party, every dungeon in this state, you were such a crybaby. I had to gag you, to give you any discipline..”

I blushed deeply, and stared at the floor. Daphne’s finger pulled my chin up to stare into her love-filled eyes.

“But after your training weekends with Tanner at the Ranch? Now you can take ANYTHING in silence, nipple clamps, hot wax cbt. I can punish you now without having to close the windows. Dan, they used to laugh at you in every dungeon in town, the way you screamed! And now your stoic! You owe Tanner, honey. Think of what he’s done for you.”

Being cuffed by my wrists to one of the rafters in the Ranch stable, Tanner’s scourge singing as it hit my bare ass for the seventeenth time—or was it the twenty-eighth?, the half-breed’s deep throated laugh.

“It’s all right, Mr. Wallman. You’re coming along.” Taking his huge dick in my mouth, as I cowered in the straw afterwards, my blistered rear touching the back of my feet, bending over his crotch. And then the cuff to my head.

“KNEEL, Mr. Wallman! Don’t rest on your feet. Kneel as if you were kneeling in church. Up straight-- Do I have to get the scourge again?” Tanner would grasp my hair and make me rest only on my knees as I slurped up his discharge.

If Daphne hadn’t given Tanner the key to my chastity tube, I probably wouldn’t have returned for the fourth weekend. “No key for you, old man, until you can take it like a man!” Tanner had told me the final weekend at the Ranch. I had failed one of my “final exams”, the Sunday before, taking a caning while soaking wet. I had just shown up again that Friday night, sullen as all get out. No golf, no Rotary clubs in a month, just these brutal training sessions with an evil American Indian. It wasn’t fair.

Tanner had instructed his slave to dress me in a humiliating bonnet and thigh length white stockings with a garter belt, and patent leather Mary Janes. A sign proclaiming “I THROW TANTRUMS” hung around my neck. Other than that, I was naked except for the chastity tube. I slouched out of the costume room, and went into the dungeon, where Tanner had been waiting, with a whimsical smile.

“What’s going on, Mr. Wallman! How’ve you been? This is your final scheduled weekend here at the Ranch, y’know.”

At five hundred a day, I sure hoped so.

“That is, if you pass final exams.”

The slave standing behind Tanner sniggered.

“Otherwise, Mrs. Wallman has given the okay for as many more weekends as we’ll need.” That was the point where I stomped my foot, and tried to look commanding, as I was at work—but it was a bit ridiculous in a bonnet, stockings and heels.

“Look here, Tanner, this is my final weekend. I’m certainly as interested in being a good submissive as my wife wants—I was the one who got her involved with S&M, for God’s

sake—but it's gone long enough! You can't make me stay here past this weekend, damn it!"

Tanner had grinned and showed me the key to my chastity tube. "Mrs. Wallman says it's been seventy-six days since your last squirt, your behavior's so fuckin' bad.—want to try for a year?"

And I completed my training that fourth weekend, and today could take forty with the strop without a murmur, searing as it might be. Remembering Sunday night, after I'd passed my last pain test, singing "The Good Ship Lollipop" without interruption while clothespins were knocked off my testicles.

Daphne and her sister had shown up in their silver fox furs. There had been a wine and cheese thing while watching the final clothespin fall without a murmur from me. And then the women in my life stood with the entire Ranch staff, clapping wildly as Tanner had ceremoniously unlocked my belt, removing the tube.

Kneeling naked in front of fifty-eight people, pumping out a fire-hose cum load, a two month back log of frustration. After I'd licked my spew off the dirty Ranch floor, I'd smothered Tanner's boot with kisses as the crowd gave me a final ovation.

Now I looked at my wife. "Daphne, I love our life together. I don't want anyone else sharing it with us, and-and I'm trained. I can take whippings, I don't whine any more—remember last night, when you put me back in the tube?"

Jeez, after three hours of teasing, I was going to beg you for an orgasm—it's been a while, dear! But I submissively said nothing. I've objected to you having lovers in the house, but I don't ask anything, do I, when you go out with those young men to the nightclubs? I do my chore list and go to bed, honey! When you left with Miguel for a weekend, and asked for the card? I'm a good boy—man."

I was losing ground here.

"I mean, with Tanner here, our alone time would be compromised, like now, honey. Reading the Sunday Times over _mocha."

Daphne sipped from her mug as she listened.

"I'd probably be required to be naked all the time, if Tanner has anything to do with it, Daph. He'd want me on the floor on my knees, and I'd get whipped for taking too much time in the bathroom." I finished bitterly.

I remembered that from the Ranch. I was a "slacker" Tanner thought, and he had had me on a one square of toilet paper ration, and a limit of three minutes in the john, three times a day, and woe if I wasn't out of there, Tanner would run in and rip me off the

toilet, going at it with his evil steel paddle... if I complained that I was constipated, of course that would lead to an enema.”

You need someone to be hard on you, Mr. Wallman.” Tanner had said one afternoon after he’d finished paddling me. “Your wife lets you get away with murder—she whips you what, twice a week?”

Finally Daphne spoke. “But, Dan, you’re missing the point. I shouldn’t have to spend the nights away with my lovers. Your role in this house isn’t to object to my decisions, baby. I want you to accept, without question, other men in this house, to serve them at my request.”

Daphne’s soft voice was gradually turning to steel. “This year we made five goals together, things we both wanted. You’ve met none of them. You were going to turn your Visa cards and the bank accounts over to me, and get a strict allowance.

You were going to be home from work earlier, so you could prepare and serve me my dinner, and eat your own in the kitchen.

You were going to do more sit-ups so you can become proficient at autofellatio.

You were to lose twenty pounds—do you think I want you keeling over of a heart attack in our basement pillory?

I got a call from the Ranch... Stan the scat queen tells me you’ve been missing your ingestion exercises. At fifty bucks an appointment—“

“Honey, I drink your pee already. I don’t have to, I don’t want Copraphilia 101. I can’t eat—“

Daphne put her mug down hard on the table. “Daniel, you are forgetting yourself. First, you’re supposed to call it my golden nectar. Secondly, if I wanted a finicky eater, I wouldn’t bother getting a slave. You started begging me to dominate you on our honeymoon, finally I gave in... if that’s not what you want, Dan, that’s fine. We’ll sell the equipment downstairs, I’ll become a faithful wife, and the games will be over... all of them. We’ll hire Fernanda back to do your housework. You can have poker night again, start playing golf. We’ll start having sex again, everything. Is that what you want?”

The idea of making love to Daph again was so exhilarating, and to get out on the green at the Club instead of scrubbing the bathroom every Saturday morning... to be allowed to cum more than once a month! But suddenly, there was lots of room in my chastity tube... my erection had subsided.

“Is that what you want, Dan?” asked Daphne quietly.

I sighed, and shook my head. “No.” I couldn’t live without Mistress Daph and her training... but did I want Master Tanner, too?

“Well, good, then. I think, since we’re having this conversation, you need to put the paper down, strip off your clothes and kneel before me. There’s been way too much familiarity around here. I am your Mistress.” Daphne folded her arms and watched me hurriedly undress.

“Honey, I love you, and I like our non-scene times together, but I’m afraid we need less of them. You can’t seem to handle this kind of freedom. And yes, Tanner tells me that you should be nude as soon as you enter the house, and crawl about on your hands and knees, whenever you’re not doing chores or in session. Tanner laughed when I told him we shared the bedroom—that’ll be over. When he and I are watching television, you’re to be kneeling in the corner, listening to Ranch training tapes on your headset. And Tanner thinks all this first name stuff is bullshit! He wants you to refer to us both as Master and Mistress, and frankly, not speak unless you are spoken to.”

I listened to this, and my cock began to surge in its metal trap. What degradation... but still, did I want to lose all the intimacies of our regular life?

Playing chess, evening walks in the park, hand in hand, laughing together over “Will and Grace.” And, Tanner he’d probably want to—Suddenly I spoke up.

“Honey, Tanner is going to try to sleep with you! I know this is part of his plan! Daphne, he’ll share the bed WITH you, if I’m not in there!”

Tears came into my eyes. Could I give my life up, wasn’t she afraid—Daphne saw my tears, and her gentler nature took over.

“Honey, bring me your handcuffs and my purse.” I shuffled over with both, the hated tears coming down my cheeks. Daphne turned me around, and locked the handcuffs behind me, and then spun me back, and reached into her purse, taking out the key to my chastity tube. She removed the tube and the belt, and began gently stroking my purple cock.

“There, there, honey...” Daphne ran her forefinger across the precum-stained tip, and giggled. “Someone’s been excited by all this conversation. You sure you object?”

I hung my head... I couldn’t help being aroused.

“Honey, I haven’t had a supervised masturbation session, no orgasm, in forty-one days! And you tease me for an hour in the morning and an hour at night... of course I’m horny! That doesn’t mean I want Tanner moving in here and pawing you!”

Daphne’s eyes narrowed, and she flicked the tip of my cock sharply with one nail. “If it wasn’t that you are taking in new information, I’d take the strop off the nail and bend you

over the armrest of the couch, mister. Keep up telling me what you want and don't want, and you'll spend tonight in the dog kennel!"

The kennel was a four by eight cage in the back yard. It was August, and the last night I'd spent there, I'd been naked, slapping mosquitoes and trying not to get a cramp as I crouched for the twelve hours of the night. I looked at the floor sullenly pretending not to notice Daphne's elegant pink nails massaging the base of my straining shaft.