

My html coded stories seem to appear with odd characters so I'll try a pdf version

Synopsis

1st January 2011

Received from Harry Costner the sum of £500 in respect of the ~~sale~~ (compensation) of my wife, Betty Redman.

Paid in full with thanks,

Signed: Thomas Redman

January Sale

by obohobo

Warnings

Please take note!

The text in this story contains erotic material and is expressly written for adults only.

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If you are underage or offended by such material, or if viewing this file is illegal in your locality, then leave, close or delete this file-story now.

This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to persons living, dead or otherwise is purely coincidental. The ideas and thoughts that follow are pure fantasies. In real life, at the very least they would be unpleasant and probably illegal. Fantasies are like that; daydreams where we can contemplate and imagine the sensations without suffering or inflicting the pain, despair or humiliation.

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Sale 50% off

"I'm glad you're still open, Tom, I need another dozen of those M6 brass bolts I bought the other day, I thought you might have closed as it's late on a Saturday afternoon and New Year's Day."

"Got to get ready for the sales on Monday and if that woman doesn't get a move on, we'll be here till midnight. I suppose it won't be long before she decides she needs to go into the kitchen to cook or something and I'll have to finish it off myself, as usual. Probably have to do some more tomorrow while she sits in the office supposedly going through the books but half the time I think she dozes off." I looked around and noticed his wife, Betty, putting 'Sale' signs on various items.

I'd known the couple since our schooldays but when we left in 1990 our paths didn't cross again until four years ago when I became redundant as a joiner and started work as a shop fitter. One of the first jobs was for alterations to Redman's Hardware Store. Tom Redman's pessimistic, dour attitude hadn't improved in the intervening years and his wife largely bore the brunt of his ill humour and several times when he rebuked her while customers were in the shop, I wondered why she'd put up with it for so long but she let his comments flow over her head and carried on in her own way and seemingly ignored them. My job as a shop fitter didn't last long and having inherited a house from an aunt, I sold it and bought a redundant bakery that I converted the ground floor into a workshop where I now make bespoke joinery but with only minor alterations, retained the living accommodation on the floor above.

While Tom found the bolts and priced them, I turned towards Betty and saw she'd hung a 'SALE 50% off' card around her neck and when Tom returned I tried to provoke him into giving one of his misery tirades, "How much for that item, Harry?"

Typically he answered in his miserly way, “That lazy bitch ain’t worth much, costs more to keep her than I get out of her in work.”

“So would her regular price be about a grand?”

“I doubt I’d get that much for her.”

“Okay, as the tag says 50% off, I’ll give you £500 cash.” Betty’s eyes opened wide but she grinned doubtless thinking it all a big joke.

Maybe Tom did too because his reply shocked Betty, “If you can put £500 in cash in my hand, you can take her.”

“Make out a proper receipt and I’ll be back in a few minutes. You better start packing Betty.”

She didn’t move but said, “Maybe a change will do me good,” and smiled again.

I went to the hole-in-the-wall machine and to their surprise, returned with the cash and obtained the handwritten receipt on Redman’s Hardware Store headed notepaper.

1st January 2011

Received from Harry Costner the sum of £500 in respect of the ~~sale~~ (compensation) of my wife, Betty Redman.

Paid in full with thanks,

Signed: Thomas Redman

The word ‘sale’ had been crossed out and ‘compensation’ added above the line with an insert arrow and initialled but being excited at the prospect of having a woman after so many years of bachelorhood, I hardly noticed the change or worried over the reasons for it.

Betty stood next to her husband, the sign still around her neck, when I returned and handed him the money. “We can take this off now,” I grinned when I removed the sign and picked her up and gave her a hug and a kiss, “Come on, let’s go and pack your stuff.”

“But you can’t... we have to get ready for the sales...” Even with the money in his grasp, I’m sure Tom still believed his wife wouldn’t go with me but with that much cash in his hands, cash that wouldn’t go through the books, cash he didn’t wish to return, the Midas man only put on a show of reluctance to let her go, possibly thinking she’d be back again the next day. I intended to see that didn’t happen. Thinking back to my school days and how much I fancied her then and how, although bigger and stronger than all the others in my class, shyness had deterred me from asking her out; I didn’t intend making the same mistake again. Much later, sometime in the late 1990’s, I heard she’d taken up with Tom after she finished at college and on the rebound of a boyfriend breakup rather than real love, believing she’d be well looked after when he took over his father’s hardware business but sadly for her, it proved a misconception.

I waved the receipt, “I’ve bought and paid for her, she’s my property now.”

“Does that mean I’m now your slave?” she asked quietly when we were alone in her bedroom.

“Of course,” I laughed and she knew I didn’t mean it, “I paid a lot of money for you and...” mimicking Tom’s whining voice, “... I’ll have the expense of keeping you.”

“And will I be whipped if I misbehave?”

“No, but I’ll smack your bum and I’ll fuck you hard afterwards. You won’t be sleeping in a separate room at my place either.”

A slave in name only

“What’s going to happen to us?” she asked when we sat half watching the TV but with our minds on the situation, a situation new to both of us. Noticing a tear fall, I hugged her close. “He’ll soon find he cannot manage alone and certainly won’t cope with the bookkeeping and will demand me to come back. Will you give me back to him? I’m still a married woman.”

Before replying I kissed her and felt her respond and for a few minutes we acted as though we were lovesick teenagers, "Betty dear, you're here to stay unless we find we are really incompatible. We'll collect the rest of your stuff in the morning and spend the day arranging things to suit us. From the mess you see around, it is obvious I wasn't expecting visitors but even if you are my 'slave' you won't have to do all the clearing up. Now let's go in the bedroom so I can find out what my purchase is like under all those clothes."

In fact we stopped in the bathroom first and undressed each other ready for a shower. "You don't think I'm too fat?" she asked when I stood admiring her naked body.

"Certainly not, you're not even plump, just full-figured." At 5 feet 7 inches she stood about 6 inches shorter than me but I didn't see that as a problem and certainly I liked her round face surrounded by dark, fairly straight, shoulder length hair, her full breasts and the luxurious growth of pubic hair. "Do you like what you see?"

"Yep. Compared to Tom you are a muscle man, big in body and big in the prick department. I trust you will treat your slave gently when we get to bed because it is several years since I've had sex and Tom is quite small and takes only a few minutes before he shoots his load and it's all over and he's ready to go to sleep.

With all our playing in the shower, we were both eager and ready to fuck but I still took it slowly and held myself back as long as I could before sending my seed into her and, being naturally slow to ejaculate, she orgasmed twice before I withdrew my prick.

"Are you on the pill?" I asked belatedly.

"Of course. Tom wouldn't agree to us having children and even when we stopped having sex, he still insisted on seeing me take it each morning, 'just in case'. What about you? Would you like to have children?"

"Yes, lots of them, well at least two, but I think we ought to get to know each other better before making that decision. It's the New Year now, how about we wait until Easter and if we are still together, as I hope we will be, then we'll try for a baby, and I will trust you to take the pills until then without me watching," I suggested cautiously. That answer effectively ended her marriage to Tom. For a while we cuddled close and talked quietly of the future and our past lives but slowly we drifted off to sleep only to wake early from the strangeness of being alongside another person. We fucked again after, in my best master's voice, I ordered her to open her legs. For a short while she pretended to be a poorly treated slave but I hardly entered her before she enthusiastically thrust back. I withdrew and we kissed and then slept until breakfast time.

"You brought her back already?" I could hear the hope in Tom's voice when we entered the shop through the back entrance.

"No, we just came to pick up the rest of her stuff."

"You didn't pay for that."

I threw a few coins on the counter, "You'd get less if you took her clothes to the charity shops."

"And I bought most of the things out of the pittance you paid me," Betty thrust in her attack, "They're mine and I'm taking them with me. If you think I'm stealing, get the police here and let the whole world know you sold me."

"Who's going to do the books this week?"

"You are, unless you employ a proper secretary and pay her out of the money you received for me, that's why I put the compensation word in. Now let us get on with clearing my stuff so we can be out of here by ten, ready for Sunday opening time." We weren't out by then but, parked at the back entrance, we were hidden from the customers and with them keeping Tom busy, we were able to load her blanket chest and dressing table and one or two other large items without hindrance.

We half expected a visit from Tom and sure enough, he came to the bakery on Friday evening and almost begged Betty to return and even offered me more than the £500 to buy her back. When we refused he turned on the moral issue and repeated told Betty she should be ashamed of committing adultery when she had a perfectly good home and life with him. "Go home Tom, I've had more love in the last five days

with Harry than I had with you for the last five years. I'm happy here and don't have to put up with your mean ways. Go home, I'm never coming back to you," she told him bluntly.

Police involvement

Two weeks later, we'd finished Sunday lunch and I'd put the kettle on to make tea when a police car pulled up outside and a male and female police officers came to the door. "Excuse me Sir," the policewoman started, "We've had reports that you bought a Mrs. Betty Redman from her husband as a slave..."

"And you expected to find me chained naked to a post with whip marks criss-crossing my body," Betty interrupted grinning widely, "Sorry to disappoint you. No collar around my neck, no burn marks from ropes on my wrists or ankles," she pushed up her sleeves and trouser legs to show them, "And no whip marks on my body either but I'm not about to strip in front of you."

"Our informant said you were sold for £500 to Mr. Costner as a sale item on January 1st," the policewoman continued.

Betty surprised me by answering again. "£500 was exchanged but as a compensation fee to my husband for loss of my services to his business. We have the receipt and if you want the full story, you'd better sit down while I finish making a pot of tea." I now knew why she'd forced Tom to change the wording but wondered if it would stand up in court and if they'd accept the crossed out word.

The police officers left after giving me a warning that buying and selling women was illegal but the legal people would probably decide the case not worth pursuing because of the alteration and Betty being the instigator by offering herself. Unfortunately, the same informant, we presumed one of Tom's customers who he'd confided in, told the local press and a reporter visited us but we sent him away with 'No comment.' A bad move. They treated the informant's words as gospel truth and the Friday Tribune carried the splash headline, "LOCAL HUSBAND SELLS WIFE AS SLAVE FOR £500" and followed this with a highly fanciful account of the deal and our life since. Two weeks later, following legal pressure they printed an apology, an apology more or less hidden on page seven, that took a column inch.

The adage that all publicity is good publicity, proved true. The article had my name and business correctly printed and I received several enquiries for work from it. Of course we also received phone calls from cranks wanting to buy Betty from me or asking the price of her services. Like most of these scandal type stories, after a few days the news became stale and we were left in peace although for far longer we had to fend remarks on her being a slave when we met friends or went into shops.

January and February came and went and we remained together and with minor alterations and additions, we'd turned The Old Bakery into a home we could invite our friends to visit. That Betty was supposedly a slave remained a standing joke but most people saw us as loving couple and we lived together quite happily.

On Good Friday, we took a coach trip to see the daffodils in the gardens of Flixworth House and after a meal out we returned to the bakery and in a good mood, snuggled on the couch. "Do you remember what I said when we first made love in this house, slave?"

"Of course."

"Shall we flush the pills down the toilet?"

"Yes, and make a start at getting your sperm to find a way into my eggs. Let's have an early night."

Although we expected it might take a little while for the effect of the contraceptive pill to wear off and she wouldn't ovulate for about a week, we made love with more sincerity and anticipation than previously. I made sure her juices were flowing well and fucked with long deep strokes until she climaxed and when I followed suit, held my prick deep inside her until it finally wilted. Now we have to wait until her next period is due for the results.

What a change the January sales made to our lives.

Finis