

# **A DIFFERENT MARRIAGE**

**BOOK ONE**



**Carmenica Diaz**

## *Also by Carmenica Diaz*

### **EROTIC NOVELS**

Addicted to Sally  
A Little Spice  
A Wicked Web  
Birthday Boy  
Bound To Grace  
The Cage  
Cruel Ryoko  
The Dickson Device  
The Possession of Emma  
The Humiliation of Claudia Kryztal  
Legally Bound  
Madame Xan  
The Maya Twins  
Maid To Serve  
Maya Twins Revenge  
Personal Assistant  
Sentenced to Chastity  
Shared Mistress  
The Submissive Husband  
Toys in the Attic  
Toys in the Cellar  
The Loving Mistress  
Forced into Stockings: An Unconventional Girl  
Forced Into Stockings: Suzie Wang  
Forced into Stockings: The Boyfriend  
Confessions of a Cuckold  
Natural Selection  
Her Kinky Side  
Owned by Stacy  
Property of Stacy  
Goddess Carly  
The Seduction of Charity  
The Vacation  
The Chaste Cuckold  
Enslaved  
Andrea  
Shame  
FutureWorld 1: Lingerie  
Drone

### **FEMDOM SERIES**

Mirror, Mirror 1 – 10  
Modern Slavery 1 – 3  
The Star Society 1- 4  
Village Life 1 – 2  
A Different Marriage  
Elizabeth Grey I: The Lady is Waiting  
Elizabeth Grey II: Heart  
Second Chance  
Avenging Annie  
Royal Alchemy  
Dreamsome  
Both Sides Now  
Madeline Ryan  
Alchemy Discovered

### **TRANSGENDER NOVELS**

Catherine Lawrence  
Body Double  
Elizabeth Grey I: The Lady is Waiting  
Elizabeth Grey II: Heart  
Second Chance  
Avenging Annie  
Royal Alchemy  
Dreamsome  
Both Sides Now  
Madeline Ryan  
Alchemy Discovered  
**COLLECTIONS**  
The Best of Carmenica  
Diaz Vol I  
The Complete Elizabeth Grey  
Lana & Other Stories  
Teasing Tales  
Dominant Wives  
Dominant Women  
Wicked Women  
More Dominant Wives  
Dominant Wives 3 & 4  
All the Dominant Wives

### **NOVELLAS**

Cruel Women 1: A Cruel & Unusual Punishment  
Cruel Women II: The Cunning Linguist  
Cruel Women III: The Humilatrix  
Cruel Women IV: The Bosses Daughter  
Tough Love 1: Naomi  
Tough Love 2: Emma Milked!  
A Woman Scorned  
Cruel Women VI: The Revenge Project  
Cruel Women VII: A Good Wife  
FIS: Honey  
Entrapment  
FIS: The Secretary  
**GRAPHIC NOVELS**  
Literary Service (With Indy)  
Play Total Control (With Indy)  
Chastity Tease (With Indy)  
The Cuckold's Tale (With Indy)  
Black & White (With Indy)  
Trixie (With Indy)  
Captured by Julia (With Indy)

*[www.CarmenicaDiaz.com](http://www.CarmenicaDiaz.com)*

---

**Volume I**

---

# **A DIFFERENT MARRIAGE**



**Carmenica Diaz**

**Carmenica Diaz** lives near London and writes erotic fiction that is either hard and nasty or soft and tender, depending on her moods. Ms Diaz commenced writing at the urging of close friends and now has a substantial following of loyal readers. Her work is in two clear genres – Erotica and Transgender fiction. Carmenica Diaz is, of course, a penname and, in real life, Ms Diaz is an accomplished woman of academia. When asked to use single words to describe Carmenica, a close friend chose the following – impatient, dominant, arrogant, tender, caring, romantic, hurtful, precise, nasty, supportive, and mercurial. They are still friends as she told the truth.

*A Different Marriage  
Volume I  
Carmenica Diaz  
First published 2008.*

*Copyright © Carmenica Diaz 2008  
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, transmitted in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher and author.*

*Any resemblance to actual persons, either living or dead, or events are entirely coincidental*



<b>Part 1. Prelude to a Difference.</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>Part 2. These Early Days.</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Part 3. One Week.</b>	<b>72</b>
<b>Part 4. The Heart Grows Fonder.</b>	<b>120</b>



---

**Carmenica Diaz**

---

## Part 1. Prelude to a Difference.

---

*the dance of lives  
small smiles, sad hearts  
and a million tiny lies  
to hide reality.  
honesty is a  
prelude to a difference<sup>1</sup>*

---

Tim watched Sandra brush her hair.

*Up and down; down and up!*

*Under and over; over and under!*

It was something he loved to do, a secret pleasure. He enjoyed watching the brush move methodically up and down that burnished gold hair.

*She is so beautiful!*

*Just how do I deserve her?*

*How does a man like me, get a woman like that?*

Sandra felt her husband watching and turned to smile before returning to her task.

As usual, his wife was immaculately dressed in an expensive, tailored business suit and her perfume was subtly discreet but, at the same time, beguilingly enchanting.

There was no doubt she always had to have the best, whether it was clothes, perfume or jewellery. It wasn't that Sandra Heath was a spoiled, rich brat. Quite the contrary, but she enjoyed the better things

---

<sup>1</sup> *Prelude to a Difference* – from a small volume of unpublished D/s poems by Carmenica Diaz

of life and despised shoddy workmanship almost as much as she disliked an absence of beauty or style.

Of course, Tim did not begrudge his wife spending money on clothes. Why would he? In a way, it was *her* money! Well, most of it, anyway and she had earned every penny!

Sandra was a very successful business consultant who counted some of the largest corporations as her clients. Totally focussed when it came to business and very professional in presentation, she was much sought after by corporations for those difficult projects, usually the ones with restructuring or moving people.

Tim watched a little from the sidelines and marvelled at how assured and poised his wife was as well as extremely ruthless when it was necessary.

Sandra worked for her own small company but kept the number of employees down to a minimum. There were many offers for Sandra to join some of the best known global consultancy firms but she always declined. Tim suspected it had something to do with loyalty – loyalty to her staff and her clients – he didn't really know as Sandra just smiled and brushed it off.

At the end of the day, by running her own business, Sandra took home most of the money!

As such a high powered executive, Sandra earned almost four times what Tim did as an accountant at Myerson, a middle sized manufacturing and distribution business.

Still, after almost five years of marriage, the money did not matter or come between them. It certainly did not affect Tim's ego as he admired and respected his beautiful wife. He also loved her very much and was quietly pleased when Sandra had



chosen to change her surname to his when they were married.

He had expected her to retain her maiden name, to remain Sandra Polson for business purposes but she did not and became Mrs Sandra Heath!

It was significant because immediately after her first marriage dissolved, Sandra had returned to using Polson.

Her first marriage had been brief and a long time ago. Sandra had raised her daughter as a single mother and built her business. The fact she could chose her own hours, as a contracted consultant was a huge benefit for the young single mother.

Tim, and Sandra's daughter, Carolyn, were courteous but would never be close. Carolyn was working in Australia and returned to the U.K. only a few times each year.

That, of course, allowed Tim and Sandra more time to themselves.

Tim was secretly glad that such a beautiful, charming and intelligent woman chose him!

Sandra *was* beautiful!

Tall, slim with curving hips and large breasts, Sandra turned heads every time she walked into a restaurant or any public place.

As well as the beauty, Sandra also possessed certain sureness. Not quite arrogance, (although some women said she was rather masculine in that regard), but her demeanour was more confidence in her own intelligence and ability. Therefore, there were occasions, when focused on the current project at hand, that Sandra appeared aloof, cold and a trifle arrogant.

Tim didn't mind at all. It added colour to some of his secret, private fantasies.

He watched her finish the brushing, wondering again how it was he had been so lucky for a woman like Sandra to fall in love with him!

Sandra looked at her husband's reflection in the mirror, stopped brushing her hair and smiled.

'You look a million miles away, darling. What were you thinking about?'

'I was thinking of how much I loved you.'

'So sweet but you're making that up!'

'No,' Tim protested, 'I really was.'

'Then, that's doubly sweet!'

'Do you?' Tim asked slowly.

'Do what, darling?'

'Love me?'

'Of course! Don't be a silly billy, you know I loved you.'

Tim nodded. He did know and that was the reason he knew he was lucky!

'I think it is time to open a bottle of wine, darling,' she said.

'Of course. Red or white?'

'It's a special occasion so I suggest one of the good reds we laid down three years ago.'

'A special occasion?' Tim asked cautiously. 'Have I missed something?'

'No, I don't think so. I have just been thinking about things so we need to talk.'

Tim's heart sank and he looked at her with pale concern.

Sandra chuckled softly.

'Why do men go pale when their wives say they want to talk?'

'I'm not sure. Maybe it's a reflex action or something. Should I be concerned?'

‘Just get the wine, darling,’ Sandra laughed and the hairbrush began to move again.



Sandra sat opposite Tim, picked up the wineglass and inhaled the bouquet.

‘Very nice,’ she said approvingly. ‘How old is it?’

‘Five years.’

‘That’s appropriate, isn’t it?’ Sandra smiled.

‘If you say so, although I am at a loss...’

‘We’ve been *married* five years, darling.’

‘Today is not our wedding anniversary,’ Tim said quickly. ‘It isn’t.’

‘I know.’

He watched his wife taste the wine and smack her plump lips appreciatively.

‘To us,’ Sandra said, raising her glass.

‘To us,’ Tim echoed and they sipped the wine in silence.

‘Are you happy, darling?’ Sandra asked after a moment.

‘Of course. Very happy.’

‘But life *isn’t* perfect, is it?’

‘It is for me.’

‘Liar!’ Sandra said calmly.

‘Darling, it is perfect. You are perfect!’

‘You really are a liar, darling. There *is* that matter we last discussed nine months ago.’

‘What matter?’ Tim asked, playing for time, mind racing.

‘You know *very* well, darling,’ Sandra admonished calmly.

‘I’m afraid I can’t recall...’

‘Darling, we are always honest with each other, aren’t we?’

‘Of course.’

‘Then, let’s not play games. I think we’re beyond that, don’t you?’

Tim stared thoughtfully at his glass, outwardly calm but his heart was racing.

‘I remember it well,’ Sandra said. ‘You confessed to me when we were staying in that small hotel in Venice. The one by the Grand Canal? You told me some interesting things. It must have been the Italian wine as you were quite forthcoming. Usually you’re so careful with your private thoughts but not *that* night.’

Tim studied his glass as he recalled the moment very well. Truthfully, he didn’t know whether he was excited or afraid that Sandra also remembered that tempestuous night.

In a moment of deep honesty and, perhaps hope, he had revealed to his wife his desire to be dominated.

In fact, he had described in detail his desire not only to be dominated but to be controlled absolutely. He even told her of his need to be humiliated and sexually denied.

The revelations had poured from him, perhaps assisted by wine but he held nothing back.

Sandra had not been shocked, although obviously surprised, and had asked many questions, forcing Tim to open up even more. They had spent all of the night talking.

Tim had revealed himself with brutal honesty and laid everything before his wife who had calmly absorbed it all. It had been a cathartic experience for Tim and an educational one for Sandra.

The next morning, Sandra had thanked Tim for being so open and honest while he nursed a dull headache.

*Damn Italian wine!*

‘I need to think about all of this, darling,’ she had said.

‘Of course,’ Tim had mumbled, deeply ashamed in the cold light of day.

He had, he thought, successfully buried his submissive desires and managed to live a normal life but every now and again, those illicit needs would surface.

He was very honest with himself.

*Why am I like this?*

*Why do I need to submit and want to submit so badly?*

‘I’m in the middle of some deep business commitments,’ Sandra had said, ‘but when they have been completed, we will talk some more about this. Thank you, darling, for being so honest with me.’

Then, she had kissed her husband’s forehead and they had gone on with their busy lives as if nothing had happened.

But, of course, something *had* happened!.

Now, Sandra suddenly wanted to talk about it – *again!*

‘Do you remember, darling?’ Sandra pressed.

Tim cleared his throat.

‘Ah, yes, I do. You were right; it must have been the Italian wine...’

‘So,’ Sandra said calmly, ‘it was just the wine talking? You *don’t* want me to dominate you, to control you completely?’

Tim felt his face grow warm as he searched for the right words.

Sandra watched him, a strange look in her eyes and they sat in silence. Sounds from the outside world intruded faintly but did not affect the couple in the opulent living room.

‘I didn’t say *that*,’ Tim answered at last, his eyes darting away.

‘I truly don’t understand, darling,’ Sandra said softly, ‘what you would get out of all the things you told me about.’

‘I...I don’t know how to...how to explain...’

‘Try.’

Tim swallowed and stared at the floor.

‘I don’t know why I feel this way,’ he said softly, ‘but I would like to step outside of my role as husband.’

‘Hmm? And I?’

‘Yes,’ he whispered, ‘I would like you to discard the role of wife so...so...’

‘Go on, darling,’ Sandra said quietly, ‘I’m listening.’

‘I want to give myself to you.’

‘Isn’t that what marriage is about?’

‘Yes,’ he croaked, ‘of course it is but I want to give myself completely, not hold anything back, to be used by you for your pleasure...’

‘That sounds harsh...’

‘It is but...but...I would...enjoy it...’

‘I see,’ she said softly. ‘How? What do I do for you?’

‘Nothing,’ he whispered, head down. ‘No expectations of anything. You would live a life focused on *you*! The opportunity to be as spoiled as you like, to *do* as and *what* you like. The complete freedom,’

Tim said hoarsely, 'to experiment to find out what you would want without inhibition or concerns about me.'

There was a strained silence in the room.

'*Sexually* experiment?' Sandra asked softly and Tim nodded.

'Do you love me?' Sandra asked at last.

'Of course I do!' Tim said hoarsely.

Sandra smiled softly, her finger tracing the edge of her wineglass.

'Darling, the business deal I have been working on was finalised on Friday.'

'Congratulations,' he murmured, thinking the awkward conversation was over.

Was he disappointed that it didn't go anywhere again?

'We should celebrate...'

'Perhaps. Now, I feel like some taking some time off, to explore things.'

'Things?'

'Yes, *things*,' Sandra said quietly and sipped her wine again.

Tim felt a little uncomfortable as his wife continued to study him. Finally, she broke the strained silence by asking one simple question.

'What you just said. Do you really want it to happen just as you said?'

Tim swallowed.

'Do you want me to dominate you, darling?' Sandra added.

It was, as the cheap novels say, the moment of truth. Dare he answer *yes* and admit to those dirty little secrets he had hidden away for so long.

Should he take the step, *finally* take the momentous step, and confront his desires?

Or, should he just say no?

Rationally, Tim knew he should just laugh it off and tell his wife she was being silly, that it had all been a joke and that they should go on with life.

However, deep down, Tim knew he would regret it for the rest of his life, always wondering what would have happened if he had told Sandra the truth.

‘Yes,’ he whispered.

There, it was out!

*Out, at last!*

Sandra studied her husband for a moment and took another sip of the wine.

‘Is it just sexual domination?’ Sandra asked at last and Tim shook his head slowly. ‘I mean, have you been going to...well, other people?’

‘Of course *not*! It’s not just the sexual domination, it’s you.’

‘Me?’

‘I’ve always had submissive fantasies,’ Tim said honestly, ‘but I always was afraid to follow them through.’

‘And now?’

‘Now, I love you and trust you. It’s not just domination; it’s domination by *you*!’

‘I see.’

Sandra smiled warmly at Tim who looked uncomfortable.

‘Do you remember our conversation in Venice?’

‘Yes,’ he said softly.

‘We ordered another bottle of wine and you told me of “*The List*”?’

“*The List*” was a web site that listed the top twenty female domination books as voted by readers of well known BDSM site. Tim had revealed to Sandra



that he had read them all and fantasised about the scenes depicted in those stories applying to him.

By *her*!

*Dominated, humiliated, controlled, used and abused by Sandra!*

‘Yes?’ Tim said warily.

‘I’ve read them,’ Sandra said softly, reaching for the bottle. ‘More wine?’

*Oh!*

Wordlessly, Tim pushed his wineglass across the table.

‘You...you read them?’

‘Read them *all*, darling,’ she said evenly, ‘read every one. “*The List*” is,’ she said with a smile, ‘quite a little inventory of rather deviant behaviour!’

‘Oh...’

‘It was my little self-imposed course of study on female domination and I did find aspects of it quite appealing.’

‘You did?’ Tim asked excitedly and Sandra smiled at her husband’s eagerness.

‘Certain aspects,’ she said carefully. ‘I also attended quite a number of lectures at the Open University on the psychological aspects of sex. Of course,’ Sandra said with a small smile, ‘I pretended I was studying for a degree. In a way,’ she said softly, smile fading, ‘I was studying for our marriage!’

*Studying to save a marriage or to destroy it?*

She toyed with the wineglass, then inserted her forefinger in the wine and sucked it from her fingertip, an act Tim found strikingly sensual in its nature.

‘I’m willing to do it,’ Sandra said after a long moment.

Tim's head jerked up and he stared at his wife with a mixture of shock and happiness.

'You...you are?'

'Yes but on my terms.'

'Of course,' Tim said quickly.

'No, darling,' Sandra said slowly, 'I mean it! *Only* on my terms!'

Tim was about to ask his wife to explain but decided to wait.

'Here is what I suggest,' Sandra said after a moment. 'The first of the month is next Friday, a week away. I suggest that we both take a month's break from our careers and spend four weeks together in a manner I see fit. Do you understand, darling?'

'I...I think so...'

'Let me be perfectly clear about it,' Sandra said evenly. 'For the calendar month I will be completely in charge and you will be relegated to the position of submissive servant. In reality, a *slave* but I much prefer the term servant! You will willingly forgo all your rights for the month and you will accept whatever I wish. Your purpose for the month will be to serve me in whatever way I desire. For the month, I can experiment sexually as I see fit and you will not complain! Do you agree?'

'Yes! Of course...'

'Don't agree so quickly, darling,' Sandra said. 'In fact, I want you to think about it very carefully as the month may not turn out as you want. I will push your boundaries during that time and test you and your submissiveness. I am interested to see just how far you will go.'

*And how far I will go!*

'I understand,' Tim said carefully.

'Perhaps you do, perhaps you don't.'

‘I think I do,’ Tim said hesitantly, ‘the month will be a trial for us...’

‘No,’ Sandra said quietly.

‘No?’

‘It will be a trial for *me*, darling, but not for *you*. I will trial the situation for a month and if it agrees with me, I will decide our future.’

‘Ah...’

‘Not you, *me*!’

*Oh!*

‘Is that clear?’

‘So,’ Tim said slowly, ‘you’re saying this could be permanent?’

‘Yes. Does that shock you?’

*Yes!*

‘Ah...not sure...’

‘That is why, darling, you have until Friday to consider it. There are no safe words for the month, darling, anything goes.’

‘A...anything?’

‘Yes,’ Sandra said, eyes calmly fixed on his. ‘No limits!’

‘Oh, but...’

‘That is exactly what it sounds like, darling, *no limits!* Does that alarm you?’

‘No, I...I find it very exciting.’

‘I’m sure you do. You will think about it?’

Tim nodded quickly. He knew he would think of nothing but!

‘If you agree, I will give you a document to sign. If you decide not to test your boundaries for the month, we will go away together and enjoy a normal vacation. However, if you decide to go ahead, you should sign the document.’

‘What’s in the document?’

‘A formal agreement that will make it easier for me to legally assume control of you, darling, making it very clear that I am the Mistress while you are nothing but a servant!’

Tim’s eyes widened and he shifted on the chair.

‘From what I understand,’ Sandra said, ‘you receive a sexual charge from humiliation and complete submission?’

Tim wanted to hide and felt his face glowing with shame and excitement.

‘Ah...yes...’

‘Then, you should find my terms acceptable as you will be humiliated as you submit to me. *Completely* submit! I will make sure it will be humiliating for you so think about it carefully. If you wish to submit to me for the month and, perhaps, permanently, you really do need to consider it deeply. This is *not* a game! If you agree, it will be a hot July!’

Tim’s cock was already trying to get hard and he smiled.

‘It sounds like fun.’

‘It will be *fun* for me, darling,’ Sandra said calmly, ‘but I’m not so sure about you! Remember, there will be *no* safe words, nothing you will not do! Anything goes for the month and, maybe, beyond that!’

Tim stared open mouthed at Sandra and smiled as she picked up the bottle of wine.

A telling moment of silence.

A *momentous* moment!

‘Now, let’s say no more about it until next Friday. Let’s have another glass, darling and then walk down to that rather nice Italian restaurant for dinner.’

~\*~\*~

Lying in the darkness, staring up at the ceiling and listening to Tim softly snoring, Sandra wondered if she really had the courage to go through with the month.

Yes, she had sounded confident and assured when talking about it with Tim but there were many small doubts pickling inside her head.

Moreover, there was no doubt there was a certain illicit sexual attractiveness to the idea but would she be brave enough?

Sandra loved her husband, loved him deeply so could she really hurt him, humiliate him and, perhaps, do terrible things to him.

Even though he wanted it?

*He wants it!*

Moreover, after reading all the material and researching female domination, Sandra admitted that she also wanted the month to go ahead!

*We will both discover some things about ourselves.*

## Part 2. These Early Days.

---

*You're only two and the whole wild world revolves around you,  
and nothing happened yet that you might ever wish to forget.  
It doesn't stay that way, if I could I'd make stay that way.  
And this you will recall in after years,  
though you may weary of this vale of tears -  
these days remember, always remember<sup>2</sup>*

---

Sandra sat at the dining table and wondered if Tim was now signing the document upstairs.

It was Friday. A bleak day for that time of the year but the weather was so changeable - strangely cold one moment and then boiling hot the next. It reminded Sandra of that old joke. What do you call rain in England? The answer was, of course, summer!

At this moment, however, the weather was unimportant.

For the first few days of the week, they had both avoided any reference to their discussion or the proposal for a month of submission by Tim.

*And a month of control by me!*

Perhaps it was nervousness on both their parts but for a few days, they pretended that everything was the same, that no hidden secrets were revealed.

Although, they both knew it was *not* the same, that a secret part of Tim's life and, undeniably, Sandra's life, had been revealed! Therefore, there was a distinct undercurrent of sexual tension and anxiousness.

---

<sup>2</sup> *These Early Days* – Everything But The Girl

Tim had tentatively attempted to talk about Sandra's offer on the third evening, clearing his throat with an anxious splutter that heralded an attempt to discuss a personal matter. However, no discussions were forthcoming. Sandra had simply said she was not interested in any further discussion regarding his fetishes.

She then coolly informed him, that he knew what his options were, and should consider them deeply before making a decision. Sandra had emphasised that this was *not* a game and, therefore, her offer should receive careful consideration as required for any *serious* undertaking.

That had surprised Tim but he had not attempted to pursue the matter. Sandra made it easier by simply going away, claiming a business conference out of town and left Tim alone with his thoughts.

*A month of submission.*

*No, wait, it could become permanent!*

Of course, Sandra did not attend a conference at all. Instead, she spent two days in a luxurious location, thinking and finalising the last of the preparations. Moreover, wondering if she had the strength and the nerve to go through with everything she had researched.

*Would he go ahead with it?*

After all the research Sandra had done she was convinced her husband *would* go ahead, and they would embark on a month long sexual adventure.

However, she was not sure how long it would last, how long he would submit and, more importantly, how long Sandra could keep up being the dominant partner.

Five years was not a long time for any marriage and Sandra had hopes that she and Tim would be together for a very long time. However, they

were contemplating putting that entire relationship at risk by exploring Tim's sexual fantasies.

Could their marriage survive if they didn't investigate dominance and submission? Would they be like so many couples and not talk about the really important things in life and just pretend that everything was fine?

There was no doubt, Sandra could not accept a relationship like that!

Sandra loved Tim and was, fundamentally doing this for him, giving him what he craved. The question was, did he *really* crave total submission, or was it just a dreamlike fantasy? When confronted with reality would Tim would be cured? Somehow, though, Sandra doubted *that*!

The risk was that the coming month could shatter their marriage and destroy their love. Not if Sandra dominated Tim cruelly but if she wasn't controlling *enough* and it all became a superficial game! *That* was the risk.

It was a *huge* risk but Sandra intuitively knew that if Tim did not experience total submission, he would crave it for the rest of his life. Who knows, he could even begin to blame Sandra and even resent her!

No, even though the risk was huge, Sandra felt she had to go through with it and approached the planning with the same meticulous approach she applied to her business projects.

It was not an easy decision, as Sandra did feel a little uncomfortable about dominating her husband but, after a while, the more she thought about it, the more it began to appeal.

It was, she knew, all or nothing!

It could not be a game of pretence, as Tim would see through that! No, this *had* to be *real*!



It had to be everything Tim wanted and more!

Sandra smiled slyly to herself.

Besides, the sex between her and Tim had faded over the past eighteen months. Yes, they had both been busy and used that as an excuse but Sandra felt the reason was deeper than that.

It was clear that she was not giving Tim what he desired and, truthfully, Tim was not providing Sandra with intimacy and sexual energy.

Now, Sandra felt the small tremors of a long forgotten sexual spark reigniting! Her imagination was in overdrive and for the first time in a long time, Sandra actually considered masturbating!

But she didn't touch herself! That would be, in a strange way, giving up! If this was to work, Sandra had to receive sexual satisfaction from the new relationship!

Could she be that free?

It was a nervous thought but Sandra decided to hold her sexual energy in reserve and, once again silently went over all the ideas and plans.

Sandra had made the decision to proceed down this uncertain path almost three months previously but had not said anything to Tim.

*Until last week!*

Sandra smiled when she remembered the nervousness Tim exhibited when discussing his need for submission.

Now, Tim was upstairs, studying the document while Sandra sipped tea.

*Will he sign it?*

*Will he go ahead?*

If Sandra was honest with herself, she would know that if Tim did *not* sign the agreement to submit to her for one month, she would be disappointed!

~\*~\*~

Tim was a little nervous when he finally appeared in the doorway, uncertain how to treat his wife now that he had taken the big step.

He had read the document many times and its contents were startling in concept and simplicity.

By signing it, he agreed to submit totally to Sandra for the entire month, something he wanted to do so that was agreeable.

The second paragraph said that if the month was to Sandra's satisfaction, all assets would be immediately transferred into her sole name and he would accept permanent servitude.

However, the final paragraph rocked him!

*If at anytime in the month, I disobey Ms Heath or refuse to carry out instructions by Ms Heath, divorce will be instigated immediately.*

*Divorce!*

*Ms Heath!*

*No longer Mrs Heath!*

Tim wanted to discuss *that* paragraph with his wife but felt that she probably would not wish to. Sandra had made it clear that it was *his* choice, that he could accept or reject the document.

*If I don't sign it, we will just carry on as before.*

Now that lid of Pandora's Box had been lifted in such a titillatingly manner, Tim knew life

would be frustrating and boring. He could not envisage going back to that old life.

*No, I have to try this!*

*I will regret it if I don't! I will submit totally for the month!*

Silently, he placed the signed document on the table in front of his wife.

Sandra looked at the signature and smiled softly.

*This is it!*

*And away we go!*

*Our own kinky adventure!*

'I hope you are completely sure about this, darling,' Sandra asked, picking the document up.

'I am...but...'

She sensed his uncertainty and knew it was about the last paragraph in the document.

'I am perfectly serious,' she said calmly, 'about divorce. Regard it as an incentive to adhere to the agreement. I am going to give you what you want, darling, but there can be no way out for you. I *will* divorce you,' Sandra said firmly, 'if you break the agreement,' and Tim knew she meant it.

Startled, Tim looked at his wife, the woman he loved enough to completely trust with his desires. Tim had been truthful with a woman for the first time in his life, revealing his true self and he could not go back to hiding again.

Sandra's expression softened.

'We will still be friends after the divorce, even companions but never Mistress and servant or husband and wife!

Tim shifted uncomfortably but did not say anything. Sandra wondered if he had an erection!

She glanced at the front of her husband's trousers but did not see any evidence of his arousal.

'Sit down, darling, I have some things to tell you.'

Cautiously, Tim sat down as his wife folded the document and placed it in her large designer handbag.

'Firstly,' she said calmly, 'I have purchased a house.'

*A house?*

They had always discussed important matters before and now, Sandra calmly announced she has purchased a house without discussion or his involvement!

Startled, Tim looked up at his wife and opened his mouth.

'I have not given you permission to speak,' Sandra managed to say in an outwardly calm voice, although her heart was pounding.

Her eyes bore into his until Tim looked away.

*She bought a house without telling me!*

It was devastating news and it hurt him but it also reinforced that things had changed! It was more telling than ordering him to kneel, to perform oral sex. Far more telling and a little bit final!

'Secondly,' Sandra went on, 'I have determined that it is necessary to control your orgasms. Stand up and drop your trousers.'

Stunned, Tim slowly stood up as Sandra also stood and walked to the cupboard. As Tim unbuckled his belt, feeling foolish and a little aroused, he saw his wife take a cardboard box from the cupboard and place it on the table.

‘Underpants as well, thank you,’ Sandra said in a business-like manner as she sat back down at the table.

Tim gulped as his cock was beginning to harden and he did not really want to reveal his arousal yet.

Somehow, an erection in front of his fully clothed wife would make him feel vulnerable and very weak as well as very submissive.

Foolishly, Tim had thought there would be a gradual escalation of kinky games over the month but Sandra seemed determined to begin dramatically.

Then, it came to him that he did not have a choice.

Slowly, he pulled his underpants down and stood in front of his wife with his trousers and underpants around his ankles, dressed only in his shirt.

Sandra glanced at her husband’s lengthening cock as she snapped lemon-yellow latex gloves on her hands.

‘I can see you enjoy this already.’

She looked up at her husband’s red face and smiled.

‘Put your hands behind your back, darling, and do not move them until I tell you to do so.’

Her voice was calm. In fact, it was very similar to the calm and yet professional manner Sandra adopted when dealing with employees at her office, waiters and shop assistants.

*Underlings!*

‘Enforced chastity was a common theme in the documents I read,’ Sandra said calmly. ‘It seems it is a common desire amongst submissive men. Is it one of your fantasies?’

Tim blushed and managed to mumble, 'yes...'

'Excellent,' Sandra said with a satisfied grin. 'That means we have started off on the right foot!'

Gloves on, Sandra brought a silver metal object from the box and held it up so Tim could see it. He recognised it immediately as an expensive male chastity belt and his cock twitched.

Its claim was that it was impossible to break and to remove without the key!

Many times, he had investigated that particular chastity belt on the internet and dreamed of being forced to wear one, of being forced to be chaste until his keyholder decided.

It seemed his fantasy was about to come true and the *keyholder* would be his *wife*!

Sandra smiled at the penile movement and slipped her thumb and forefinger around the base of his cock.

'It seems your cock enjoys the idea of being celibate.'

She gripped his cock and brought the chastity tube close to its head. Somehow, the fact his wife had donned latex gloves to touch him, reinforced the new perspective of their relationship. There was nothing sexual in her demeanour! Sandra was almost detached and slightly bemused which made it all the more humiliating for Tim.

In addition, that, of course, brought his submissive leanings to the surface and he became even more aroused.

'Goodness, darling, you're almost stiff! I can't put this on when you are aroused!'

Appearing exasperated, Sandra shook her head slowly and frowned as if she was disgusted by her husband's behaviour.

It was an expression Tim had seen on his wife's face before. It was when an employee or a pet disappointed her! Tim flushed and looked away, not knowing if he was expected to say or do anything.

Strangely, a school memory surfaced, a memory of Tim standing in the headmistresses office when caught for small misdemeanour.

Sandra looked up at Tim with a slight frown. Embarrassed, Tim looked away again to avoid her suddenly knowing and powerful glance.

'I'm afraid, I'm on a tight schedule,' Sandra said in a matter of fact tone, 'but it is quite important to get you fitted before we go.'

*Fitted?*

*Go?*

Her hand cupped his balls and, shockingly, Sandra said calmly, 'I wonder if pain will cause that irritating erection to fade? Keep your hands behind your back,' she added in a very calm, steady voice.

Tim gaped at his wife but kept his hands behind his back.

*I want this!*

*I am sick but I want this!*

Sandra gently squeezed Tim's balls and smiled when she saw his eyes blink rapidly. Calmly, she took a tuft of his pubic hair and ruthlessly pulled sharply on it. Tim swallowed and clenched his jaw, ready for the pain when it came.

But no further pain occurred and his cock remained embarrassingly stiff.

To Tim's relief, her hand dropped away and Sandra stood up.

'I have to make a telephone call. You will stand like that until I return. Hopefully, you will not continue to find your situation arousing and when I return, I will be able to fit you.'

Standing in the middle of the living room with his trousers and underpants around his ankles and hands clasped behind his back was not particularly sexy to Tim.

In fact, he felt ridiculous but he had signed the agreement and the understanding was that the month long domination would be completely on Sandra's terms.

As it should be as she now controlled him!

*Why do I crave this?*

*Why do I enjoy it so much?*

*I wish I was different for Sandra's sake!*

*I wish I could be normal.*

Sandra was on the terrace and the French doors were open so Tim could vaguely hear her speaking on her mobile. She seemed to be smiling and laughing with someone and Tim wondered who it was.

*I have no right to know anymore!*

*I have chosen this!*

*Sadly, it's what I want.*

Suddenly, there was a distance between the two of them and Tim felt like he was on the outside, looking at his powerful wife.

He thought of his friends and colleagues and knew that none of them could ever understand Tim's desires and needs. He knew they would only see him as some sick, pathetic person and feel sorry for Sandra!

Suddenly, Sandra appeared in the French doors, the morning sun sending strong rays against her dress, silhouetting her lithe body.

*She is so beautiful!*

Tim was almost overwhelmed by her beauty and the power that now seemed to emanate from her.



*For the next month, I only exist to serve her, to give her what she wants which is what I want!*

*I want to do that, I want everything to please her, to give her pleasure while I have none.*

*It is a strange world and I am one of its strangest occupants!*

‘It seems to have gone down,’ Sandra said with satisfaction, looking pointedly at Tim’s half flaccid penis.

Tim noticed she was still wearing the latex gloves as his wife sat purposefully in front of him.

His cock twitched and Sandra saw it.

‘Oh, it seems *I* make it hard,’ she said with a sly smile. ‘Try to think of cricket or digging in the garden, darling, while I fit you!’

Her latex covered fingers expertly threaded his cock through the tube and then fitted the ring between his shrinking balls and his body. It all came together with two loud clicks as Sandra closed the locks.

It felt strange and Tim stared down at the gleaming silver tube that now encased his cock.

Smiling, she showed him a new silver locket, which she hung around her slender throat.

‘The keys are in this locket, darling. For the time being, anyway.’

It was a subtle threat and Tim felt a small sensual shiver.

Sandra peeled the latex gloves off and stood up.

‘Remove all your clothes and give me your keys, wallet, credit cards – everything.’

Tim blinked rapidly.

‘E...every...’

‘I did not give you permission to speak,’ she scolded him. ‘I am in charge here! You will do *what* I wish, *when* I want and without protest or discussion! You are my *servant*, nothing more!’

Sandra delivered the verbal onslaught calmly and without emotion but each word was, to Tim, similar to being slapped in the face!

Silently, he stepped out of his trousers, retrieved the articles his wife wanted and placed them on the table.

Sandra was expressionless as Tim removed his shirt and socks.

‘I have put your clothes on the bed in the spare room. You will wear what is on the bed and nothing else. Is that understood?’

‘Ah...yes...ah...’

‘You may call me Ma’am.’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ he said sheepishly, cock pulsing slightly within the chastity tube.

‘When you are dressed, you will find my red suitcase and matching overnight bag in the study. Bring both down here. Hurry, the car will be here in half an hour.’



Tim hurried upstairs, head spinning and the chastity tube gripping his cock. The constant metal embrace of his cock felt strange. He also felt a shivering thrill knowing the chastity belt could not be removed without the keys that now, apparently, lived in the locket around Sandra’s throat.

Naked, he stepped into the second bedroom and stared at the clothes on the bed.

A pair of his gardening jeans – ripped knees and worn holes in the thighs and the button was missing, the metal zipper dodgy at the best of times.

The T-shirt was grey and stained but, thankfully, was not torn.

A pair of all canvas tennis shoes – no longer white – grey and stained with small holes in the uppers with one black lace and one brown.

Nothing else.

*Nothing!*

*Nothing at all.*

*Nothing.*

He dressed slowly and stood in front of the mirror, one hand holding the jeans up.

It was strange.

The dishevelled man looking back at him was still himself but Tim wondered if he saw something else in his own eyes.



Sandra suppressed a smile when she saw Tim struggling with her suitcases while holding his jeans up.

‘Put the cases by the door,’ she said, turning away to his her smile and her eyes.

When she turned back, Tim was standing near the suitcases with a sulky look on his face, left hand holding his trousers up.

‘The jeans appear a little loose,’ Sandra observed. ‘Perhaps it’s because you have no underwear. You need something to hold them up, a belt of some sort.’

If Tim thought his wife would send him upstairs to find a belt in his wardrobe, he was mistaken.

‘Here,’ she said, taking something from the drawer of the occasional table.

It was a tie. One of Tim's expensive and Italian patterned ties!

Not only was it costly, the tie was one Sandra had given Tim for their wedding anniversary! It was expensive and beautiful!

And now, he had to thread it through the belt loops of his ragged jeans and tie a knot in it! The symbolism was not lost on Tim! The purpose of the tie had changed, as had the purpose of his own life!

As he threaded the tie through the belt loops and tied it firmly, Tim realised that *everything* had changed. That Sandra was serious and this was *not* a game!

Sandra silently watched her husband knot the tie around his waist and then cover it with the T-shirt.

*I wonder if it hurts him to use that tie that way?*

Sandra had decided she would perform better with mental domination! That form of power was such a *female* thing! Already, she saw the results in her husband's eyes.

*I must push on! Remember, he wants this, even needs it!*

'When the car arrives,' Sandra said, picking up her handbag, 'you will put my overnight bag in the boot. The driver will open it for you.'

*Driver?*

'You will take my suitcase to the bus stop where you will take a bus to the coach station and then travel by coach to my house.'

*My house!*

Tim's mind was reeling as he tried to comprehend what his wife was so calmly saying.

‘Your coach ticket and instructions are in this envelope,’ Sandra said, holding a white envelope towards him.

Slowly, Tim took it.

‘When you arrive at the village, you will walk to my house. Please go around the back and use the servants’ entrance. I’m afraid you will *never* walk through the front door.’

*Never!*

Tim’s imprisoned cock swelled uselessly against the chastity belt.

‘There is money for the bus in the envelope. Don’t lose it, otherwise you will have to walk to the coach station. Take care of my suitcase as you will be punished if it is damaged in anyway.’

She smiled softly.

‘Put the cases near the front gate. The car will be here soon.’

Tim struggled with the cases again. The overnight case was light while the larger suitcase was rather heavy.

He longed to rip open the envelope to discover where he was going but something stopped him.

Truthfully, he was a little stunned by the events and his mind was reeling as he watched Sandra lock the front door.

Dropping the keys into her handbag, she stopped in front of the gate.

Tim hurriedly opened the gate and blushed deeply when Sandra said softly, ‘good boy.’

The car arrived on time and the driver tipped his cap to Sandra but said nothing to Tim.

*Does he know what we’re up to?*

*He couldn’t!*

The driver opened the boot and Tim quickly put the overnight bag in as Sandra slid into the back seat. The driver closed the rear door and Tim saw his wife was reading a magazine as the driver closed the trunk.

She did not look up as the car drove away, leaving Tim alone with the large suitcase and one small white envelope.

~\*~

The instructions in the envelope were specific and meticulous. The typed words listed the number of the bus he was to catch as well as the fare. Coins for the precise amount of the fare were in the envelope. As he read it, Tim wondered if Alison, Sandra's secretary had typed the instructions.

Also in the envelope was a coach ticket to a village called Angels End in the Cotswolds! He had never been there or heard of the village but he guessed he was in for a long and uncomfortable journey.

Moreover, the suitcase was *heavy* with no wheels so he had to carry it everywhere!

It was a new suitcase, one Tim had not seen before and he wondered if Sandra had purposely purchased one without wheels so he would have to carry it.

*Has she become so carefully cruel?*

He tried the catches and found the suitcase firmly locked.

Sighing, he picked the heavy case up and trudged down the street to the bus stop.

~\*~

It was an uncomfortable journey for several reasons.

Firstly, the suitcase was a nuisance and it became rather laborious dragging it from the bus into the coach station.

Secondly, everyone looked at him suspiciously because of the way he was dressed. It was slightly humiliating and Tim's cock throbbed slightly within the chastity tube.

An image of Sandra calmly threading his cock through the silver tube, her hands in yellow latex gloves, flashed before his eyes.

The third reason the journey was comfortable were the tennis shoes. They were worn and stones pushed against the thin sole and his feet were quite painful by the time Tim climbed onto the coach.

As he sat down the back, Tim felt a twinge of excitement. Here he was, on a coach with only a ticket and nothing else.

No mobile, credit cards, identification, *nothing!*

It struck Tim that he was quite helpless and dependent on Sandra at the other end of his journey!

As he stared out the window, he realised that Sandra did not tell him where *she* was going. Tim had just assumed that she was travelling to the same destination.

*What if she isn't?*

*What if she's sent me to someone else?*

For a moment, fear flickered through him but he soon calmed down.

*She wouldn't do that!*

*And she said I was travelling to her house!*

*Her house!*

Tim relaxed and ignored the looks from a spotty faced teenager with a nose ring and straggly hair.

*She's travelling in comfort while I'm in this travelling hell hole!*

He could not complain.

Tim was getting exactly what he had asked for!



Sandra looked up when the driver cleared his throat.

‘Yes?’

‘Do you wish to go straight to your destination, Ms Heath?’

‘How long will it take if we do?’

‘Depends on traffic but at the most, two hours?’

Sandra smiled to herself as she knew the coach took at least three hours with all the frequent stops and then Tim had to walk to the house, carrying the suitcase.

‘I think we should go straight through,’ Sandra said, ‘I have some things to do.’

‘Of course, Ms Heath.’

Sandra settled back in the luxurious seat and idly wondered how Tim was enjoying his journey.

The last time Sandra had travelled by coach was in her university days and it had been horrible then.

*Cheap but horrible.*

Even though the coaches have probably improved, Sandra guessed that Tim would be finding it a little uncomfortable and, perhaps, a little threatening.



Sandra recalled the research she had undertaken and the lectures she had covertly attended.

*What was it that psychologist said? Submissive men need to feel helpless, need to have all control removed from them!*

Sandra smiled to herself when she remembered the same psychologist had told the group of women that the control was theirs and that they should not be bullied into acting a certain way for their submissive men.

*Above all, make sure you get some pleasure from this! Forget about his pleasure! Even though women have always put the pleasure of their men first, forget about it and focus only on your pleasure! That will make sure the control remains with you where it should be!*

*And, ladies, it's where he wants it to be as well!*

Tim was stiff and tired when he alighted from the coach at Angels End. Glumly, he watched the driver pull the red suitcase from the storage compartment under the coach and push it to him.

Remembering Sandra's warning, Tim inspected the case and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw it was undamaged.

The village was busy and there were groups of people that he easily identified as summer tourists.

*Maybe Americans, Canadians or even Australians touring through the quaint villages, enjoying their holidays.*

He studied the address on the instructions and walked over to the pub, carrying the suitcase.

*It seems heavier every time I lift it!*

Sighing, he swapped hands and pushed the pub door open.

‘What’ll you have?’

The woman behind the bar was about forty and she looked Tim up and down, taking in the torn jeans and the stained T-shirt.

The jeans felt loose around his waist and Tim was suddenly worried they would slip down and reveal his new chastity belt.

‘Ah, nothing, thanks,’ Tim said, wistfully eyeing the lager taps. ‘Could you tell me where Elm Lane is?’

‘Elm Lane? Follow the main road out, past the monument and keep going until you come to a large barn. Elm Lane is on your right.’

‘Ah, thanks. How far is it?’

The woman shrugged.

‘Oh, maybe two mile, perhaps three?’

*Two or three miles?*

Tim’s heart sank as he struggled out the door with the suitcase.



Sandra changed into fashionable designer jeans, an off the shoulder white top and white sandals. Critically examining herself in the mirror, Sandra thought she didn’t look so bad. In fact, the driver had been eyeing her and would have jumped at the opportunity for a little hanky panky.

Sandra giggled at the thought.

*Of course, I can do what I want now!*

A delicious tingle shivered through her and Sandra laughed aloud.

It was, Sandra knew, a strange journey she and Tim were embarking on but Tim wanted it.

And now, Sandra knew she did as well!

Tim struggled to the top of the hill and carefully put the suitcase down as he sought to regain his breath.

*There's the barn. Turn right at the barn! Fuck, I hope it's close!*

He was sweating and the tennis shoes were no protection against the rough stones on the side of the country road.

As he struggled down the hill with the suitcase, Tim wondered what waited for him at number seven Elm lane!

Sandra took a deep breath when she saw Tim walking slowly down the lane. It was obvious he was struggling with the weight and size of the suitcase and that made Sandra smile.

*Am I ready for this?*

The physical aspect of Sandra's plan was ready but was her mind set on course? The next few hours would tell.

It was late afternoon and Tim was hot, tired, hungry and thirsty by the time he stopped in front of the gate to number seven Elm Lane.

The house was large and two storeys. The front garden was also large and was beautifully presented with even a middle-sized fountain in the centre.

He looked wistfully at the blue front door. Then, slowly, he opened the gate and walked around the back of the house.

The back garden was almost three times the size of the front and vanished past a hedge at the rear, through a small orchard.

This garden was not as immaculately presented as the front. It was obvious the overgrown garden beds desperately required weeding.

Tim was hungry and thirsty. The stained T-shirt Sandra had forced him to wear was now stained with dark patches of perspiration and sweat ran between his buttock cheeks and around his groin.

*A nice hot shower, some food and a good drink!*

He tapped on the door and waited.

And waited.

Nervously, he knocked a little louder and stepped back when he heard footsteps.

The door opened and Sandra stood framed in the doorway. What struck Tim was how clean and fresh she looked which was the opposite of how he felt!

Sandra's face was also expressionless and he sullenly wondered if she felt sorry for the uncomfortable journey he had just endured.

'Put the suitcase there,' she said, pointing just inside the door.

Tim put the case where she indicated and, glancing around, saw a large country style kitchen that had obviously just been renovated. It had all the modern conveniences, as Sandra loved to cook when she had the time.

In fact, Tim could smell something cooking at that moment and his stomach rumbled.

'Take all your clothes off, darling,' Sandra said calmly.

Tim blinked but did not protest. They had moved beyond protests and negotiation when Tim signed the agreement.

‘Follow me,’ was all Sandra said when he was naked.

Her eyes dropped briefly to the chastity belt that so artfully controlled his penis and Sandra wondered if it was uncomfortable.

Sandra led the way down the back garden, through the budding fruit tress, through the tall hedge and into the very bottom garden.

Tim followed her, of course, feeling a little foolish as he was naked and Sandra was still elegantly dressed. This caused his bubbling arousal to grow.

The bottom garden was rough with several rocks and a pile of firewood for the winter. It also had a view down the hill and out over the rolling country landscape.

Sandra stopped and Tim blinked when he saw she was standing next to a large dog kennel. It was obviously new with a red roof and designed for a very large animal.

With a sinking heart and a twitch of his restrained cock, Tim knew he would be able to get into the kennel.

A thick chain was bolted to the kennel above the curved opening, which served as a door. The chain was reasonably long and a thick leather collar was padlocked to the end not attached to the kennel.

Sandra picked up the collar and offered it to Tim.

‘Put this on.’

Her eyes held his for a moment and Sandra wondered if this was the moment when Tim refused, that he called the entire episode off.

Sandra expected her husband to do so and wondered if she would feel relieved or disappointed.

*Will I divorce him?*

A woman of her word, Sandra knew that she would feel compelled to go through with the threat.

She had thought long and hard about that one clause in the agreement but felt, after much research, that she needed the motivation for Tim to experience as much of his fantasy as possible.

Their relationship was balanced precariously.

Tim took the collar and under the casual eyes of his wife, buckled the thick collar around his throat.

His hands dropped to his sides once the collar was on as he waited, cock pulsing in the chastity device.

Sandra stepped forward and used a brass padlock to secure the collar around her husband's throat.

Tim could smell how fresh and clean she smelled with just a hint of her day perfume.

The padlock clicked shut and Sandra walked away, vanishing past the hedge.

Stunned, Tim stood waiting until he heard the distant back door close and then, blinking furiously, looked out over the valley. He could see a few houses and other buildings as well as parts of the village.

*She's left me here!*

Sadly, Tim sat down, feeling the cold hard rocks against his bare arse and stared at the darkening sky.

He looked at the kennel and saw that his name was on a small brass plate above the door opening.

Hungry, mentally and physically tired as well as thirsty, Tim crawled into the kennel and tried to get comfortable.

Sandra sipped red wine and stared out the window.

She was strangely calm as her plan moved to another stage. As was her style, everything had been meticulously planned and Sandra smiled, wondering if her husband had noticed that the name on the kennel was "*Tim*".

An hour later, Sandra picked up a small canvas sport bag and walked through the garden to the kennel.

She suppressed a smile when she saw that Tim was inside the kennel with his feet sticking out.

He scrambled out when he heard her footsteps and looked up at her warily.

The sport bag rattled when she put it down and Tim looked at it and then back up at Sandra.

'Stand there,' Sandra said, indicating some rocks, 'and put your hands behind your back.'

Tim was exhausted and a little light headed from lack of food and water but he did not disobey. Something in his wife's tone and demeanour emphasised that things had changed, that their relationship had altered.

The sport bag clinked when Sandra dropped it on the ground behind him. Tim stood on the hard rocks and felt his wife manacle his hands tightly. Then, she quickly applied a large strap around his elbows, painfully forcing his shoulders back.

His cock stirred in the chastity tube when Sandra bent and manacled his ankles.

Her hand rested on his bare shoulder and applied downward pressure.

‘Squat.’

Painfully, Tim squatted on the rocks, the loose stones biting into his bare feet as Sandra connected the ankle cuffs to his wrists and cinched the chain tightly, forcing Tim to remain squatting with his shoulders pulled painfully back.

The collar was still locked around his throat and its chain still connected to the kennel.

Tim rocked on his feet, trying to keep upright as he knew if he fell, it would be very painful indeed as he would fall a foot onto more rocks. As well, he did not know how long the collar chain was, whether it would jerk his neck strongly if he fell.

Sandra moved in front of him and calmly looked down as she removed the chastity belt keys from the locket.

Tim exhaled softly when Sandra removed the chastity tube and his cock was suddenly free in the twilight.

Without a backward glance, Sandra walked away, leaving Tim in his precarious bondage. He looked down at the discarded sport bag with the silver chastity tube lying on it and wondered what Sandra was doing.



Back in the house, Sandra poured another glass of red wine and waited. After ten minutes, she walked sedately back to Tim and stood next to him, sipping wine.

‘This is a nice spot to watch the sunset,’ she said, eyes dropping to her husband’s hard penis.



Sandra sipped wine again and smiled.

‘You’re hard, darling. After an exhausting day, you are very hard! It seems,’ she said firmly, ‘you *are* a submissive masochist!’

Tim hung his head.

*How could he argue?*

Sandra was right – after such a day, he should not be aroused but the bondage, the humiliation and, above all, Sandra’s increasing power, worked its submissive magic.

And so, he *was* hard!

*Very* hard and Sandra leaned forward to examine his cock.

‘It’s weeping slightly,’ she said softly. ‘I assume then, that this excites you very much. The complete lack of control, mixed with pain *excites* you!’

Sandra stood up.

‘It seems that it is now abundantly clear what you are,’ Sandra said softly. ‘You *are* a submissive masochist.’

Tim stared at the ground, trying to stay upright against the pressure of his restraints and nodded.

‘Say it, please,’ Sandra murmured, ‘so there are no misunderstandings.’

‘I’m a submissive masochist,’ Tim confessed in the darkening twilight, the horizon alive with the fading orange fire of the setting summer sun. ‘I wish,’ he said brokenly, ‘I could be better for you, something else, something you want but...but I can’t.’

Sandra nodded, sipped the wine and turned to watch the sun.

‘Sunsets,’ she said, almost to herself, ‘used to be romantic.’

Sandra turned to look at her husband squatting painfully on the rocks, arms bound behind him and connected to his ankles, shoulders painfully pulled back. She could see the pain etched in his grimacing face and yet, his cock was still hard.

*So be it!*

Carefully, she placed the wineglass on the rocks and rummaged in the canvas sport bag for a plastic spray bottle. It contained a mixture of water and honey.

‘Close your eyes!’

Standing in front of her grimacing husband, Sandra calmly squeezed the pump trigger and sprayed the mixture over his face, chest, arms, back and legs before spraying liberal amounts of the lightly sticky sweet concoction on his balls and hard, straining cock.

‘Open your eyes.’

Tim stared up at his wife in shock and for the first time, Sandra saw fear in those grey eyes she loved so much.

‘A sweet mixture for those annoying summer insects, darling,’ Sandra said, picking up her wineglass.

Shocked, Tim gaped at her.

*How did she think of that!*

Sandra smiled, her eyes glinting in the fading light.

Casually, she drained the last of the red wine and said, ‘this sunset is romantic in a way, darling. It’s a new beginning.’

She turned and smiled at Tim who was still wide eyed and his legs quivering with the effort of balancing on the rocks.

‘Although, this romantic beginning will be a little uncomfortable for you. I’m going inside. I’ll

bring you some food later. *If I remember,*' Sandra threw over her shoulder as she walked away.



Tim focussed on balancing.

Squatting on the rocks was difficult and painful. The pain from his bonds was also intense but not as much as the knowledge that he had been stripped bare, that his wife of five years now saw him as he really was!

*A submissive masochist!*

*Would she still love him?*

Insects began to crawl over him and the first stings from their bites occurred on his chest.

As the sunlight faded into night, Tim looked down and saw his cock was still hard.

It was glistening from the honey and water mixture and he could see insects crawling near it.

It didn't matter!

*I am a submissive masochist!*

*And she knows it now!*



Sandra sat listening to music, eating dinner alone with another glass of wine.

She had known that things could have turned out differently, that Tim could have broken and demanded that she cancel the arrangement.

In fact, Sandra had suspected that he would do *exactly* that after an exhausting day and then pushed into painful bondage.

Why?

It was simple.

Until this moment, Sandra had thought Tim's desires were simply an erotic fantasy and when reality bit hard, he would want to stop.

Now, she realised, her husband could *not* stop!

He had given her all control and *wanted* it to continue.

No, *needed* it to continue!

When confronted with the unavoidable evidence of his own hard cock, Tim had been forced to confess, forced to acknowledge that he was, indeed, a submissive masochist!

He *needed* the mental humiliation as well as the physical pain. It humiliated him but that humiliation also aroused him, and, in a strange way only true masochists know, it was bizarrely satisfying cycle.

Deep down, in some subconscious manner, Tim *needed* it all!

Sandra smiled, as she had discovered that revelation teasingly excited her and filled her with anticipation for the coming month!

*I can do anything I like!*

It was an exhilarating shiver of absolute freedom after five years of marriage, five years of negotiation and compromise!

*I can do anything I like!*

Sandra smiled again, poured another glass of wine while Van Morrison sang his bittersweet declarations of love.

*Have I told you lately that I love you?*



Tim wondered if he would be able to remain upright. His legs muscles were quivering from the

exertion of balancing in a squatting position on the rocks. His feet hurt – in fact, his entire body hurt – and the insects were feasting!

And yet, he did not *blame* Sandra!

Deep down, Tim knew he deserved this, deserved it all!

In fact, wanted it!

And his cock was *still* hard!



Darkness had fallen and Tim was almost delirious with pain from his tense and struggling leg muscles. The insect bites were just a mild annoyance compared to that, as was the gnawing pangs of hunger and thirst.

A slight breeze played over his naked body and his nipples and testicles reacted physically as insects stung his flesh.

Somewhere in his red fog of pain, Tim heard a door bang.

*Footsteps!*

Sandra held the flickering candle in its protective glass container high so she could see the path. In the other hand, she held the handle of a woven cane basket with several articles in it.

In the flickering candlelight, Sandra could see her husband was struggling to stay upright. As the warm, golden candlelight played over Tim's taut body, Sandra could see the angry red insect bites, the sweat covered flesh and the haunted look in her husband's wide eyes.

His cock was not completely hard but it was thick and half erect.

In fact, as Sandra studied Tim's glistening penis, it slowly blossomed into full erection.

Sandra smiled, carefully balanced the candle on the roof of the kennel and removed a thermos from the basket.

It contained ice-cold water and she held Tim's head with one hand while feeding him the nozzle so he could gratefully suck the refreshing water into his dry mouth.

As he suckled, Sandra brushed his hair, matted by his own sweat, with her fingers and looked down on him.

Tim could not meet her eyes and both of them liked it that way.

She took the thermos from him in the middle of a particularly long suck and, even though water spilled from his mouth, Tim did not flinch or protest.

There was no longer any point.

All pretences, the thin façade of normality, had been stripped away.

Stepping to one side, Sandra unscrewed the top of the thermos and calmly poured the icy water over Tim's genitals.

The shock made him flinch especially as ice cubes rained down on his balls but, again, he said nothing.

Sandra saw his cock react and shrink slightly. Carefully, she roughly seized it and threaded it back through the chastity tube and locked it shut.

The touch of her warm, female hands brought a small whimpering moan to Tim's lips and Sandra smiled in the darkness.

Moving behind him, Sandra unlocked the straps that connected Tim's wrists to his ankles.

'Stand up.'

His knees creaked as he struggled to stand and the rush of blood to his cramped muscles brought another tiny exclamation of pain.

Sandra squatted down and unlocked his ankles, dropping the restraints back into the canvas sport bag.

Next, she freed his wrists and those restraints followed the others into the bag.

Without looking at him, Sandra put a bowl of food in the kennel, retrieved the candle and looked at Tim. Her eyes were alive in the flickering candlelight and Tim felt his cock squirm within the chastity tube.

‘Goodnight, darling,’ Sandra said with a small smile. ‘I’m going to my warm, comfortable bed. We’ll begin in the morning where we have left off.’

Tim watched his wife walk away, walking back to the house and a warm comfortable bed while he remained chained to the kennel.

With a sad sigh, he crawled into the doghouse, chain rattling against the narrow walls and lay down. It was a relief to ease his aching muscles but he was so exhausted he did not have the strength to swat the persistent insects that crawled over his sticky body.

Tim ached all over, his body was sweaty and sticky from the honey solution and his mind was still reeling.

However, he did not complain or even resent any of it.

In fact, he felt calm as if a huge weight had been lifted from him. No decisions, no plans – he just did what his wife wanted!

As *he* wanted, *needed* to serve!

As he sampled the cold mashed potato and stew in the bowl Sandra had left, Tim realised that he

hadn't even seen inside the house his wife had purchased!

The house of his Mistress!

His cock squirmed again and Tim sighed.



Face washed and feeling surprisingly very relaxed, Sandra slipped on a white nightgown over her head. Under it, she was naked and Sandra smiled, imagining Tim watching her, *wanting* her, but unable to do anything about it!

That thought sent a delirious tingle through her as it had been sometime since Sandra had been desired!

*Really* desired!

As she slid into the crisp sheets of the large double bed, Sandra realised she missed the hungry looks that men used to give her in her younger days.

*Tim will look at me like that again!*

Smiling, she switched the bedside lamp off and spread out in the bed. Yawning, she looked forward to a comfortable night with no concerns about Tim stealing the covers or crowding her.

*Tonight will be the best sleep I have had in a long time!*



It was a beautiful summer morning, full of bright light and promise. Sandra stood by the upstairs bedroom window, sipping tea and enjoying the expansive view of the rolling hills vanishing into a pale blue sky.

It felt so peaceful and for the first time in quite a while, Sandra felt relaxed. It seemed that all



the stresses of their relationship had been peeled away with Tim's confession.

Sandra no longer felt compelled to consider her husband's feelings or views on anything! No more compromise, negotiation or discussion! *Her* opinion and her desires were all that mattered.

That was refreshing and very satisfying!

Added to that, was the simple fact that Tim would *also* get what he wanted!

What he *needed*!

Dominance, absolute control and humiliation!

*Now*, Sandra thought, pulling her nightgown over her head, *what will I wear after my shower for my first day as Mistress of the Domain!*

Giggling, Sandra padded into the bathroom and examined her naked body in the mirror, fingers idly stroking the sparse trail of pubic hair.

Sandra involuntarily looked down at what she mentally called her "*bits*".

She had never been comfortable with oral sex in either guise. Sandra found it demeaning to go down on a man as well as simply distasteful. Of course, she had tried to please Tim as she thought that all men enjoyed oral sex. Sandra had also sensed that Tim was not totally comfortable with it as well.

It wasn't until Venice that Sandra understood that Tim, as a submissive, did not think he was worthy of his wife's oral ministrations.

Was she brave enough *now* to allow him to perform oral sex on her?

The idea of it titillated her but Sandra doubted she would ever orgasm from it. The thought of Tim down "*there*", so close to her "*bits*" made her wiggle with embarrassment at the very thought.

That's how it *used* to be!

Now?

Well, the *idea* of it was becoming more appealing especially if she didn't have to care what he thought.

Her fingers tugged at the thin trail of pubic hair.

*I hate waxing down there.*

*Why do it anymore?*

*He will just have to get used to hair in his teeth!*

*If I let him worship me, that is!*

Feeling suddenly free and laughing softly, Sandra stepped into the hot shower.



Tim had been woken at dawn by the sunlight and the calling of the summer birds. He was stiff and sore; his skin spotted with insect bites and muscles aching from the extended period of balancing on the rocks.

Also, his cock was painfully constricted in the chastity tube and, as well, he needed to urinate badly.

On top of all of that, he was also very hungry.

Slowly, he crawled from the kennel, the chain rattling behind him and sat on the rock with his back against the doghouse.

It was that quiet time just after dawn and he watched a flock of birds flying overhead and the scraps of a small summer mist rising between the small rolling hills.

*She left me here all night!*

And yet, he felt no resentment.

Knowing that his wife had left him in such humiliating and restricted circumstances while she enjoyed a comfortable bed reinforced the new balance within their marriage, a balance he now accepted.

In fact, he was looking forward to the exploration of their new, true relationship.

Although Tim did not consider what would happen at the end of the month, he knew that the next four weeks would emphasise just how things had changed.

*I have no say in what happens; I am totally in her control!*

*And, God help me, I like that!*



Sandra chose a short white summer dress. It was strapless and emphasised her large breasts.

Daringly, she rejected a bra, a garment she hated with a passion. Only pantyhose came close to the discomfort of a bra, both articles of clothing a woman had to suffer, in the name of fashionable propriety.

But, not today!

No, not *today*!

No bra and just a small pair of white knickers under the billowing summer dress. Legs bare and wearing light white sandals, Sandra hummed to herself as she made coffee and toast as well as a big bowl of porridge.

For a moment, she considered nutmeg and sautéed apple in the porridge but that would, Sandra silently thought with a giggle, spoil him with kindness.

And kindness was not something Tim deserved.

Or needed.

In fact, it was just the opposite!

Carrying the bowl of porridge, Sandra sauntered through the back garden and smiled when she saw Tim sitting with his back against the dog kennel.

He looked at her warily and then self-consciously looked away. His cock pulsed in the chastity tube at the sight of his beautiful wife – so fresh and sexy in white, hair moving freely in the breeze.

*Time to begin, Sandra thought, begin as you mean to finish, my girl!*

‘I think, darling,’ she said airily, ‘that you should always greet me on your knees.’

Another glance and Sandra coolly held his eyes until Tim looked away.

Seconds later, he was on his knees.

‘That’s better,’ Sandra said, placing the bowl of porridge on the ground. ‘You can eat this when I’ve gone. Have you peed yet?’

Tim shook his head.

‘Darling,’ Sandra said calmly, ‘when I ask a question, I expect a reply! I will ask it again. Have you peed yet?’

Tim swallowed and then mumbled, ‘no Ma’am...’

Uttering the submissive words sent an electric jolt through his imprisoned penis and his shell-shocked nervous system.

‘You can go now,’ Sandra said. ‘Go there, darling,’ she said, pointing at a patch of grass slightly away from the doghouse, ‘it’s away from your little kennel.’

Tim blinked.

He had always been a little fastidious about keeping his bodily movements private. Now, he had to pee in front of her?

A delicious thrill coursed through him and he lumbered to his feet.

The chain rattled as he moved to the patch of grass and, face red, looked at his wife.

‘I think you’ll have to squat, darling,’ Sandra helpfully suggested. ‘The chastity thingy won’t let you stand as your pee will go everywhere. You’ll have to squat like a woman,’ she added cruelly, ‘which is appropriate as you aren’t really a *man* any more, just a servant. Isn’t that right?’

‘No Ma’am,’ Tim said quietly.

Left hand resting on her gently rounded stomach, supporting her right hand with its long fingers resting on the corner of her smiling mouth, Sandra watched her husband urinate on the grass.

It was, she could see by his bright red face, deeply humiliating for him.

*Do I care?*

For a brief moment, Sandra considered whether she *did* care but quickly dismissed the question.

It simply did not matter whether he found it humiliating or not.

All that matter mattered were *her* desires!

That was all there was to it.

And she found it amusing to watch her husband suffer shame as he squatted on the grass and pissed! She could see the red splotches of the insect bites on his skin and guessed that he probably smelled rather badly.

He remained squatting when the last trickle of urine had passed through the open tube of his chastity belt.

‘Do you need to do something else?’

Face now red hot, Tim managed to whisper, ‘yes, Ma’am.’

‘Well, you can wait until I have left,’ she said briskly. ‘I have no desire to watch you poo on the grass this morning. Perhaps another time.’

Tim blinked at her casual manner but his cock was pulsing rapidly within its prison.

*Why do I enjoy this?*

*I am sick!*

‘Here is the key to your collar. You may unlock yourself after you have eaten and attended to your poop! I suggest you bury it. There is a spade in the garden shed. When you have finished those tasks, you can wait for me at the back door.’

Sandra took a few paces towards the path and stopped to survey the rolling hills. The small breeze played with her dress but she made no effort to hold it down.

Tim watched the white material alternatively cling to Sandra’s legs and then whip away, providing glimpses of bare leg.

‘It is a simply gorgeous day,’ Sandra pronounced and then smiled at her husband who was still squatting on the grass. ‘Isn’t it, darling?’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ he whispered and she walked away.



Sandra looked down from the first floor and saw Tim was kneeling at the back door. She smiled at that and carefully made the bed.

She took her time.

He could wait for as long as it took.



Tim looked up when the door opened and quickly lowered his eyes when Sandra smiled down at him.

‘I have some clothes for you,’ she said in a matter of fact voice and dropped a green garbage bag on the step.

The plastic bag was bulky and Tim wondered what humiliation she had in store for him now.

His cock throbbed at the thought.

*It will be whatever Sandra wants!*

‘I suggest you change in the garden shed. There is a hose next to the shed and you should attempt to control your hair with water. It is rather like a birds nest. It is a mess and simply will not do. I’ll have to do something about that,’ she murmured, swinging the door closed.

Tim picked up the green garbage bag and walked slowly to the garden shed.

*I still haven’t even been inside the house!*

*Her house!*

Purchased without his involvement or knowledge.

*Her house.*

Not his.

Not theirs.

*Hers!*



Sandra watched Tim walk to the shed through the white gauze curtains at the kitchen window.

She felt a little flushed and just a little moist and tingly.

*It will be, Sandra smiled, a very interesting day!*

The garbage bag contained a long sleeved chequered shirt.

*A workman's shirt!*

Also, a pair of rough work trousers with cracked leather patches sewn at the knees. They were obviously second hand and had belonged to a labourer who was slightly bigger than Tim was as the trousers were loose. This time, however, a wide leather belt was in the bag.

However, the brown belt was wider than the belt loops on the trousers so he had to buckle the belt *over* the trousers after he tucked the shirt in.

The waist was loose but the length of the trousers was a little short so the bright electric orange socks that were also in the bag, showed between the cuffs and the heavy scuffed work boots.

Thankfully, there was no mirror in the shed so Tim did not have to see that he appeared as ridiculous as he felt.

Kneeling beside the faucet, he wet his thick dark hair and plastered it down as best he could.

*God, I'd love to have a shower.*

His skin still felt a little sticky from the honey solution Sandra had sprayed him with as well as itchy from the insect bites. The muscles in his legs still ached but Tim did not expect any sympathy from his wife.

Nor did he think he deserved any!



Sighing, he stood up and stepped onto the garden path. The boots were a little large and slid around his feet encased in the horrible orange nylon socks and walking was not easy.

It was something he would have to become used to as he went through his day.

As he walked towards the back door, Tim wondered if he was expected to kneel again but the door opened and Sandra, clean, fresh and still sexy in the white summer dress, smiled at him.

Tim felt his face grow hot but his cock also throbbed.

*Why am I like this?*

*Why do I need this?*

‘As you can see, darling,’ Sandra said, ‘the back garden is a mess. You will weed today and weed carefully. You can put the weeds in the garbage bag I gave you and put it in a compost pile down near your kennel. I expect excellent work, darling.’

She turned and walked back into the house and Tim walked back to the shed to get the garbage bag.



It was mid morning before Sandra bothered to inspect Tim’s work.

He was kneeling by the garden bed and removing weeds with his bare hands. Therefore, there was dirt under his manicured fingernails and his hands were grimy from the clinging black soil.

It was very different from a normal day at Myerson, chasing numbers around a spreadsheet and balancing accounts.

Sandra was sipping from a mug and when she stood next to him to inspect the garden bed, Tim

could smell her perfume and the tantalising aroma of coffee.

She studied the freshly weeded garden for several minutes until Sandra pointed at a plant near some flowering summer bulbs.

‘You’ve missed a weed.’

Tim looked over at the plant and moved to remove it but her calm voice stopped him.

‘I’m afraid that isn’t good enough, darling,’ Sandra said, walking to the white outdoor setting and sitting, legs crossing in a flash of bare skin and white cloth.

Tim didn’t know what to say and, still on his knees, he stared at the gravel path next to the garden bed.

‘I expect a high standard from my servants, darling,’ Sandra said majestically. ‘Don’t you think that is appropriate?’

He swallowed and tentatively murmured, ‘yes, ma’am.’

‘I quite agree,’ Sandra said with a small smile. ‘Go down to the birch tree and cut a switch. There are, I believe, secateurs in the shed.

*A switch!*

Tim climbed to his feet and slightly stunned by Sandra’s casual announcement, worked to the shed.

*She’s going to cane me!*

A shiver of anticipation rippled through him and his cock tried to flex within the chastity tube.

Sandra watched her husband clumsily walking in the oversize boots towards the shed.

*This is where he learns I am very serious and will not tolerate any infraction of my rules.*

The lecturing psychologist had made the point the women that, when involved in a scenario, the dominant must take great pains to reinforce that she was in charge and that it was not a game.

Of course, the blousy psychologist said that scenarios usually only last a few hours or, perhaps, a weekend.

The idea of a month long scenario would, Sandra knew, blow the psychologists mind!

Tim walked slowly back with a supple switch from the birch tree in his hand which he nervously presented to Sandra.

‘Stand over there,’ Sandra said, pointing to a spot near the garden wall, ‘and drop your trousers. You can then lean forward against the wall with your hands outstretched.’

Tim swallowed nervously, his eyes blinking owlshly but he followed her instructions while Sandra finished her coffee, birch switch in her hand.

The breeze plucked at her summer dress as Sandra walked slowly towards her husband. His behind looked white and humorous in the bright sun and Sandra wondered if he was aroused.

*If I took his chastity belt off, would his dicky be hard?*

Tim heard her walking behind him and he stared fixedly at the vine covered garden wall, his bottom cheeks clenching.

*She’s going to whip me!*

A thrill zipped through his nervous system again but there was also an element of fear.

*Would it hurt terribly?*

He did not expect it to do so but his concern was that Sandra would be slightly embarrassed if she did not inflict punishing pain.

Absurdly, he was more concerned for her than himself.

He need not have worried.

Sandra had a good arm and the same ruthless determination she exhibited in her high flying corporate life, served her well!

The first stroke caught Tim off guard and he yelped as the thin, whippy birch cut across his soft white flesh.

The second and third stroke came without respite and by the time the fourth and fifth had slashed across his arse, Tim was grimacing and grunting, while trembling from each blow.

After five strokes, he expected her to stop but Sandra had just begun.

She had planned this moment and now, Sandra knew, was not the time to show mercy!

Sandra saw that Tim was shaking as she raised the switch, pausing for a moment to admire the five red razor sharp welts across Tim's bottom, before delivering the sixth!

This one elicited a growl from Tim and the seventh generated a small scream.

He was, Sandra saw, biting his lip and she had a small flicker of sympathy.

However, Sandra was one to stick to the plan no matter what it took.

*Don't stop! Give him ten!*

After the tenth, Tim was jumping and almost weeping, his hands rubbing his ravaged rear.

'Don't cover it,' Sandra ordered, 'I want to see my handiwork.'

Her chilling words shocked Tim as he removed his hands so Sandra could see the slash marks over his white skin.

*He won't find it easy to sit down!*

'Very accurate,' Tim heard Sandra say, 'but I'm sure I'll improve with practise. Get back to your weeding, darling and make sure you adhere to the proper standards!'

Tim's hands shook with humiliation and biting pain when he pulled his trousers up and buckled the absurd belt. There was no doubt his arse felt like it was on fire and he also knew he would not find it easy to sit down.

Tim returned to the garden bed as Sandra sat back down to read a magazine in the sunlight.

As he weeded, Tim glanced at his calm wife and felt a little afraid and very vulnerable as his arse stung painfully.

Little did he know, that Sandra was not reading, that she was not actually aware of the words on the pages of the glossy magazine.

Instead, her mind was in turmoil as she strove to accept the fact she had just whipped her husband with a Birch switch, that she had slashed angry red welts across her husband's naked flesh!

She was calm on the outside, a swirling mess of emotions inside.



Lunch for Sandra was a chicken salad with a glass of chilled white wine in the warm sun in the back garden.

Lunch for Tim was a salad and a bottle of water sitting next to the kennel. He had been sent there in case he needed to urinate.

'No point in killing the lawn, darling,' Sandra had said with a sly smile. 'We'll keep that little spot right down at the very bottom of the garden for your "business". It's better this way.'

*Was it all better this way?*

Tim looked out over the rolling Cotswolds and wondered if life *was* better.

It was only the first days and despite his very painful arse, he felt calmer than he had for a long time.

*Why am I like this?*

*I must disgust her!*

Even though Tim considered that his wife must be appalled by his needs and desires, he also felt free! Free of guilt, free of equivocation and denial and only honesty remained.

*I am a submissive masochist!*



On the surface, Sandra appeared calm, the perfect woman of leisure in a light summer dress, sipping wine and picking at a cold chicken salad.

Under that elegant façade, she was still puzzling over how she had so calmly whipped her husband until those red and very angry welts appeared!

*How did I do it?*

Sandra did not enjoy hurting Tim and had done so to make a point. It was only her love for him that gave her strength and enabled her to do it, to give him what Tim wanted, what he *needed*!

However, if Sandra were completely honest with herself, she would also admit that she had not *hated* it! In fact, the sense of absolute power had generated a slightly increased sexual tension, a sensation Sandra had not felt for the past two years.

Sipping wine, Sandra thought of the adult toys she had methodically purchased on-line and were

now stored in a large locked cupboard in the second upstairs bedroom.

The items had been purchased slowly as Sandra had systematically worked through reading all of the stories on “the list” as well as her research and the psychology lectures.

Purchasing the first item had been slightly embarrassing, even though it was on-line. She felt strange, almost naughty and thought that the first item, a flogger, was slightly silly.

Then, she purchased the chastity belt and when it arrived, covertly examined it, imagining Tim’s penis locked away until she decided when it could emerge!

As she held it, weighing it in her hand and imagining how Tim’s penis would be kept small and soft while his arousal grew, Sandra felt a glimmer of a sexual tingle herself.

*Will he look at me like he used to when we first made love?*

*Would that hunger, that need, that sheer adoration return?*

Each subsequent item was purchased with a little more assuredness as she planned her husband’s submission. Then, finally, Sandra purchased items for *herself*!

Picturing what was in the locked cupboard, Sandra crossed her legs and squeezed her thighs at the memory.



Tim worked in the garden as the afternoon wore on.

Sandra inspected his progress twice and on each occasion, Tim held his breath, waiting for her verdict.

He was now alone in the garden as the afternoon shadows grew long. Sandra had moved indoors and he heard her rattling pots in the kitchen.

As he pulled a particularly stubborn weed from the rich soil, he again wondered what the interior of the house looked like.

*Will I ever see it?*

*Will she allow me indoors?*

*Will I spend another night in the kennel?*

The back door banged lightly and Tim saw Sandra standing on the doorstep, hands on her hips and the evening breeze tugging at her summer dress once more.

She was wearing a salmon pink cardigan, as the breeze was a little fresh. Summer can be so changeable and the summer dress was thin.

Her hand pointed at the ground in front of her and Tim hurriedly moved down the path, his arse stinging and reminding him of his new place, and dropped to her knees where she had indicated.

Sandra smiled with satisfaction.

‘Here is some soap,’ she said, offering a pink bar of soap. ‘Wash up and return here in ten minutes.’

Tim was still studying the bar of soap as Sandra went back inside the house.



As she peeled potatoes, Sandra recognised that life was remarkably simple. Now that all the angst and uncertainty of their relationship had vanished. Now, it was simply what *she* wanted.

That was rather attractive proposition and very seductive.

The question was, could Sandra manage herself as well as Tim?



Or would it all become so stressful, that the act of domination and control became a tiresome chore?

Now, it was all new, all an exciting, teasing challenge for Sandra.

It was opening her up to possibilities.

That was enough for the time being.



Scrubbed and hair slightly damp, Tim knelt at the back step, hoping that his wife would finally allow him to venture inside the house. The soap had been very feminine and Tim knew he smelled of lilacs and lavender.

The door opened and Sandra looked down at him, smiling softly.

‘That’s better; you appear a little cleaner, darling,’ she pronounced, ‘but your hair is still a disaster. Here.’

Tim took the small cardboard box from his wife and saw a small mirror and a pair of electric hair clippers.

Puzzled and his mouth dry, he looked up into her smiling eyes.

‘Take this to the shed and then remove all your clothes, darling. Then, use the clippers to shave your head. It’s called a Number One? Anyway, whatever it is called, do it! It will be easier for you to look after in your new circumstances.’

Tim’s eyes were wide as he listened to Sandra’s calm voice in shock.

Sandra held his eyes firmly. This was, she knew, another test but there was no backing out.

They both knew he was proud of his thick hair. When other males around him had thinning

hair, high foreheads and patches of skin at the back of their heads, his hair had just greyed.

It was his one point of pride.

‘I am told there is electric power in the shed so the clipper will function, darling. Be careful with it though and pick up all your hair when you’ve finished. Put it in the compost. Then go to your kennel and lock your collar on. I’ll bring some dinner out later.’

She stepped back into the house and closed the door.

Taking a shaky breath, Sandra leaned against the door, her heart pounding as she listened.

*Was this the moment when it was all too much for him?*

Was losing his hair the final dose of humiliation? Was it one humiliation too much and Tim would pound on the door, yelling that it was over?

Or was Tim *really* a submissive masochist and completely under her power, giving himself *completely* to her as he had always dreamed of?

As he had promised!

*I want to give myself completely, not hold anything back, to be used by you for your pleasure...*

Silence from the other side of the door.

Then, Sandra heard Tim walk slowly away.

She poured herself a glass of red wine with trembling fingers, heart still beating rapidly.



Naked and work clothes folded neatly, Tim stared at his unshaven face in the small mirror.

*Was there something different in my eyes?*

He ran his fingers through his thick dark hair and sighed.

Angling the mirror behind him, Tim studied the red angry welts that marked his white bottom.

*She really cut me up!*

His cock quivered within the chastity tube and he looked down at the silver tube that so thoroughly emasculated him.

As he switched on the hair clippers and the whirring sound filled the small garden shed, his imprisoned cock squirmed as his arousal deepened.

Dark, curly locks of hair fell to the floor, some with a hint of grey.



Alone in the house, Sandra ate her dinner by candlelight with Johnny Cash singing Nine Inch Nails in the background, her mind a million miles away.

*I hurt myself today  
To see if I still feel  
I focus on the pain  
The only thing that's real  
The needle tears a hold  
The old familiar sting  
Try to kill it all away  
But I remember everything*

*What have I become  
My sweetest friend  
Everyone I know goes away  
In the end  
And you could have it all  
My empire of dirt*

*I will let you down  
I will make you hurt<sup>3</sup>*

Life was no longer simple.

A bowl of dinner for Tim was cooling on the kitchen bench as night crept over the Cotswolds.

*I will let you down  
I will make you hurt*



Sandra held the candle high so she could see the path. The night air was fresh and she wondered if Tim was cold.

When she walked through the hedge, Sandra found Tim sitting by the kennel, the collar locked on and his shaven head a shocking white in the candlelight.

He looked at her and slowly moved to his knees, head down.

His scalp seemed so visible and his head a little larger, almost alien.

‘That’s much better, darling,’ Sandra said, heart beating. ‘So much easier for you to keep tidy. Although, I should find you a hat. Don’t want to get sunburn.’

Tim felt his cock quiver in the chastity belt and knew he looked strange. The mirror had told him that before he returned it to the cardboard box with a sigh.

‘I think,’ Sandra said brightly, ‘you should use those clippers tomorrow to get rid of all that nasty pubic hair. Here is your dinner, darling.’

Tim took the bowl and wondered what Sandra was wearing under her robe.

---

<sup>3</sup> *Hurt* by Nine Inch Nails, sung by Johnny Cash

‘My bath is running,’ she said, walking to the hedge. ‘Goodnight, darling.’

There was no spoon or fork and the food was cold.

The food was *very* cold.

The sun had vanished and the breeze was turning slightly cooler.

Tim took the bowl into the kennel and tried to get comfortable, his arse still stinging badly.

It would be another very long night.

A night where he would be terribly alone with his own thoughts, his own *self* with no escape.

*I wear this crown of thorns  
Upon my liar's chair  
Full of broken thoughts  
I cannot repair  
Beneath the stains of time  
The feelings disappear  
You are someone else  
I am still right here<sup>4</sup>*

---

<sup>4</sup> *Hurt* by Nine Inch Nails, sung by Johnny Cash

### Part 3. One Week.

---

*It's been one week since you looked at me  
Cocked your head to one side and said I'm angry  
Five days since you laughed at me saying  
Get that together, come back and see me  
Three days since the living room  
I realized it's all my fault, but couldn't tell you  
Yesterday you'd forgiven me  
But it'll still be two days till I say I'm sorry<sup>5</sup>*

---

Tim was weeding the rear garden when Sandra had visitors. Luckily, Tim was dressed in his workman's clothes and, what's more, Sandra had allowed him to use the exterior entrance down to the cellar. There, he was permitted to use the rudimentary shower and toilet located down there.

With instructions to shave his face and to "tidy up his pubic hair", Tim had been allowed the luxury of a shower with soap!

His dream of hot water was cruelly dashed when he turned on the shower. It was cold!

The soap smelled of lilac and lavender but it was an opportunity to remove the last of the sticky residue of the honey from the first night.

His arse still stung and he was thoroughly humiliated by his bald appearance when he examined himself in the small mirror Sandra had thoughtfully provided.

*Thoughtfulness or methodical cruelty?*

---

<sup>5</sup> *One Week* – Barenaked Ladies

He studied his shaven head and his cock throbbed.

*Hair gone; I look so different, so very different!*

Tim's imprisoned cock pulsed and quivered in the tube when he used the electric hair clippers to remove the pubic hair from his groin and balls.

It was a shameful symbol of his complete but voluntary submission to his wife.

After shaving his face, he then shaved his balls and groin smooth as Sandra had suggested.

He hoped his shaven groin and balls were "tidy" enough!

The visitors were a surprise to Sandra and, listening as he weeded; Tim deduced the couple were Harriet and Nigel Manderson who lived in the nearest cottage about a mile down Elm Lane.

A friend accompanied them. His name was Mason, a tall black man who had stayed with Harriet and Nigel for the weekend.

Sandra was struck by how sexy and knowing his smile was. She also noticed that, even though he wore casual clothes, they were of the highest quality and his suede boots were impeccable.

There is just something about him!

Sandra caught herself ready to give Mason a cool reception as usual. It was the way she handled men she felt were vaguely attractive. She was, after all, a married woman!

This time, she didn't!

No, she thought, glancing at her husband on his knees at the garden bed, *I am free to explore, to experiment!*

As Sandra showed the three visitors the house and garden, Tim caught snatches of the conversation as he worked, head down.

‘We knew you had bought the place,’ Harriet bubbled, ‘so we were out for a drive, just about to take Mason back to London when we thought we’d pop in and introduce ourselves.’

‘How nice of you,’ Sandra politely said.

‘The house is lovely,’ Nigel said.

*They’ve seen inside the house!*

Tim wondered if *he* would ever see more than the cellar and the back door.

Other people were permitted inside but not, apparently, him!

He did not resent the fact that Sandra was cheerfully showing strangers through the house while not permitting Tim inside.

It was her *right* to do what she wanted and Tim accepted it.

He had no choice and truthfully preferred things that way.

‘Who’s that?’ Harriet asked, pointing at Tim.

‘That is a gardener,’ Sandra said dismissively with a wave of her hand. ‘I need to get this rear garden in order.’

‘Does he speak English?’ Nigel asked and Sandra glanced sharply at her visitor as if she was considering something.

‘We converse briefly,’ Sandra said at last, ‘enough to give him instructions.’

It was not a lie but she left the others with the impression Tim was a worker from Eastern Europe.

‘You have fantastic views from down here,’ Mason called from his position at the lower hedge. ‘You can see for miles!’

‘It is wonderful,’ Sandra agreed. ‘The sunsets are very romantic.’



‘I can imagine,’ Mason said walking back to the group. ‘Do you have a dog? There is a monstrous kennel down there.’

‘No,’ Sandra said brightly, ‘I don’t have a dog.’

‘Yet,’ Nigel finished and they laughed.

Mason thoughtfully studied Sandra for a moment, glanced at Tim and then smiled.

‘The views from the upstairs,’ Mason said, hands on his hips looking up at the bedroom windows, ‘aren’t shabby either.’

‘No,’ Harriet agreed, ‘they’re brilliant!’

‘Is there a Mister Heath?’ Mason asked quietly as they walked past Tim who was on his knees, pulling weeds, a large floppy white hat covering his shaven skull.

‘Not at the moment,’ Tim heard Sandra say carelessly. ‘Would you enjoy a glass of wine?’

‘Another time,’ Harriet bubbled, ‘unfortunately we must get Mason to London.’

‘I have a flight to New York,’ Mason said apologetically, ‘otherwise you could not keep me away.’

Sandra felt his eyes slide over her and a delightfully pink flush tinged her throat. His eyes were very dark indeed, full of masculine promise.

‘You must pop around,’ Nigel said. ‘Why not dinner sometime? Perhaps lunch?’

‘That would be charming,’ Sandra agreed and that was the last Tim heard as the group walked back into the house.

He pulled another weed from the garden and surveyed his handiwork.

*Hopefully, she will be pleased.*

*Hopefully, I won't have to cut another switch from the birch tree.*



Sandra waved goodbye to the three visitors and watched the sleek black BMW drive down the road for some moments.

Strangely, she felt a strong sense of sexual attraction to Mason and that was unusual.

Sandra faced many attractive men everyday of her working life. Usually, she simply ignored subtle advances. After all, she was a happily married woman!

*And I still am!*

Was it simply schoolgirl-ish curiosity about a black man?

Or was it because, for the first time, Sandra knew she could explore her sexual side however she wished and *still* keep her husband?

*Was that it?*

Slowly, she walked back into the house and walked to the kitchen. Through the window, she saw Tim weeding the garden, the white floppy hat successfully hiding his shaven skull.

*I wonder, Sandra idly thought, if he got rid of his pubic hair?*

She had not checked as Sandra had simply forgotten that she had ordered him to remove it. It was a spur of the moment command and Sandra had forgotten to follow through.

*I wonder if he's miffed at that?*

*Am I being a good Mistress for him?*

Sandra smiled to herself as she poured a glass of ice gold water.

*It doesn't matter if I am not!*

*I am what I am!*

As she sipped the chilled water, she watched her husband sweating in the rear garden and thought about the toys in the locked cupboard upstairs.

*This afternoon, she decided, it will be time to try one of them out!*

And Sandra had a *particular* item in mind!



It was late afternoon when Sandra ordered Tim down to the cellar for another shower and shave.

‘Don’t bother getting dressed after your shower,’ she had said dismissively, walking back to the house.

Sandra had just inspected Tim’s weeding efforts and, thankfully, his still stinging rear was not subjected to another birching.

The water was still cold and there was another pink safety razor to use with the lilac soap.

Dripping with water (there was no towel), Tim waited in the chilly cellar.

The water had dried on his chilled skin by the time the interior door to the cellar was opened and Sandra appeared on the top step. She was still wearing the casual skirt and T-shirt Sandra had worn all day but, from his kneeling position on the floor, he could almost see up her skirt.

Sandra smiled down at him from the top step, aware that he was trying to peek up her skirt.

The desperate hungry look she wanted so much was beginning to appear on her husband’s face.

*All in good time, darling!*

‘Come upstairs.’

She turned and vanished through the door and, naked, Tim padded up the stairs. When he

emerged in the kitchen, he was struck by the delightful smell of food cooking and, also, by the gleaming surfaces and design of what was obviously a gourmet kitchen.

*The kitchen Sandra has always wanted, the kitchen in her house.*

*Her house!*

Sandra did not stop to allow Tim time to investigate the house and simply led him upstairs and into the smaller second bedroom.

The room was quite bare with a single wooden bed against one wall and a tall cupboard with double doors.

A double window without curtains or blinds was in the centre of the wall opposite the door and the floor was polished timber. There was no other furniture in the room and Tim's cock pulsed when he saw the bed had cuffs attached to each of the four corners.

Sandra pointed at the floor.

'Kneel, darling,' she calmly ordered, unlocking the cupboard.

Her heart was beating urgently and Sandra felt hot, even flushed and moist but she was also involved in the moment, relishing the sexual energy that had suddenly woken and was now raging within her.

Kneeling on the hardwood floor, Tim watched his wife unlock the cupboard and remove an item that immediately sent a trembling shock wave through him, a wave of shame and humiliation!

His imprisoned cock also twisted and throbbed within the chastity belt as Tim's arousal quickened, along with his rapidly beating heart.

Sandra smiled as she held the object towards him.

It was a thick black dildo, realistic with its curving arc and sculptured head! It was attached to a soft leather harness that obviously strapped onto the wearer's head so the dildo humiliatingly protruded from the mouth!

'I want you to wear it, darling,' Sandra said softly and Tim took the harness and black dildo with a shaky hand. 'Do you know *where* to wear it, darling?'

'On...on my head, Ma'am...' Tim whispered, face hot.

'I just *knew* you would know, darling! Have it on when I return.'

She walked from the room, leaving Tim to study the obscene object, his cock throbbing painfully within the chastity tube.

...~\*~...

Sandra slowly walked from the main bedroom to the smaller bedroom dressed only in a soft pink lace chemise and high heels. Carrying a glass of wine, she suppressed a giggle when she saw Tim kneeling on the floor with the dildo harness secured over his head.

The thick black dildo protruded from the strap over his mouth and Sandra knew it would press against his mouth.

There was a centre strap running between his eyes, over his nose, and joining the wider strap that held the dildo to resemble eyeholes.

His eyes were large and blinked balefully at her through the pseudo eyeholes.

When Tim saw Sandra was naked from the waist, his eyes grew even wider and Sandra wondered if looking at her bare vulva hurt his cock.

'Let's see if the straps are tight enough, darling,' Sandra said, moving behind her husband,

high heels rapping on the floorboards, placing her wineglass beside her on the bare floor.

Tim's cock was throbbing painfully and he felt the edgy stab of shame and humiliation flowing through him as he realised he was going to be used as a toy, a simple vibrator.

*A cock attached to his head!*

Perversely, even though he knew he would be denied real participation in his wife's pleasure, he still felt happy to serve, to give her pleasure.

*I am sick!*

*Why am I like this?*

*Why?*

Ruthlessly, Sandra buckled the harness a little more tightly, pulling his head back savagely and the dildo wobbled in front of his face.

'That's better,' she said, releasing his head and retrieving her wineglass.

Sandra opened the windows, swinging the glass out and leaned on the windowsill, sipping from her wineglass.

'I suppose you saw my visitors, darling,' Sandra threw over her shoulder.

Tim stared at her round naked arse, his cock now throbbing very painfully indeed.

'That Mason was *very* attractive,' Sandra went on, looking out the window at the view, 'very sexy indeed.'

She looked down over her shoulder at her husband and smiled, moving her legs apart.

'You can fuck me, darling,' she giggled. 'But no hands!' Sandra warned, moving her legs a little further apart and bending slightly over the windowsill, watching birds wheel lazily in the afternoon sky.

Tim started at his wife's beautiful arse and the puckered lips of her sex peeking through her legs.

Humiliated but so deeply aroused, he moved forward, hands behind his back and attempted to guide the dildo against the pink lips of Sandra's sex.

Sandra felt his fumbling efforts as her husband attempted to guide the head of the dildo into her moist slit.

*It must be very frustrating for him!*

Her hand with long red painted fingernails, slid down between her legs and gently held the head of the dildo.

'I'll put you in, darling. I'm wet from thinking about that gorgeous Mason so you'll have no problem sliding into me.'

Every taunting word teased Tim and he was almost breathless from submissive humiliation and desire. His cock throbbed so painfully within the chastity belt that he thought it would become unbearable.

Sandra heard his breath quicken.

*Why do I tease him with the thought of another man?*

Sandra answered her own silent question.

*It humiliates him; isn't that what he wants?*

Hand guiding the fat head of the dildo against her nether lips, Sandra watched the sun sinking and sipped wine as the dildo slid in, filling her sex, stretching it.

*Lovely!*

*So fat, so big!*

Face pressed against her rear, dildo buried in her sex and forced to inhale the musky perfume of her arousal, Tim quivered with frustration.

‘Move it in an out, darling,’ he vaguely heard Sandra command. ‘Fuck me with Mason’s cock!’

Each word was an arrow of humiliation that teased Tim as he laboriously moved the dildo protruding from his face in and out of his wife’s pale pink sex!

He could *smell* her!

And saw the juices glistening on the dildo as he pulled it back, ready to thrust it in again.

And *again*.

Sandra arced forward slightly, feeling the dildo moving in and out. It was a prelude to her involvement in the act. She enjoyed the warm build up, the teasing movements, and the tugging of her sex as the cock moved laboriously in and out.

*Attached to her husband’s face.*

*This is real foreplay!*

She bent a little more to accommodate the pressure of the cock and giggled silently.

*A face cock!*

*Who ever thought of such a wonderful thing!*

Sandra had not believed it when she saw it in the online catalogue but she knew she just had to have it!

Tim pushed the cock in again, watching it vanish into his wife’s sex until his face was, once again, pressed tightly against her arse, nose buried in the crack!

It was humiliating for Tim but undeniably arousing.

And Sandra enjoyed the view from the window, sipping wine and feeling the best she had felt for a long, long time!



Sandra recalled her husband's words.  
*No expectations of anything. You  
would live a life focused on you! The  
opportunity to be as spoiled as you  
like, to do as and what you like. The  
complete freedom to experiment to  
find out what you would want  
without inhibition or concerns about  
me.*

She felt the dildo pull out slightly before thrusting in and Sandra leaned a little further over the windowsill to accommodate its thick length.

*I hope, Sandra thought, looking up at the  
fading sky, that you are enjoying this, darling. God  
knows I am!*

She drained the wineglass and looked down at Tim. His hands were clasped behind his back as he dutifully moved the obscene dildo, funnily attached to his face by the harness, in and out, rubbing her and filling her like never before.

'You can take it out now, darling,' she commanded in a hoarse voice full of blatant sexual need.

Neck sore, Tim gladly moved his head back so the dildo attached to his face slipped free of his wife's now gaping sex.

'Lie on the bed,' she said in a dreamy voice and Tim hurriedly obliged.

*Will she let me come?*

*What will she do now?*

He looked up, the dildo looming in his line of focus, unable to escape its wet thickness and hoped Sandra would use him.

Sandra moved from the window, peeling the chemise off over her head and casually discarding it to the floor.

Her breasts swung enticingly free when she bent to fasten his wrists and ankles to the bed with the cuffs that she had thoughtfully locked to each corner of the bed on the first day.

Casually, without a thought to his well being or comfort, Sandra swung her legs over Tim and knelt over his face, her knees running beside his head.

Sandra was facing away from him and she smiled when, looking down, she saw his cock was red and angry in the chastity tube.

*So small now!*

And not at all required!

Tim looked up and his cock was now painfully pulsing within the chastity tube as he hungrily watched his wife's wet sex move over the tip of the fat dildo that was now an extension of his face.

Slowly, she slid down on it, enveloping it and pushing the dildo back against Tim's head as Sandra allowed the full weight of her body move down.

His face was pressed against her arse, voluptuous cheeks smothering him, *enveloping* him in an unfamiliar sensation of darkness, flesh and intimate aromas as Sandra began to ride the dildo.

Helpless, Tim could hear her soft moans as she crushed him, as Sandra selfishly used the dildo to build her arousal, ignoring him completely!

Her weight was carelessly applied as if, in her sensual focus, she was oblivious to the human cushion between her thighs! It was frightening for Tim as he realised she could smother him in her passion.

Then, Sandra suddenly stopped.

Sandra opened the locket, removed the key to Tim's chastity belt and unlocked the expensive chastity tube.

*Sweet heaven!*

Tim groaned as his cock immediately became shudderingly erect.

Sitting on the dildo, buttocks covering her husband's face, Sandra looked down at his cock.

*Red and stiff –so needy!*

*He likes this, he loves it!*

*My husband the submissive masochist!*

It was another telling moment, one that, to Sandra, completely justified her actions.

*He likes doing this! Likes being used!*

She moved languidly on the dildo, feeling it stretch her, filling her and that sensual warning of a coming orgasm tickling her, stroking her as Sandra rose purposefully up and down!

And Sandra did *not* touch his cock!

Tim's hard, red cock lay on his belly – rigid, ignored, quivering and jerking with his pulse – neglected and unwanted!

*Not required!*

Sandra groaned softly and rose up on the dildo and, sliding down again, smiled when she finally noticed his groin was bald.

*Not a hair!*

*Like a little boy!*

*Little boy bald balls!*

Moving up and down on the fat fake cock, Sandra studied her husband's quivering stiff penis with a critical eye.

*So exposed, so needy and yet so useless!*

Another moan and, immediately forgetting about her husband's cock, moved up again, her vaginal muscles sucking the dildo with her!

Eyes closed, she remembered how Mason had looked at her and her pulse quickened.

*Such sexy eyes!*

Her juices flowed through the harness on to Tim's face, coating his cheeks, nose and flooding his mouth and even his nostrils.

*He could smell only her!*

*It was all there was in the world!!*

Sandra lowered herself once more, lost in her own world, sliding down the fat cock while gently tickling her swollen clitoris with her fingers.

Underneath her arse, face squashed and pummelled by her increasingly urgent movements, Tim wildly stared up, trying to suck in oxygen without drowning on her copious juices.

Sandra's ample arse closed over him, smothering him in a sensual musky world of fleshy darkness and pungent scent, forcing his back against the bed by her imprudent weight.

Time was irrelevant to Sandra in her quest for an orgasm. It was suddenly pressing for Sandra to achieve an orgasm under these sexy circumstances!

It had been sometime and for the first time in some months (perhaps a year even), Sandra was filled with that insurmountable urge to come!

Sandra could vaguely recalling masturbating in the bath, using the hand held shower nozzle to stimulate while the warm water lapped her aching flesh.

*When was that?*

*A year ago?*

*Last summer or was it last Autumn?*

It had been the last powerful orgasm Sandra could recall. Tim had been away so Sandra had felt free to explore in the safety of the bathroom.

Those massive orgasms had always been enjoyed alone! Sometimes furtive, always guiltily.

*No guilt now!*

*None at all!*

She could no longer ignore sexual urges and it was liberating not to be concerned about the man, her husband!

Sandra had always been concerned about the pleasure of the man – society had encouraged that nurturing behaviour and it was easy to forgo one's own sexual satisfaction to please the man you love.

Now, Sandra *was* pleasing the man she loved but in a way she had never envisaged!

Tim had been a tender lover. Sometimes, he was too tender and gentle, not really forcible enough.

Now, Sandra realised why he had been so tentative, so gentle!

It was his submissiveness!

And Sandra now realised what *she* wanted!

She wanted to come *now*!

And *later*? What then?

That was to be decided.

As she slid forcibly down the dildo, finger slightly plucking her clit, Sandra's cry was hoarse, almost guttural!

Under her, swamped by the fleshy, ripe aroma and thick juices, Tim heard that sensual cry and imagined Sandra above him, riding the dildo, large breasts swinging freely as she pushed herself to come!

Sweat and god knows what other moisture trickled into Tim's eyes but there was no escape.

He could not move and one thought cried out over and over again in his mind.

*Please come, please come Mistress!*

*Please...*



The orgasm was earth shattering for Sandra and a huge relief for Tim.

He experienced it *with* her but was still an observer, not actually a loving participant. He knew he had the same connection with Sandra that a vibrator would have!

Nothing more, nothing less!

It did not matter at all that it was him underneath her!

It could have been anyone or *anything*!

Feeling the shudders building within her and then the tension, her long fingernails digging into his tender flesh, raking the skin, as Sandra climbed the hill to her orgasm, *running* up the hill!

*Be running up that road,*

*Be running up that hill,*

*Be running up that building,*

*Say, if I only could, oh...<sup>6</sup>*

The orgasm built and Sandra slammed down, almost crushing her husband beneath her, her arse smothering him but all she was concerned about was coming, of running up that hill!

*C'mon, baby, c'mon darling,*

*Let me steal this moment from you now.*

*C'mon, angel, c'mon, c'mon, darling,*

*Let's exchange the experience, oh...*

Images of Mason flickered behind her eyes.

Why does a man she met only once affect her like that?

Is it forbidden fruit?

The secret taboo that no longer needed to be secret?

*Knowing I am free to experiment?*

---

<sup>6</sup> *Running Up That Hill* – Kate Bush

Her mouth was clenched shut and one hand frantically strummed her aching clitoris while the other tugged and stretched her nipples with a fevered motion.

*Be running up that road,  
Be running up that hill,  
Be running up that building,  
Say, if I only could, oh...*

‘Oh my God!’

Sandra screamed it out, body rigid with a sweet release so sharp and longed for that it was almost painful!

*Better than the bathroom!  
Better than the shower nozzle!*

Coming down, giggling softly (Sandra always laughed softly after an orgasm), Sandra realised she was still sitting astride her husband, the dildo buried inside her quivering, fluttering vagina.

She smiled wryly.

There was no longer any need to feel embarrassed about Tim being close to her “bits”. She had just rubbed herself all over him with gay abandon, completely lacking any concern for him or for what he saw or smelled.

And Tim had endured a closely intimate view of her “bits”.

No one had seen her from that angle before!

Still smiling, Sandra pulled herself off the dildo and rolled off the bed, bare feet hitting the floor with a small thud.

Naked and satiated, Sandra looked down at her husband - bound stretched out on the narrow bed, slick fake cock protruding from his face and wide eyes looking up at her through the harness, blinking like a bald owl through the pseudo eyeholes.

Something seized her, something made her tell the *truth*!

‘That was the best sex I’ve had in a long time,’ she said quietly. ‘I suppose you were a small part of it, darling, but it was better than anything you’ve been able to do before.’

She watched his eyes flicker and fall away.

*Truth hurts!*

Breasts swinging just inches from his face, Sandra bent down and removed the harness from the face of her sweating husband.

Standing up, harness and dildo swinging lazily from her hand, Sandra surrendered herself to a malicious thought.

Carefully, she placed the dildo on Tim’s groin, placing it alongside his neglected cock, which was still stiff, and aching for release.

‘It’s larger than yours, darling,’ Sandra said pointedly and Tim looked down at the glistening black cock lying next to his smaller, white one.

‘It is supposed to be average. Well, if that’s average, darling, what does that make yours?’

It was a cruel question but, for the first time in their relationship, Sandra felt powerful, confident and important!

*He doesn’t matter anymore!*

He doesn’t *want* to matter!

‘Small, Ma’am,’ Tim cried hoarsely and they both watched his stiff cock jerk and quiver with the humiliating confession.

‘Yes,’ Sandra said, already tired of the game, ‘I suppose it is.’

A bath beckoned and Sandra left her husband bound to the bed, gloating fake cock lying



next to his stiff penis, alone with his thoughts while she left to enjoy her bath.

*He will be soft when I've finished, she thought, so I can put the chastity thingy back on.*

As the water gushed into the bathtub, it didn't even occur to Sandra to think that her husband even wanted an orgasm!

It simply did not matter!



What is a moment?

Just one moment in time?

There was that one frozen minute when Sandra suddenly felt alive!

Yes, *alive!*

After five years of marriage – enduring compromise, negotiation, consideration – it was all stripped away!

Gone!

Yes, she had agreed to her husband's desire for submission and yes, Sandra did it for love!

But...

Something happened...

Wasn't that the title of that book by Joseph Heller, the book that followed *Catch 22*? There was an urban myth that Sandra recalled, a story that a critic had simply said of Heller's book '*Something Happened? No, it did not!*'

Cruel review and Tims case, not appropriate.

*Something* did happen but Sandra was unsure as to exactly what did occur!

Perhaps, it was even something Sandra had been looking for during those hours of research into masochistic submission, of sitting through

psychological lectures, of reading BDSM erotica, of searching!

It didn't matter!

When Sandra rose off her husband's red, wet face, the dildo protruding hideously from his face to present such an abjectly comic figure, everything changed.

*Something happened!*

And Tim saw it in her eyes when Sandra placed the fat black fake cock next to his, saw it all there so plain, so cruelly obvious.

*Everything* had changed!

And, it seemed, that both were getting what they each deserved!



Chastity belt back on but still naked, Tim served Sandra dinner.

Music played and silence ruled supreme.

*A love supreme – John Coltrane!*

Fresh from a long soak in the bath and dressed in a white negligee, Sandra picked at her food.

She had thought of many things in the bath and had pondered on several aspects of their new and disturbingly exciting relationship.

'Did you enjoy putting the dildo in me?' Sandra asked suddenly.

Tim had been standing by the door, hands behind his back as instructed and he was taken by surprise by her sudden question.

'Yes, Ma'am,' he answered truthfully, cock fruitlessly attempting to expand within the cruel chastity belt.

'Why?'

‘Because...because it gave you pleasure, Ma’am.’

Sandra studied him thoughtfully for a moment, *really* seeing him.

The shaven head with the stubble a faint shadow over his angular skull, the colouring of his skin from the touches of the sun during his gardening and, of course, his bald balls winging freely below the silver tube that compressed his penis.

‘Yes, it did,’ she said and then smiled wryly. ‘I’m a little sore. It’s much bigger than I’m used to.’

Tim flushed at the gentle barb and Sandra returned to her food.



Sandra permitted Tim to sleep in the cellar that night.

Even though she gave him a blanket and a pillow, Sandra still locked the connecting door. It was another sign.

*One cannot trust the servants, Milady!*

The cellar and the blanket were small compromises in her mind but she had moved beyond the dog kennel games.

It had suddenly become a little more serious.

*Deeply* serious!

Perhaps it was always serious in Tim’s mind but not so for Sandra. However, it had suddenly become serious even for her.

Was it the orgasm or just using Tim?

Whatever it was, Sandra’s mind had altered slightly.

In the beginning, the idea of living like this permanently was a mere threat, something to say that demonstrated her power.

Now, it didn't seem so distant from their reality!

*A strange reality it was!*

Sandra thought of Eloise, her best friend and wondered what she would say. Eloise and her husband Kevin were friends.

*What would they say?*

*How would they react to Tim?*

Lying on the floor in the darkness, wrapped in the blanket, Tim stared at the ceiling and listened to Sandra's footsteps as she walked above him.

*She's in the warm house while I'm down here with just a blanket!*

So close and yet so far away.

*This is what I want!*

*Isn't it?*

Footsteps again.

Then silence.

Then, music.

More footsteps, then, just the music.

*Mother teach me to walk again*

*Milk and honey, so intoxicating*

*I'm reunited*

*Into the fire*

*I am the spark*

*Into the night*

*I yearn for comfort*

*Open the doors that lead on into Eden*

*Don't want no cheap disguise*

*I follow the signs marked "back to the beginning"*

*No more compromise*

*And into the fire  
I'm reunited  
Into the fire  
I am the spark  
Into the night  
I yearn for comfort<sup>7</sup>*

*Another day.*

Sandra walked into the back garden. Tim was working hard in the hot sun, turning over the soil in the garden beds he had weeded with a spade.

She could see he was sweating and his shirt was sticking to his chest and back. Even the white floppy hat was damp with his sweat.

Sandra was wearing a strapless aquamarine top and white linen trousers with comfortable but very stylish sandals with a mid-heel.

Hair brushed back and gold hoop earrings glittering on each ear, she looked fresh, clean and sexy.

*Exactly how she felt!*

Tim looked at her through lowered eyes and his cock throbbed slightly within the chastity belt as images of her sliding down the dildo invaded his mind.

‘I’m going out,’ Sandra announced. ‘I may be some time. I have left some food and a drink for you, darling, on the back step. You’d best eat it before it gets hot in the sun.’

‘Thank you, Ma’am,’ Tim said carefully.

*Will you thank me when you see what it is?*

*Will you eat and drink it or will we find ourselves divorcing?*

---

<sup>7</sup> *Into the Fire* – Sarah McLachlan

‘Not at all,’ Sandra said cheerfully, walking back into the house, locking the back door and walking through the front door where the taxi waited.

She locked the front door and, smiling to herself, slid into the back.

‘Hello,’ the driver said cheerfully, ‘I’m the local taxi driver. Name’s Brian. You must be Mrs Heath?’

‘Just Ms Heath, actually.’

‘Sorry. Where you off to, Ms Heath?’

‘Down to the Manderson’s cottage?’

‘Nigel and Harriet? No problem. It’s a lovely day for it,’ he said, starting the engine.

Sandra smiled and looked back at the house, remembering the surprise she left for Tim.

*Yes, it was a lovely day for it!*



Tim heard the taxi drive off and he leaned on the spade to gain his breath. Looking back at the house, he could see a bottle and a bowl on the back step.

*She’s probably off having lunch or shopping or something!*

He felt a twinge and then accepted his place.

*That’s the way it is.*

*I can’t help myself, I can’t help being what I am!*

Slowly, he walked to the step and sat down on it, removing his hat. The stubble was slightly evident to the touch now and he ran his fingers over it, remembering when he had hair.

His eyes fell on the bowl. It was full of vegetable scraps and nothing else. Tim picked up a wilted lettuce leaf and nibbled on it. There wasn’t even

salad dressing! Just lettuce, carrot strips, red onion and some slices of day old cooked potato.

For a fleeting moment, Tim imagined Sandra at a restaurant, eating lobster and drinking chilled white wine.

*Ah, yes, the bottle!*

The bottle was an old wine bottle complete with label that showed it used to contain a Chardonnay that Tim particularly liked.

*Was it only a week since he had a drink?*

It felt like more and he had no idea when he was going to drink wine or any other alcohol again.

Slowly, he picked up the clear bottle and looked at the cloudy liquid.

*She wouldn't!*

*She couldn't!*

Slowly, he sniffed the bottle and the startlingly pungent aroma of urine told him that not only Sandra could, but she *had*!



'I hear you bought the cottage for a good price,' Nigel said, pouring Sandra another glass of wine.

'Nigel!' Harriet exclaimed. 'That's not very polite!'

'God, Harry,' Nigel said with a wink towards Sandra, 'after three years of marriage, you should bloody know by now that I am definitely *not* polite! More wine?'

'You've *already* poured her glass, darling,' Harriet pointed out.

'Thank you,' Sandra said with a smile and picking the wineglass up. 'This is lovely wine.'

They were sitting on Harriet and Nigel's small stone terrace and the warm sun was lovely.

*God I hate winter*, Sandra suddenly thought, *I need to live where it's warm all year round! Summer is lovely but it is over so quickly!*

Sandra was feeling very relaxed and was enjoying the occasion. The Mandersons were great fun! Bubbly Harriet was *far* more intelligent than she allowed people to see and Nigel had a delicious twinkle in his eyes that hinted at a bit of a dark side.

'Nigel is a writer,' Harriet explained, 'he's so curious about people that it can become quite annoying!'

'Part of the tools of the trade, Harry old girl,' Nigel said equally. 'Harriet,' Nigel added, 'is an architect.'

*That* surprised Sandra.

'An architect? How wonderful. Have you designed something I would know?'

'The odd municipal building and car park,' Harriet said with a self deprecating shrug. 'A few houses, mostly in Spain for Brit expats.'

'That sounds rather fulfilling.'

'It is,' Harriet said, suddenly serious for a moment, 'and it also *pays* bloody brilliantly!'

They laughed.

'See,' Nigel grinned, 'most people would be more interested in writing that Harry's bloody buildings!'

'So sorry,' Sandra smiled, 'let me mend the error of my ways. A *writer*? How *interesting*.'

'Now you are just trying to soothe my feelings,' Nigel joked.



‘Poor darling,’ Harriet grinned, patting her husband’s arm, ‘he is such a sensitive bugger sometimes!’

‘Oh *please*, tell me more about your writing!’ Sandra teased, batting her eyelashes in an overly dramatic and softly mocking manner. ‘What do you write?’

‘Screenplays, plays, novels and the odd bit of stuff for fun.’

‘Fun?’ Sandra asked.

‘Nigel likes to write erotica,’ Harriet explained with a giggle.

‘Erotica? How nice.’

‘Ah,’ Nigel pounced with a grin, finger pointed directly at Sandra, ‘*there* it is!’

‘There is *what*, darling?’ Harriet asked looking at her husband and then back to Sandra.

‘*That* reaction,’ Nigel said. ‘Not your normal reaction when one announces that one likes to write the odd book about bonking! Sandra does not,’ Nigel announced grandly, ‘react the way others do!’

‘I am a lady of the world,’ Sandra laughed, the wine causing her to feel quite bold. ‘But, I’ll be curious if you want, Nigel. Do you *enjoy* writing about bonking?’

‘Some of it is quite good,’ Harriet said. ‘He reads it to me to put me in the mood.’

‘The mood for love?’ Sandra asked, eyebrow raised.

‘No, silly,’ Harriet laughed, ‘the mood for *bonking*!’

They all laughed and picked at their plates in a comfortable silence. The sky was bright blue and completely cloudless.

A perfect summer day.

‘I suspect, Harry,’ Nigel said to his wife after a moment or two, ‘that Sandra is expert at revealing what she wishes.’

‘I would suspect,’ Sandra said evenly, ‘that most people are like that.’

‘Not me,’ Harriet said cheerfully, ‘I’m an open book; spill everything at the drop of a hat!’

‘I think,’ Nigel said calmly, ‘that Sandra has not been forthcoming. I think she has casually omitted details.’

‘Details?’ Harriet screwed her pixie-like face up to concentrate in a decidedly cute manner.

‘Yes,’ Nigel said calmly, ‘like the fact she is married.’

‘I don’t believe you asked,’ Sandra said with a cheeky smile.

‘But Mason asked,’ Nigel pointed out.

‘Mason was just trying to get into Sandra’s knickers,’ Harriet said calmly. ‘Blokes are so transparent, aren’t they, Sandra.’

‘Yes,’ Sandra said softly, ‘they are.’

‘I not only believe that our dear companion, Sandra is married,’ Nigel said, finger waving triumphantly in the air, ‘but I think the bloke doing the gardening is in fact, Sandra’s hubby!’

Harriet gasped and stared at Sandra who smiled gently.

‘I think,’ Nigel concluded, ‘that Sandra and her yet to be named hubby are into some kinky stuff!’

‘Goodness, it’s like one of your stories! Is it *good* kinky or *bad* kinky?’ Harriet asked breathlessly.

‘Is there a *bad* kinky?’ Sandra murmured. ‘I thought there was just *kinky*,’ and everyone laughed gaily.

~\*~

Tim turned the bottle around in his hands, studying it while he chewed on the limp lettuce.

*She's really done it!*

It was subtly shocking as the bottle of Sandra's urine revealed she knew more about Tim's secret submissive fantasies than he had revealed.

*Sandra knows!*

It was shameful that his wife, his new *Mistress*, knew so much about his need for complete subjugation, his need to be used and humiliated in such a deeply perverse way.

It was also intensely arousing and his chastised cock struggled against its unyielding prison.

As Tim lifted the bottle to his lips, he felt a flicker of humiliating shame.

*Is this really what I want?*

As the neck of the bottle touched his lips mouth, Tim knew, sadly, that it was *exactly* what he wanted and felt his cock throb with forceful humiliation and self-disgust that was intensely arousing.

The smell hit him first – hot, ripe, acrid – and he almost vomited as the bitter fluid coursed through his mouth and down his throat.

*Why am I like this?*

*Why do I like this?*

*Why!*

~\*~

'Are your stories kinky, Nigel?' Sandra asked, teasingly.

Her face was flushed as the wine and the conversation had done its job admirably well. In fact,

Sandra had that inner heat that comes from flirting, of considering a sexual play or just the fun of the tease.

Sandra crossed her legs and gently flexed the muscles of her inner thighs as if she was preparing for events when Sandra returned home.

Her thoughts flickered to the contents of the locked cupboard in the second bedroom.

*Perhaps I should call it the playroom?*

‘Oh, I don’t know,’ Nigel said with a sly grin. ‘What do you think, Harry, my love, are my stories kinky?’

‘Definitely!’ Harriet said.

Her face was also flushed and her eyes sparkled with ambition and subtle promise.

‘He has this thing about spanking! It’s deliciously naughty!’

‘It seems to work on you, old girl,’ Nigel murmured and Sandra giggled.

‘Oh yes,’ Harriet cheerfully agreed, ‘most definitely! *Always* gets me in the mood!’



Sandra paid the taxi driver and walked a little unsteadily up the path to the front door. She was just a little tipsy, feeling warm and comfortable and, perhaps, a little playful.

Well, more than a *little* playful!

Lunch with Nigel and Harriet had been fun, *tremendous* fun actually and Sandra had thoroughly enjoyed herself without worrying if Tim was comfortable or enjoying himself!

No, attending social functions by herself was fun as Sandra could stay for as long as she wished and do what she wanted!

Yes, definitely *fun*!

Unlocking the door, Sandra stepped into the small cottage and looked around.

It actually felt like home now!

It hadn't in the beginning but after just one week of their new arrangement, the cottage felt homely.

*A different kind of home*, Sandra thought, looking through the kitchen window at Tim digging the last of the garden beds, *for a different kind of marriage!*

Tim turned over another spadeful of earth and Sandra watched his muscles flex with the strain.

*Poor dear, he looks hot!*

She giggled and dropped her handbag on the kitchen table.

Sandra wondered if Tim drank the bottle she had left for him.

Of course, she had wondered if Tim would actually drink it. The thought of drinking pee made her stomach turn over but Sandra wanted to know just how far *he* would go.

*How far will I go?*

As she unlocked the back door, Sandra wondered if it was all over, that he had thrown the bottle against the wall and was rebelling against what he claimed he needed.

*Did the servant stage an uprising while the Mistress was away?*

Tim stopped digging and turned to look back at the cottage as Sandra stepped into the rear garden.

'I'm home, darling,' she called sweetly .

The empty bottle was sitting next to the back step with the empty bowl.

*Did he actually drink it?*

Of course, Sandra had not commanded him to drink it. That might come later.

*And then, she would watch!*

She blinked at that bizarre but sexy thought.

*Just how far can I go?*

‘I had a truly *scrumptious* lunch, darling,’ Sandra said, walking down the path. Her eyes found his. ‘Did you enjoy your lunch?’

His eyes dropped away as his cock flexed weakly in the chastity tube. Tim’s eyes glanced at the locket around his wife’s slender throat and knew the keys were just there, just out of reach.

*Did he enjoy his lunch?*

There was only one answer.

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ he whispered and Sandra smiled.

‘And your drink?’

‘Ah, thank you, Ma’am...’

‘And you drank it all up?’ Sandra persisted.

‘Ah, yes, Ma’am,’ Tim replied, face hot with his shame.

‘There are some health cults that believe,’ Sandra said calmly, ‘that drinking your own urine everyday is a benefit. Of course,’ she said sharply, ‘you won’t get to drink *your* own pee, darling! Not *yet*, anyway. You’ll just have to put up with mine! Look on the bright side, darling, that way you get actually get some wine. Second hand, of course, but *still* wine!’

Her eyes glittered for a moment and she appeared so supremely calm.

‘When you finish the garden, you can have a nice shower in the cellar!’

*It seems,* Sandra thought as she walked away from Tim, *that I am capable of going quite a bit further yet!*

~\*~\*~

The evening was warm and a surprisingly balmy breeze slipped in through the windows of the main bedroom.

Naked, Sandra lay sprawled on the bed, arms and legs akimbo, toes touching the floor with Tim kneeling between her thighs.

A film of sweat covered his body and his cock pulsed strongly within the chastity tube as he used his fingers and the head of a rather monstrous dildo to arouse his wife.

Sandra had allowed Tim into her bedroom after his cold shower and immediately showed him the thick pink dildo she had taken from the locked cupboard.

It was almost twice the size of the dildo Sandra had forced Tim to wear on his head and was, in a bizarre way, startlingly realistic!

Tim's eyes bulged at the size of the fake cock and Sandra giggled at the expression of shock flickering over his face.

She had patted his stubbly head and handed him the dildo.

'Get me wet, darling, with your fingers and then you can fuck me with this baby until I come!'

It had been a casual command and Sandra did not even give Tim time to look at her naked body or even look around the bedroom.

Sandra had fallen back on the bed, toes touching the floor and parted her thighs so her pussy was generously displayed for Tim's aching eyes!

So he could see and touch what he could not really have!

A slight warm wine buzz smouldered within Sandra and she burned with the need for an orgasm,

wanted to come, *wanted* to exercise her new found power!

Tim fumbled with the giant cock, nudging it against her pussy while stroking and caressing her sex with his hand. He was, Tim sadly knew, clumsy and not at all arousing.

*If only he could lick her!*

He loved licking her pussy and Sandra knew it!

Tim had told her that night in Venice. She, of course, had been surprised that a man would want to get *that* close to her “bits”!

That was then; this was *now*!

Sandra was more comfortable with the idea, now that she knew it really didn’t matter what Tim thought, what he tasted and smelled!

Still, Sandra knew Tim *wanted* to go down on her!

So, she *withheld* that pleasure from him, denied him even that act of submission that he enjoyed and desperately wanted so deeply.

In time, he would use his mouth – Sandra knew that – as she was titillated by the idea! But not yet, not until Sandra was ready to push him further, to reinforce the changes they had agreed to!

‘For god sakes, darling,’ Sandra said with a note of exasperation in her voice, although her eyes were still closed, ‘can’t you do *anything* right?’

‘I’m...I’m sorry...would it be better...if...’

‘If *what*, darling?’ Sandra asked, although she knew *exactly* what he was about to ask.

‘Would it be better,’ Tim said, shamefully aware that he was about to ask his wife if he could lick her sex, ‘if...if I licked...’



‘Lick?’ Sandra teased. ‘You mean, actually put your mouth on my vulva, *actually* put your tongue in my *kitty*?’

She was taunting him and Tim knew it!

He also *loved* the way she did it!

Just as he loved her more than anything at that moment!

*What kind of man am I that needs to be humiliated and controlled by the woman he loves?*

It was an age old question and even Shakespeare had alluded to that need, but there was no easy answer – not without completing a psychology thesis!

‘Y...yes,’ he stumbled, ‘yes...it could work...’

‘Do you think you could do that any better?’ Sandra asked, eyes still closed. ‘Ow! Be careful, darling,’ Sandra said accusingly when the dildo bumped her clitoris, ‘be gentle!’

‘Sorry,’ he mumbled, holding the dildo in both hands and pushing it against her pussy.

‘You seem to be missing a note of respect, darling.’

‘I’m sorry, Ma’am,’ Tim said quickly.

Sandra opened her eyes and sat up on her elbows, nipples long and hard, breasts swaying sexily and Tim’s imprisoned cock squirmed.

‘This just isn’t going to work, darling. Lie on the floor on your back.’

Tim moved quickly to obey and, feeling sexy and very bold, Sandra sat on the edge of the bed and looked down at her naked husband.

Sandra knew what she was going to do and also knew that he wouldn’t like it!

But that didn’t matter any more, did it?

No, it was all about *her*!

And there was this idea that just would not go away ever since Sandra had first read about it in one of the stories on "*The List*"!

Something about making him lie on the ground, waiting as he looked up at her, looked at the moist slot between her thighs, knowing he couldn't have it, knowing she may even give it to some one else but not to him!

Perhaps *never* to him!

Sandra's sex life had suddenly improved over this week!

The first orgasm had been a pleasurable release after the nervous apprehension and anticipation. It had been the awakening of Sandra's sexual urges once more for many reasons but one clear reason was that Sandra had turned Tim's face into a vibrator.

The memory of the sad, shameful look in his eyes made her feel so powerful and excited.

*Be honest, it made you hot, wet and horny!*

However, it was even *more* pleasurable now, standing over him, exposing her moist sex to his hungry eyes, watching the pain of humiliation and arousal flicker in his eyes as she slowly squatted down over his face.

A guttural gulp escaped Tim but he didn't move.

'Stay still, darling,' Sandra warned in a soft voice. 'This is kind of what you want, isn't it?'

Again, she tapped into his secret and shameful fantasies.

*I've always wanted to be queened!*

*To surrender completely and to be helpless under a woman!*

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ he whispered, staring up at her pouting labia, the pinkish lips peeking through the curly pubic hair.

Sandra held her crotch over his face, making him smell her damp crotch, taking in the smell of her musky sex with every breath and sending shock waves of frustration and humiliation to his useless cock!

*He looks so strange, so naked!*

Sandra smiled down at him and gently patted his stubbly head, feeling the sweat that made his white skin shine.

‘Just relax, darling,’ she whispered, ‘and remember to breathe.’

Suppressing a small giggle, Sandra slowly moved down, resting on his mouth, wriggling back and forth with little movements to make sure she was in the right place.

*God, that feels wonderful!*

She moved again, making sure his mouth and nose were in just the right position to stimulate her, to caress her in a weird but effective way.

Tim struggled for breath in his dark, fleshy world and waited, hoping she would allow him to breathe.

*What if she forgets?*

Sandra wiggled on Tim’s wet face again, lost for a moment in a private world of secret bliss, secret power!

*I never knew, she thought, never guessed that this would feel so wonderful!*

Tim moaned and Sandra felt the vibration.

*That felt funny!*

Sandra wiggled again and then lifted up so she could look down on her husbands’ red and wet face.

Tim looked up at Sandra's grinning face as he struggled to find oxygen.

'Now, darling,' she cooed, 'you can use your tongue. Stick it out for me.'

Humiliated and foolish, Tim poked his tongue out and Sandra smiled as she slowly lowered herself onto it.

This was a deliciously *new* discovery!

His tongue worked frantically and, even though his movements were clumsy and not really effective, Sandra felt herself grow hot and yummy!

It was the *idea* of it all!

Simply the *idea*!

*I'm so wet I must be running like a river.*

*Hope the poor baby doesn't drown!*

She smirked at the thought, lifted up again, and giggled at his bright red face as Tim gasped for air.

'You're getting the hang of it, darling,' Sandra said cheerfully. 'Put your tongue out again.'

No, Sandra thought, a carnivorous butterfly emerging from the cocoon of her five-year marriage and lowering her now sloppy pussy onto Tim's face, *I don't think I would ever grow tired this!*



Tim lay helplessly on the floor, pinned by Sandra's weight and by his own submissive desires.

His right hand clasped the large pink dildo while his left hand lay askew on the carpet as, crucified by Sandra, her ample rear zoomed down onto his face yet again.

This time he had taken a deep breath.

This time, he felt a small glimmer of pleasure amongst the shame as he tongued her hungry sex and his cock weakly responded in the cage.

*She is never normally like this!*

*So hot, so aroused and powerful!*

Sandra rose up again after several moments and smiled down at her gasping, spluttering husband.

‘That was nice, darling,’ she said throatily, ‘but I want a cock in me now!’

Her bald statement both teased and tormented Tim, not knowing what he was to do.

*If she took the chastity belt from me, would I be able to perform adequately?*

*Or would I just ejaculate uselessly?*

He was not going to know the answer to that question tonight!

‘Hold the cock on your chest, darling. You’ll have to use both hands!’

Still gasping for breath, Tim manoeuvred the monster pink dildo onto his chest and held it upright with both hands around the base, which looked and felt like large, hard bald balls!

It was, in Tim’s eyes, completely obscene and he felt sure Sandra would not be able to accommodate such an object.

For Sandra, she had been thinking of this moment since the wine sodden lunch with Nigel and Harriet!

There was no doubt in her mind that she would be able to absorb such a monster!

No doubt at all!

The thought of it stretching her sex while her husband watched, knowing his own cock would never achieve the same effect, drove Sandra into a sensual frenzy!

Smiling, she slid down a little, lying on Tim and tilted the dildo towards his mouth.

‘A girl can’t have enough lube when using a baby like this, darling,’ Sandra said in a husky voice. ‘Lick it for me, darling, make it wet for me!’

Her eyes held his and her face seemed to be so close to his that she could read his quivering mind. Shamefully and tentatively, Tim held the dildo up to his mouth.

‘You can do better than *that*, darling!’ Sandra admonished after Tim gave it a few tentative licks. ‘Your oral skills are *really* pathetic! I’ve always thought so but now it’s crystal clear that you don’t have a bloody clue! You know nothing about cock *or* cunt!’

Tim blinked rapidly at his wife, stung by the meaning as well as the crudity of the words and for a small moment, Sandra wondered if he was going to cry!

*Too bloody bad!*

Her body weight pushed down on Tim as Sandra moved up and slipped the pink dildo into her mouth. Her eyes held his as she sucked it, cheeks moving and red lips wrapped around the fat cock.

‘There,’ she said, removing the dildo from her mouth with a wet plop! ‘That’s how to do it! *You* do it! You get the cock ready for me!’

It was demeaning and deeply humiliating but it rang sexual bells within Tim’s buzzing mind.

Greedily, he sucked on the cock like a faded whore in a seventies pornographic film and Sandra smiled with approval, watching every moment, silently laughing inside.

*He’ll do anything I want!*

It was that thought that made Sandra suddenly *need* to have the dildo inside her! What's more, she also *needed* to have her husband hold it!

'That'll do,' she said roughly, moving up. 'Hold it with both hands on your chest! I want a fuck!'

Her hot words buzzing in his ears, Tim positioned the cock on his breast bone and watched as Sandra turned around so her arse was facing him.

'Hold it tightly, darling,' she called over her shoulder as she rose up, 'hold it *very* tightly!'

Positioning her vagina directly over the dildo, Sandra began the slow, sexy descent.

The stubby head nudged her pussy and Sandra, taking deep breaths, moved up and down on the head, feeling it push and stretch.

'Mmmmm,' Sandra moaned as she teased herself with the head.

Behind Sandra, somewhere over her shoulder was her husband but she did not care. His purpose was to simply *hold* the dildo!

Tim stared as he watched his wife's pussy lips distort to accept the dildo.

*It's twice my size!*

It was a humiliating thought that popped unheralded into Tim's skull but, once there, it simply would not go away!

*It's TWICE my size!*

Sandra was rocking slowly back and forth as she slowly slid down, sliding right down onto the fake cock, taking deep breaths as she did.

*It feels so bloody good!*

Shocked, Tim watched as Sandra's pussy slid down the fat girth of the dildo and absorbed it! The bright pink of the bottom of the dildo shocking bright against Sandra's own pink bits!

Her back was facing him and Tim could only look at the creamy smoothness of her back and buttock and, of course, the squashed cheeks of her smooth arse!

And...the *cock*!

Protruding from her pussy while Sandra trembled and shivered above him.

His fingers holding the cock were wet from her juices and, when Sandra slid completely down the dildo, her wet flesh smacked against his knuckles.

He watched her hands move to her head, then her hair and up as if Sandra was stretching or, perhaps, saluting victory!

Sandra dropped one hand between her legs, parting her folds to tickle her clit, sending delicious shivers deep inside her, making her pussy grasp and flutter against the dildo that engorged her cunt! Tim could see how much it filled her, how it *distorted* her!

*Really* filled her cunt!

While her helpless husband could only watch!

Sandra leaned forward and Tim shuddered when he felt her finger caress inside his thigh for a brief moment, before moving to the chastity tube enclosing his cock.

He moaned softly when she held the tube gently and Tim wondered if he could feel the heat of her hand through the steel!

Still gently holding her husband's chastised cock, Sandra rose slowly up the dildo. She held the position for a second, posing with just the stubby head of the dildo inserted to allow herself to regain her breath.

It also allowed her husband to take in the sullen, sexual beauty of her distorted nether lips, slick with juices. Sandra was so wet from the illicit heat of



taking the fat dildo while she gently held her husband's useless caged cock as if it was an injured sparrow!

*Is she going to unlock me?*

*Please unlock me!*

It was an automatic silent plea but a small voice asked, *why?*

*Why should she?*

*She doesn't need my cock!*

*She doesn't want it!*

Humiliation and submission conspired to send twitches through his imprisoned cock and, feeling the flutters in her hand, Sandra smiled and took her hand away.

It would be the *only* touch!

The game was over and Sandra was now completely focused on coming!

*She deserved to come!*

Sliding up and down the dildo with increasing urgency, loud, hot sucking noises filling the room, Sandra plucked at her clit while gliding up and down the monstrous phallus!

*I'm coming!*

Just as the orgasm moved to claim her. Sandra saw the silver metal tube enclosing her husband's useless cock and cried out with the approaching orgasm and the power of her complete dominance!

Eyes clenched shut with the swelling orgasmic wash. Sandra moved up and down, fucking herself with unadulterated abandon while Tim could only watch!



Satiated, Sandra finally disengaged from the dildo with a plop! Standing up, she crawled onto the bed, skin pink and glowing, and closed her eyes, enjoying the warm contentment of post orgasmic comfort.

Tim still clasped the dildo to his chest, relieved that his wife's pressing weight had, at last, left him.

Coated in perspiration, there was also a thick coat of juices and secretion on his chest, fingers and, of course, the dildo itself.

So much so, the pink fake cock seemed to glisten in a mocking, taunting way.

If it could talk, it would crow, *you helped me fuck your wife!*

*And she came!*

*Do you remember the last time she came when you fucked her?*

It was supremely humiliating but he had asked for it! Tim knew that he deserved everything!

*I asked her to do this to me!*

'I think it would be a good idea, darling,' Sandra's voice came from the bed, 'if you rinsed that! You can use my bathroom.'

*My bathroom!*

*Hers!*

As he rinsed the dildo in the hand basin, Tim took a first look around his wife's new inner sanctum.

The bathroom had always been a special place for Sandra and it was also a place of friction between them.

Tim didn't see the need to keep it spotless and was not very good at leaving the toilet seat down.

This had, of course, now changed.

The bathroom was white and spotless with neat rows of Sandra's creams and cosmetics. The towels were fluffy white with a delicate pink edging and there wasn't a hint of masculine influence at all!

No shaving utensils, messy hairs in the basin left over from his daily shave, no boxer shorts discarded on the tiled floor.

Nothing masculine; no trace of Tim at all!

Just feminine comfort and power!

Somehow, Sandra had calmly taken him out of the centre of her life!

And he had *asked* her to!

Had *begged* for it!

So, yes, Tim deserved *everything*!

His cock churned uselessly within the chastity tube and he wondered if he would be able to remove it.

When he had been first presented with the chastity belt, Tim had the small thought that he would be able to slide out of the tube when it all became too much. Tim had heard of that occurring and wondered if it would be possible.

Maybe, it was even a hope!

For the first few days, Tim had avoided trying to slip his cock out of the steel tube but the arousal had become too much for him after time.

While Sandra was at lunch, he had attempted to pull his cock backwards and out of the clutching tube!

It had been a dismal failure!

The design of the chastity belt with the ring between his balls and body, was impeccable and unbreakable.

He would be chaste until Sandra decided and not a minute sooner.

It really *wasn't* a game at all!  
Tim had no control over anything!



Sheepishly, Tim walked out of the bathroom and back into the bedroom, carrying the pink dildo. Uncertain of his position, he did not know if he was sleeping downstairs in the cellar or, worse, in the doghouse.

Enviously, he looked at the large double bed. Sandra was curled up, head on the pillow and Tim wondered if she was asleep.

She was not and her eyes opened.

‘Put that on the dresser,’ Sandra said with a sleepy smile. ‘You can sleep here tonight.’

Overjoyed, Tim quickly put the dildo on the dresser and slipped into the bed before Sandra changed her mind.

She was on her side and said, ‘hold me!’

It had been a sore point with Sandra that when their “*normal*” sex life had been spluttering along, Tim would roll over after his orgasm, leaving Sandra still aroused and feeling definitely unloved.

She would have accepted the lack of orgasm – these things happen – but Sandra, like most women, enjoyed being held and cuddled after making love.

*Men just don't get it!*

When she and Tim had made love during the first years of their marriage, Sandra had made her husband the focus of her attention, making sure he got off, that he *came*! It was never a real two-way street, even though Tim tried but he was, in reality, a mediocre lover at best.

Like many men, he was genetically programmed to be selfish.

It was all about *his* orgasm!

Many times, Sandra had gone to sleep frustrated and alone on her side of the bed while Tim snored peacefully next to her, satisfied after coming.

And usually coming quickly!

*Not any more!*

*Now he does what I want and goes to sleep frustrated. Now, he can learn what it's like, what I've had all these years!*

Sandra felt Tim spoon against her, the metal tube of his chastity belt prodding gently into her arse. Gently, she pushed back and wiggled her plump arse against him. It was nice to be held especially after she came, even better to know he was quietly suffering, holding what he can't have!

Tim felt Sandra's warm skin against his and her firm breasts resting against his arm.

It was sexual hell as his cock pulsed painfully at the contact of flesh against flesh.

*If only he could fuck her one last time!*

'I had a good lunch today,' Sandra said sleepily. 'Harriet and Nigel are nice people.'

She pushed against him again, feeling the chastity belt against her arse and Sandra smiled.

Her next words were like a slap to his face!

'I told them about you, about *us*! They're coming to lunch tomorrow!'

## Part 4. The Heart Grows Fonder.

---

*You above, me below, beneath your skirts  
Together we were merged into one harmony  
Such love inspired by an act of worship  
The focus of my universe was your pleasure  
My lips and tongue employed in your service  
Hidden beneath your skirts my purpose is clear  
My mind body and soul devoted to one object  
To show my love in ceremonious dedication  
The importance of your pleasure made clear  
Deliberate position, enhancing concealment  
Denied the privilege of seeing your features  
My reward, the sound of your sighs and moans  
In coincidence with your climactic rapture  
My spirits soared and my heart filled with joy  
To be so employed was heavenly, reward in full  
To spend myself would detract from perfection  
You were seated in exalted status, hidden above  
I knelt reverently, personality and desire ignored  
Because precisely you had divined the truth  
My joyous abstinence, serving the woman I love<sup>8</sup>*

---

Tim stared at the ceiling, listening to his wife breathe deeply beside him. She was obviously deeply asleep. The room still smelled of female sex, of lust and frustration!

*His frustration!*

It had been a momentous week and yet, the journey had just begun.

*I told them about you, about us!*

*They're coming to lunch tomorrow!*

---

<sup>8</sup> *The Heart Grows Fonder* - poem by David Stevenson

Tim couldn't sleep as his mind and stomach churned. Her casual declaration had kicked him in the stomach with the force of the proverbial mule!

*She told them!*

*And they're going to see!*

*See me as her servant!*

*God!*

He knew that he was about to face a humiliating moment as Sandra revealed his status to strangers.

Other people will *know*!

His face already felt warm but, his cock throbbed madly within the chastity tube at the thought of the approaching humiliation.

Sadly, the thought of the pending humiliation aroused as well as frightened him.

*No limits!*

*We agreed!*

*I'm getting everything I deserve!*

As he rolled over and stared at the wall, Tim wondered again about his desires and his needs.

*Why am I like this?*





---

The story continues in Volume II

---

# **A DIFFERENT MARRIAGE**

**BOOK TWO**



**Carmenica Diaz**



---

**Carmenica Diaz**

---