

Lutheran Maid

A
Legacy
of Lust

A close-up photograph of a woman's eye, heavily made up with dramatic red and black eye makeup. The eye is looking downwards. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light color.

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About this book

Imagine, what might happen if your mother in law had a sexual lifestyle that never quite played out the way she planned. What might happen if she decided to live her dreams out through you and your rather superior wife? It could get interesting couldn't it. It could get very interesting and especially if that mother was a bit of a bitch and treated her daughters unequally. Imagine the turmoil and the emotions that could well up. This is an adult fiction (18+ erotic fiction) book designed to appeal to readers interested in a female led relationship, in cuckolding and the dynamics of a changing marriage when sex takes centre stage. It includes references to the sissifying of an adult male and his search for identity and composure through the whole process. The book includes interracial sex, although the emphasis remains firmly upon interpersonal relationships and power changes there.

All the characters within this novel are entirely fictitious and are not designed to represent living or dead individuals.

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Novels

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Ebony Tide

Short Stories

Measuring Men
Another Kind of Bitch

Sexual diaries

The Bitch Diaries

Chapter 1

It was always difficult deciding what to wear. But now, on a special evening out and with Christmas just short months away it seemed nigh on impossible to Chloe. Try to think of an image of yourself, some sexy encounters, how will you look, suggested Tiffany her girlfriend. Picturing sexy scenes, it seemed was the best way of clarifying your look. It concentrated the mind upon effect and that in turn prompted you to understand objective. Well, for now Chloe didn't want to think too much about that. She put on the tightest little black dress from her wardrobe. It was one of three, and whilst it was very tight when fixing your stockings, it was the one that showed her perky rear to the best effect. She checked the look in the mirror... yes that was perfect. Some rings for her fingers, the Michaela Frey torsade necklace about her throat and the Rolex watch completed the look. What had David said about her, 'an expensive model to maintain'! He made her sound like a vintage sports car. Well, that was stupid. She was just thirty and she had always enjoyed fashion. He knew what he was taking on from the very start.

'Have you got Jonathan ready?' She called down to her husband. David's toddler, a child from a previous marriage was going over to Chloe's mother for the weekend. Margaret was always pleased to

help out and she lived close by. Jonathan spent spells of time at Chloe's house and she rather wished that he spent more time still with Janice the ex wife.

There was shuffling downstairs and a heated debate about which soft toys to take for the sleep over. This was always a matter of staged compromise. They edged towards a decision an inch at a time. David was mumbling to himself. Mr pragmatic did a lot of work with his son. He was really rather good at it. He doted on his son and Chloe well... she did what was necessary as a stepmother.

'Almost ready' he assured her.

He had packed Jonathan's bag with clothes and toys. It looked as if he were going to Margaret's for a fortnight rather than a weekend.

'Hurry up...I don't want to be late. We're meeting Daniel and Sue for a drink before the theatre, remember?' Her voice had an edge to it. Good as David was as regards getting his son marshaled she wasn't sure that he always started to process things early enough.

To reassure herself she looked out of the bedroom window to the drive below. Mr pragmatic was bundling Jonathan into the booster seat of their Volvo estate. It was his sensible car. You couldn't take garden waste in bags to the recycle centre in a car like her BMW Z4. You couldn't ferry loads of children around to summer camp events in a two seater roadster. The Volvo estate was the work horse or as David called it 'a family car'.

She had forgotten her perfume and went to apply it, to the base of her throat and to her pulse points. When she checked the drive again afterwards the Volvo was gone. It was as if it had simply vanished.

The weekend was something that she looked forward to. Daniel and Sue were coming over to stay. Tonight they would go to see *Les Miserables* up in town. Unbelievably her sister hadn't seen the show.

She hadn't read Hugo's book, hadn't seen the film either. Chloe supposed though that Sue must have heard the music. At some stage, she must have. Then the next day they were going to a large craft fair at some stately house in Surrey. It was always nicer to buy presents from such places. They were full of independent producers, craft artisans who made things that were rather different. Then the following day Sue and David were going out to an art gallery launch. It would be full of the most inscrutable paintings, the artists of which took their text from the Emperor's new clothes. Tell people its art and let them decide yes, it must be, because you called it so! Unconvinced by such nonsense Chloe had persuaded Daniel to take her out to dinner instead. Staying in and watching a movie was boring. She wanted to promenade the evening with the handsome, the very handsome black brother in law.

She heard the door open below.

'That was quick!' she called down with relief. Passing Jonathan over was sometimes a chore. He forgot things that he desperately wanted. He had second thoughts about Nan Margaret's strict table manner requirements. Not this time though it seemed.

David came up the stairs, his face beaming. It was he declared, 'mission accomplished.' He looked like a puppy that had just mastered a trick. It was quite endearing, but not all that sophisticated a look.

'You're going to change David...aren't you' she insisted.

He looked down at his suit. There wasn't food on his shirt, Jonathan had been well behaved this time. It was his favourite suit and surely all it needed now was a tie?

'No David' she said crisply, pushing him towards the wardrobe. She had guessed his protest about how comfortable it was. He was going out in the new suit that she had bought him only two weeks ago. 'I

am not being seen out with you in *that!*' she said and flicked the jacket lapel, which admittedly had a loose thread showing.

She watched him change, checking that he wore the Chelsea boots that had been purchased too. It was important to look presentable.

'How was mummy?' Chloe asked. She had always called Margaret mummy. Mummy was conveniently a short drive away, living in one of the nice larger town houses before the 'monstrosities' went up.

'Moaning quietly about her neighbours' said David. He allowed his wife to select the tie and arrange it around his neck. He watched her fold a clean handkerchief and push it flat into his jacket pocket. She ran down the check list, theatre tickets (ladies didn't carry tickets), house keys to get back in, taxi booked to take them into town. Had David got the Rolex watch in his pocket for Daniel? It was one just like hers and it was well, both an early Christmas present and a thank you. Daniel had been so good helping out when David had been in hospital for his back operation. The watch might be 'pre owned' but it was in immaculate condition. Chloe had chosen it herself. It was the least that they could do. David provided the assurances required.

Moments later, after all the checks, Chloe said,

'Irritation with neighbours is what she lives for David'. The remark was clipped, decisive, even a little ungrateful perhaps. Margaret had done a great deal for her and without the least bit of moaning.

The four of them met in a bar just ten minutes walk from the theatre. Whilst a drink could have been shared in the foyer, this pub was always less crowded. If you were always cramped in, Chloe reflected, you could never see what people wore. Daniel advanced towards her beaming. He sported the smartest velvet berry coloured jacket and slacks, with a crisp white shirt and a cravat that matched. The look was svelte, utterly relaxed and entirely perfect.

'You look fabulous!' he enthused, catching her like she was a wounded bird and drawing her into his embrace. He made it look so easy.

'I love the cravat Daniel....it is just so terribly relaxed and oh so smart!' she responded. It was. It was something that David should have worn. It was something that he should have chosen. He needed to be that proud too, but appearance seemed to slip him by.

Daniel kissed her on the neck inhaling her perfume. If it had been meant to be an air kiss beside the cheek then it failed. He kissed her neck tenderly and she thrilled inside.

Sue waited. She waited standing back in that way she tended to do. It was as if she struggled to build the volition to greet, sometimes even to talk. Chloe's sister was entirely private and very cautious. It had been like that since childhood. Sue was the elder sister by three years and she had attended the girls' private boarding school before Chloe. There, because of her nervous disposition she had first drawn attention to herself and then more than the usual quota of bullying. So when Chloe came along later, vivacious, hopeful, cheerful, she had seemed a breath of fresh air. Mummy said that Chloe had restored the reputation of the family at that school. Now Sue stood before her. She wore a black sequined jump suit but she had chosen a garment a size too big. Where are your breasts Sue? Chloe wondered.

'Sue darling! Looking well' said Chloe.

The women embraced and the men shook hands.

'Go and fetch the drinks' Chloe instructed David. She watched him dart away. It was as if he had anticipated the demand and was already in the starting blocks.

'Looking forward to *Les Mis*?' Chloe asked her sister as Daniel drew Chloe to him. Some men touched, they touched appropriately,

sensually, gracefully, and Daniel was one of them.

'Yes....yes I am!' Sue responded her face brightening at last. Social events sometimes daunted her. But at least in a theatre the lights went down and then you only had to watch. You watched in a glorious absorption beside people who were lost in that story too.

Chloe smiled.

'I hope that you have brought your hankie Sue sweetest, the story is terribly moving' said Chloe. She affected a knowing look.

Her sister nodded.

David returned with the drinks. His hands were full so they found a quiet corner of the bar where the drinks could be set down. Daniel's eyes seemed alive, so alive. How they sparkled thought Chloe!

'So how is the world of upper fashion interior design?' Daniel asked her. He always added fashion to the title as she required. It was Chloe's company pitch that they designed living spaces with the style of lively people. People and places met, fashion was what brought them together as one. She had started the business from scratch and now three years on it was lifting off. Until now the profits had been reinvested. That was why she and David had not yet moved house to a better part of town.

'I've stopped dreaming in worries' smiled Chloe, blinking at Daniel, 'I've started realizing that we have something that the public needs. It's not just a want Daniel.'

He kissed her cheek again and said, 'good'. He was sure that she had the panache to make the business a success.

Chloe glanced at her husband. Yes, now David, now is the appropriate time. She watched as he slipped his hand into his jacket pocket. He retrieved the Rolex, a neat little parcel wrapped in tasteful

tissue paper and secured about with a red satin ribbon. He held it a moment feeling the contours of the chronograph within. Yachtsman Rolex's had a particular feel about the crown. They looked authoritative, even if the wearer wasn't trying to trim a sail as close as possible to the wind.

'I have something for you Daniel' said her husband, smiling at his brother in law. 'It's something that Chloe picked out, she's the good taste guru. It's something that she assures me is entirely you. It was owned by a Royal Navy Frigate captain, a vintage model I think'. David was saying too much. He always did that when he was nervous.

Daniel took the present and looked at Chloe.

'You were so good when I had my back operation. Without you I would have never got those bloody medics to accept that I needed something more to adjust their handiwork.' David almost stammered out the rationale for the gift. His account grew faster and faster.

'I was just being firm with them' said Daniel. His manner suggested that a fuss, never mind a present wasn't required for that kindness.

Daniel looked again at Chloe. When he gently released the ribbon and removed the tissue paper the watch weighed seductively in his hand. It's bracelet slipped over the edge of his fingers, the watching housing nestling proudly in his palm.

'This is very impressive!' said Daniel lifting the watching and inspecting it. He smiled at David and then at Chloe.

'I think it's inscribed for the previous owner' suggested Chloe. She turned it over for Daniel to see.

'*For the boss*' was etched across the back of the watch. It must have been a gift from ships complement of officers one presumed. But Daniel smiled again at Chloe. He understood. She had promised

this. When she was ready to cheat on her husband she would arrange a gift like this.

'It's a lovely watch' said Daniel and he clipped it onto his wrist, showing it off first to Chloe and then to her sister.

Chloe felt a warm glow inside. Yes, the watch looked beautiful against his ebony skin. It looked chic beside his strong and able hands. It looked entirely masculine.

'It's the same model as yours Chloe darling' he said and kissed her fleetingly on the lips, 'its obviously good taste!'

They laughed. It was as if they were 'lovers' said Sue who stared wide eyed at the extravagant gift. She seemed mesmerized by it and by the idea that she had let slip.

'Dark secret ones' said Chloe and laughed immediately. That was so amusing wasn't it! David though was still nervous.

'I hope that you're not embarrassed Daniel...its just that I wanted you to know how much I felt in your debt. Without that second op I could have been left crippled' David said.

Chloe watched Daniel as her husband spoke.

Yes, she thought, he is enjoying this. He is enjoying this very much indeed. David was prostrating himself before the man. The sweetness of a moment Chloe thought.

'OK David, thank you,' said Daniel, 'but I did it for you both. Chloe was so busy, with the business, we needed you back in harness old man.'

Daniel winked at Chloe and she smiled.

Chapter 2

Chloe realized that she wanted Daniel from the earliest time. It had happened quickly, when Sue returned from her college sabbatical year in New Zealand. She had met this 'delicious' man who not only had a business mind, but was sporty and attentive. For a while Chloe had wondered whether that was really possible. Sue was a mouse. How was such a man to become interested in her? How was a bookish woman like her to snare a sporty hunk like Daniel? Sexual chemistry was strange she had concluded, it had to be strange because even when they wed Daniel looked so obviously too good for her. It was frankly ridiculous.

Realizing that you wanted a man though was rather different from doing something about it. There were complications, David and his son. There was the little matter that she didn't just want to fuck the man she wanted to have a full blown affair with him. That would have repercussions. It could of course destroy her sister and their relationship as siblings. What was more, Chloe decided that she had to be sure of exactly what Daniel was truly ready for. He might have entertained the idea that his sister in law was just an occasional fuck, an entertainment. Well, if that was his attitude it would certainly not be good enough. No, Daniel had to become her stud male, her partner and that meant arranging things. It meant him becoming involved in the arranging of things too.

Walking through the craft fair the next day, whilst Sue sat through a dull explanation of the potter's art and David looked for Christmas

gifts for his wife, there was a chance for Chloe and Daniel to talk. Now she wore a pair of £200 jeans and the smartest ever pair of chestnut brown boots. She felt very confident.

'Do you like the Rolex?' she asked shyly, guessing the answer already. He wore it proudly and glanced at hers sitting chic on her wrist.

'Very much....it feels very good' he said smiling at her. 'It feels very good that you chose it'.

She feigned interest in some watercolour paintings. They were the rather dull sort, predominantly of hares. The British seemed obsessed with the damned animals and their extravagant ears.

'I hope that you can handle what it means' she said obliquely, 'I am..well exacting'.

He looked at the pictures too. After a glance about he took her hand and kissed the back of it.

'I've never doubted your taste' he told her, 'or that you would be a challenge.'

She smiled. Yes, a challenge. If there was no challenge, if there was no chase, if there was no competition, no hurt and loss to heighten gain, then sex was dull. The purpose of life was to live with style. The very business of living was itself art and design. Life wasn't something that you stuck nice things upon, like a collage, life was vibrant! She would test him about that matter.

'I won't fuck you until some terms are agreed' she said with a sly smile.

'Terms...' he smiled, 'you think that you can insist on terms with a black guy? Isn't that optimistic?' His eyes were dancing with mirth. He loved her flirting.

'You will accept terms Daniel, this isn't a frantic moment at the back of some dance hall' she said sweetly, moving on to the next stall and its wares. A boho woman was selling box jackets that looked as though they had been sewn in an Indian market place.

Daniel glanced at Chloe's rear. She had nicely rounded cheeks. He imagined doing things, he imagined doing 'some stuff'. 'Go on Chloe' he said with a nod.

She accepted a small sample of a sweet potato cider concoction. It was surprisingly pleasant. She walked on though.

'Susan must be weaned off cock' she said softly, 'I won't have you fucking her.'

Daniel nodded. He loved her haughty arrogance. He loved her superior attitude about most things. Watching her rule her husband was a quiet pleasure in itself.

'I wonder whether she might notice that...' he whispered as they walked, 'you know, the fact that I always had headaches these days?' He shared an earnest look. It was indeed a serious and a practical matter. If they were to have an affair then the changing fortunes of his wife had to be managed alongside subterfuge. Changing one thing could alert Sue to another.

Chloe smiled.

'Gradually Daniel...with finesse. Do you fuck her face as well?' she cast her best inquisitorial look his way. She meant fellatio. Yes, that was what she was saying.

'Yes' he said calmly. Yes, he fucked her face. In fact, if truth be told he fucked her face a lot. It had taken a while but Sue had gradually learned to take his length. She had learned to swallow down the cum and breath quietly through her nose as she did so.

'Good' said Chloe, 'I want her humiliated. I want her to learn little by little that she is not good enough for you. Do you understand?'

Daniel took her hand. The aisle was crowded here so no one would notice. He brought it to his groin, to the growing erection in his pants.

'That would be perfect' he assured her. He smiled. 'You've made a start in that department....with David' he observed.

'David disappoints me. He knows that he does' she said simply. It had been a revelation by moments, incidents and days. There was a slow but relentless catalogue of disappointment and disapproval. That was how a man was eroded.

'Our affair, it's not a secret forever is it?' he asked her. 'Once they are prepared, Sue and David, we will force them to confront it. We will force them to accept it?' Chloe was a snob. She was a snob about sex just as she was a snob about dress and style. Chloe judged, that was what she did. Listening to her was a turn on. He liked the idea, fucking such a superior bitch.

'They have to be subjugated Daniel... I want them ready for when we go on living in a new way.' She kissed his cheek. Her sister would be stuck in that stupid demonstration for a half hour more.

'Then Sue will become your maid' he said thrilling at her arrogance.

'Yes' she answered.

'It doesn't matter that she is your sister' he said. He said it as a statement, not a question.

'No' she confirmed.

'It will be pleasurable, taking me off her' he continued.

Chloe looked at him. She did rather hope that he wasn't too easily shocked. That would seem a terrible disappointment.

'Sex isn't nice' she said and scrutinized his reaction. Any surprise, certainly any look of disapproval would damn him. 'Sex is dirty... it's cruel.... It's what the devil added in Eden' she added with a teasing smile.

'Goodness, such a serpent Chloe!' he responded with a little laugh. She laughed too and threw back her head, exposing her bare throat. It was white and so smooth. It was alluring.

'You're a bitch' he observed gently, his eyes never leaving hers.

'Yes.... I'm a bitch' she said.

Through the crowded aisle came David. He was carrying several bags with objects carefully concealed within. Each bag seemed to spout a profusion of tissue paper. Chloe glanced at Daniel. It was time to change conversation.

'You've been shopping!' she said to her breathless husband. He must have almost run around the stalls, sweeping up presents from everywhere. It was one of his many shortcomings that he bought her so many gifts. The man lacked discernment.

'There are so many nice things' he admitted.

'Not vulgar things David, I hope that you don't mean vulgar things' she said and shot Daniel a glance.

'No, not vulgar things... promise' said David, who looked like a chastised child.

'Are you sure?' she checked.

'Yes....yes, I'm sure' he protested quietly.

'I think that we should go for a coffee whilst Sue finishes her pottery talk Daniel' Chloe said. David looked deflated. 'Come on then... coffee' she said to him, indicating that he was invited too.

They seated themselves at a table in the large refreshments marquee. It had been set out rather tastefully, with alcoves, and heavy tables and well upholstered chairs rather than the tawdry fold out monstrosities that Chloe disliked. David was dispatched to fetch the refreshments. Daniel rested his hand upon her thigh and she looked at him. She was so used to issuing challenges, reprimands and admonishments that her face betrayed a surprise if not an impending judgment.

'Shut up' he told her softly, 'I'm going to fuck you. You will get used to being touched any way I chose.'

It thrilled her. It thrilled her with a sudden pleasure, a piquant submission to his rule. The stern and bold approach was what she had craved.

'Will you finger me?' she asked breathlessly.

She felt him slide down her zip fly. There was a little movement and then, beneath the heavy table, amidst so many people he touched her. He ran his intruding finger up and down her clitty, up and down again until she tingled inside.

'After you've fucked me, you won't want her' Chloe said, her eyes closing with the lovely sensation of surrender.

'After I've fucked you you'll wipe your cunt all over his face' Daniel observed.

She was good and wet. Her sex was soft and slimy and yes, her bud felt like a ripe cob of corn. It bulged against his moving finger.

'You're as bitch already, 'he told her, 'but I'll confirm it for you. I'll make you realize just what a bitch you can be.'

She moaned softly. The fingering was exquisite. He just did it. There was no embarrassment. Once she had asked what he would do, he just acted.

'I've wanted this so long' she admitted through clenched teeth.

'Good' he said, 'so now we get it on'.

David was on his way back. He was balancing a tray of coffee and dainty little cakes. Daniel zipped up her fly and then raised his fingers to her nose.

'That's what you smell like...you're on fheat' he said with a gentle smile.

She smelled his fingers. She smelled her scent on him. She wanted to lick his fingers but her husband was approaching. David set down the coffee things on the table.

'I've proven it' said Daniel to the man as he sat down, 'once you've given up cigarettes there remains no smell of nicotine on the skin'.

Chloe looked at him. Daniel was quick thinking. He would need to be. She herself smoked occasionally, the rather svelte little black cigarettes with pungent sobranie tobacco inside. That tobacco did leave a smell, on her lips and on her hands. Still, it was never a problem. David never seemed to complain.

'I don't remember Sue ever smoking' said Chloe. It was the desultory sort of conversation.

'I won't let her' said Daniel.

David stared at him. It sounded such a controlling statement. He didn't smoke himself but he wasn't sure that the habit should be other than a personal choice.

'But did she want to smoke?' he asked. He guessed that she had not. He guessed that smoking was seen by Sue as a risky matter. There had been campaigns all these years. Now he suspected that Daniel would say that his wife didn't have the inclination to smoke in any case.

'I don't know' Daniel observed, 'but I forbid it just in case'. He said it with the zeal of the reformed smoker.

'You forbid it?' David said. It sounded an astonishing thing to say. It made Sue sound a chattel.

'Yes' said Daniel. He really didn't see the need to explain himself.

'Isn't that a bit...?' began David. Controlling was a word that was coming to mind.

'Stop it. That's enough' said Chloe. She gave David a look.

Sue returned from her demonstration. She seated herself at table and looked at her husband. Daniel was feeling irritable.

'Please fetch Sue a coffee David' Daniel said.

Chloe watched her husband rise from the table. He did so as much to demonstrate gentlemanly behavior as to run a chore for *him*. Inside, he bristled.

'Sorry about that darling' said Chloe to Sue, 'the men were arguing about smoking of all things.'

Their day slipped by. Sometimes Daniel and Chloe walked hand in hand and Sue and David followed suit. It was as if we set the metre of the day Chloe thought. It's as if we determine a style. We have the serious conversations and then either Sue or David chip in with little bits to add to that. She noticed how she and Daniel had the stronger opinions on things. Walking and talking about that seen in the craft fair she and Daniel set agendas. Had she asked David about the matter, sincerely asked his assessment, he would have admitted that they were both opinionated. Just what that signified for a man like David she was not sure. If you were without opinion did that mean that you expected others to be equally meek and mild? What would a world devoid of commitment, attitude, fervent opinion really look like? She imagined that it would seem dull. It would seem paralysed.

After the craft fair and a late lunch they returned home. Daniel drove them in his black Mercedes saloon. Because of travel sickness Chloe preferred to sit in the front. David showed Sue to the rear seat of the car and they returned home ruminative. The sky was darkening. It would soon rain.

That evening Sue and Chloe shared a nightcap gin and tonic whilst the men played snooker in the games room. The conversation between the women started with a review of the day. They talked about giving presents and courtship. After marriage the presents tended to dry up didn't they, Sue mused? Chloe asked whether she thought David had realized that?! Sue laughed and then said no. David was always buying her presents. He didn't need to wait for a birthday anniversary or a Christmas. Then, she fell silent. She was pondering something.

'What's wrong?' Chloe asked.

'Nothing' said Sue. There was nothing wrong, nothing at all.

'You look blissfully happy then?' challenged her sister. She frowned as she said it. Plainly there was something wrong. Sue had looked wistful for much of the day.

'It's difficult' insisted Sue. She added more tonic to her drink.

'Difficult things deserve considered attention' said Chloe.

'Yes' said Sue.

'Well?'

'Well, Daniel and I were trying for a child. You have David's son and...' Sue winced as she shared the thought. It was terribly painful.

'And it didn't work' Chloe prompted.

'No' admitted Sue, ' I'm.....I'm not working. The doctors said it was fibroids...in the past...I can't carry children. Daniel was so cold after that. It was frightening.'

'Oh' said Chloe. Thank goodness she thought. It's not Daniel.

Chapter 3

How astonishing Chloe thought that you know a sister for some thirty odd years and yet not know her. Alright, her defining traits, the unobtrusiveness, the quietly introverted ways, they could be read quickly by a stranger. But there were thoughts, feelings and attitudes within Sue that were buried deep. They were secreted down within the quiet recesses of her mind. Of course, when Sue disclosed her heart felt dismay, Chloe went to her and cuddled the poor woman. That information was devastating. Of course she wanted to have babies. Most women did and if you had a sister who had a stepson, well, the silent comparison must have been terrible to bear.

But what did you say on such an occasion. She supposed that you might refer to the wonders of science. There was infertility treatment. That wouldn't do though. This wasn't an egg making problem, this was a carrying problem. More surgery to the womb would probably only make matters worse. In the final analysis the womb was an expandable carriage for a baby and if it was full of inelastic scar tissue then it stretched nowhere. No, Chloe decided quickly, there was no comfort down that line of reasoning.

Quickly she thought of Daniel and his frustrations with Sue. How disappointing she must have seemed. How flawed she must have appeared to him. Daniel wanted kids she knew that he did! He was a natural father, fun loving but disciplining too if children over stepped the mark. A man like Daniel deserved to have children.

'You must have rehearsed it, sorry, but I suppose adoption becomes a consideration?' Chloe had ventured at last, after what had seemed an interminable silence. Susan had dabbed her eyes with a lace trimmed handkerchief. She seemed curled in on herself. She looked shrunken as she rocked with the painful confession of what gnawed and gnawed away inside her. Her sister shook her head. No, Daniel was proud. The progeny had to be his. It was such a 'macho black male thing' Sue had lamented bitterly.

'Of course...naturally' said Chloe.

That night in the dark, Chloe pushed David's head down between her legs. It had been a quite delicious day. First she and Daniel had begun to discuss matters. The conversation had been teasing and provocative. Then the bold fellow had petted her. That was incredibly sensuous, there amidst the crowd of strangers. Daniel had been contemptuous of David, making him the coffee fetcher. That had been delicious too. Then, to finish it all, like a wonderful finale to a concert Chloe realized that her sister was useless. She couldn't give the man that she so obviously adored what he needed most of all, children.

'Lick me' Chloe demanded of her husband. She said it just like that, an instruction. Sometimes she added that he might then receive a treat. Treats were hand jobs, or very rarely indeed he was allowed to put his dick in her. The problem was that no matter how much David tried, to be a man, to seem sexy, to act masculine, it always faltered. He was intrinsically unmanly. He was simply too pliable. His very submission to her made him seem sexually unappealing.

She held open her labia so that David could smell if not see the moist peachy pink interior of her sex. Down there, beneath the duvet, between her soft white legs the scent would seem intoxicating. Aroused for much of the day from Daniel's arousing glancing touches, she knew that she would smell on heat. She needed to be licked out.

‘Open your mouth properly’ she insisted, ‘suckle on my cunt’.

She felt his tongue wriggling and curling. He seemed to have the ability to raise the tip of the thing so that it formed a little ladle. In it went teasing as it proceeded and then the curl of his tongue drew down the hot juices. She could feel his Adam’s apple move against her thigh as David swallowed. Pulling her husband’s face to her sex she imagined Daniel spunking inside her. She imagined the thick white gloopy mess erupting down the side of his shaft as he plunged inside her. She imagined David licking that up... and swallowing it all down.

‘I don’t want you arguing with Daniel’ she told him as he nuzzled and licked at her sex. ‘He is our guest and you have to be polite. All that stuff about smoking, it was a silly argument wasn’t it?’

David nodded and his nose slid up and down against her clitty. That was so lush!

‘Just how Daniel handles his wife is his business, understood?’

Her husband nodded again and again the sensation pulsed deep down into her.

‘He’s very macho, very much the boss, that is how the dynamics work in a mixed marriage’ Chloe observed. God, that was a sweet and sexy thought. A brooding black master transforming her into the bitch that she was born to be.

‘Yes Chloe’ said David. There. The licks now had set him off. Her scent had filled first his nostrils and then his brain. He desperately needed relief. He licked daintily now. His throbbing cock was distracting him.

‘Please Chloe’ he begged. He needed to fuck her. He needed to do something. She was such a horny bitch.

She looked down at him. He looked too pathetic to fuck so she beckoned him to kneel between her thighs. Then she took hold of his cock. It wasn't especially small it wasn't always flaccid. David got a bone, but it wasn't a handsome black bone. It wasn't what she imagined Daniel's cock would look like. Still, now she took hold of it and started to work it up and down. She moved it expertly, working with the first thrusts, as David pushed his cock into her hand. She watched as his eyes closed and his dirty wet mouth fell open.

'You're weak aren't you?' she taunted, shuttling his cock up and down, up and down.

He groaned, rocking deliriously against her grip.

'You could never master me. You just don't have the balls or the sex appeal' she said acidly.

He groaned again. Yes, she thought, you submit. That is your style. That is what you are. You're just a dirty little jerk off. You're a hand shandy beggar.

Her husband was delirious now, obsessed only with his own relief.

'I'm going to milk you all over my pubes.... Then you will lick it up' she said firmly. She had never done that before. She had never made him suck up his own spunk. But she wanted that now. She wanted to imagine Daniel watching her as she controlled him this way.

'Come on... squirt it. You useless bastard, give it me' she demanded.

David's eyes opened momentarily. His wife's face was fierce. She meant every word. Her hand was tugging now, tugging hard on his cock.

She won. She won as she always did. The spunk jerked out of his cock like semolina flicked off a ladle. It fell in sticky white dollops

amidst her curly pubic hair.

'All of it, waste it all' she insisted, milking the residue out.

David gasped. He gasped in that panting way that he always did. He sounded breathless... half way up a slope before finally he slid back down. Sex didn't have to be this way, a competition to be won, an orgasm to be directed, but it was with them. It had become this way over the years, Chloe winning, David loosing. To him it began to seem sensuous that way. It became necessary that way.

'Done?' she asked him with a withering look.

Red faced he nodded. He knew, she didn't have to say it. He had ejaculated so quickly and so easily. He had not an ounce of staying power. He waited for the judgement.

'Now lick it up' she said firmly. There was no judgement, no callous assessment. If you made a mess, it seemed now, you simply cleaned it up. She waited for him to comply. He didn't want to. After his orgasm, like most men, he was spent. His drive to do anything sensual plummeted.

'Lick it up,' she repeated the order her eyes narrowing.

The mess looked vile as if he had coughed up something unpleasant. It looked that bad. He stiffened, his back rigid and his neck now strong. If she had tried to pull him down there by force he would have resisted.

'You will learn to lick up spunk' she told him quietly, 'or there will be no more wanks'.

God, her face seemed so hard then. She seemed steely in her determination. He squinted at her. At once he both hated and adored her. That was just how it was.

'Lick it up, I have no use for it' she said cruelly.

That cut him and it enthused him. What a bitch she was! There were times when she seemed an almost divine force of nature. She looked like a priestess in a temple. He lowered his head. He smelled the sticky residue matting now in her pubes. He smelled it like a beast that examined the spraint of a stranger encroaching his territory.

Then he licked it. He licked it and she gasped with pleasure. Christ, Daniel! Her mind screamed silently. At first his tongue pushed the moist semen about her pubes. Then though he opened his tongue properly and cleaned her nicely. Licking was easier when it was wet and warm. It would take a more concerted tonguing to clean up the stale residue of spunk laid down there.

The next day Chloe came down to breakfast wearing a pleated mini skirt, one that looked entirely chic over the above knee boots. One should dress with attitude she had long ago decided. If you dressed inconsistently, timidly one minute and aggressively the next, then you failed. You looked self conscious about things. It was then easy for society to pick holes in you. Her silk blouse was in a matching black dotted liberally from the shoulders down with the tiniest, the sweetest little gold studs. The others were already downstairs. Sue was dressed in a sensible pair of tweed trousers, high waisted with a tiny belt. The look was designed to make her look smart but quite honestly she looked like a librarian, Chloe thought.

Daniel kissed Chloe on the cheek. Yes, he wore the gift watch and he noticed hers too. It was like a tie between them now.

'I was showing David the advert for the new exhibition of watercolours in Canterbury' said Daniel, offering up their copy of Kent Life magazine. It was Chloe's sort of journal, oozing style and countryside attitude. 'I suggested that he and Sue make a day of viewing art.'

Sue looked up at her. It was such a timid look.

'Why not!' Chloe said, 'David, take Sue to that little Italian restaurant for lunch, the one that we always use'. She smiled at him. It wasn't really likely that he would leap on her sister. He wasn't that sort of man and she frankly wasn't that appealing.

'Do you mind?' David asked her.

'Would I have suggested it if I did!' she responded briskly.

'What will you do?' Sue asked. It sounded as though she felt that Chloe and Daniel were being robbed of company.

'I'm going to see if Chloe can scare me in that roadster of hers' Daniel insisted.

'A drive out, perhaps to the coast would be lovely' said Chloe. It would be, it would be utterly delicious.

Chloe and Daniel headed south, down towards Brighton. Instinctively Chloe drove quickly, supplying the thrill that she knew Daniel demanded.

'That was easy' he said as the BMW accelerated down the dual carriageway.

'Yes' she said with a smile. It was a delight to have him to herself for the day. He looked very debonair in his slacks, white shirt and sports jacket.

'You didn't tell me that Sue couldn't have kids' she said.

He glanced at her. Chloe was sharp and judged things readily. It would take time to learn how best to handle her.

'We were different before *les Miserables*, I didn't know what you had decided about me.' He ventured. It seemed less defensive. He didn't want to refute her interest. She had a right to know about him and what perhaps drove him now.

'No, you didn't' she agreed.

'Sue had a fibroids problem... they said it would be unlikely that she could carry a pregnancy through'.

'She told me last night' said Chloe.

Daniel nodded.

'She's pretty cut up about it. She envies other people their kids. She's jealous of you because of Jonathan' he said.

Chloe checked his expression.

'Are we going to be just about that then?' she asked. Yes, that was a challenge. It was a prickly challenge. Of course she would have Daniel's children, but life had to be more, much more. She had tolerated Jonathan, it was never a delight to have him around.

'No' he said, 'I want you because you have a sharp mind and an arrogant attitude. When your parents were dishing out the style genes they gave them all to you'.

'Flattery' she retorted, feeling a resentment start to rise within.

'Statement of fact. You are better than your sister. You leave her standing. It is simply fact' he insisted.

That appeased her. His face had hardened, his eyes narrowed, he meant every word.

'Susan is the eldest, but she was a disappointment to my parents. They favoured me and I know that she resents that' Chloe observed.

'She hasn't forgotten it, she still smarts about it' he confirmed.

'People are as they are. They have their strengths and their limitations. Life teaches us to live with our lot.' She gunned the BMW past a lumbering lorry. It was pleasant to feel the acceleration.

'You'll have to teach her about all her limitations' said Daniel, 'she hasn't done learning about those yet'.

She looked at him. It was easy to guess what he meant. He wanted to see her subordinate his wife, sexually.

'Yes... I suppose so' she said.

At last now the dual carriageway gave way to a winding road. Tracts of woodland were dotted with pretty villages and the road carried on over ancient stone bridges.

'Pull the car in there, near the river' he said after they had driven on several more miles.

She looked at him. David never ever directed her to do things and especially when she was driving. He wasn't permitted to do silly things.

'Why?' she asked instinctively. Instruction was alien to her.

'Because I'm going to fuck you. Your haughtiness is right for the others, but it won't work with me. I'll just fuck you harder.'

His face was really hard. His eyes held her, insisting that she do as he told her.

'Do as I say. Once I've taken you things will seem calmer. You need a proper fucking.' he insisted.

She drew the car in beside a stand of oak trees. It was quiet. She could distinctly hear the sound of birds. High in the sky an airliner scribed a lazy vapour trail across the pale blue sky. Daniel got out of the car and walked around to the driver's door.

'Out!' he demanded sharply, eying her legs beneath the pleated mini skirt.

She looked petulantly up at him. This was too soon. She had envisaged at least a day of teasing, and so many conversations when she could test his attitudes.

'What if I said that you had to wait? What if I said that I was still finally deciding about *that*'? She emphasized the word, the one that stood in for sex, for fucking, his black bone up her cunt.

'Then I might make you wait in turn. Once you've had it you'll need it' he warned.

She laughed. 'You're very cock sure' she teased.

'Susan has learned to suck it...you will learn to ride it' he said calmly.

They walked through a kissing gate and followed a path to the small river. Now the blackberry fruit seemed shriveled, but bright red rose hips adorned the path. She was made to walk in front of him, made to walk in that insouciant way that made her feel that she was begging for sex.

'I married the wrong sister' he told her as they walked.

'I was already married' she reminded him.

'I would have told you to get rid of him then. Today... I'll have you use him'.

It thrilled her to the quick. He was a bastard in the land of hard-hearted bastards. It made her tingle.

'You can't just live by instinct Daniel' she taunted.

'I'll show you how' he told her.

He chose a huge oak with a root that reached languidly out across the forest floor. He pushed her against it his mouth butting against hers so that she was forced against the bark. Then his hand went between her quivering legs. She was already juiced up and would fuck just fine.

'Do you know what I like about you,' he said vehemently into her face, 'the way you treat your husband like a lump of shit'. He kissed her fiercely and she submitted. She submitted mewling and squirming against him. The man had not one but three fingers up her quim and his thumb danced nimbly back and forth against her clitty.

'I like flirting with you Daniel' she protested. It had been meant to signal a more courtly seduction, a ravishing with manners.

'I like fucking you. You look as though you need to fuck. You smell that way' he insisted. He sounded wild and completely out of control.

'Lift your skirt' he ordered. When she did so, there were his fingers buried inside her. They were slip sliding in and out and she felt as though she might faint.

'You make him lick it?' he demanded glancing down at where she wriggled on his fingers.

'Yes' she gasped, throwing back her head and feeling the bark grate against her back.

'You sit on his fucking face because he's just a cunt wipe?' he demanded.

'Yes' she confessed huskily. The need to grind against him was immense.

Moving his fingers free swiftly he wrenched her little black thong down and chucked it on the floor.

'Show me your cunt' he told her coldly. She was to open up her peachy wet slit so that he could push his cock inside her. Trembling she did as she was told. Her fingers quivered against her intimate skin, her Rolex slipped down her wrist. She watched him unload it. His cock was big and black and yes, frankly it was ugly. It looked brutal and ugly, circumcised and strong. It was a meat that could never be called a pet name, winky or some such.

'Please don't hurt me' she pleaded, fearing what something that big would feel like inside her.

'Gonna hurt the first few times...but you'll learn soon enough' he said callously.

He pushed it up her. His jagging insistent thrusts rammed it higher inside. She was gasping, her breathes racing as he took her.

'God....ooh god.....Daniel!' she begged.

Thump, thump, thump went his cock into her. She had nowhere to go, the oak behind and the black bone inside.

'Uuuuh, uuuuh, uuuuuuh, uuuuh' she made the sounds, her eyes closed her mouth open. She was delirious on his cock now, surrendered to the devastating addiction that it would surely produce.

Slup, slup, slup, slup, slup...the sound changed. She climaxed so quickly, so submissively, her sex flooding with juices that slid glistening down his muscular shaft.

'That's better' he growled at her, 'suck that shaft bitch!'

She tried to. She tried to clench on his cock as ordered but it was impossible. He had simply broken her open. She was his to squirt into.

'Don't you ever be nice. Don't you ever be genteel. You're going to live the dirty way' he snarled at her.

She begged for his kisses. Her mouth chased his but struggled in the pursuit. He was dragging down huge breaths and pumping her.

'You slut!' he shouted at her.

Beads of perspiration ran down her forehead. She didn't have the strength to answer. Her belly felt as if it had a cock head burying inside. She nodded.

'You like it bitch?' he interrogated, banging her against the tree.

She nodded almost unconscious now with the absolute capitulation of her body.

'You'll come to cock when you're called?' he demanded.

'Yes' she managed huskily.

There, he had won. She was hooked up now. She was his. He squirted inside her.

Chapter 4

Chloe returned home replete.

Daniel...oh god....Daniel...

Daniel had been amazing. He had been....

Amaaaazing. She caught breath thinking about it.

Daniel had been, she looped the idea around again, like his fingers gripping her buttocks, he had been.....

incredible.

Of course she was sore. That was inevitable. You cannot force that sized cock inside an unexercised pussy and expect it to feel comfy. But once that brutal mace was inside her, once he was enjoying her properly, she had abandoned herself to the pain. A cocktail ignited inside her brain, the discomfort and the aphrodisiac bliss of knowing that she had him inside her. No other woman was allowed this any more. If she screamed then she did so on the cock that she adored. She screamed on a cock that someday she would force David to watch in action. *This* David, *this* is what makes a woman cream herself!

'You do as you're told from now on' Daniel said to her smiling and touching her leg before they got out of the car, 'you fuck when I say

and you humiliate that waster of a husband when I tell you.'

'Yes' she whispered wide-eyed. She wanted to kiss him again, to thank him profusely for shaking up all her prissy ways. She wanted to thank him for giving her bitchiness a direction. Still, David's Volvo estate was there on the drive and that meant that he and Sue were already back from the art trek. They might conceivably be watching from a window.

'I'm glad I made David give you the watch' she said.

He touched her sex. She was still wet from the fuck. She would be good to sniff and lick he thought.

'Make him go down on you... tonight' he said calmly.

'No shower?' she whispered.

'No shower' he confirmed. Of course he had no clear idea that this would not raise David's suspicions about her day, but right then Daniel welcomed the idea of conflict. Something told him that Chloe was hard headed enough to handle that too.

'You're a risk taker' she said admiringly, 'what would you do if he accused you of seducing me?'

Daniel mused. 'Hit him or simply say yes and tell him to live with it'.

She giggled. Daniel seemed so relaxed, so masculine.

'What if David accused you of having an affair with me?' he asked in turn.

Now she wanted to kiss him. She desperately wanted to kiss him.

'Refer him to you for his hiding I suppose' she said coquettishly.

'Good' he said and they got out of the car.

What part of the brain is given over to sex? How much of it relates to sensuality and links that in turn to all other activities? Chloe wasn't sure but as she walked to the house, in her boots, she felt that part of the brain had been inflamed today. She felt that she was raised aloft, aloof to the menial worries of her life. It made her shiver.

Inside the house David and Sue were drinking brandies and poring over the exhibition catalogues that they had collected over the course of the day. Sue said that she had 'overdosed on art'. It seemed to make her happy. The shy, almost reclusive face of the woman brightened as she described the raptures she felt when she studied some of the paintings. Wasn't life wonderful! Didn't art provide the key to unlock the drear! Chloe hugged her saying how pleased she was that the day had been a success. Their own had been wonderful too. Brighton was such a hip town these days. She showed Sue the Tuareg pendant on the leather choker about her throat. Daniel had bought it for her from an antique shop dealer. The tuareg were nomadic tribes people from Mali and central Africa she said. The work was raw, elemental and entirely African.

David watched. He watched how Sue admired the folk wrought pendant with its carnelian stone and he watched the way that Daniel looked on. The man looked confident, no, the man looked smug. He evidently enjoyed having such a smart young woman out on his arm. May be he forgot that she was married and a stepmother. May be he forgot that sort of thing?

'Shall I go and pick up Jonathan?' he asked. He wanted to puncture the scene. He wanted to prick it with reality.

Chloe looked at him. He looked impatient. His son really could be collected later. Margaret had been fine with Jonathan. David did fuss so.

'I'll fetch him' she said finally. No, David was not going to make her feel guilty. He was not going to push her back inside a box. She would collect the boy.

'I'll drive you over' said Daniel, ' I can give Jonathan his present from Brighton'.

He smiled at David and then at Chloe. It was a disarming and utterly charming smile. David shot Chloe a look. What present?

'Daniel picked up a kite' said Chloe. Right then she didn't see any need to elaborate. David nodded.

'You don't care what he thinks do you?' she said as he drove her over to Margaret's in his Mercedes saloon.

'No...not now' he admitted, 'once I would have cared, but today changed that'.

She smiled. It felt not simply a compliment it felt like a blessing.

'Jonathan must not to be mired in this,' she said softly, 'his father is a fool, but he's an innocent. We keep him out of this. '

'Of course' he said.

Margaret's house looked as though it was dreaming through winter. The front porch was covered in luxuriant holly with bright red berries on and the front lawn was littered with leaves. It looked surprisingly quiet for a house that was currently occupied by a boisterous toddler. They left the car and waited for the doorbell to be answered. Chloe expected to hear Jonathan but instead there was only the sound of a Schumann concerto coming from the study. Margaret was listening to music.

When Margaret came to the door, she made a gesture with her finger. Jonathan was asleep upstairs, having a nap she explained.

They had stayed up late the previous evening watching a Disney movie and then toasting marshmallows over the fire. Dipping the sweet confections in melted chocolate had then resulted in a 'smudgy face' which had required a bath before bedtime. Chloe smiled. How did her mother manage to look so spick and span when she had been managing a toddler all day long? Hardly an inch of the floral dress that she wore looked out of place.

'Hello Daniel!' she enthused when seeing her son in law behind Chloe. She beamed at the man and slipped her arms around his neck.

'You smell nice' she said inhaling his cologne.

Daniel was the favourite son in law. David was 'drab and dreadful' Margaret once said, but so many men were these days. Margaret peered again at Chloe and ushered them inside, first making tea and then taking them through to the living room. The place was a chapel of arts and crafts style.

Margaret's gaze returned to Chloe. She was staring at her throat. Christ thought Chloe, I hope that Daniel didn't bite me whilst we fucked. I wouldn't have known anything about it!

'Tuareg...it's a tuareg pendant' Margaret said, as if she had just found the final solution to the Times crossword puzzle. It was said with an obvious relief. For minutes she had been pondering what it was that she saw and why that resonated in some way for her.

'Yes....yes, it is!' said Chloe touching the pendant and feeling a little self conscious. 'Daniel bought it for me today when we were on our road trip. Susan and David visited the art galleries'.

Margaret mimicked a yawn. She didn't rate modern art.

'So Daniel owns you now' Margaret said entirely casually. It was said just as it sounds, without inflections of any kind.

Chloe opened her mouth in surprise. Goodness! She glanced urgently at Daniel. She shouldn't have done, but she did. It was as if she had made a little confession.

Margaret took the pendant in her hand and studied it more closely. Chloe had to lean forward so that she could do so and then her cleavage was on show. Daniel was smiling. He didn't seem perturbed at all.

'No...it's a high caste piece,' said Margaret, 'if you'd have been his slave then you wouldn't have that stone there and the scrollwork would be perfunctory. That my girl, is the piece that a high class Tuareg woman would wear.'

Chloe stared at her. Did she know? Had she guessed? How on earth was she supposed to respond? As far as she was concerned the pendant was simply a very pretty ethnic piece of jewellery in the Brighton shop window. In the end, Chloe said nothing.

'The Tuareg live across the Sahara, Mali, places like that. They are nomadic and they have clans. Not the Scottish sort with kilts, the African sort with curved knives and slaving habits. A clan is called a towshet and the clan chief is called the Amghar,' Margaret said sharing the information that now tumbled out of her memory. 'They still own slaves some of them. They have castes too. The person who made that pendant wasn't a slave but he wasn't a master either. He was an artisan. He made things for the chief and his wives.'

'Wow' said Daniel, 'that's a whole encyclopedia wrapped up in one!'

Chloe looked bewildered.

'You know about the Tuareg, the Berbers, your family came from Nigeria Daniel. Tuareg...they aren't Arabs, but they're Muslim in their own kind of way.' She picked up the bone china cup full of tea and

then set it down again. Her mind was racing on now with the sexiest ideas.

'I know a few things, but not as much as you' Daniel protested.

'But you picked out that piece didn't you, the high caste piece. It suited Chloe and you knew it!' said Margaret laughing and pointing at the pendant triumphantly. She looked at them again and then briefly at their watches.

'You girls married the wrong men' said Margaret.

Chloe laughed. 'That sounds pretty decisive! You don't think much of David and Daniel then?'

'No, I don't mean that silly girl, I mean you should have married Daniel and Susan should have ended up with David. I mean it that way' said Margaret.

Chloe looked at Daniel again. Another confession. She felt exposed, entirely exposed. Still Margaret wasn't relenting.

'You two have spirit and Susan and David they are the bookish sorts aren't they? Not much spark, not much drive'.

Chloe couldn't counter that. It was entirely true and it was nearly eviscerating.

Daniel said, 'So how do you know about the Tuareg then?'

Margaret nodded, 'I didn't, Toby did. Chloe's father was in North Africa after the war. There was a lot of ethnic unrest and he tried to ensure that the British influenced that. Everyone was recruiting spies and allies.'

Margaret studied the pair of them and her daughter was blushing.

'Anyway,' she said with a shrug, 'when you're as old as I there is nothing that surprises you. You chose his Rolex didn't you Chloe darling?'

Daniel coughed. 'Was that Jonathan stirring?' he asked.

Chloe looked at him. Was it? She hoped so. 'I'll go and check shall I' she said.

They watched as Chloe rose from the chair and walked towards the hall and the stairs. She looked rather younger in the pleated mini skirt and boots.

'Are you fucking her Daniel?' Margaret asked quietly when Chloe had left.

He thought about it for a moment. He could say politely that this was none of Margaret's business. But she would retort back with a snap that it was her business. She was mother of both Chloe and Susan.

'Yes' he said.

'Thank you,' she said, 'you have always been honest and considerate with me. I appreciate your candour.' She refilled her tea cup and offered to pour more for him but he smiled and declined.

'I don't talk about love Daniel, it has become a vacuous term. It morphs before your eyes and of course it has to. It has to signal something different, something subtle over decades. So I suppose the better word is commitment. Do you want to commit to Chloe, her happiness and success?' Margaret added just a little milk to the cup. It was important not to turn it into a sop.

'Yes, ' said Daniel. 'We have both felt this way for a year or more. A year back I asked Chloe to sleep with me. She made me wait a long time before deciding, and then she had David give me the Rolex, it was her signal.'

Margaret sipped her tea. It wasn't very hot, but neither did it taste stewed.

'So there are matters to be dealt with then' she said.

'Yes' he answered. Yes, of course there were. There were a lot of complicated things to deal with.

'You've presumably not told David or Susan?'

'No' he confirmed.

'Secrets have a shelf life' Margaret observed, 'sometimes it is a very short shelf life.'

'I agree' he said and shifted in his chair. He knew what she wanted. She needed to know his intentions. Was he about to destroy both her daughters on a sexual whim? Were her daughters to become estranged because of a messy a divorce?

'So we plan to tell David and Susan and to live quite unconventionally.' He paused. His mother in law needed to be ready for this. Could she ever be...he rather doubted it.

'You think that they will bend to the new union don't you? Susan adores you and she feels inferior to her sister. You reason she will get over it and pretend that all is fine. You calculate that David is weak, already dismissed by Chloe, so he will fold too.' Margaret relaxed just a little. She had been thinking things for a long time. She had seen their glances, and heard how Chloe talked about Daniel. The woman was infatuated with Daniel. She would call it love, but whatever it was named, she wanted him, for life.

'I know, that sounds arrogant doesn't it. To require them to accept what we do.... to demand that they support our decision! To pretend in public that all is fine.' He didn't like saying this. Black men

laboured under a reputation, cock, attitude and no heart, no empathetic mind.

'It's arrogant but honest Daniel,' Margaret observed. 'You know that you are better than David and that Chloe is better than Susan. Society says that we should not acknowledge such things but they are nonetheless true. We are never equal, we are never entirely nice or nasty. We revel in winning but pretend that to lose is somehow noble. So its just then about gently confronting David and Susan with what they already know deep down. It's about directing that.' She smiled at him. There young man, stop tensing. I have always liked you, admired you. You are not a monster nor yet a rogue.

He nodded.

'So, Chloe will take Susan as her maid, and David will become your servant. You might never call them that but that is what they will be. You will set up a new household where they can feel secure however diminished they are.'

He looked at her.

'You think that sounds entirely crazy don't you' Daniel said.

Margaret offered up the biscuits. They were custard creams, her favourites.

'Not entirely. Sue already defers to Chloe on a lot of things. Chloe always has her way.'

'Yes' said Daniel.

'But you will need to coax, coach and persuade them won't you? The realization of your new rules will have to creep slowly and gently through their minds. Will Chloe have your babies and encourage Susan to mother them?' Margaret bit down on her second biscuit. The crumbs scattered onto her lap. Never mind.

Daniel stared at her. It was an audacious statement. It was pregnant itself with ideas.

‘Susan would accept Chloe as her mistress if she was allowed to play mummy Daniel, you should explore that idea.’ Margaret paused. There, she had shocked the man. His thinking was not as advanced as hers. But then again they were the actors on the stage. They didn’t observe themselves in quite the same way that she had done. Margaret had been observing them all for a very long time. Families made arrangements, that was what families did. A successful family adapted to circumstance.

‘Chloe is suited to being the boss’ Daniel said.

‘Yes she is’ agreed Margaret, ‘she has always been a boss. She bossed her older sister when they were teenagers. This is more natural, if unsettling than perhaps you realize.’

‘You seem unshockable’ he told her and smiled. It was making his head ache. The speed of thought required, the urgent response to emotions that spun off like Catherine wheels on a loose pin.

‘I had an affair whilst Toby was abroad’ Margaret said, savouring the thought. It had been intense, elegant and enriching. Now she remembered it and noted the surprise in Daniel’s face too. ‘Luther was an intelligence officer during the cold war. He was a black American. I know about some things’ she said.

‘You had an affair?’ Daniel mouthed.

She laughed. ‘I wasn’t always sixty’ she said.

‘Sorry!’ he apologized. ‘It was just....’

‘Just that the older lot never felt lust, never had assignations, never forced their partners to be a cuckold. That was the history book

without pages' she said.

'Yes, I suppose so' he said.

'Well,' she announced standing up, ' I think that this needs to be handled incrementally and discreetly. You can fuck here until such time as Susan has been forced to accept reality.'

There were noises upstairs.

Daniel stared at her astonished.

'Close your mouth' said Margaret and retired indicating that Daniel should remove the tea tray whilst she went upstairs to join her daughter.

Chapter 5

Chloe rolled in towards Daniel and reached down sleepily to find his cock. It was of course handsomely there, still moist and fecund smelling from its conquest of the night. It was neatly circumcised and the glans seemed preposterously big and arrogant. Slipping down beneath the duvet she started to suck it. She sucked it with a teasing wriggle of her lips so that it was impossible for Daniel to sleep, impossible for him not to stiffen again, making his prong so big.

'I worship this' she told him softly, licking around and around his glans.

'Good' he purred, ' I like ruling you through your cunt bitch'. It was street wide boy talk. It was the yardie gang black talk. But then now, it didn't seem so sordid. Much of what was now gluing them hard together came because of what his cock did inside her. She started to suck it greedily, forcing as much of it inside her mouth as she could. She wasn't used to giving head. She probably didn't give head to Daniel as nicely as even Susan did. But she would learn and she would become mistress in that department too. He stroked her hair, encouraging her to bob on his cock, making those lovely sucking noises. This was neat, it was cool, he liked making the bitch make noises.

They had made noises all through the night. He grunting, she moaning and sometimes screaming as he filled her. They had made the bed creak, rocking on its hinges and causing the bed head to rap rhythmically against the wall. Her legs had been pulled high up over his shoulders so that he could pump inside her as deep and hard as

he liked. There was no defence, no obstructing rampart, his cock battered into her and she writhed upon him begging for conquest.

Making that much noise in her mother's house alarmed Chloe but Daniel had been insistent. Margaret was 'one surprising woman'. She had once had a lover called Luther. He told Chloe that the affair had gone on for years and eventually Toby her husband was bent to the truth. Margaret wasn't going to give the man up. He was going to visit, even though Toby was now home from Africa. Her husband could stay in and acquiesce to the sex, run away for the afternoon or take his chances in a fist fight with Luther. It seemed that Margaret would accept the outcome in whichever way that panned out. So Daniel reasoned that Margaret knew about noises in the night. She accepted the inevitability of cock and of cunt and how that shaped relationships.

Now, whilst the hands of the bedside clock still said it was just after six in the morning, Daniel pushed her legs wide apart, so that he could see her sex properly. It was glooped up. It was swollen and her labia looked puffy. She had taken one hell of a posting through the night. Still, she humbly ran her manicured fingers down her belly again, down through the semen matted pubic hair and opened her sex to him again.

'Please darling' she begged.

He smiled. Yes, Chloe knew how to fuck. She had attitude, class, style, that almost indescribable certainty in a woman that signaled they knew they deserved the very best cock. So he pushed his meat back inside her and she clung to him. She clung to him as though his cock might buck her into the air otherwise. Her mouth opened to his and their kisses locked down. Then he started to buck her again, working her until she whimpered. It was easy, casual and slow this time. He felt her climax on him and then as if he was the mailman dumping something through the letter box, he squirted more inside of her.

'This is surreal' she said afterwards, once they lay back and traced the cracks in paintwork across the ceiling. It was a struggle to ease down on their breathing. Chloe could feel her heart racing.

'Fucking at your mother's?' he asked.

She nodded. 'I thought I knew everything about her. I thought her past was like a single road stretching across the downs. It went one way, there were no diversions, no dalliances.'

'She is surprising isn't she' Daniel agreed.

'It's her attitude. She is so calm, so accepting, so practical and *life is just like this* about it all.' Chloe felt like smoking a cigarette. She had largely abandoned the dirty habit though. It was just one of those moments when people did smoke.

'She saw us together way before we did' said Daniel, who seemed in awe of his mother in law right then.

'How...body language, something like that perhaps?' Chloe mused.

'May be' he said cuddling Chloe to his chest.

'Mummy said last night that I had always been their favourite. Susan seemed sepia coloured by comparison. I was vibrant, life grabbing. She said that they had wrestled with the realisation for a while, that they had a favourite daughter. They had struggled with the idea that they privileged me.'

'But in the end,' interjected Daniel, 'they accepted fate. They just got on with the business of confirming your superiority.' He wasn't smiling. There were no jokes hiding in his expression. He was quietly serious.

'Yes' she admitted. 'I remember that daddy encouraged me to learn to ride and then he bought me a horse. He would drive me to the

stables whilst Susan stayed at home and baked with mummy. It was as if he was nurturing something in me that now, I think, reminded him of mummy. I was headstrong.'

'If Luther was fucking her back then, may be it was your dad accepting human nature? Headstrong beautiful women insist on defining things, including sex.' Daniel kissed her forehead. She caressed his cock, ever so gently, ever so gratefully.

'It explains the favoritism doesn't it' she said looking into his eyes. 'Mummy had control of him and now I was being raised to be just as controlling as she was.'

'I guess so' he said, stroking her breasts now. It was exquisite to feel her nipples flick against his fingers as he ran them back and forth.

'She let me marry David though. She let me wed someone that she didn't rate very much?' Chloe's voice tailed off. There were more questions and inadequately answered ones too.

'David's the nest builder and the nurturer,' said Daniel, 'I'm a nest filler.'

Chloe giggled. She had pictures of cuckoos in her mind, hoisting out the opposition to wither and die on the ground below.

'That's rather brutal Daniel!' she teased.

'Yes it is' he smiled.

She rose from the bed then and showered. It was Saturday and the day was theirs. David had been told that she was away until Saturday night on a school reunion. He was minding Jonathan whilst she conducted her affair. There was nothing that he could do about it. His attitude would be that fate would take its course. If she ever had an affair, he once said, it was probably best to allow it to work its

way out of her system. His theory was that women didn't necessarily abandon a husband because of passion. Often times they just grew out of the affair, that which had once seemed fantastic, became simply a silly fling. She imagined David masturbating. Then, oh god then, she imagined her father masturbating too. That was gross!

She pulled on her thong, then her tights (no Daniel, you can't have sex every hour on the hour) and a pair of black leather tight fitting hot pants. They looked bitch on heat. They looked 'come and get me'. But they were the kind of thing that she and old school friends wore at reunions. They were 'fuck you!' pants, the sort that taunted men when she walked down the street. The tightness of the pants was balanced with a romantic full sleeved, ivory coloured silk blouse. By the time she pulled on her boots, clipped the Rolex on her wrist and applied her lippy, the look was one of attitude.

'Are you sure that Mummy wants to share breakfast with us?' she asked anxiously, 'perhaps we're meant to slip out discreetly'.

'I promised Margaret that I would fix her an omelette' said Daniel smiling. 'She's more relaxed than you imagine Chloe darling.'

Chloe returned a look of uncertainty. Daniel had reported his talk with mummy but this was still pretty weird.

That morning Margaret was dressed in jeans and a matching blue denim blouse. She looked distinctly modern, even a little haute couture. Chloe spotted Margaret's Versace jeans. She smiled at her mother.

'You look chic!' she said and kissed the older woman.

'You look modern madam' teased Margaret back. She smiled at Daniel. Of course he would want her all day long in those pants and then when the evening came, he wouldn't be able to stop his cock delivering exactly what Chloe had provoked. How strange Margaret thought, modern men believed that they were still in charge, but if a

woman dressed in a provocative way, then pussy ruled. It was just a matter of manipulating desire. Let the feminists wear their drear clothes, the really powerful women used all to advantage.

Daniel kissed Margaret too and complimented her scent. She thought how attentive and aware he was.

‘Mushroom and cheese omelette for you both?’ he asked.

The women assented and he handed them glasses of fresh orange juice and sent them off to wait for breakfast in the conservatory.

They seated themselves, Chloe feeling a little awkward. It would have been easier she reflected if mummy had explained about Luther to her first. Receiving the news from Daniel and then the invite to use her house for love nesting was a bit of a shock.

‘I dote on Daniel,’ Margaret said to her with an impish smile, ‘it’s far better that he is with *you*.’

Chloe blushed. She wasn’t entirely expecting to dive straight into the honest kind of conversation. Still, she and Daniel had shared a noisy bed. There was probably little at all that could unsettle mummy.

‘What about Susan?’ asked Chloe.

‘Daniel will make her accept things. He will return her to the status she had with you when you were growing up’ Margaret said. She made Daniel sound omnipotent.

‘You think that she will accept that?’ Chloe asked.

‘Yes’ said Margaret. It was said without a moment’s hesitation. ‘You just have to say that you are pregnant by Daniel and you want your sister to raise your children. You never were entirely maternal in the diapers and baby food way Chloe’.

Chloe smiled wistfully. That was true.

'You will make babies and Susan can raise them. She'll accept being your maid just to feel that she can mother little ones' said Margaret.

Chloe laughed. Now they were in the deep end of the pool together. She and Margaret trod water. There was no toe dipping this time. What the hell!

'Daniel and I have only just got together mummy, that's all a bit fast!' she scolded gently.

'He'll get you pregnant...easily Chloe,' Margaret said with a wry look, 'don't fool yourself darling. I know that you're not maternal, but you don't have to be with servants.'

'But may be I don't even want to be pregnant' Chloe teased.

'May be not,' said Margaret, 'but you want to be owned by him. Your every look says so. So eventually he'll put you in the family way and then Susan and David will explore what its like to support you both in a great house.'

Chloe frowned. A great house? It sounded Edwardian privilege, a bygone era.

Margaret settled back in the chair and crossed her legs. She glanced out into the garden. A cock pheasant was pecking at the seed on the lawn.

'I need to say some things darling' she said, eyeing Chloe, 'I need to explain some things about Luther. I was with that wonderful man near ten years. Your dad was patient and polite for eight of them, once he knew. Anyway, Luther became a businessman after his time in the services. He did rather well with his investments and when he died, he left me money. He said that I was to spend it on you. You always

reminded him of me, not that I suppose you remember him. You were just a toddler. I was going to pass it on when I died, but if you set up a new sort of home, then I think I should buy you the big house. It will help David and Susan cope, if they see that you are wealthy, if you are unassailable.'

Chloe blinked at her. The announcement was astonishing.

'But Susan would expect to share any inheritance' Chloe said.

'I will tell her my story. I will explain the truth. She was never our favourite. Toby doted on you because you were most like me. He both loathed and adored me for what I did to him because of Luther' Margaret said.

Chloe leaned forward. Her hands were shaking. What mummy had said seemed barely believable.

'Luther left you money?'

Margaret smiled. 'Five million pounds...well, it wasn't that then but its been accruing interest since' she said.

'Five million pounds!' Chloe gasped.

'Well, just a few hundred thousand over that, but approximately that' insisted Margaret. Her accountant did the counting, not she, at least not on a monthly basis. 'I suggest a house of around two million, a million on establishing your lifestyle with the servants and then invest the rest in your business.' she said.

'Are you about to disappear?' Chloe asked.

'Disappear?' Margaret asked.

'Like a fairy godmother' said Chloe.

Daniel called them to breakfast. The eggs were perfect and he had made toast and fixed fruit smoothies his particular way. Margaret kissed Daniel on the cheek. Goodness, she assured him, the breakfast looked perfect.

'I thought that we might take a drive out today you two...if you don't mind' said Margaret, 'I need to take you to some places that Luther used to take me. It will help me to talk about the man, my life to you'.

Daniel nodded.

'Goodness, of course' said Chloe. She had just said that hadn't she? She had? Right now she felt as though she walked through a dream.

Chapter 6

The extent to which a major inheritance enabled Margaret to live out her alternative future through her daughter exercised Chloe over the next days. She, Chloe was meant to live the dream that Margaret had not acted upon. She could have left Toby and lived with Luther. She could have gone to America. Now her own beautiful and favoured daughter was going to have her own beautiful man and to make life perfect. If that involved collateral damage for her other daughter and the unwitting David then so be it. Life had claws and it involved competition and risk. Susan too had been given chances but she had never developed into the headstrong, independent woman that Margaret admired. Now, more than ever Chloe felt the privileged daughter. There would be difficult changes for Susan and money would reinforce Chloe's rights. It was time, Margaret seemed to infer, that one accepted that the world wasn't equal. It couldn't always be nice. The powerful were in power because they took and pushed others aside. Dress it as you would, success came to those who competed the best.

Following such musings Chloe began her work with Susan. It was time to gently press her down. It was time to reinforce her insecurities. Inevitably, the poor woman would be humiliated. Right then she thought of it as a project but if Chloe was honest, absolutely honest, then it was too a matter of pleasure. In teenage years she had dominated her older sister. She had been the style guru. If Susan secured one boyfriend then Chloe passaged elegantly

through three. Each of the men that Chloe dated were more handsome and powerful than what Susan managed. There had then come Charles. Charles was the first decent, charming boyfriend that Susan had and she managed that only when she reached age 19. Chloe had then taken Charles off her sister. There had been a row. Susan had complained to her father guessing that mummy would be unsympathetic and Toby had sadly said that all was fair in love and war. The cruel assessment of life resonated for Chloe now. It resonated starkly.

When Susan had married Daniel her sister had rather escaped Chloe's clutches. It had been such a surprise too. Daniel was by any standards a huge catch. Not only was he debonair and handsome but his character was impeccable too. He was humorous, kind, attentive and charming. Chloe conceded that she had gone into shock when that world wind romance had happened. Now, yes now though, it was necessary to bring Susan back under her own tutelage. It was a step along the road to what would produce a perfect household in a very big house.

Chloe elected to take her sister clothes shopping. It was she told Susan a chance to modernize her wardrobe. She had become rather tired in her look and it was quite probably holding her back at work. A new look was required, something a bit more modern but prizzy still. Sue was a prizzy sort of woman. They drove down to Brighton where Chloe had seen just the right sort of shops. There was one particular antique and collectibles shop where Chloe wanted to start.

'Do you have to drive so fast?' asked Susan as the BMW Z4 accelerated again past cars on the southbound bypass.

'You're very risk adverse' smiled Chloe, 'more of a sandwich tea at the cricket match sort of woman I suppose'. It was said lightly, an observation with covert barbs. The point went in and Susan said,

'Daniel sometimes says that sort of thing...I think I disappoint him'.

Chloe cooed reassurance.

'It's just that you're very quiet isn't it. You're not at all assertive.'

'I'm a bit of a mouse' said Susan and laughed. Chloe realized that she was meant to laugh too. She decided not to though.

'An infertile mouse hun' she said, wondering whether that was funny. Mice, infertile, they made lots of mice didn't they?

'Yes' said Sue lamely. Yes, that was true.

'We can spruce you up a bit' said Chloe. 'We can make you look a bit more presentable.'

'Yes...yes, thank you' said Susan, glancing down at Chloe's leather mini skirt. She could never imagine herself having the nerve to wear something as flaunting as that.

'How does Daniel like you to be, at home, I mean?' asked Chloe. It was time to unpick her sister a little.

'Submissive' said Susan. She said it as simply as that.

'Do you like to be submissive?' Chloe asked intrigued. It wasn't something that registered with her, unless of course she was in Daniel's bed.

'It's what I am' said Susan carefully, feeling a little embarrassed. 'When Daniel and I got together that was what appealed to him I think? He liked it that I did as he said.'

'Of course' Chloe agreed. There was another truck to over take. It would frighten her sister again.

'Daniel dominates me. In a nice way. He doesn't get violent. He just makes me see things his way' Susan confessed. Her gaze fixed on

the road ahead. Thank god, they had passed the truck.

‘Do you suck cock for him?’ Chloe asked. It was said conversationally. ‘Black men sometimes like that.’

Susan blushed. It was just a colouring of her neck and cheeks. But Chloe could easily see it there.

‘I suck cock for him. He seems to prefer that...rather than you know...’ Susan was hesitating. Some words are spoken with difficulty.

‘He’s distancing sex from your cunt’ Chloe said, ‘he’s making your sex all about the mouth. It’s understandable given his disappointment.’

‘Yes’ said Susan. She rather wished that Chloe wouldn’t use the C word. But she did so with some style. The word was relished in the speaking.

‘You’ll have to be good at it and please him, that way he will keep you on’ Chloe said. That was cruel, so cruel, but still, she said it.

‘I swallow, I swallow his semen’ Susan said.

‘Semen!’ Chloe laughed, ‘try saying spunk’ she suggested.

‘Spunk’ said Susan and smiled. It felt like a huge dare to her.

‘Good!’ said Chloe, ‘and you like licking up his spunk?’ She wouldn’t let Susan away from the subject, she wouldn’t. Get her nose there and press her forward to it.

‘Yes, yes I do,’ admitted Susan, ‘he likes me to.’

‘Tell him that then...say that you want to please. Say that you’ve given up hoping for cock in your pussy...he’ll appreciate you being

good at what you do already' Chloe coached.

'We can't all be good at proper sex' said Susan.

'No' agreed Chloe. 'He'll probably fuck a woman who knows how to handle his cock in her...'

'Yes' interrupted Susan, she didn't want to hear that word again. 'I know that he will... I have just have to learn to accept that.'

Chloe nodded. Yes, she would.

'But if you give good head Sue darling' Chloe suggested.

'Yes' said Susan. She seemed to brighten at that thought. It sounded like a small salvation.

They parked a short distance from the Lanes, the narrow shopping alleyways where all the lovely craft and antique ware shops were located. Leading the way to her target shop she hoped that the sales assistant wouldn't remember that she was with Daniel the last time that she visited. Still, she wanted Susan in a slave pendant. No matter what Daniel claimed he didn't know about Tuareg customs he would savour the sight of his wife wearing a slave pendant about her throat. Susan was his slave and she had to look like his slave. It was as simple as that.

'Goodness, look at those!' said Chloe pointing to the display of pendants in the window. 'They're Tuareg, just like mine!'

Susan looked at the pendants and then at what Chloe wore.

'They're just like what Daniel bought for you aren't they' she said in recognition.

'I brought you here first' said Chloe, 'we need to get you one too. Perhaps it should be something a little plainer than mine. If Daniel

sees you as submissive, good at you know what, that would tease him. You know, a slave sort of thing.'

Susan nodded. Yes, something to tease, to please.

Chloe led the way into the shop. It was the same male attendant who served them before. But he smiled nicely enough and simply admired what she wore.

'We're looking for a chattel class pendant for Susan' she told the man, 'the sort that the goat herding women might wear'.

'Of course' said the man. It seemed to please him that this customer knew something about the makers of his pendants. So often people simply shopped for trinkets. He brought out a tray of plainer pendants on leather thongs. There were no carnelian stones and the metal work was rather crude.

'Which do you like best Susan?' asked Chloe.

She chose one in a mixture of brass and silver. It was large and easy to see. In the neckline of a blouse it would shout her slave status to anyone who knew and mean nothing at all to those who didn't.

'Try it on' suggested Chloe. Susan did so and Chloe took a picture on her phone. Daniel would love to see what was being brought home to him.

'That's exactly the right one!' said Chloe, 'you look like his slave. It's kind of kinky don't you think?!'

Susan touched the pendant. It did look good. She hoped that it would seem sexy to Daniel.

The purchase made, they moved on, down the Lanes and towards a larger shop that sold women's wear. Susan followed behind her sister, still wearing the pendant. This was like when they were

sixteen and Chloe was pointing out good things to wear from the shop windows. Then, as now Susan was a little rounder and a little heavier than her sister. It was important, Chloe emphasized, to wear things that suited your shape. Now Chloe was back in mode, recommending a look.

'I wouldn't wear boots Sue darling, you don't have the legs for them. At least, don't wear the knee high or above boots or anything with a high heel. You need a longer leg for those.' Chloe glanced first at her own legs in boots and then at Susan's in her sensible jeans.

Susan nodded. Unsavoury as the observation was her sister was entirely right. She had once gone to the theatre to see *Kinky Boots* and the shorter legged people did look ridiculous in the wrong footwear.

'Does Daniel like your tits?' Chloe asked as they proceeded. It seemed a personal and an impertinent question.

'Yes' said Susan looking down. In truth Daniel liked them bare or at least just in a skimpy platform bra if she was sucking cock. Daniel was quite meticulous about it. Of course it was hideous to have her body objectified in that way but Susan suspected that Chloe subjected her own body to just the same calm appraisal. If you didn't face facts you couldn't make the best of yourself. You didn't find favour unless you played to your assets.

'Do you really think that Daniel will fuck someone else?' she asked her sister at last. The question had been preying on her mind.

Chloe studied her. It was a delicate matter to discuss. Still, Susan would have to cope. You started somewhere.

'Yes' she said.

Yes?' exclaimed Susan.

'Yes' said Chloe, adding after a moment's thought, 'someone with more sex appeal. Someone in his own league'.

It deflated Susan in an instant. It was terrible.

'Don't be silly' scolded Chloe, 'men are capable of handling more than one woman. In some cultures they take several wives and manage them all'.

Susan nodded but the idea hardly seemed consoling. She imagined the newer, the younger, the prettier wife supplanting her, pushing her back into a forgotten corner. Life seemed to teach that. It taught it over and over again despite all they said in Sunday school.

'Your job is to look sexy in a different way for Daniel Sue darling. The more useful you seem in your own intimate way, the less likely Daniel is to dump you'. There, she had made Susan tremble now. She was about to cry so she took her sister to her and cuddled her. 'Let's look in this shop' said Chloe briskly.

They went up to the lingerie department and picked out a couple of basque corsets. To be fair, they looked appealing with their lace and ribbon edging and when Susan tried them on she looked good in them. She imagined herself on her knees, cock in mouth pulling and pulling whilst Daniel looked down at her breasts. The corsets made them look as though they were served up on a lace lined plate.

'Daniel is probably like most men Susan, he likes a buxom bar maid look and you look as though you could pull at more than a pint in that basque', Chloe smiled as she spoke.

Susan blushed again and went to change back into her day clothes. Brusque and arrogant as Chloe was she seemed confident and authoritative about what men liked. Wear the right things and it was possible, apparently, to provoke a man to masturbate. The shopping seemed more thrilling than Susan anticipated.

'We'll pick up a couple of leather pencil skirts and then go over to the make up counter' said Chloe.

Did pencil skirts work for someone with her figure? Susan wasn't sure. But she supposed that if you wore a full skirt that just increased the overall impression of your size. There was some kind of sexual logic to looking contained, your curves accentuated rather than obliterated in a mass of material. Susan squeezed into three pencil skirts. The first two were in leather, one black and one burgundy. The third though was in a tweed material for work. It made her look very business like and very proper.

'Thank you' said Susan when she had been guided to the till and paid for the skirts.

'You don't use much make up do you' said her sister. Well, Chloe knew that she didn't. If she used lipstick it was of the palest kind.

'We need some rouge on those lips. Daniel will want to see that, you know when dearest' said Chloe.

She couldn't demure, Chloe was always right about sex appeal. She read sex with an instinctive eye.

'You'll be his cheap and obedient slut' said Chloe as she watched the attendant colour her sister's lips, 'I know that's not polite but sex isn't polite either'.

The make up sales assistant shot Chloe a look. Chloe smiled contemptuously.

'Just do your job...Susan and I are chatting' she told the woman.

Susan looked back at her sister. Chloe had spent the whole day helping her to take stock. It was encouraging. If Chloe was forthright then she also had nous. She wanted to say thank you but the beauty

products sales woman was painting red rouge onto her pouting lips with a brush.

Chapter 7

'What do you think?' whispered Chloe when Daniel first saw his wife, dressed in a new blouse, a tight leather pencil skirt caressing her rear, the slave pendant in place about her throat and her lips all rouged up.

'You've made her look like a desperate slut, eager to please' he said smiling. 'She's overdone the lipstick, the perfume and the seamed stockings just make her look available.'

'She is available' giggled Chloe, taking his hand and moving it to the crotch of her jeans. 'She wants you to use her. She is very vulnerable right now. She knows that you might cock a better woman.' Chloe brushed herself against his hand.

'I've told her to do what she can do very well indeed. She needs to learn that she has been put on this earth to suck your cock. I don't want you fucking her Daniel, you know what I said'. Chloe almost purred the commentary. She seemed lithe and taunting and tempestuous. After the preparatory work, Daniel was simply meant to use his wife. That was how it was meant to be.

They returned to the throng of people at the charity launch party. It was for orphans in Cambodia, a seriously important cause given the genocide there. Walking casually over to her sister, her hips swinging, Chloe felt good in the pair of leather jeans and the kitten heeled black patent ankle boots.

'How are you feeling?' she asked her sister.

Susan looked like a frightened rabbit. She hated big social gatherings and especially amongst worthy people such as these. Still, she stood with a certain poise in her new outfit. If she looked sexless in her normal attire, then she at least looked a sexual being in this outfit. She was Daniel's toy that was how Chloe had dressed her.

'Nervous,' admitted Susan, 'but better prepared than I would ever have been for something like this before. Thank you Chloe'.

'That's OK, its all OK. Just look about at them. They're people, just people. They live within their own parameters. See that girl over there she's called Nina. She's very intelligent, an academic of some sort. She's happy in a lecture theatre, but, she's also outclassed by her husband. That's the guy over near the stage, holding court with those women. He fucks around of course, but Nina copes well enough. Marcus has assured her that he would never leave her just as long as he gets to please the odd beauty or two. They've lived effectively that way for ten years.'

Susan stared at her. That seemed amazing. She wondered how a woman like Nina could cope with that amount of humiliation.

'He's smarmy' she observed, staring at Marcus.

'No, he's handsome and he has sex appeal. He outranks her, in the beauty stakes. They understand themselves and their instincts. She accepts that looking like he does he has the right to fuck other women' said Chloe. She watched Susan react. It was like watching oil sinking into a cloth. It simply took over, permeating everything inch by inch.

'I suppose Daniel out ranks me' Susan said with a little difficulty.

Chloe was looking around and waved to a girlfriend. She didn't appear to be listening that much. Susan repeated her ruminative observation.

'Yes....yes he does' said Chloe. 'Even mummy thinks he does. You need to be very grateful to him Susan'.

Like a bird Chloe looked as if she was about to fly the nest. She was poised and about to circulate.

'How do I do that?' Susan asked anxiously. The idea panicked her. She wasn't sure that she could manage the dignity of a Nina.

'You suck cock for him, very nicely indeed' said Chloe, 'and you make it plain that if he had an affair you would beg to be kept on.'

Alarm shot through her sister's face. It was as if she had just driven into a deer on the road.

'Doesn't that mean divorce?' she whispered.

Chloe kissed her forehead.

'No. That is so last century Susan. Couples don't divorce over and over now. They simply reach accommodations. You would reach an accommodation, Nina did.' Chloe studied her. She didn't look quite so composed any more.

'Not all men sleep around hun, some of them take a lover and then the wife defers to her' said Chloe. It was such a whimsical, a teasing conversation.

'Is that more stable?' wondered her sister.

'Why yes of course it is! If the mistress manages the wife properly she will feel belittled of course but at least secure.'

Susan winced. It sounded a terrible idea.

Right then she felt as if she had spent aeons in a backwater some place. She felt in the midst of company where people lived an entirely different way.

'Would you make David accept it if you wanted to fuck someone else?' Susan asked.

'Yes of course' Chloe responded. 'I would be discreet to start with but then I would tell him and we would have to have a quiet little chat. He would meet my lover, defer to him and we would carry on living a new way.'

'David would submit to that?' Susan wondered.

'Yes' said Chloe.

'Because...' began Susan.

'Because... David is well mannered and intelligent. Because... it would be just too vulgar to make a fight of it. Because, I would only choose someone better, more physical than he is' Chloe observed.

'You've thought about it?!

'Yes, I've thought about it Susan...what is this twenty questions or something?!' she tried not to let her irritation show through, but that was impossible, it just was.

'You wouldn't leave him?' Susan asked. She was beyond controlling one last question.

'There would be no reason to leave him if he cooperated' Chloe said. It really was time to move on and chat with others. She apologized for breaking off their shared reflections.

Ten minutes later she found Daniel contemplating a double measure of malt whisky in his glass. He was certainly going to drink it.

'Sue looks a bit lost right now' said Chloe. She let that observation settle. 'You could perhaps take her some place quietly. You could fuck her face for her.'

He downed the whisky in one.

'You're a wicked woman' he told her.

Chloe pulled a face of surprise.

'You've been priming her' he said with a grin.

Daniel found his wife lingering near a door. Susan was starting to struggle with things. She was struggling with the handsome men and the very sophisticated looking women. Daniel thought that her clothes looked smart enough but she did not wear them with attitude. Any man could have picked her up and fucked her casually without regard for the woman's self esteem. It was better that he went and sorted Susan out.

'It's feeling a bit daunting isn't it Sue' Daniel said.

She looked at him puppy eyed and nodded. Yes it was. He liked her preppy specs, it made her look like a librarian. Susan looked as though she could shhhh! someone but debating anything with them would be a trauma for her.

'Come with me, its time you did as you're told' he said to her.

She nodded eagerly. She wanted to please him and anything was better than watching people smooze each other in this place. He took her hand and led her away.

Daniel led the way out of the conference centre. He led her across the courtyard towards what once must have been stables. Susan was following tripping occasionally on high heels that she simply wasn't used to wearing. Despite that Daniel led her on. The stable block had been converted now to a storage facility. Amongst other things revealed in the moonlight as he opened wide the doors, was stack upon stack of outdoor cushions for the garden furniture of the orchard. Leaning back against a pile of them and dropping one on the floor, he demanded that Susan kneel before him.

He pushed her down and caught a glimpse of movement near the open door. Of course....Chloe he thought.

'Get it out!' he snapped. He almost barked the order and his breath steamed in the cool night air.

Chloe watched as her sister fumbled with Daniel's zip fly. She listened as she apologized and renewed her efforts to heave his hefty cock from out of the dark recesses of his pants.

'You look the sort that suck,' he told her sharply, 'you look as though you need a cock in your mouth.'

'I'll do all that you say' Susan whimpered. At last, at last his cock came free and his substantial manhood flicked out into the night air. Even in the moonlight and the shadows of the stables, it looked deliciously large. Chloe stared at it.

'This is all you get' he told her crisply, 'I fuck your face when I want to understood? If I fuck another bitch up between her legs, this is all *you* get.'

Chloe thrilled inside. That was so wanton and authoritative. He had complete charge of her. Susan was kneeling, begging with her eyes, mouth open for anything she was allowed. She wanted to pleasure him.

'Please Daniel' Susan begged.

'Have you understood the rules?' Daniel demanded.

'Yes' said Susan testily. That was humiliating. He was behaving just as Chloe said men did behave, arrogant beautiful men.

'You accept it?' he insisted, pulling her head back by her hair so that he could scrutinize her face.

'Yes' she yelped. The tug on her hair had been painful.

He slotted his cock into her mouth and looked directly at Chloe where she watched discreetly. You see, his look said, she means nothing. She's just something to work my cock up on.

Chloe nodded. It was time to humiliate the woman. She wanted to see Susan's head bob on that cock, the glans to the back of her throat.

Casually Daniel started to move Susan's head back and forth. It was surprising just how far the cock went in! Susan had learned something. She had learned not to resist the penetration. The gag reflex was nonexistent. Somehow, through her breathing, sucking down preparatory gulps of air first she had secured for Daniel minutes to thrust deep into her mouth.

'If I've been with a bitch, you suck my cock this way' Daniel sneered. It was a rasping edict. For a moment it didn't sound like Daniel at all. It sounded like a street thug who trafficked women for profit. He pushed deep inside her, held her head up against his grudgingly arched cock and saw that she assented with blinks of her eyes. Then

he started to thrust her again. He dragged her head rhythmically back and forth on his cock so that she looked like a piston housing.

Gloap, gloap, gloap, gloap came the sound, a noise made by her mouth as his cock occupied her throat.

Daniel smiled. It was a neat feeling. Fuck it was a neat feeling. It was such a neat feeling! He looked back up at Chloe would stood proud in the door way now, the moonlight silhouetting her.

Daniel gestured with his finger for Chloe to come in. Yes, the gesture was unmistakable. That was madness!

Chloe shook her head. No! No, it was too soon for Susan to know. That would be mad. She would rebel and there would be family trouble.

Daniel gestured again though. He *would* have his way.

Chloe looked about. She checked her watch. It was almost time for the launch presentation, the speeches. She thought quickly. There was no one about so quietly she went in.

Daniel nodded. He was now rhythmically pulling on Susan's hair and his cock went relentlessly to the back of her throat. A deep breath can only last so long though. Soon she would start to choke and he would need to allow her to replenish her lungs. Rut, rut, rut, rut, he used her mouth and groaned softly with the pleasure.

Chloe stepped closer. It was like a game of What's the Time Mr Wolf? She felt that she had to creep forward.

Daniel didn't care. With his finger he directed Chloe to his side.

She thought to shake her head again but she couldn't resist him. She did as she was told.

The look in Susan's eyes when she saw her sister come to stand by him was one of shock and then horror. It was excruciatingly shameful.

'Let me guess,' said Daniel casually, 'they've got to the speeches stage of the evening?'

'Yes, I came to look for you Daniel' Chloe whispered softly. It was her excuse.

'I'll just finish up with her' he said and glanced down, 'wait with me'.

Chloe looked at her sister with the black cock wedged down her throat. The lips were impossibly rouged. The tears ran down her face, smudging her mascara. Giving good head took effort and humility.

'Hold her head' said Daniel in a voice that brokered no resistance at all.

Chloe blanched. God!

Still, she did as she was told. She came and stood immediately behind her sister, her crotch against the back of the woman's head. Then she took hold, a firm hand either side of her face and held her steady as the cock pumped inside. They kissed as he thrust Susan's mouth down between them. He kissed her tenderly and silently. Susan couldn't see. There was just black meat pushing inside her and an immovable mini skirt wall behind.

Daniel grunted. His cock jolted and now a surge of spunk filled Susan's mouth. Chloe could hear her sister coughing and spluttering as the warm soup filled her. Each time Susan coughed, some escaped down her chin. Chloe could feel her wriggling. She pressed firmly back, maximizing the chances that Daniel's gift made it to where it was intended.

There, at long last the thrusts subsided. Chloe heard the heavy sucking down of breathes. She heard the little gasps as Susan tried to compose herself. Now, now, their maid to be was licking the cock that had used her mouth.

'Shouldn't we go Daniel, we'll be late for the speeches. Someone will notice that you weren't there' said Chloe in mock urgency.

The vice like grip of their bodies eased. Chloe stood back. She reached inside her handbag and handed Susan a hankie for her face. It was all looking rather messy. She watched as Daniel put away his cock.

'Come back in quietly when you've sorted yourself out' he told his wife.

Susan nodded.

Then Daniel and Chloe strolled back towards the charity event. She wanted to hold his hand, but she didn't. She managed to resist it....just.

Chapter 8

Three days later, three days later of sexy dream time passed. Chloe was with her husband in their bedroom.

'I'll be spending a lot of time with Daniel these next months' she said, rolling stockings onto her legs. 'We've been roped into charity work by the committee.'

David stared at her. She was going out yet again and even though this was a visit to her mother's she was dressing to the nines. It unsettled him. There was something about the way that his wife rolled stockings and fixed them to the straps of her suspender belt that unnerved him. There was a power in the female body and it was lithe and feline and unscrupulous. It didn't surprise him at all that women were sometimes described as catty. Chloe had a feline look about her. She was independent and aloof. Her body was so desirable and she dressed it in ways that made it yet more attractive still. Now she wore a little black dress that looked like a second skin upon her. She wore the tuareg pendant that he was frankly getting fed up with, her Rolex and now an even more heady and sensuous scent.

'Damn' she said, 'I'm dressed now and I should have done my nails first'.

Chloe was meticulous. She always prepared the right way but this evening she seemed distracted. She waggled her fingers at him, signaling that she wanted him to paint her nails for her. He had done

it before, when she suffered a neuritis and her fingers had felt numb so often.

‘Allow me’ he said, and took the bottle of red nail lacquer.

She watched him. It felt rather sexy, that he was putting the finishing touches for her evening with Daniel. They would have supper with Margaret and discuss the future house plans and then they would go clubbing. The night would then be spent back at her mother’s. Painting nails had to become sumptuous licks of her unfaithful pussy. That in turn had to become the frank admission that he not only disappointed her but bored her silly. It would be necessary to fuck with someone else. Having watched Daniel humiliate her sister was incredibly lush, but now, well now, things had to proceed at home too.

‘Make sure that you read Jonathan his bed time story’ she insisted, ‘he complained the other night that you sometimes forget.’ It was a custom, whenever the toddler stayed with them.

‘Sometimes I’m tired’ he observed irritably. He painted each nail in turn with careful sweeps of the little brush. Her pale coloured nails became brazen red in turn. The bottle called the colour ‘hot chilli’, but to him, well it just looked brazen.

‘I’m just not maternal David, we’ve discussed this before’ she answered tetchily. ‘You’ve always said that you would tend your own son.’

‘Yes’ he agreed, he had said that. He had meant it too, but working and doing nearly all of the parenting was tiring.

‘Well I appreciate it’ she said with a smile and a kiss to his forehead. She opened her legs before him. There was a glimpse of stocking tops and a thong that could barely be seen amidst the soft curls of her sex. There came a sudden burst of scent that way, a sensuous

siren call that he could not resist. He stared at her crotch. It was nice to see him do so.

'You want to fuck me don't you?' she asked him. It was a question that she already knew the answer to.

'Yes' he affirmed. How many weeks was it now? It had been a good long time since he was allowed anything terribly sexy. It was all becoming frustrating.

'Well I'm going out David, so you can't' she said softly, kissing his head again, 'but if you do my nails nicely you can lick me.'

Lick me sex was what he usually got. It was the ration. It was the sailors measure of rum, always enough to sustain but never entirely enough to satisfy. The more he licked and smelled her, the more he wanted to ram his cock inside her. He wanted to hump her into submission for being such a fucking cock tease!

'Well?' she asked when he stared instead of talked. 'You may lick me whilst my nails dry, after the top coat has been put on'.

He nodded gratefully. The urge to rush her nails was immense, but he forced himself to concentrate. That which was now an offer could become a disparaging dismissal if she was displeased. She was so often critical and dismissive of him.

'How would you feel if I took a lover?' she asked watching him stroke the brush, laying down the red lacquer.

He looked up at her. She'd never asked that before. Not directly. She had teased of course, pointing out men who looked 'hunky', men who seemed much more assertive.

'Insecure' he said. That much must have been obvious to her. That much was commonsense, surely.

'Yes but if he did the fucking and made me a little less sour....' She let the idea brew with him a second. It was a stark acknowledgement that she was sometimes acerbic.

'You want someone to make you happy?' he queried. Surely that was what a husband did, that was what a partner was meant to do.

'No...something different David. Satisfied, fulfilled, feeling complete about myself as a woman.' She smiled at him and then glanced down to the nail that David was supposed to be finishing.

'I don't satisfy you' he said, repeating something he sometimes said, something that he thought a hundred times more.

'Not with your cock darling...I've always been honest. May be it isn't curved right or something' Chloe mused.

'Or big enough' he suggested, his face reddening.

'Or big enough, yes,' said Chloe, 'but please don't use that top shelf magazine analysis now sweetie.'

She was right, the magazines that he kept hidden in the shoe cupboard were full of that sort of crap. It seemed to dominate the letters pages.

'We could be very civilized about this. He would do the cocking and you would do the licking. I love the way you lick quimmy.' Chloe thought about Daniel. She couldn't stop thinking about Daniel. The sight of his meat wedged in her sister's mouth obsessed her now.

'You might leave me' he observed. His hand was trembling and he had to take a breath and steady it.

'Possibly...but perhaps....not if you were loving and attentive your special way' she said teasingly.

'You're so fucking arrogant!' he said. His voice lifted. It wasn't quite a shout but he was clearly disgruntled.

'Yes' she admitted. She said no more, just yes.

'I love and hate that in you, I love and hate your aloofness.' He mumbled the words, but she knew well enough. He had confided it before, the terrible fascination that she had for him.

'I know you do David. It's the antidote to boredom. It's the antidote to a doomed marriage. If I was getting cock regularly, if you bent the knee, then I would be intolerably aloof' she said.

She handed him the bottle of clear topcoat lacquer. Once applied her nails would look perfect. She watched him start the cycle of varnishing again with the nails that were already dry.

'You would be required to lick me out after I had been with him' she said. That was different wasn't it? That was a million miles from bedtime stories and other chores. 'I'd make you thank him for fucking me.'

The taunt was cock achingly effective. He desperately wanted her then. He wanted her amidst all of her arrogant femininity. He wanted to taste her body. He wanted at best, at human best, to ravish her. He finished the top coat and she inspected her finger nails, like a cat checking its claws.

'Lick me' she said nonchalantly.

He hesitated a moment. He *should* be strong. Then though he eased the hem of her tight dress and pressed his face past the top of her stockings and her black suspender belt. She smelled of womanhood. What did he mean by that? It was something warm, fecund, capable of making babies. The fact that his wife wasn't maternal didn't signify. It was her fecund potential, the power between her legs that registered. He inhaled close to her cunny and then ran his tongue

upwards between her sex lips, making the curly hairs glisten with his spittle.

'That's better' she whispered. 'That's better.... isn't it darling?'

'Yes' he grudgingly admitted. He hated it that she had such complete control once his face went past her stocking tops.

'Wiggle your tongue that way that you do. Mistress likes that' she cooed. She was gently waving her hands about. It helped the lacquer to dry.

He licked her delicately, flicking his tongue this way and that so that soon her whole sex had a lustrous sheen to it.

'Beg...beg me to go with someone...else there will be no more of this!' Her voice was husky. Lust was speaking. It wasn't his wife, it was just lust.

'Please Chloe, find some cock, be a bitch' he moaned, licking greedily at her. Now, at any moment she could deny him more.

'Someone to fuck me bareback?' she queried, wriggling against his mouth.

'Yes' he grunted.

'Someone better than you?'

'Yes' he conceded. His nose was full of her scent. His head swam with the mix of her body and her arrogance.

'Alright...' she gasped, 'alright I will....but you must welcome him into our home. He must be the master'. Goodness, this was so raunchy, she thought, she struggled to contain her wetness. But already her quimmy was oozing.

'Yes' said David deliriously. It had been so long since he had been allowed anything. He buried his face against her. He buried his face as though he was going to gnaw out her very insides. Now, now she was such an arrogant little bitch. He felt like making her scream through the orgasm.

'God, oh god!' she grunted, as he ate her. It was delicious. 'That's it, lick it all up you useless fucker!'

She squirted in his face. It was a little douche. His face was covered in her juices. He instinctively started to pull back but she caught his ear and pulled his face back tight to finish her pleasure.

There....that felt better.

Chloe rearranged her clothes and ordered David to go and wash his face. He smelled of lady cum. It was as if his face was the crotch of her knickers. He looked so messy. David gawped at her. She achieved composure again so quickly. She achieved poise in an instant. He wanted to remind her that what they had just said was a game. It was just a horny and sexy game. It seemed the most urgent of resets. But then that was his hormones settling. She had told him once what was sexy was always sexy. It wasn't just so when his hormones surged. He had to live with the darkness of instinct.

'I'll go and bid Jonathan goodnight and then I'll see you tomorrow' she told him. 'She thought of David's son. In many ways he was already like his father. Jonathan was a placid and malleable child.

He watched her go and find Jonathan. He watched the way she hoisted her Gucci shoulder bag up and then walk with that sassy walk of hers to the stairs. Even the way she walked was sex he thought. It was both obsessing and demoralizing.

There was a frost that night so Chloe wore the black biker leather jacket over to Mummy's house. A black biker jacket gives a girl edge when worn over a little black dress. She gunned the engine of her

BMW Z4 and ignored the warning light that came on signaling that icy conditions were likely. She wanted life on the edge, she wanted it on the sharpest possible edge.

Daniel was helping mummy to prepare supper. They had the warmest possible rapport. Chloe thought as she saw the pair of them liaising in the kitchen that probably mummy was a little in love with Daniel too. He must have seemed like a younger Luther. He must have been a terribly evocative memory inside her head. She went and kissed Daniel lingeringly and then hugged her mother.

'Child minder all sorted?' asked mummy teasingly. She was barely disguising her contempt for David now. Ever since her conversation about the inheritance money she had become dismissive of Chloe's husband.

'Yes, he's doing what he does best' Chloe observed.

Daniel was in charge of the casserole of beef, so Margaret and Chloe went to fix a gin and tonic together.

'How's it going, has he been read his future yet?' Margaret wanted to know. It all seemed a little abrupt, but then perhaps there were prickly memories from the past. Perhaps Toby had resisted what she had insisted on with Luther. Perhaps she had regretted not being more direct and insistent herself.

'I won't fuck David ever again mummy' she said, adding a splash of tonic water to the craft gin in her glass.

'Of course not!' said Margaret. She said it indignantly as if David was defective. Chloe supposed that in mummy's eyes he was low caste or something. After all she came from a generation when people served army careers in India. She came from a time when class was so important. In her era one was consigned to a class and a role, the aristocracy to rule and the rough worker types to drudgery.

'Are you training him to toilet you?' Margaret didn't seem at all perturbed about asking very direct questions.

'Yes' said Chloe with a little start. It was such an intimate thing to ask about. 'Did you make Toby toilet you?' she asked in return.

'Yes' said Margaret. Her ice chinked in her glass as she tested the cocktail mix. 'He toileted me and he toileted Luther too. It rather destroyed him I think because I didn't help him narrate in his head what it made him. He built demons about it all.'

'Goodness!' said Chloe.

Margaret smiled wanly. There were some difficult as well as blissful memories.

'It's necessary. It establishes rank and hierarchy. You will be his mistress and Daniel will be master. So he must toilet you darling, front and back.' Margaret paused. It was always possible that her daughter didn't entirely appreciate what cuckolding really entailed. 'But David will need help to understand what he is then. He will have to learn that what has happened was destined, that he was never really going to be good enough for you.'

'I like having him lick me' Chloe said after a moment, 'I like it a lot. I think of him serving that way after Daniel and I have been together.'

'It is a dance of minds, a formal dance where the steps are already defined' said Margaret, 'and David will pick up from where you disparage him now. He will look and see that Daniel and you are perfect, but also realize that this is the journey that was always coming. You would always treat him as something menial.'

Chloe nodded.

'You loved Luther with a passion didn't you?' she asked her mother.

'Yes' said Margaret, 'with a burning passion. Back then, in that society, there were too many checks to live our way openly. There was too much disapproval. So I never forced Toby to be what he really was. You mustn't make that mistake. You must live boldly.'

The two women hugged. There was a delicious smell of food cooking in the kitchen.

Chapter 9

It would have been insensitive for Chloe to give David his cock cage at Christmas, so she did so well before. Fitting it could be a problem she thought. Just how big a model should she buy? If it was too big and loose then it might drop off. Something bulky in any case would show in his pants and humiliate him before he was ready for such treatment. Something that was unduly tight could ruin the circulation to his private parts and lead him promptly to the casualty department. No, just like the porridge in the goldilocks story, the cage had to be 'just right'. For moral support she took Margaret to the sex shop to choose the cage. She imagined that mummy might demure, but in fact she was curious. Back 'in her day' there were no such cages. People improvised. Some men got catheterized and some were simply kicked in a place intimate a few times. The latter quickly established that their wives didn't want that sad little tool anywhere near them. It established, Margaret said rather primly, 'what wasn't welcome and what wasn't wanted'. 'You kicked daddy there!' Chloe exclaimed. Margaret blushed. Just a couple of times, she admitted, when he got an erection, when he had unrealistic ideas.

The shop was quiet thank goodness and Chloe insisted that they go straight to the cock restraint section. This was to be a mission, functional, in and out full stop. To her surprise there was a bewildering selection of cages and in the end the smiling female assistant had gently intervened to help them. She was a woman somewhere in her forties, slimly built and very well dressed. She said that her husband was cock caged. For them it was simply a matter of

female authority, their 'little thing'. Had she wished to take a lover though she didn't doubt that Richard would adapt reasonably well.

'Cages fulfill different functions,' she began gently as Chloe and Margaret examined the display. 'First security. They must fit snugly enough not to be eased off without the key. This established a psychological change. Cock was owned and directed. A man should never be able to cajole a release on his terms. A wife playing with the caged cock was part of the psychological process.'

'Taunting him' said Margaret, who seemed to remember something intimate.

'Yes!' said the assistant appreciating the frank exchange. 'The longer he is locked up, the sooner he thinks of his mouth as his sex organ and starts to focus on pussy and the woman's expectations.'

Chloe nodded. It was an irrefutable logic. She guessed that David wanked rather a lot. If he masturbated then he didn't submit so readily.

'He can't stiffen his cock in these can he' said Margaret, phrasing matters delicately.

'An erection is unrealistic. The blood supply just keeps turning his private parts into a contorted bundle of flesh in a metal bag. He can't stroke a stiff cock because his cock is folded down.' The assistant showed how the curve of the cage went one way only. Twist the cage and the scrotum was twisted too.

'But can he ejaculate?' asked Chloe.

'Yes, after a fashion. It would be a ruined orgasm. His winky would just splurge and it would feel intensely frustrating. It would reinforce a sense of shame, coming in his cage...' said the assistant.

Chloe felt aroused. She shouldn't have, but she did.

'So hygiene has to be another function of the cage?' she suggested.

'Yes' agreed the assistant, 'so we have two types of model, the more open cage, which is great for hygiene. Winky can be washed more effectively without the cage coming off.... or the sort that has a colander head, often in pink.' The assistant showed them an example. 'This feminizes the male, in pink, often with a nice pair of pink panties. Aesthetically its rather sexy I think, it helps stop him feeling masculine, but it does mean removing the cage if 'accidents' occur.'

Margaret examined the cage. It had holes in the pink glans head. When a man wee'd it would look like a watering can rose. It would stop David wetting the toilet seat, she said to Chloe, he would have to sit down to relieve himself.

Chloe agreed. She hadn't thought about the colour of the cage, only its function. But perhaps David was a pink sort of guy. Making him wear knickers would certainly stop him thinking competitively viz a viz Daniel.

'I like pink' she declared and Margaret smiled. This was kind of sexy wasn't it! The anticipation of it was sexy. It was even sexy for Margaret knowing that beneath his trousers her son in law was trussed that way.

'So how often does the cage need to come off?' Chloe asked.

'For hygiene of course, weekly, after accidents, if the cage seems to cause skin damage, ' said the assistant, 'and when you milk the man.'

Margaret understood immediately. 'When you masturbate him. You control what an ejaculation feels like what it relates too' she said quietly. It was pointless to pretend now. She used to masturbate Toby, to link his submission to an occasional sweet, sweet pleasure.

'Women who have lovers tell me that there is a frisson linked to release moments,' said the assistant to Margaret who clearly impressed her now, 'the cage only comes off when the alpha is present. The man is masturbated as he sucks cock for sir.'

Chloe stirred. Dear God, that was so horny. It made her skin tingle.

They chose the pink cock cage in three sizes, which seemed an extra expense, but as Margaret insisted a good investment. Toby's cock had shrunk she said, after it was made sexually redundant. He had stopped spunking heavily. Of course they didn't have cages ('I wish we had!'), but shrinkage was still an issue. Cages couldn't be tried and seen, they were non returnable for hygiene reasons the assistant explained, so multiple purchases were a norm in such circumstances.

Chloe and Margaret returned into the cold air of the street and looked up. Snowflakes were wafting down. The fall had only just started but given the leaden sky it looked as though it would continue a while. Chloe laughed.

'That was so sexy, so wicked!' she remarked.

'Yes' said Margaret with a smile.

The shop they had visited had been a revelation. There were so many 'toys'. Each in its own way heightened sex, each helped to revise a dull functional activity into a sensuous lifestyle. Before returning to the street at last they had lingered looking at some of the other displays. The shop attendant withdrew saying that she would come and guide them if required. Chloe had looked at some immensely impressive strap on dildos. They were black, veined, extremely lifelike and hung above an array of lubes designed to protect a bottom from excessive friction.

'Did Luther....' Began Chloe.

'Yes' said her mother, 'and Toby hated it. He hated ejaculating on Luther's cock. That ruined my husband's picture of himself. He couldn't ever get that idea out of his head. Climaxing on Luther made him a faggot.'

The women walked on. They would find a pub for a quiet and ruminative drink. There was so much too understand about mummy Chloe thought.

'But was that how you saw it too mummy?' Chloe asked.

'I saw it as something necessary. I didn't want Toby to ever imagine that he could compete with Luther for me' Margaret said. 'The more Luther took Toby that way the more Luther and I seemed together. It pushed Toby out as a man I mean.'

'It made daddy unhappy' Chloe whispered. She was trying to imagine what lay ahead for David. To live the new way required a ruthless streak she realized.

'Of course it humiliated Toby. It redefined him. He related to Luther's cock. He sucked it for Luther and gradually, with a lot of complaint, he put his butt up for Luther to take.' Margaret didn't check her daughter's gaze. These were things that simply needed to be said. If Chloe was to cope, well, then she had to realize what that entailed. 'Eventually, after a long time, Toby put his bottom up for Luther, he took cock and Toby ejaculated all over the sheets. It was a ritual. It was a confirmation of my decision, the choice that I made.'

'It's very sexy' admitted Chloe, 'It's so sexy and I'm surprised that I want it that way so very much.'

Margaret smiled and touched her arm.

'It's a shock isn't it? That you can feel so selfish, so arrogant and so insistent. You know that you need to be with Daniel and then it's a

shock that you are willing to reduce David to something so little as a result of that.'

Chloe nodded. 'I didn't suppose that sex could be so important. I didn't realize that I would want to live so sexually. It was as if sex was a sometime thing. That was how it was with David even at the start. So sex with Daniel, the very thought of sex with Daniel is mind spinning.'

Margaret smiled again. 'You self recriminate at first. You play a wicked woman blame game. Later that goes.'

'Does it!?' Chloe asked. The idea that you could ever get over this surprised her.

'Yes it does,' Margaret assured her, 'you start to realize that there are dozens of sexualities, hundreds of individual needs and that sex is a congress. You will find ways that suit your relationship with Daniel and your revised relationship with David. You can't make David become a fag. It's something that he will negotiate in his own mind in a trade off. He desperately wants to be near you.'

'I won't be able to pretend that he is a husband...that would change, I know that it would' Chloe said as they found a pub. It seemed the right sort with an open fire and cosy alcove seating.

'He won't be able to pretend that you are his wife,' Margaret assured her, 'eventually it will become impossible in his head. He will start to treat you as his mistress and he will behave like Daniel's faggot. We live in more enlightened times Chloe darling. Toby had to hide what he was. Today David won't have to. There are toys like that strap on that you can use to accustom him to what he will become. Sometimes you will fuck him and sometimes Daniel will. He will be in a relationship with you both. Gay people have insisted on their identity, you can insist on yours too. This is consensual, adult, meaningful in your own terms.'

Margaret insisted on buying the drinks. Chloe was, she had to admit, on a learning curve. Headstrong and opinionated, she still had things to master. David would have to learn what Toby learned, to face similar decisions. Chloe would have to decide what her demands were.

On the following Friday evening Chloe decided to move forward. She had prevaricated after her shopping trip with Margaret. Now though it was time to start living the new way. It was time to stop sniping at her husband and challenge him to live in a way that made him seem less masculine. We cannot pretend forever she chided herself, I am what I am and David has to discover what he will be in the light of that. Even if he rejected her, walking out on their marriage, it was better that was confronted now, for she couldn't give up Daniel.

She called David up to the bedroom and said that she wanted to shower with him. It seemed a startling invitation. David couldn't remember the last time that they had done that either. He stood blinking at her as she started to undress before him. Her breasts were full and sensuous. Her hips were feminine and her tummy was perfectly flat. In a few moments she had stripped down to the tuareg pendant she habitually wore.

'Get undressed' she told him firmly.

'You're serious?' he asked her.

'Get undressed' she ordered.

He did as she told him. Within a matter of moments he was naked too. He felt exposed, his paunchy belly in marked contrast to his wife's. His skin was flabby and sallow looking whilst hers was bronzed, the effects of the tanning parlour she used to top up from the summer.

'You look beautiful' he said lamely. The contrast between them, her beauty, his lumpiness seemed terrible.

She came forward, her gaze fixed to his and touched his genitals. She felt the size and the weight of them. She felt how squishy they seemed. Now she believed it, genitals such as his could be squashed into a metal cage.

'You're not very masculine.... Are you?' she said, her eyes staring into his.

'No' he admitted. His wife was gently teasing his cock. She was moving it to see how much it would swell. He could feel the erection begin.

'Do you want to kiss me?' she asked calmly.

He shuddered. Chloe was playing with his cock.

'Yes' he stammered. Even the short word was almost impossible to pronounce.

She kissed him coldly, callously, her mouth open and her tongue moving, but not pressing forward enough for him to press his tongue inside her mouth.

'You're no good at fucking' she told him. It seemed such a simple judgement, like assessing someone's ability at sport, or art or music.

'No Chloe' he conceded with a sinking heart. 'I'm not.'

'Would you like to ask Daniel to fuck me?' she said.

He jerked in her hand, almost pulling back out of her grasp. 'No!' he exclaimed.

She wasn't shocked. She didn't show a glimmer of emotion.

'It would be simpler, more discreet. Daniel has control of Susan and I rule you' Chloe said idly playing with his cock. Despite the shock of her announcement he couldn't resist the growing erection.

'He's your brother in law!' David yelled.

'We will fuck anyway' Chloe said, 'but this way I don't leave you. We just come to a quiet new way of living.'

'Christ!' he snapped, 'what the fuck are you talking about...'

'I'm talking about a different way of living, a polyamory on Daniel and my terms' she said very evenly. 'We fuck and you and Susan support us. My relationship with you David would still be sexual, but it would be honest. It wouldn't be equal.'

'You're crazy!' he insisted, but still she worked his cock. He had a bone now, a distinct bone even if it was small.

'Come in the shower and finger me' she whispered, 'I won't give Daniel up but there can be a life for you too.'

She led him by his erection to the shower. It was soon running hot and she led him inside the cubicle and held his erection against her body.

'You may kiss me' she whispered.

He kissed her eagerly, his mouth hungry against hers.

'Daniel will kiss me. You will ask him to. You will ask him to fuck me' she said teasingly. She rubbed his cock and felt it juddering.

'I can't do that....I can't' he pleaded, His voice quavered above the kiss of the shower.

'You can David...he is masculine and you're not. He has always wanted me and I him. We are just being honest darling' she soothed.

'But Susan!' David exclaimed. It seemed a new tack and right then he felt desperate.

'I always get my way Susan knows that. I was always mummy's favourite, she was brought up to accept that' Chloe countered.

'But that's vile!' David panted. Chloe's hand on his cock was weaving magic now.

'It's brutal' Chloe conceded, watching the water pour down his cheeks. 'But you both have a choice. You can accept the fait accompli or leave the marriage. Mummy knows what we want. It's no use appealing in that court'.

The way she jerked his cock now sent a relentless throbbing ache through his head. She was so close, so sensual, so bitch!

'Lick me' she ordered and pushed him downwards in the shower. He knelt beneath her and started to lick at her sex where the rivulets of water ran. It was a delicious nuzzling attention. Humiliated David certainly was, but he still tried to lick her in the right way. To make it easier for him to tongue deeper she leaned against the tiled wall and spread her legs wider. He pushed his mouth up against her and she ground down upon him. It was delicious!

'Daniel fucks it and you worship it' she said huskily.

'Please Chloe no!' he begged. His tongue was dancing up and down her slit. For a man sunk in the depths of despair he licked very nicely indeed.

'Yes David....don't be silly, I need to be with Daniel and you know it!' she challenged.

David whimpered like a dog. Naked, soaked by the shower, pounded by her demands he knelt and licked her.

'I'll worship you....I need you to be a bitch' David spluttered.

'You will....' She soothed, 'and you will worship Daniel too. Beg him to become your master and you keep something David...you keep this'.

She gripped his wet hair and held his face back from her sex. It was necessary to emphasize the matter.

'Beg Daniel to be your master and I will grant you pussy treats. You just have to accept how life will be now' she said firmly.

Her husband was gasping down breaths. It was as if the force of water as well as her iron will robbed him. All he could do was gasp like a fish.

'You *will* do as you are told, else you can decide to leave' she said.

It was difficult to tell now, because of the water, but Chloe suspected that David had started to cry. He was crying with the humiliation of it all.

'Would you like to lick me again?' she demanded.

He was shaking. Even though the water was warm, he was shaking. He nodded.

'As your mistress?'

He nodded again.

'And you will ask Daniel to become the man of the house?' she demanded.

Chloe watched him stiffen. It was a terrible paroxysm that raced through his body.

'Yes' he mumbled.

'Yes?' she interrogated.

He nodded and she drew his face back to her crotch.

'That's better' she told him. It was such a buzz to say it. It was such a HUGE buzz to say it. She wondered if Margaret remembered this. She wondered whether mummy remembered Toby's capitulation. 'Now,' she said in her best matron's voice, 'it's time to dry yourself. We going to put winky out of manhood commission.'

David stepped out of the shower and he towelled himself dry. He was moaning softly to himself like a deer that had been stuck with a lance. He seemed unsteady on his feet and he kept staring back in at her as she lathered lovely scented lotion over the contours of her body. When she then stepped out he gently patted her dry as well. She smelled of the scent from the bottle. She smelled of womanhood too.

'Go and lie on the bed like a good boy' she instructed him.

The instruction seemed to unnerve him. His mouth was quivering. Perhaps he thought she would assault his private parts with a knife or something. To reassure him she came and sat beside him, naked but for her pendant and she stroked his now shrunken cock.

'We're going to lock winky up David,' she said sweetly, 'of course with your permission.' Her look reminded him of the shower commitments. All decisions were free but they involved commitments.

David just lay there.

He just lay there like a rabbit paralyzed by headlights and watched her take out the first of the cock cages.

'Shit!' he said.

'Baby pink' she smiled, showing him the hue of the device against his pale skin.

She had taken out the smallest cage first but even at a glance now it was patently far too small. He would have his privates scrunched up inside the cage even when they were entirely flaccid. She moved to the second box and tried that against his modest cock.

'Pop your dick inside the cage, up against the pink guard' she said firmly.

She watched him comply. It was a thrill. It was such a thrill!

'You pee sitting down now David, like a girl' she warned him.

Her husband looked down aghast.

The retaining bar came around beneath his scrotum and it locked in place at the base of his cock shaft. The fit was snug. It would pull on his balls like crazy to try and pull the contraption off.

'There, that's nice and snug isn't it!' she smiled.

Frankly, to David it felt tight. He looked at her like a dog that had just taken a kick. The device had clicked shut and she had spun the combination lock. There must have been hundreds of possible release combinations to try and guess.

'It's humiliating!' he gasped.

Chloe sighed.

'Daniel has to see that you are really no competition at all!' she insisted. 'You have to stop masturbating and concentrate on pleasing me...no...pleasing us'.

It was an appalling thought! David's face said it all. Then Chloe returned to the bedside drawer and pulled out a new pair of lacy pink panties.

Chapter 10

Wearing the cock contraption proved the strangest feeling for David. After his wife had clicked it closed it felt as though she was permanently holding his cock and his balls in a closed embrace. It felt as though she had never let go of him after what she had just done in the shower. There was, well there was a feeling of security about having his cock locked up that way. When he tried to analyze this the reason for that feeling wasn't absolutely clear to him. He supposed that the cage was at least some attention that came his way. Chloe had initiated the measure and she had teased him in the shower beforehand. That meant, or so David hoped, that Chloe was still interested in him. After all, in the preceding months she had barely acknowledged him. There were times when he felt like a shadow on a wall, but one that seemed to dance there without a body to relate to. Hate, any form of attention was the psychologists had said, better than no attention at all.

The pinkness of the thing and the lace confection panties that he now wore appalled him. He quickly understood what that was meant to achieve. It was designed to emasculate him. No self respecting guy wore a pink cage on his cock and covered his pimply rear in pink panties. The look made him look a sissy. It feminized him and in so doing cast him down from the traditional heterosexual male roles. He just had to hope that there was no reason for him to go to casualty. He had to use a cubicle now to piss, the watering can flow of his wee in a urinal would attract attention.

'How does it feel?' she asked him downstairs later, watching him move about the kitchen. It was evident that she was concerned that

it might damage him in some way but if it was merely uncomfortable or embarrassing, well, that didn't count for much.

'Strange' he admitted, 'I feel as if I have been snared. I feel like a hare that has dashed into a trap.'

She smiled. 'You can ask to be released at any time David. We will then instruct lawyers and handle the divorce in as civilized a way as possible.'

'I don't want that!' he snapped angrily, 'you know that I don't want that!' He sulked beside her, pulling a face. Chloe felt inclined to ignore it.

'Well all you have to do then is ask Daniel very nicely indeed to take over the fucking. I know that it's unconventional, but lots of husbands have lived humbly that way. Daddy did so.' There, Chloe dropped the bomb. She saw the instant look of surprise upon his face. She saw how the revelation ruptured his balloon so it collapsed instantly into a squidgy mess.

'Toby was cucked? By your mother?!' he asked startled by the news.

'Who else?' asked Chloe, sniping the comment back at him. Sometimes David could seem pretty naïve.

'Who with?' he blurted out at last.

'An American guy, a black guy from Atlantic city' she told him and smiled shyly. She thought of daddy sucking cock for Luther. She thought of mummy getting a pussy full of Luther's delectable seed and then daddy licking her cunny nice and clean afterwards.

'That's incredible!' David observed, 'you're winding me up!'

She laughed at him. It was really rather fun to push David on through the transition.

'No' she said, 'but in those days they didn't have cock cages so mummy persuaded Toby to have his cock catheterized. It made him look like he had a bladder problem but of course it was really done to make it impractical for him to try and fuck mummy.'

'That's nuts!' exclaimed David.

Well, may be it was. But she assured him that that was what mummy had done. The affair had gone on for years and eventually Toby was made to sleep in the den whilst Luther took over the master bedroom. They found discreet and polite ways to make the new arrangements work.

'She put you up to this then?' he asked, seeming at last to accept her story.

'No I've always wanted Daniel, always preferred him to you, understood?' she observed coldly. She eyed him cynically.

'Yes' he acknowledged. There had been times when he suspected that.

'Daniel already fucked you, after I gave him that watch like yours?'

She wanted to say yes and to hurt him quickly. But his question was impertinent. What had mummy said, you must never let him quiz you. You must never let him judge you- you are in charge now.

'That's impertinent David. You don't ask those things. You simply accept that we do as we please'. She said it so primly, so tartly. It made him flinch.

'I don't know that I can ask him to fuck you. I'm not a voyeur. That's not my thing.' He said at last, choosing to side step her rebuke.

‘Voyeurs get off on being in charge, asking their wife to do tricks,’ she retorted, ‘you aren’t in charge. Daniel and I will be. We will see if you learn to serve us properly and we’ll take it from there. Do as you’re told and we’ll find you a role. Make a nuisance of yourself and I’ll divorce you.’

Chloe didn’t wait to hear his response to that. She simply checked the time and walked away. She wanted to call Daniel and to tell him that she had caged her husband’s cock. It would feel pretty sexy to share the news. Whilst David could rebel, whilst he could sue for divorce, Chloe didn’t think that he would and neither did mummy. ‘He is weak’ Margaret had told Chloe, ‘he’ll submit. When his cock aches enough he will’.

Two days later, during an afternoon break from work David arranged to meet up with Susan. He had decided that the best strategy for now was to understand what his sister in law had been told, what, if anything, she had submitted to. It was possible of course that for now she was entirely ignorant. It was possible that Daniel had said not a thing to her. He met Susan in a coffee shop, ordered chocolate croissants and two flat whites before getting her seat for her. The woman was wearing a tight fitting herringbone pattern pencil skirt. It made her look a bit trussed up, especially with the seamed stockings and her high heeled court shoes.

Where to start? He hardly knew. He hardly had a clue about how best to broach this.

‘How are things?’ he asked her vaguely. The sex stuff was presumably a ‘thing’ too. It seemed wise to begin rather obliquely. Susan though fixed him with a look and said determinedly,

‘You want to talk about Daniel and Chloe’ she said.

She spoke without flinching. There was no anger welling up inside her face. She spoke matter of fact and it surprised him. He seemed to be forever playing catch up with the vagaries of life these days.

'Yes' he admitted, then after a pause, 'Chloe wants to fuck with Daniel'.

Susan smiled. 'I suspect that she is already fucking with Daniel... don't you?'

He grimaced. Yes, that was probably true. The question now was what they were going to do about this. They could sue the pair of them and try to extract a pound or more of flesh. It was time to confront what had crept up on them both.

'You must be furious' he observed, tasting the coffee. It was only luke warm. It seemed impossible for these people to make a truly hot cup of coffee.

'I'm livid' she said, 'only the other day Chloe was dressing me to please Daniel. Now...now she is fucking him'. The idea seemed bitter to her. She wiped some froth from her mouth with a paper napkin.

'So you're going to sue for divorce?' he asked.

Susan eyed him. It was a difficult thing to explain, but she started anyway.

'No' she said, 'I'm going to go along with it all and hope that they become ashamed of their affair'.

'Ashamed of it!' he hissed, 'Your sister is pretty headstrong Sue.'

'She has form' said Susan, 'she took a boyfriend off me once before. It was an amusement to her. It might be again. I'm willing to wait and hope. I'd accept Daniel back on any terms.'

David rubbed his forehead. Christ no! This was insane. Susan was playing into their game, their hand of cards.

'She'll treat you like shit, you know that she will' he insisted. He'd rarely judged Chloe before, but he did so now. He felt intensely angry with her, intensely aroused.

'My sister is a bitch,' said Susan, 'she treats you in much the same way. Don't tell me so much has changed David. Chloe is demanding that you accept Daniel in her bed. Not much else has changed. She still sees you as a loser.'

That stung, it really did sting!

'How is Daniel describing this to you?' David asked.

'I'm not to make a fuss and defer to my sister. He's said that he will fuck her as and when he pleases and if I make a nuisance of myself then I will be packed off down the road.' Susan offered the assessment and wanted to spit in her coffee. Right then she felt like poisoning everything with her bile.

'And you'll do as Chloe tells you because Daniel has that kind of hold over you?' David asked. He was incredulous about everything now.

'I'll play her game...I love Daniel' Susan said.

'You love a man who is fucking your sister!' David blurted.

'Yes' Susan said flatly. Her voice sounded monotone, dull, pre recorded in some way. 'You don't understand, she always got her way. She was mummy's favourite. She is used to being the boss.'

'That sounds defeatist to me' he muttered.

'It is pragmatic. She has the sex appeal and I don't. She has the attitude and I don't. She has the confidence and the experience with men and I don't' She was about to go on but David stopped her.

‘Alright already!’ he interjected.

‘I hate it, but I’ve been raised to believe that Chloe deserves only the best. That was the way that I was raised’ Susan said. ‘It means that she deserves Daniel’s cock and I don’t’ she added bitterly.

He wanted to tell her then, all about what her mother had done. He wanted to pound her with the details about what a whore her holier than thou mother really was. He wanted to picture for her how the man Luther pounded between Margaret’s legs whilst Toby her father was made to sleep in the den downstairs. But right then, just at that moment, he couldn’t do it.

Instead he asked, ‘what rules are being laid down for you?’ It seemed to him at that point there might be a chink in the arrangements if they but knew how each was to be treated. Susan eyed him suspiciously. This was terribly intimate and it was shameful. She drew breath and answered him.

‘I suck cock’ she said quickly, ‘I’m not good enough to fuck. I think that’s what Chloe has directed.’

He nodded and apologized for asking something quite so personal. But he said that he had to know. He had to understand how they had been defined by the pair of them.

‘And you?’ she asked weakly.

‘I get to lick her sex, if I behave’ he said simply. ‘She’s locked my dick in a cage so that I will want that more and more.’

For a moment Susan looked mystified. Male urges and needs were obviously a mystery to her. Then she worked it out and said sorry too.

‘Will she win doing that?’ Susan asked. She was curious and now, well, they seemed to have secrets to share.

'Yes' he admitted at last, 'she will win. That has been our sort of sex for some time. I need it. I need the reassurance that she will allow me something.'

'It's an addiction' said Susan, musing the import of what he had said. 'You realize that they will make us both lick.'

'Yes' he said with a quiet horror screaming inside his head. He couldn't imagine sucking Daniel's cock. He touched her hand, to comfort her. 'But it's not sex. It's a form of humiliation, it's a ritual to sustain the rut.'

'Yes' she conceded. David was right, she had to see it for what it was. The activity was about power and authority, it wasn't really about intimacy and sex. Licking Chloe's quim was simply the most powerful way of exercising her authority over her husband.

'We can walk away, when they don't tire of this game' he said to her.

She smiled and nodded. 'Yes' she answered and hoped that they could. She hoped that both David and she would find the other identity then, the one that wasn't entirely subsumed in the new lifestyle.

Chapter 11

David's submission to his wife was slow and relentless and it took nineteen days, six hours and ten minutes. Now they were into December. It was an astonishing transition for he hardly believed that he could want sex, any kind of sex with her given her terms. After all, she was humiliating him. Most nights of the week she went out somewhere, with Daniel. Ostensibly that was all to support the charity work but he knew what it really meant. Chloe dressed to tease Daniel and to taunt him. That which was designed to delight her new beau was designed to psychologically turn the screw on her husband. Watching her squeeze into a pair of leather hot pants, to slide on a tight leather mini skirt, to push her feet into a stiletto heeled pair of soft calf leather boots was crippling. Humiliating him clearly created a frisson for her. Sex was in the head as well as between the legs and right now, that sex was raging with a passion.

David found that he had to know. He had to have it confirmed with a sinking heart that Daniel was already fucking her. His invitation to Daniel to take over in that department was never a starting point for the affair. It was simply an affirmation of what they did already. He was being asked to formally acknowledge to Daniel now that he had won and that he could come and go as he pleased. Creeping around wasn't necessary. Chloe tasked David with the washing and the ironing as she was now too busy with 'charity work'. It was then so easy to sweep up her lingerie with the other clothing and press his nose into them, inhaling deeply to smell the legacy of lust that was anointed there. Sorting out the clothes into the different wash cycle

batches he picked up her panties. The crotch of each was invariably smeared with their residue. It was anointed with what he was now meant to clean from her unfaithful crotch.

He had promised himself that he would not touch his dick in the pink cage. That was pointless and it would prove frustrating. He couldn't masturbate a scrunched up cock. There was no possibility whatsoever that his penis could stiffen straight enough for him to stroke. Now, when he looked down, beneath the pink lace of his panties, his cock looked very strange indeed. She owned it. She had locked it up. Then though came the mornings. In the half light the unconscious urge to touch himself reached out to him with insidious fingers. Before the winter sun finally climbed the sky his fingers had travelled below again and again to feel his trapped cock and to fondle it. Then the thoughts had come like a tidal surge. The thought of her clipping her stockings to her suspender belt was terrible. The thought of her fingers travelling against Daniel's skin and down to his proud erection seemed intolerable. Then he had pulled at his trapped cock and thought about how she would smell how she would taste if he was allowed to push his mouth onto her sex. He pulled at his pink caged cock and twisted it. He was so frustrated that there were times that he felt like ripping his cock clean off.

Talking to Chloe about his frustrations proved fruitless. He needed to wank or to lick. He needed to do both and the entrapment of desire seemed astonishing. It was infuriating.

'You know what to do then,' she said airily, 'ask Daniel to become the man of the house. The sooner you bend the knee to him the sooner this frustration can be over David.'

'No! Never!' he had snapped back at her several times. The idea was intolerable. Yet there it was nearly every morning now, the urge to fondle his own caged manhood and to console himself however perversely with thoughts about her beauty. She seemed so haughty, so unattainable and alluring and quite frankly now, the feeling was driving him mad.

One evening he said it, the words slipping his lips before he could stop them. Chloe was arranging her stockings again, making sure that they ran seamless and smooth up her shapely legs.

'Christ....please let me lick you!' he begged.

She looked at him quietly. He was hurting. He was hurting a lot. His entrapment was twisting his mind and then it would break. He *would* become their fag.

'Stop fighting it' she said softly, 'Daniel is coming over to pick me up this evening. You could ask him to sleep over. You could say that you will sleep down here on the sofa. You know that he makes me happy. If you loved me deeply, you would do that'.

It made him rage inside. It made him want to launch himself at her. He couldn't do that! He wouldn't do that! Then she stood and she hitched up the tiny leather skirt that she wore and showed him her bare sex. There was no thong, no panties, and in amongst her curling pubic hair, pierced through her clitty hood was a large gold stud. Fucking with that in place would give her an exquisite orgasm. Being licked that way would be so sensual too. He stared at it and trembled.

'Ask him to stay over, ask him nicely David. If it helps, take it a request at a time. Invite first the sleep over, then the control of my bed, and then rule within the house after that. Little by little darling' she suggested.

'I can't submit' he said his shoulders dropping.

'You *will* submit David,' she assured him, 'not because I say so, but because deep down you know he deserves me. He is a proper man, a masculine man, he handles me in a way that you could only dream of. You know it and deep down you accept it. It's simply the shame of conceding it, to me, to him, that is making you so stubborn.'

'You bitch' he said.

She slapped his face for him and his cheek smarted like crazy. She said that he was never to use that word in an accusing way ever again. She waited for him to apologize and when he didn't she slapped his face again. Only then did he say sorry, muttering that she had the right to live her way.

'You can leave, you can walk out' she reminded him acidly.

'I can't!' he screamed at her, 'I can't because I love you!'

'Then you will cooperate and make me happy' she said primly. 'No one pretends that it will be easy, but you can learn David, you can change if you really wanted to'.

He doubted it. He sincerely doubted it!

'Susan comes to cock when she is told. She sleeps in the guest bedroom if I stay over. We are tense with one another of course we are, but she is changing. You will too' insisted Chloe irritably.

Was that true? Was Chloe now mistress in that house? He stared at her. She was ruthless. She was incredibly ruthless! But still he needed to know. He needed another conversation with Susan.

'Susan has every reason to resent me from our past,' Chloe said, clipping her watch on her wrist, 'but her love is selfless. She accepts that Daniel wants me instead of her.'

'She cooperate when you fuck?' he asked. He just said it, without thought. Now his other cheek stung from the retribution slap.

'Don't be impertinent!' she hissed at him.

Evidently he thought, evidently there were things that we should not speak the name of. There were intimacies to be accepted without analysis.

'I'm sorry' he said at last and he meant it. He hated it if they fought. He hated the tension of it. He hated that she despised him so heartily. The fact was that Daniel was fucking his wife. He was fucking her and making her feel not only content but smug as well. It was just a matter of saying something to Daniel.

'I'll tell him he can sleep over' David said crestfallen.

She eyed him suspiciously. His grudging suggestion had sounded like a trap. It had sounded insincere.

'No' she said calmly, 'you will invite him to sleep over. You will ask him to be master in my bed. I can't trust you and until I do, we will continue as now, with you straining in that pink cage.'

She was resolute.

'In the morning you will thank him for fucking me. You will say that you have always felt inadequate. You will ask him to return when he wants' she said steely faced.

'Please' he whispered.

She sighed and turned away. It was pointless talking to him. He simply wasn't ready yet.

'OK, OK, I will!' he blurted as she started to walk away. She paused a moment and then continued without looking back at him. Her pert rear moved in the tiny skirt.

'I will Chloe!' he insisted. There, in the bedroom, his voice seemed to echo. It felt as though it echoed throughout the house.

'We'll see' she said still walking, 'you will invite him in front of me.'

There was an hour until Daniel was due to arrive. It was a tortuous hour. To his surprise right now, after the aching weeks, he wanted to ask Daniel to take over. It was such a terrible snare that he had allowed himself to slip into. That snare wasn't pink and it wasn't wrapped in panties. It was an attitude that he had adopted with Chloe many years before. He had been too deferential. He had been too like Susan by all accounts and as a consequence his wife had rode roughshod over him. Failing to stand up for himself meant that any resistance now seemed out of character. He realized with a terrible sense of alarm that Chloe had never believed that he would deny her anything once she had set her heart on it. His wife was a spoilt bitch. His wife always got her own way and that was the cage that he had built for himself. If you live weak then you get trampled upon he told himself bitterly.

Just what his state of mind said about him now though was another matter. David admitted something awful to himself. He admitted that it seemed sexy that Daniel was fucking Chloe. No, not quite that, it seemed sexy that she was able to fuck freely whilst he was denied equal pleasures. Her very bitchiness was a turn on. It disturbed him considerably that he should feel that way. It wasn't normal, it wasn't masculine and it wasn't dignified. But then, now, Chloe had already indicated what she thought of him in that regard. Daily he wore pink lace panties over the cock cage. What he had to understand was whether he was a masochist. What about him, if anything, not only welcomed her withering disdain but somehow needed that? He thought about it. The only possible way to understand that was to proceed onwards. He had to experience her derision, Daniel's victory in the full.

Daniel's large black Mercedes saloon drew up on the drive and Chloe picked up her handbag. She looked perfect in her heels, her neck looked smooth, with the Tuareg pendant at her throat.

'Well?' she asked him, studying his face inch by inch.

David swallowed hard.

'I'll ask him' he said with a heavy sigh.

'Nicely, gratefully, generously?' she quizzed.

'Yes' he affirmed.

'That's better' she said without a glimmer of a triumphant smile. 'Kiss me David, like you did in the shower.'

He kissed her. He kissed her reverently and gently. He kissed her as if she might break, a sublime goddess that needed to be touched with the gentlest fingers.

'Is that nice?' she asked after his lips came away reluctantly.

'Yes' he admittedly breathlessly.

She smiled. 'There may be more kisses, play time for winky over the sink' she said, 'once you bend the knee to Daniel.'

'Thank you' he whispered. The beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. His heart was pounding, racing in his chest.

'Now let Daniel in' said Chloe, 'just say what's in your heart, he will understand, I promise.'

When David opened the front door, Daniel was just there. He wore smart black slacks, a matching open necked shirt and a leather jacket. He looked casually smart. For a moment he smiled but then tensed. It was as if there was going to be a fight, then he was going to punch back fast and hard.

'Daniel....come on in' said David. His voice sounded surreal to him. It was as if it came from somewhere else. It was as if someone else

was narrating his own words.

'Thank you' said Daniel. His voice was cautious, and his eyes darted back and forth measuring David's movements. But Chloe was there too, looking svelte and looking calm. Daniel kissed her slowly on her open mouth. It was a slow and sensuous kiss. If anything was going to provoke the fight then this was it.

'You look great' he told her, eyeing her up and down. She smiled warmly and he kissed her slowly again, feeling her arms snake up around his neck momentarily.

'David has got something to ask you darling' she said, 'haven't you David?'

They both looked at him. He felt exposed.

'Yes' David managed at last. His mouth felt dry, as a dry as the bottom of a canary cage. His tongue felt coated in grit.

'Go and sit down' said Daniel. He watched the man who seemed to be swaying. He looked as though he might pass out. David retired to the sofa and they followed. They watched him seat himself and stood before him, arm in arm. To David right then it seemed his destiny and nothing would subvert it. Nothing you can say or do will change this. Chloe shifted position, weight on one leg and then the other. Leave it too long and she would check her watch and then they would be gone. The aching weeks would continue.

'Daniel....I've been thinking.....' he began with considerable difficulty. He couldn't look the man in the face. He couldn't look up at Chloe. Instead, he stared at her high heels. 'I've felt....I've felt for some time that we're playing....playing...secret games.' He paused. This was cripplingly shameful. He drew breath and with a heaving chest, his hands shaking, he started again. 'Chloe wants you...not me. I'm not good enough...I'm...' his voice cracked. He ploughed on heaving down breaths. 'I'm not good enough for her...not....masculine

enough for her.' Now he did glance up. Chloe's face was so calm. Daniel watched him curious. 'I'd be grateful..if...if...you'd be the man in her life. You don't need to go elsewhere, you can sleep here, I won't be any trouble to you.' There, like a Parkinson's disease victim with their stumbling gait, his last words had tumbled out. It was as if he was racing downhill all of a sudden.

He expected Daniel to answer but Chloe spoke first. Her voice was soft and soothing.

'That took humility David, real humility and bravery too' she whispered.

'Thank you' he mumbled. He felt exhausted now, utterly exhausted.

'Do you mean it darling' she checked touching his chin and raising his face upwards, 'do you want Daniel to be boss in my bed?'

'Yes' he said blushing. It was fucking terrible to say that.

'Daniel would be master...he wouldn't take any insolence would you Daniel?'

The guy nodded, 'my way, my rules' he said slowly.

'Your way' said David, who felt as though his insides had just been scooped out and dropped by the side of the road.

'It's going to take a great deal of learning' cautioned Chloe. Her eyes danced with excitement.

'Yes' admitted David. He didn't have the strength to elaborate. It was as if his breathing wouldn't ease. Each breath in seemed to fill him and then not to return to the world. It was as if he held his breath beneath the water. He was drowning in shame.

'OK, if that's what you need' Chloe said. Need, she said need, not want. She had decided what he was. She had decided that long ago! She held out her hand so that David could kiss her ring. He did so, in front of Daniel, like a fucking serf. He did so shaking with the humiliation of it all. That Chloe could orchestrate this all so calmly gutted him.

'We're going out now David, perhaps it's best if you sleep in the guest bedroom' Chloe said sweetly. There were arrangements to make, many of them, moment by moment, day by day from now on. David would have to learn and of course he would have to be disciplined if he stepped out of line.

David nodded.

'Good' said Daniel, 'but remember if you cause trouble...'

'David won't cause trouble will you David' Chloe assured her beau quickly. She started to turn Daniel towards the door. It was time to go for a drink. She needed one.

Chapter 12

It was a little after eleven that evening when Chloe and Daniel returned from their evening out. Daniel had wondered whether it was more tactful to come back very late when David was asleep in the guest bedroom. But Chloe was adamant. David had to demonstrate his submission. Just as Susan had knelt and sucked her husband's cock before Chloe and Daniel had retired together, so David had to come to pussy with a submissive heart. She knew that it was cruel but Margaret had been explicit in this matter. The longer that David pretended that this wasn't really happening the harder it would be for him to accommodate his new station in life. Toby had experienced his 'rocky' moments, all cuckolds did, but the firmer you were at the start the easier it was to go on, that was what mummy had said.

Chloe came into the house then wondering just where her husband would be. It was always possible that he had retired early, but she didn't think so. When David was worried about things he tended to stay up late and watch movies. For God's sake the man watched animated movies. It was pathetic. As she had guessed he was found then in the TV snug room curled up on the leather sofa, looking very tired indeed. When she walked in with Daniel at her side she sent her husband a withering look.

'Don't you stand up when your better's come into the room?' she asked him. It was imperious and cutting. It left him no moment to gather his thoughts. The judgement was delivered as soon as she

stepped into the room. David had to think of Daniel as his better. She was determined to teach him to do so.

David stood up. It was a grudging response. He seemed to stretch as he rose to his feet. He was staring at her. She looked perfect still, her hair perfect, her makeup perfect, her eyes ablaze with pleasure.

‘Why didn’t you wait in the living room where you could hear Daniel’s car arrive on the drive?’ she demanded. It was a challenge. David was to attend them, he was to anticipate and meet their requirements.

‘I’m sorry’ David stuttered.

She fixed him with a stare.

‘I’m sorry Daniel’ she ordered, ‘defer to your master’.

‘I’m sorry sir’ he said in response. He had already guessed where this would progress. Had he addressed her lover as Daniel then the next demand would come that he refer to him as ‘sir’. Daniel nodded. He liked the submission. He liked it that the man had to struggle to be deferential. That was the issue with Susan too. She had to be bent. It wasn’t simply a case of demanding and getting.

‘Go and fix your mistress a gin and tonic,’ said Daniel, ‘and I will have a whisky and soda.’

There, he had said it, mistress. He liked calling Chloe that. She was David’s mistress now and when they moved into the big house, then that would seem even more apt. Of course for now David was ignorant about all of that. He deferred to Chloe as mistress simply because she was haughty and discerning. He would defer to her because she was getting black cock, something that David could not compete with. May be it was a street cliché, but certainly Chloe looked made up now that she was taking cock regularly. She looked and acted as superior as hell. So he started to kiss Chloe, fondling

her bottom as David went ever so quietly off to the cabinet to prepare the drinks.

'He's boiling inside' Chloe giggled, 'he's really torn up, but he has to learn'.

Daniel smiled and kissed her pretty little nose.

'We'll have to start searching his pockets when we order drinks in the future' he chuckled, 'you know, for the poison.'

Chloe laughed too.

'Make him lick my sex in front of you' Chloe suggested before David returned, 'I want you to humiliate him.'

He kissed her ear. 'I'm going to fuck you in front of him' he said.

'God...that's sexy' she exclaimed, 'you wouldn't dare! Not on the first night!'

'He has to learn' insisted Daniel, 'he has to see my cock filling you'.

She moaned softly, feeling his hand glance her crotch. It was all just so terribly raunchy.

David returned the glasses chinking with ice.

'Left or right?' Chloe demanded of him as he arrived.

David frowned...he wasn't sure what she meant. Was she referring to the way that he dressed? His caged cock felt marginally more comfortable that side. It was the side where one testicle used to hang lower, at least, before the contraption was applied.

'Left Miss' he said humbly.

'Taste the whisky then' said Chloe, the glass in his left hand. She watched him do so and then indicated that he should pass the glass to Daniel.

David nodded.

'How does it feel when you watch Daniel kissing me?' she quizzed him.

He blushed. In truth it made his cock jolt. It made his cock move as far as the cage would allow. Still, he lied to her.

'Ashamed....that I can't kiss you that way' he said.

She smiled. This was just so sexy. It was so nice to watch him squirm.

'Well you're not very sexy David, I couldn't imagine you actually fucking me any more' she observed without a flicker of embarrassment.

He nodded and the colour filled his neck and up into each cheek. That was awful. Chloe smiled and sat down on the sofa. She crossed her legs and the stocking tops showed.

'Sit on the rug' Daniel ordered him. He watched Chloe's husband comply and then he asked, 'do you think this just a game, something that we make believe with?'

'No sir,' said David, 'You are the boss, that is how Chloe'...he corrected himself, 'that is how my mistress wants things.'

'Yes' said Daniel, 'you treat Chloe like a princess...I will hear of it if you don't'.

David bowed his head momentarily. It was a bob of the head and no more.

'You will lick her cunt, ready for sex' Daniel told him.

David blinked at the man. How long had it been now? He craved Chloe's sex with a gnawing passion that pulled his insides this way and that.

'You will lick her cunny ready for sex and afterwards too. You will toilet her whenever she tells you to, understood?' asked Daniel. He looked insistent about that. His hand flexed, forming a fist and then relaxing again.

Chloe eased up her leather skirt hem and showed her husband pussy below. She showed him how moist and succulent it looked. She showed him how the gold stud peeped across at him from the hood of her clitty.

'Lick it' Daniel directed. He looked at his woman and then back at the man ordered to chores. David in turn looked up at his wife. She was seated on the leather sofa with her legs spread widely.

'You see David...as I said, bend the knee and sometimes you get special treats' said Chloe. She was easing fingers through her curly hairs. Her red nails flicked against the gold stud. 'Come and lick pussy' she demanded.

David moved across the rug and pushed his head gently between her thighs. He looked up at her for permission and when she nodded, he started to lap like a kitten. His tongue flicked up and down her slit as if he was lapping up milk.

'That feel nice?' Daniel asked her.

She nodded and stroked her husband's head. Yes, it was very nice! 'It's sexy,' she whispered 'because you make him do it. It's sexy because he humbles himself in front of you.'

David was suckling her now. He needed to, he wanted to. Her sex was salty and fecund and dominant.

She cuffed his ear and ordered him to lick nicely. He wasn't to pull on her sex. He wasn't to snuffle and blow down there like a truffle pig.

'Lick pussy lips so they glisten' she ordered and he complied.

He returned to his duties, moving his tongue delicately now. A light and teasing touch was what was required. This was the dainty prelude to a coupling. The man who stood above him now, looming and fists as big as hammers was going to fuck his wife up on their marriage bed. David shuddered.

The more he licked Chloe the more he wanted to. What started as a sinful, a humiliating chore was fast becoming a gift. His mistress was gifting touch, she was gifting the scent of her crotch. He was being allowed to lick that which Daniel fingered and then fucked. It was as if he was now being admitted to the altar and it was something desperately seductive. He moaned. 'God! He whispered.

'That's a good boy, lick cunny, your master has told you to' she soothed running her fingers through his hair. He was almost crying. The relief, goodness, the relief was astonishing. He felt desperate for her, desperate for the taste of her sex and he nuzzled against the gold stud appreciatively. Now his breaths came deep and with every inhalation he smelled her. He smelled what made her woman and made her Daniel's. He smelled what she would be like on heat as she ovulated. He anticipated what she would smell and taste like once her cunt was full of his unctuous, generous spunk.

'Now be a good boy and take master's cock out of his pants' said Chloe.

It jolted David. It jolted him in an instant. The thought of touching the man's cock! The thought of seeing and feeling its muscular authority.

It made him shudder to think of it. Still, Chloe was insistent, she was nudging him away to his new chore.

‘Don’t worry David...you will learn to suck master’s cock another time. Just do as you’re told, that’s a good boy.’ She issued his instruction.

David turned and looked at the man. He seemed taller from the kneeling position. He looked relaxed. The tension that he had registered in the fellow at the doorway was gone. Now, now, Daniel seemed quietly dominant. He looked at the man’s trouser fly. Beneath that the material was stretched in a way that already foretold what lay inside. His cock was big and it was erect. It was eager to bury back inside where it had probably been countless times before.

‘Do as you’re told’ said Daniel. He spoke quietly. There was no impatience in his voice. The man knew that this took a major effort of humility.

David unzipped the fly, Chloe watching. It seemed bizarrely like Christmas with relatives watching as you opened a present.

David half expected Daniel’s cock too spring out. It would be there like a vile and fecund jack in the box surprise, but it wasn’t. He had to reach inside and handle the cock. He had to coax its hardness out into view. That would be impossible given its apparent size and the trouser fly. He looked apprehensively up at Daniel and then with trembling fingers... he undid the waist of the man’s trousers and eased the material aside so that he could pull his cock out.

It was bigger than David thought possible.

He started at it, circumcised and bull headed. It looked like a grotesque mushroom that had been fed on steroids. It was ugly and frankly it looked too big to be attached to a human being. What astonished David was not simply the size and the weight of the

appendage, it was the musk smell when it was freed. It was as if Daniel's pants had contained the essence of manhood within and now the trousers were released his manhood smell exploded in David's face.

'Do you see now David' Chloe whispered, 'do you see why I have made you the cunny lick?'

David didn't answer. Frankly, he couldn't answer. The thing was bolt hard, thick, muscular in the way that a thick vine might grip a tree. It looked more like the girth of a boa constrictor snake now, as though it could squeeze the life out of you.

'In the future David darling,' Chloe said, 'this is how you suck it'.

She lifted the weight of the thing upwards with manicured fingers and looking eagerly up at Daniel took it in her mouth. David watched the thing bury a third of the way into her mouth and he wanted to retch. He realized with a terrible horror inside that this was what his wife did with her mouth. When he had been allowed to kiss her, this was where her lips had been. Chloe started to bob on the cock. It wasn't a frantic rhythm, something designed to cause an eruption as soon as possible, no it was a luxuriant worshipping of the cock. David watched her, his gaze transfixed. He watched her as she suckled the cock and Daniel groaned contentedly.

'I love you' said Chloe to Daniel, between generous licks of her tongue and then the casual insertion of his cock back inside again. She made a rhythmic noise on his cock, not quite a slurp, but the sound of suckling. It was the sound of a woman at prayer on the cock of her master.

Chloe let go and arranged herself back on the sofa. Her legs were spread wide and David saw that her cunt gaped. He could see the moist dark hole that led all the way inside of her. Chloe idly teased the stud in her clitty, playing it back and forth against her tart red nails. She looked up at Daniel longingly.

'David darling....' She whispered, 'show Daniel where you want him to bury that brute cock of his'. She set him the challenge with her eyes. They would not let go of him. He was meant to tease open her sex lips even wider and hold them there until Daniel had buried his meat inside of her and there was no longer room for his fingers.

Still sucking down her scent with every breath, intoxicated by the look of her, David moved to do as she bade. He moved as if in a dream. He settled himself on the sofa beside her and angled an arm across her leather skirt hips so that he could tease the pink pussy lips open. He wanted to kiss her sex again but now was the time of coupling. Now she would hook and grind with a man who knew how to satisfy her. David's caged pinky jerked. It made him hurt like hell.

With delicate touch he opened his wife's sex lips. Her sex was bored out. She had evidently been riding Daniel a good long while. Daniel shot him a 'be fucking good' look and addressed his bull glans to the gaping hole. It looked massive to David. It looked like a battering ram. Cock was glanced up and down her slit a few times, the pink on black skin glistening with his wife's spittle. Then it was pushed inside her.

It went inside her...in one.

It slid up her causing Chloe to gasp. Instinctively she clung to his neck but the inevitable happened. Daniel took her to the hilt, smoothly, serenely and irresistibly.

'Get your fucking fingers out of the way!' ordered Daniel.

David did as he was ordered. He slipped his fingers away and sniffed them before settling like a gooseberry on the sofa beside her.

The noises started again and this time the rhythmic was relentless.

Slup, slup, slup, slup, slup, slup.

David had never watched Chloe fuck before. He had never realized how beautiful it could seem. They looked, like two animals coiled together. It was impossible to understand where Chloe ended and Daniel began. He was inside her and his mouth was on hers eating her, ravishing her.

Slup, slup, slup, slup, slup the succulent sound of fucking continued.

'I love you Daniel' she moaned and it cut David to the quick. She uttered the words, her eyes shut her mouth open and panting. She said the words in a delirium of ecstasy.

'Good' he growled. He was rampant now, on the nest, filling the dairy with his massive cock.

'Make him lick my ass' Daniel ordered Chloe.

She looked at David. There was no need for an order...her eyes said everything. David moved like an automaton down the sofa and he leaned over the black lithe and muscular body that pumped between his wife's legs. He slid down onto the rug again because that was the best angle and started to lick Daniel's ass. His skin wasn't entirely smooth there it was pock marked from a childhood illness. It smelled and tasted of musk, of manhood of a cave instinct from their shared ancestors long ago. His backside was muscular, clenching as he thrust.

For a moment Daniel shifted position. He pushed Chloe's legs high up over his shoulders and started to bang into her with the improved access gained. Now Chloe was grunting with every pummeling thrust. Now she was gasping for breath as he drilled her against the leather of the sofa.

'You fucking hot little madam!' Daniel snarled.

'God, God, please, take me....' She moaned loudly.

David couldn't lick butt to the rapid rhythm. Instead he stared mesmerized by the sight of her nail lacquered feet wagging in the air as Daniel fucked her. He looked into her face and then at her neck, which was now puce red from the orgasm that boiled inside of her. Her eyes half closed, her mouth wide open, Chloe was experiencing a massive orgasm.

'Dear God...' David gasped.

'You are beautiful' David whispered beneath his breath.

Chloe didn't register it, at least she didn't acknowledge it. She was consumed solely by the rampant cock that sucked in and out of her and by the weight of the man that covered her. She begged her lover for another kiss and he covered her mouth. He covered it hard stifling any possibility of breath.

David saw the man's balls jerking. They jerked upwards, again and again.

Daniel was spunking inside her. There was no sheath, nor manners no gentle privacy Daniel simply fucked her.

'Uuuuuuuurgh!' groaned David's wife. Her mouth broke from the kiss and she grunted out the expletive several times as the spunk hosed inside. David looked down. Daniel's balls were still pumping, dancing in his scrotum. His buttocks clenched and clenched again with every thrust.

David dropped his head. When Chloe looked at him it was as if he was at prayer. She felt Daniel squirting still, insistent inside her and realized that the look her husband exhibited was defeat. Now, now, David would surrender. Daniel would be master and their world, would change. Her orgasm took her again. It picked her up and bowled her over. It was as if the climax would never end. It was as fierce and as relentless as the man that rode her.

On the TV the film ended and the credits rolled. It was the first time that Chloe had registered the presence of the film. It would have been funny if it was Bambi with all those cute little rabbits. As it was, she didn't recognize what the film had been at all. Daniel was easing back. Daniel was kissing her ears and neck as he did after he had had dumped his load within her. Now, yes, now, his cock slid out. She watched him stand, arch his back and stretch, his wet cock standing out in front of him. It looked so thick. She could barely look away from it.

When she finally did it was to David that he gaze went. He was still kneeling, head down, a soldier beaten in the mud. She touched herself feeling the thick and glutinous spunk dripping out of her sex.

'Lick your mistress out' Daniel told her husband.

He waited.

David looked up. He had had his eyes screwed tight shut and he looked as if he had been silently crying. There, he saw it. He saw her beautifully serviced sex. He saw the thick white liquid oozing out of her. It coated her gold stud and lingered on her curling sex hairs, hanging like glistening drops of dew from some of them.

'Get on with it' said Daniel. He wasn't angry yet, but the spell wasn't to be broken. If David was not to be the awkward embarrassment beside his conquest then he had to assist. He had to lick his bitch out.

Daniel watched David shuffle forward. He watched the man inhale the scent of conquest and shudder. It was a repugnant smell, a bitter anticipation of what would soon coat his tongue.

'Now!' barked Daniel annoyed.

David started to lick up the mess. He ladled the sticky semen up and swallowed. It was too terrible to taste it in his mouth. It had to be swallowed quickly. Chloe started to stroke her husband's hair. She ran her fingers back and forth, mewling with the pleasure of toilet. Daniel smiled. He thought what a provocative, what a hot and arrogant bitch she would be. In the big house, their big house, she would be utterly perfect.

Chapter 13

The next morning Daniel had a quiet word with David. David had started breakfast for them both but had messed up with the scrambled eggs. Chloe had come down and threw the whole panful in the bin. David apologized profusely, but honestly it was hard to concentrate. He had spent some of the night listening to the pair of them fuck. He had then reached down and played with his cock splurging a sort of ejaculation. It was profoundly frustrating especially then as he had spent thirty minutes in the bathroom trying to wash his cock with the pink cage on.

'You were clattering about last night, making a noise, you don't do that huh?' warned Daniel. Daniel knew that Chloe was listening to him and he kind of liked the idea. He liked the idea of playing the stern head of the household. That was how it would be in the big house. David would be the servant.

'I'm sorry sir' said David simply. He was feeling an oaf having messed up the breakfast.

'No excuses?' checked Daniel. He wanted to sound even, sage like, the authoritative lord.

'None sir' said David meekly. He could of course have countered that Daniel and Chloe were making their own noises! But that was not the way of things now. Now Chloe could do what she wanted and there would be no judgement allowed.

'OK then,' said Daniel calmly, 'you will complete another humiliation before you next get to lick mistress understood. If you'd have buckled to the new way, without that kind of disturbance then mistress could have trained you without quite that fuss.'

'I understand sir' said David. His dick pinged in the cage. It was as if it was a mobile phone and had vibrated. He wondered what his mistress would require. It made him tremble.

'Instructions for the next days then David' said Daniel. He prodded the husband's chest as if to drive home the importance of the rules he would exact. 'First off, you don't dare interrogate Chloe, about last night or stuff that we do and involve you with. You simply learn along the way and you think about things and how you will live now. Once a week or so, mistress will invite a speakeasy half hour and then you can say your piece, ask to leave or whatever. But you don't question mistress otherwise, understood?'

'Yes' said David. It was going to be difficult. This morning he was anxious. He was very anxious wondering what Chloe had made of the previous evening. Did he seem contemptible to her now? Was he something she would discard? Was it embarrassing to have a husband lick her sex like that? He guessed at things, guessed from the expressions on her face, but in the cold morning, well....

'Next,' said Daniel, ticking off things by pointing to his fingers in turn. 'The more supportive you are to us both, the greater chance you have of some light relief. You make sure that you tell Susan huh, you make sure that you tell her that you're finding this kind of sexy, huh?'

'Yes sir' said David. Chloe smiled. She rather liked that point. Through the silk material of her short kimono David could see her nipples bullet hard.

'Third point my friend, don't think that you can go blabbing to Margaret about this. She wants you under Chloe's boot heel too. You

will find that she just reports your whining to us OK?' Daniel prodded David's chest again.

'Yes sir' said David.

'Margaret is an dab hand at being a bitch. You will find that she's just as exacting as Chloe understood?'

David nodded. From what he had heard about her and Toby he didn't doubt it.

David slumped. The list seemed to have come to an end, but Chloe tapped his arm and gestured towards Daniel. He was to say something. Chloe mouthed the word.

David's heart sank again.

'Thank you sir...' he mumbled, 'for fucking my mistress'.

Daniel smiled. That was really kind of cute wasn't it? If it wasn't yet heartfelt it was another capitulation and coming after the list of requirements it was kind of sweet to hear.

For David the next days continued in a sort of miasma. He was guessing what his humiliation was to be and assiduously avoiding questions to Chloe even though he ached to know a thousand things. In her tight jeans and high heeled boots she looked a cock teasing bitch. She didn't have to say anything to him she just had to walk a certain way. When she demanded that he paint her nails, it made his cock ache. When she disparaged him on the phone to Daniel, his cock ached again. There had been a brief moment when he hoped that Chloe would let him go to work without the cage on but that proved too be a non starter. He had to wear the cage and a fresh pair of pink frilly panties every day. Then wandering around the office he dreaded the slightest accident.

It took less than a week for him to crave licking Chloe's sex again. The speed of the gnawing urge alarmed and dismayed him. He had thought that he might last a month. May be he could contest something because the magic sex wasn't working on him. But he lasted all of five days and then he found himself looking at her in a particular way. He was begging with his eyes and she instinctively knew it.

'Have you called Daniel to invite him over for the evening?' Chloe quizzed him.

David nodded. There was a meal that he had at last mastered. He would cook for them. Right at that moment he would do anything for them. So obsessive were his thoughts that he wondered whether he was going just a little bit crazy.

'Have you polished my black leather boots?' she asked him. It was snowing now, so the boots easily became water marked. He apologized profusely for not having done so and she scolded him saying that he shouldn't have to be asked. Jonathan wasn't with them every week. There was time to do his chores and find ways of pleasing her. That was it David thought, I have to second guess her whims. I have to be Mr reliable, Mr Fix it and Mr humble pie.

One evening, when the snowstorm had really set in and the dark landscape was dressed in an eerie white Chloe announced to him that she was ready to administer the humiliation that Daniel had referred to. If David submitted, if he passed all elements of the challenge, then perhaps he could begin to make progress again.

'Follow me' she ordered and started to walk up the stairs. That evening she wore a pleated mini skirt, the sort that provided tantalizing glimpses of her thighs. David was mesmerized. He found it impossible to avoid staring at her. Wherever he looked in the room, his gaze finally shifted to her. It was as if she magnetized his eyes and he could only follow her whenever she required.

'Are you feeling obedient David?' she asked as her buttocks swayed ahead of him, moving with every step up the stairs.

'Yes' he said truthfully. If it had been the speakeasy time he would have confessed to a great deal more.

They arrived in the master bedroom, the bedroom that she and Daniel slept in if she wasn't over at his place. He watched his mistress go to the chest of drawers and take out a couple of things wrapped in a cellophane package. She dropped them on the bed. They were a pair of seamed stockings and a black suspender belt.

'Just do it David, don't pretend that you are a man anymore. Just put them on.' She delivered the ultimatum crisply and then sat on the chair and crossed her legs. He watched her as she surveyed him. She wasn't amused, quietly amused by the whole episode. This wasn't cruel in her book, it was simply funny. He wanted to say no. But he knew where that would lead. At the very least there would be an aching eternity until he could lick her sex again and perhaps he would never get release from the pink contraption. Without complaint then he removed his shoes socks and trousers. He removed his shirt as well so that he was left naked save the cock cage, the panties and his St Christopher about his neck.

'Get rid of that' she pointed to it, remarking, 'your journey is the personal kind and saving is not on the itinerary'.

Reluctantly he removed the chain. It had been something his mother had given him and she was dead now. Chloe stood, took a tuareg pendant out from her shoulder bag and fixed it about his throat. His chain and St Christopher clattered into the waste paper basket.

'Continue' she ordered and took out her mobile phone to film what he did next.

'Please Miss' he begged, looking at the phone.

'Mummy wants to see how you look,' she said firmly, 'she hasn't seen the cage fitted.'

He sighed. It was another heart sink moment. First, he took out the black suspender belt. It was a fuller bodied one with lace trim and a panel at the front to help shape him. Evidently Chloe considered him rather paunchy. He worked out the front from the back and clipped it in place. A glimpse in the wardrobe mirror told him how utterly ridiculous he looked. Then he turned to the stockings in their package. Save for the seam they were sheer and fine. It would be easy to put a sharp toe nail through them so he clipped each nail in turn glancing angrily in Chloe's direction. He wasn't a sissy, he wasn't! That was not a fetish of his. Fuck her he thought. Still, he rolled the stockings, each in turn and then clipped each to the suspender belt straps. There, he gestured, it was done. His look said, 'no please can I take this rubbish off.'

'Lie on the bed' she told him quietly.

He did so. Not having been instructed which way to lie he lay face up. It seemed safer than exposing her bottom to whatever she might do.

'Comfy?' she teased.

He nodded and watched her move slowly to the bedside. She was still wearing her black leather boots with the skirt but she didn't remove them when she climbed on the bed and straddled him. His arms were trapped against his side by the leather inside surfaces of her boots. She straddled him facing down to his feet and across his belly where the suspender belt stretched across his gut.

'I want you to toilet my bottom' she said slowly, before moving back towards his face and exposing her crease with a hand on her left buttock.

She waited for him to worship. This was presumably a place where the black bone of Daniel went too. He probably fucked every hole possible. She was watching him and yes she was amused. David wondered whether Chloe had dreamt this up or whether it was something that her lover directed. She waited and when holding her cheek was uncomfortable she took up her mobile phone and pointed that back at him.

‘Show mummy how you lick botty clean’ she said.

He winced. He hoped that she didn’t mean that literally. The idea appalled him and yet yes, yes, alright yes, he wanted to lick her. He would lick anything of her, her toes, her boots, just anything. He shook with disgust. He was disgusted with his very inclination to cooperate.

‘May I touch your buttocks Miss?’ he asked politely. He wasn’t sure what the etiquette of all this was.

‘Yes’ she said, ‘I want to be licked properly’. She said it crisp and clear so that the vide clip had its commentary. David looked over towards the bedroom window. Against the blackness ghost flakes of snow pirouetted down.

‘Just do it David, and tell me how much you appreciate it’ said Chloe at last. There was a hint of exasperation in her voice now.

He touched her buttocks. They were round and firm. They were what made him stare at her rear in the tight skirts or the figure hugging jeans. He eased apart her buttocks and looked at her botty hole. Daniel had obviously mastered this too but it didn’t look in any other sense dirty. Pushing his nose between her buttocks was difficult. Her firm flesh seemed to push him back but with an effort he got his tongue onto her hole and started to swirl it around and around.

‘How do you feel David?’ she asked coyly, as she rubbed her bottom back against his mouth.

'Like a dog' David admitted. It felt terribly shameful.

'Can you smell Daniel on me?' she teased.

He could. He could smell the musk.

'Yes Miss' he admitted and licked her around and around.

'Is that exciting...do you like it that he's fucking me and I'm wasting your life away day by day?' she asked playfully.

'Yes' he admitted. There, it was said. He felt like a pervert. He couldn't yet contemplate whether this was his sexuality. His liberalism hadn't stretched his brain very far in that direction.

'You like me treating you like shit...don't you' she challenged.

David shuddered. Please no, not that.

'I can't resist you, 'he admitted, 'I don't like myself for that, no, I hate myself for it'.

'But its what you are, inferior, a suck bum, a pussy lick' she said luxuriating in the toileting. She started to play with his caged cock. She played with it like it was something that had been scrunched up in a handkerchief and stuffed in his pocket.

'Please Miss...' he begged. That was exquisite.

'Are you grateful, to Daniel, for having such a big cock and encouraging me to judge you?' she interrogated. Her hand was playing a game, playing with winky and seeing how big the cage would let it grow before David screamed with discomfort.

'I need you to be a bitch' he grunted. He couldn't resist now. Soon enough he would have another ruined orgasm and she would film it.

She would film it for fucking Margaret.

'Wriggle your tongue' she ordered, 'wiggle it and then lick around and around, faster and faster'.

He did that and she grabbed his hair hard and dragged his face against her rear. Then she ground and wiped her bottom on his face. Her other hand flicked his caged cock, back and forth, back and forth like it was a ping pong ball.

'You'll show Mummy this' sneered Chloe, 'you'll show her what a greedy dog you are licking my rear.'

His cock beaded pre cum. It was going to erupt again in a dirty little swamp mess.

'Please Miss, pleeeeeease!' he begged.

It was too late. Spunk squirted out of the colander holes of his pink sheath like toothpaste being squeezed through a cheese grater. David was grunting, louder and louder.

'That's weak and its dirty David' she sneered. 'That's so fucking weak. Just lick my rear will you. I don't want a winky mess as well.' She wiped his face back there like it was a wet wipe. He was gasping, licking and grunting by turn.

'There' that's better. You will wear the stockings and belt when Daniel next comes to fuck me. You will show him what a sissy boy you are' she said. David was writhing about. A ruined orgasm wasn't just uber frustrating, it was painful too. The spunk had to travel a chicane because of the way his cock was bent.

'Yes Miss' he groaned. The cage was still erupting semen. His cock was jerking and contorting all at once.

'Now go and clean that up at once, it looks disgusting' she ordered, her pretty freckled face screwing up with displeasure.

'Please, please, take it off so that I can wash' he begged her.

She looked at him. She was considering the request.

'Would you like to come over to Daniel's and serve beside Susan?' she asked, 'is that something that seems sexy?'

It didn't. It sounded utterly demeaning. It would be a triumphant ritual for the pair of them.

'Yes Miss' he lied.

She kissed his tummy and lifted off him. He was made to wear a silk scarf around his eyes and then she twirled the combination lock on the cock cage. At last, thank goodness, he felt it loosen on his genitalia.

'I will wash your winky over the sink, its mine to play with' she insisted.

Yes, anything. He nodded gratefully. It felt just so good to feel a cock that wasn't folded back on itself.

Chapter 14

Finally the snow seemed to abate. It had fallen for hours on end, through the night and then through a leaden sky day. Even though the gritting lorries had criss-crossed the countryside, treating the major roads, the lanes up to the village where Susan lived remained hazardous. Driving home early from work then, because another snow storm was forecast for the night ahead, was a tiring and anxious business. She felt a huge sense of relief when at last she turned into the drive of their home. The garden was dressed in snow, white and picture perfect. But it was a surprise to see mummy's car parked on the drive as well.

Susan stepped out of her car and heard the scrunch scrunch of the snow as she carried her few items of shopping into the house. There was an explosion of powdery snow as a thrush took flight from the holly tree. Across over the far hills there was the faintest glow of where a winter sunset should have been. Since the change, since Daniel had started fucking her sister, he had changed. It wasn't just that he seemed liberated about the sex, relieved of the need to pretend, it had been that he had become someone who brooded. She found it impossible to read his emotions, to judge his mood. So Susan had submitted. Daniel and Chloe coupled, and sometimes they were away for hours. Sometimes Susan slept in an empty house wondering if Daniel would ever return home. Now when Chloe seemed imperious, when Daniel could brew anger in a

moment, Susan felt it best to do as she was told. Try to please him she said to herself. Any effort to please must sometime be recognized.

She went into the house quietly by the back door, putting out more food for the birds on the way in. She had to sweep away snow from the table as Daniel had neglected to even think about them. Snowy boots on the front carpet wasn't something that he approved of so she eased them off immediately she stepped into the utility room. She paused and listened. She had expected to hear mummy's voice complaining about the weather. She had expected to hear Daniel's voice assuring her that Susan would soon be home to cook them all a warm supper. But there was no sound, save for the ticking of the hall clock.

From her shopping bag she drew out the small package of individually wrapped nougat sweets that Daniel enjoyed. Of course Daniel was fucking Chloe...his passion went that way. But she hoped that little gestures like this would remind him of her. Little gestures might accumulate like the drifting snow against the living room wall. She padded down the hall way to the foot of the stairs and waited, wondering where Daniel and mummy had gone. When the noise came, it was meaningless at first. It was an incessant rhythmic beat. Amidst the evening rapped out sound there was an occasional creak. At first it sounded like a motor starting into life. Then, dear god then, she knew the sound.....

Slup, slup, slup, slup, slup, slup, creak, creak, creak, slup slup, slup.

It horrified her. It horrified her the thought that Chloe was here again and that Daniel was fucking her in the presence of their mother. It was one thing lying awake and anxious at night listening to her sister become mistress of the bedchamber, but it seemed quite another for such activity to continue when mummy was present. Susan stepped back and retreated into the living room. You could still hear the sex from that room too. She walked back through the hallway and into the study. Mummy liked that room with its rows and rows of book.

She sometimes took tea in there like visiting royalty. The room was empty.

Another pause in the hallway and then quietly, like a cat searching a barn, Susan stepped up the stairs avoiding the third one that squeaked. Now, now she was petrified, not only because of what she would see yet again, but because of Daniel's impending anger. Susan was 'not to fucking well creep around the place'. But creeping around became her genre. Creeping around was what one did when you had lost control of your own home.

She stepped along the landing, past the guest bedrooms. She had expected to find mummy taking a nap there. The rooms were empty.

Slup, slup, slup, slup...now the noise came louder. She knew it so well these last weeks, the sound of a hard cock pounding into a submissive sex. It was the sound of abandonment, submission to the lust of the male. It was the sound of pure animal instinct.

The door to the master bedroom had been left ajar and she stared wide eyed at what was revealed within. Margaret was on her back upon the bed, still dressed. Her blouse was pulled open to reveal her breasts though and her green tweed full skirt was rucked up around her waist. Her black and tan riding boots were still on her feet but now they were hoisted up over Daniel's shoulders and he was fucking her. Daniel was bucking into mummy with a force that Susan thought might split the woman in two. She watched as mummy's nails dug into the duvet beneath her, her face grimacing and gasping as she took cock.

Susan thought it a rape. Her instinct was to burst in and launch herself at her husband. But then Margaret's arms slipped away from the duvet and they reached up around Daniel's neck. She caressed his shoulders en route. She moaned,

'I love you...you are so proud'.

It seemed about the most coherent thing that she could manage because now Daniel dug deeper with his cock and she was once again reduced to moaning.

'You need it huh...you need the length?' growled Daniel.

'Please, please, please, please' gasped Margaret and her voice sounded like an echo in a cavern. She sounded delirious, squirming beneath his ebony body her legs shaking with every rampant thrust of his cock inside her. Margaret was a beautiful and well kept older woman. It was just now, well, that she looked like a sparrow that was covered by a hawk.

'Don't come yet bitch, don't come yet, I haven't finished with you' he snarled at her.

But it was no use. Margaret could not hold her orgasm. She bucked against his cock as if she was trying to suck the whole of Daniel inside her. She gyrated and writhed against his massive body, grunting huskily.

'You bastard, you bastard, you just take what you want...don't you' she groaned.

Daniel did the instinctive and he squirted his spunk inside her. Susan watched his buttocks jerking hard as he did so. With every squirt Margaret seemed pushed down into the bed. It was as if he was pushing her clean through a marshmallow. Hump, hump, hump and she groaning...groaning.... groaning.....groaning!

Susan felt sick. For a moment she thought she might vomit on the landing carpet. She checked again. No, it wasn't a dream. Daniel was fucking Margaret.

'I adore you' her mother moaned, feeling the rich delivery inside her body.

Daniel was moaning too. Margaret must have seemed tight. She must have seemed a nice fuck thought Susan bitterly. Susan wondered how long it had been since mummy fucked. Daddy had been dead a good long while. So Daniel was doing her a favour. Daniel was making her feel good. It was just such a fucking pity that he hadn't deigned to show his wife a little affection in weeks!

When Daniel saw her there, standing transfixed in the doorway, he was clearly shocked. He hadn't heard her ascend the stairs and there she now was before him, an apparition of marriage. She was the woman that he was meant to be bedding, not her mother. Her lip trembled. Daniel was about to explode with anger. Found out this way his likely response was attack.

'Get in here!' he shouted darkly.

Mummy started too now. Susan was there! Christ! Her face registered alarm. This wasn't scheduled. Susan was home early.

'Get in here...I won't tell you again' boomed Daniel.

Susan scurried to the bedside. It was as if she was catapulted there on knicker elastic. There was no volition or control she just scurried there. When she looked into Margaret's eyes she saw composure there. The woman had settled again. There was resolve there. It was as if mummy had been discovered filling a Christmas stocking. Get over it, there is no Father Christmas, this is just how it is. She imagined her saying, 'I needed the fuck, stop gawping.' As if to conform the calm within her selfish soul, Margaret stroked the strong arm of the man with his cock wedged in her sex.

Daniel kissed Margaret on the mouth. She watched mummy's mouth open in submission to him. Susan nearly retched.

'Kneel by the bed' Daniel ordered Susan.

Margaret watched her, lying still with her legs up over Daniel's shoulders. His cock was probably still huge inside her. Daniel's manhood seemed to take an age to settle back from erection.

Susan knelt. It was as if she was saying her prayers.

'Shall I leave you to sort her out?' Margaret whispered to him. She glanced fleetingly at Susan...her!

'No' said Daniel firmly. He didn't want this shuttled off into a quiet corner. Now, now he would make Susan accept the new way. Casually Daniel pulled out of Margaret, his cock still impressively erect. Margaret lay in the bed watching as he swiveled around seated and faced Susan.

'Clean it up' he told her as she knelt.

Margaret watched. She simply watched.

Susan looked up at him with pleading eyes. No, please don't make me. But Daniel was immovable on the matter. He held his cock steady and Susan started to lick. She licked the glistening liquid from off his bulbous glans and then the thick shaft of his manhood. Her tongue ran up and down. As she did that Daniel slipped his hand back between the legs of his conquest. Yes, she was good and lubricated. Margaret marveled at the arrogance of the man. She marveled at the suave assurance of a man who might have been Luther himself. Her eyes closed, her mouth opened softly in the memory of the magnificent.

'I will speak to Chloe, leave that to me, you will be my bitch as well' he told her.

'Yes, of course' said Margaret. She craved that dark authority. She craved the absolute arrogance of a buck alpha male. Right then she felt as if all women of passion should submit to cocks such as his.

Daniel watched Susan at toilet. The woman was licking down at his balls now. She was nearly done.

'I'll have her cook the rack of lamb for supper, OK?' Daniel asked Margaret.

'Thank you' she answered and leaned over to share a kiss. It lingered, until at last Susan had finished her work and dropped her head in submission.

Released from her boudoir duties afterwards Susan hurried downstairs. She ran in a daze, startled by what she had just witnessed. She nearly missed the last step and landed heavily on the floor below. Steadying herself she ran to the kitchen and mechanically began to cook the meal. Realizing what Daniel would expect, he always did with Chloe, she uncorked a bottle of burgundy and set it on the coffee table before the fire in the living room. By the time Daniel and his bitch (she almost spat the word) came down, the red wine would be nicely warmed and very drinkable.

She had cooked a rack of lamb many times before and she cooked the roast potatoes and buttered parsnips with equal confidence. Straining a little fat from the oven meat once it had started to cook, she made a rich gravy. Outside the snow had started to fall again. Margaret would spend the night there. Her mother would spend the night there in the marriage bed. The feeling of shock and then betrayal and then shock once again reverberated through Susan as she cooked. It had been one thing to concede defeat to Chloe but that was a step beyond. Now, now, she did not understand Daniel at all. It was as if his primal brain had taken over. It was as if a spirit possessed him.

'Thank you for the wine'.

Susan started. Her mother was stood behind her, dressed, rearranged, poised, cradling the glass of red wine in her hand.

'It's all right,' Susan said meekly, 'I always open the bottle for Daniel before his meal'.

'He said' Margaret confirmed, 'you're being very good. He has nothing to complain about.'

That sounded like a school report thought Susan. It sounded like a fucking school report! She clattered the saucepan on the hob.

'Daniel gets what he wants. That is how life is' said Margaret.

Susan seethed. She bit her lip, resisting momentarily the urge to snarl at her mother. Then, measuring her breaths she said,

'And you didn't come on to him mummy?'

Margaret nodded and tasted the wine. There was a pleasant hint of damsons on her palate.

'I did. I wanted him. I have always wanted him. I am a woman. I'm not just mummy Susan. I wasn't always faithful to your dad.'
Margaret let that sink in. It was as if repeating woman over and over explained things a little quicker. It sounded as though she thought womanhood absolved all sins.

Susan shot her an angry glance. Chloe had crowed over about some of that stuff. She had said that mummy was an arrogant bitch too. She had liked cock and that was the end of it. Now, now the bloody woman was confirming the matter.

'You resent it that Daniel fucked me' said Margaret.

'Well! He's not fucking me is he!' shouted Susan.

Margaret waited. There may have been more invective. It was probably best to let all that out before she reasoned with the silly girl.

When she had been little Susan was prone to tantrums. When Toby took Chloe off to the riding stables Susan could be prone to green eyed envy. Margaret had suggested needlework classes, a hobby or something, but Susan had always seemed so taut, so twisted about things.

‘Daniel gives you a different sort of sex... we don’t all live the same way’ Margaret said evenly. ‘Chloe and I fuck, and you give head. We don’t all fit in the same box Susan.’

Susan stared at her aghast. Her mother had morphed into a monster.

‘But Daniel doesn’t fuck me anymore, Chloe saw to that, and now you too!’ she protested.

‘You’re getting bitter and twisted again about your sister, you always did. You know why Daniel doesn’t fuck you anymore’ said Margaret, her face stiffening.

They both knew what she meant.

‘And I suppose you could give him a baby. I suppose a sixty year old could star at the maternity department!’ snapped Susan.

Margaret slapped her face. It was a crisp and light blow across her cheek.

‘That’s enough. You just don’t like it do you? You don’t like it that other women are more attractive than you! Well they are Susan, they just are! I wonder sometimes why we took you on.’

‘Took me on! What in Christ’s name do you mean by that?’ demanded Susan. Right then she felt like flinging the pan of bubbling gravy in her mother’s face.

Margaret stalled. It was as if she had hit some buffers and rebounded a few feet.

‘What do you mean, ‘took me on’? insisted Susan gesturing with her fingers the quote.

‘Forget it’ said Margaret scowling.

Susan raised the pan of gravy. She wondered how attractive her mother would be with a scalded face.

‘You were adopted’ Margaret said.

Susan froze.

‘You were adopted Susan’ her mother repeated. ‘You aren’t mine, you aren’t Toby’s. Our marriage was hollow. I felt from an early stage that we had made a mistake but Toby wanted children, so we adopted you both.’

Susan blinked at her. Her eyes were filling with tears and it was all that she could do to set the saucepan down without dropping it.

‘Adopted?’ she mouthed.

‘Yes’ said Margaret. ‘You are not blood related to me or to your sister. That is why you are so different. Chloe came with fine genes, it drove her education, it defined her intelligence and attitude. She is like me, that is why she was so much easier to love than you.’

‘Chloe is not my sister?’

‘No, you come from different stock. She came from a banking family in London and I believe that your parents were small holding farmers in Lincolnshire.’

‘You make us sound like dogs from the Kennel club’ said Susan.

'Breeding isn't limited to animals Susan, we are affected too, no matter what you may feel' observed Margaret. 'We raised you, gave you chances, but Chloe excelled. That is to do with nature, not nurture Susan.'

'I don't know what to say' said Susan, utterly deflated.

'Of course you don't. We can talk again, later. We can talk about our relationship and about Chloe. I just didn't want Toby's babies. I didn't especially want him. I did want a man called Luther and I am willing to share a man like Daniel. That is what women sometimes do.' Margaret delivered the little speech. Then she turned and walked away.

Chapter 15

The following morning, after Susan had served her mother and Daniel their breakfast in bed Margaret dismissed her summarily. It was done in the Edwardian manner, as one would with a servant whose livelihood depended upon your satisfaction. That was it really, Margaret thought, there were better times than today. There were times that were more frank and honest and yes, much more disciplined. Now, society had gone to pot. Every one clamoured with

their claims to rights and they wanted the best without the slightest regard for skills and intelligence, breeding or style. It was simply now an ugly and ill disciplined world.

Finishing the last croissant Margaret rolled over to Daniel and kissed him sumptuously on the lips.

‘You fuck like a master...last night was exquisite’ she enthused. The urge to peel back the duvet and suck his cock again was immense. If she did so surely he would push it back inside her.

‘Thank you’ he smiled and stroked her hair. She was still a stunning woman and now at last he saw her sensually. Before it had only been her intelligence and wit, but now it was grace and attitude and it was appetite too. Margaret enjoyed sex.

‘Are you ready to master them do you think, Susan and David? That’s what it will take to build the new household with Chloe.’ She kissed his flat tummy. She felt the hard muscle there, just beneath his immaculate ebony skin.

‘Yes’ he said simply. He didn’t frown, he didn’t hesitate, he didn’t caveat the answer.

She smiled. She hoped that he was. There would still be surprises and challenges too. The iron will of the master was not simply hard to accept for a beta male or female, it was hard to administer if one was brought up in the clamorous society.

‘It means linking sex to household authority. It means teaching a woman like Susan or a man like David to accept and express what they are. Susan is going to need to obey Chloe and accept her absolute authority. She will have to learn that submission is lifestyle, destiny. She will have to learn that you fuck women like Chloe and me now.... never her. ’

'I get that Margaret' he said and kissed her head. 'Chloe knows that she is better than Susan. She knows that she is the boss. She will take charge of her sister.'

Margaret smiled. Yes, Daniel appreciated some of the future, some of what it would take to be master in the household. But he had to be clear on the issue of intimacies.

'Chloe and I are dominant. We both expect to lie with you and have the others defer to us. That is our instinct. We believe we have a right to lead, to shape living within the home and beyond. But the iron authority must come from you too. You are the centre of sex, it is never to be between Chloe and I with Susan, understood.' She tested the forbidden and Daniel had to answer correctly.

Daniel slipped his hand down to her breasts. The nipples on them were proud and hard.

'Yes.' he said.

Margaret directed his hand down to her sex. She encouraged his fingers to play there.

'Good' she whispered and kissed him as he teased her. 'If you are going to be master of the household we must respect the law. So Chloe will dominate her sister, I will too, but the sex is with you. You will require her to give you head. She must submit through intimacies to you, not to us.'

Daniel nodded.

'It must be a house rule Daniel. Understood?'

Yes, he grasped her meaning. He understood what she was saying.

'Susan is instinctively submissive to her sister. She feels, knows, deep inside that Chloe deserves the best. The best my lovely man is

what you have hiding beneath the duvet!' Margaret teased his cock.

He kissed her and nodded.

Now he wanted her again. He wanted her for her teasing touch and her female wiles. He touched her sex and felt the residue of passion from the night just gone. He felt her move against his fingers.

'You want moore?!' she teased rerunning in her head a scene from Oliver Twist and the wooden bowl held up for gruel.

'Yes' he smiled and kissed her neck. She exposed her throat and he kissed it as he slid over the top of her and returned to what he enjoyed so much.

After they had made love Margaret dressed in cord jeans and her riding boots. Before this latest snow she had thought that she and Daniel might hack out together. Now though, the landscape was a picture in white. The snow was so deep, and possibly over ice, that horse riding was impossible. Still, this was Margaret's change of clothes and so she went down in those.

Susan was sewing in the library. She was listening to Brahms and piercing the cloth repeatedly, dragging the needle through and through extending the thread each time.

'I'll get you a coffee' she said seeing Margaret enter the room.

Margaret smiled. 'No, I'll get the coffee this time. A cappuccino I think without any extra sugar or chocolate on the top?'

The kindness startled Susan and she nodded.

'Yes, thank you.' She said.

They sat with their coffee and the quiet music for almost five minutes before either spoke. The atmosphere was pensive, as if the storm

had passed and now they peered out into the morning. That the storm had raged inside the house too Margaret was well aware.

'I shocked you last night. First, going with Daniel and then telling you what I did about your adoption' Margaret said. She spoke gently. All too easily now this could explode, Susan erupting into a tirade of felt injustices.

'Yes' said Susan. The memory of what she had seen stung her.

'You thought that Daniel loved you. Then I said that Toby and I had never adequately loved each other. I am sorry, that must have made you wonder about everything.' Margaret sipped the coffee. The library was warm and the world outside was cold. Somehow she had to explain.

'He is *my* husband...at least I thought that he was' Susan whispered.

'Yes, he is your husband' Margaret said. She paused. It was difficult. 'Sex, creates havoc doesn't it? Our fears about our fertility, our worth, they are so large and painful. Sex seems like something too big to fit in the box.'

'Will you fuck Daniel again?' Susan asked. She had stopped sewing and neglected her coffee too.

Margaret paused. On the radio there was polite applause as the concerto ended. Susan turned the radio off.

'Yes' Margaret said.

Susan shared a look of resignation. It was the answer she had expected.

'Don't you think that he should show some control...?' Susan tasted her coffee.

'No. He wanted me, and he took me. That is how instinct is.' This was delicate. Margaret knew that it was. It was so difficult for Susan.

'A man like Daniel should fuck who he wants?' Susan asked.

'Yes, amongst his peers. That is what gets squished down in the box. That is what gets suppressed. If it is not expressed, allowed, then frustration and anger builds up. There is then clandestine affairs, and subterfuge and matters become complicated further.'

'So you were going to tell me eventually, that Daniel was fucking you as well as my sister?' Susan's face was red.

'Yes' said Margaret, 'I apologize that you learned about it in that traumatic way. But Daniel was always going to fuck me. I always wanted Daniel to fuck me.'

'Wow!' said Susan, 'that's some statement isn't it. You're one of his equals but I'm not.'

'Yes' said Margaret.

Susan set aside her sewing.

'Would you care to explain?' she asked.

'Would you like me to, honestly, sincerely and openly?' Margaret asked her.

'Yes, yes, I would!' said Susan.

Margaret set down her empty coffee cup. She drew a hankie from her Gucci shoulder bag and dabbed the froth from her rouged lips.

'No one teaches us about sex,' she said, 'no one teaches us about it in our heads. We learn about contraception, conception, babies and

the like, but we don't learn about sex in our heads. We have to discover that.'

'Yes' said Susan.

'We don't learn about it because sex is like an elephant in the room. It is so large and so powerful that it could overwhelm us. It could leave us solely in the power of instinct. So we hope that it might go away. We try to contain it in a marriage, rather than combine it honestly in relationships.' Was this clear Margaret wondered? She hoped so. She hoped that the long and painful conversations with Toby, about sex, had taught her something.

Susan waited for her to continue. Margaret hoped that her daughter would have signaled something.

'But sex doesn't go away. It gets woven into social situations, through sex appeal. It keeps nagging at us and saying, look, I'm still here! Growing up confronts us with that. We find that we have sexual tastes and preferences. We discover how much of an appetite we have. We learn about our status in life, not simply as regards education or earnings, but related to how appealing we are to others. If we are honest, we register all that and it steers us as regards how we live. We accept sex measures us, exalts some, denigrates others and try to express ourselves through it.'

'I won't say nymphomaniac mummy' Susan said. She nearly smiled.

Margaret laughed.

'Do you have a thing about black men?' Susan asked.

'Yes' said Margaret, 'its about their attitude, the way they are with women. It's not about their skin, their ethnicity and such like, its about how they relate to a woman, period.'

'Yes' said Susan. 'Chloe said that the man you had an affair with was a black guy?'

'Yes, Luther' said Margaret.

'You felt that you should have been with him rather than daddy?'

'Yes' said Margaret. 'I let your daddy down. I should have either left him or made a better job of making him accept that he was a cuckold.'

Susan frowned. She obviously wondered about that. In what way had she failed Toby?

'I wasn't consistent Susan. Sometimes I was hot and sometimes I was cold. Sometimes I wanted Toby close to us and sometimes I didn't. I wasn't disciplined in the way that I should have been. I didn't manage your father in a consistent way.'

Susan was still frowning. 'Shouldn't you simply have left him, when you met Luther?'

Margaret smiled. Yes, the familiar argument. It had dogged her for years.

'Some people have serial relationships, they trade in one for another. Luther replaces Toby and may be that achieves a blissful monogamy and may be it doesn't. But my elephant in the room was always there. I wanted sex to be spicy. I wanted it to involve Luther and Toby in different ways. I wanted to humiliate my husband with Luther. It just took me too long to work out how that mix should have been.'

'Yes, the divorce rates, the angst of the ex...I know,' said Susan.

'Monogamy isn't necessarily realistic, not for everyone. Daniel needs to fuck Chloe and he needed to fuck me. We are a certain sort of woman, someone he needs to be with in a sexual way.' Margaret

watched Susan then. That would hurt. She knew that it would. But understanding could help. It had to help.

'Arrogant women' said Susan.

'Yes, arrogant women. Headstrong women, beautiful, opinionated women' Margaret conceded. She resisted the urge to laugh. You couldn't dismiss yourself that way. It was never a whim, never a joke, that was who you were.

'I hoped that he wouldn't want anyone else' said Susan.

'I know that you did' her mother replied.

'I hoped that he wouldn't want Chloe...yet deep down I knew that he would. Masculine men want Chloe.'

'Yes' Margaret confirmed, 'she has sex appeal. She has the advantage. She is suited to Daniel, for fucking.'

Susan managed to smile.

'That's a very brutal assessment' she said.

'You don't have sex appeal. You're aren't in your sister's league. I don't mean that cruelly, I mean that honestly. Sex is in the room, the elephant can crush you simply by turning about. It doesn't hate you in a targeted way, you can still have merit in other regards, but you mustn't get in the way.'

Susan pursed her lips. 'Thanks for telling me that I'm not completely useless' she said.

'You've never been useless' said Margaret, 'you've just never been sexy. Your part in the marriage if you choose to stay, is humbler. You won't loose Daniel, but you will never contain him for yourself.'

Susan pondered the argument.

'You think I should encourage him to fuck Chloe and you. You think I should do that because he deserves better than me in bed' said Susan.

'Do you want an answer?' Margaret enquired.

Susan nodded.

'Then yes, we're good for him, for his cock, you're not good enough. If you treat Chloe as your mistress and Daniel as her beau, the alpha of the house, then he will find time and ways to include you' said Margaret. She watched her daughter wince, but there it was, it had to be said. 'You have to learn humility towards Chloe and I. We will fuck with Daniel, you will be a handmaiden.'

'That sounds rewarding' said Susan, the sarcasm obvious.

'It might be' said Margaret, 'you are a submissive, David is a submissive, you need to be treated as second best. You need to be ordered around. That is your nature.'

'What are you saying?' she demanded in return.

'I am saying that Daniel chose you as a submissive sort of woman, someone who could fan his ego. When at last he realized that he needed to fuck women with more breeding and style, it became important that you accepted your fait accompli. If you behave yourself, if you work with Daniel as he bends you and David to his will, then you can discover things about yourself. I am not being nasty I am being brutally frank. You're not good enough to fuck, but you are probably good enough to serve. You may excel at serving, although you don't know it yet.'

'I'm not doing anything sexual for you or Chloe!' Susan snapped.

'Of course not,' said Margaret, 'you just obey us. Daniel directs the sex, you serve him. David will serve both Daniel and Chloe, in the intimate ways.'

The clarification seemed a massive relief to Susan. She had clearly been brewing all sorts of anxieties.

'Do you want to ask about the adoption Susan?' Margaret asked her. It was her experience that you could only extend a conversation about humiliation for so long. Then the brain wiring seized up. It became beyond computation. She would learn just how powerful a mistress her sister would become when the inheritance money was transferred. Susan had to learn her place in the larger order of things. Life wasn't nice, it was rarely equal.

'You said that my parents were small holders' said Susan remembering the conversation.

'Yes, they ran a small arable farm' said Margaret.

'And....?' Said Susan.

'Your mother had an affair and insisted that she keep the baby that resulted from that affair. You were your marriage father's daughter, the older of the two there as well. They didn't want comparisons being made between siblings so your mother put you up for adoption.' That was hard, Margaret knew it was, but it was the truth.

'She kicked you out?'

'Yes' said Margaret.

'Are all women quite as brutal as she was, as you and Chloe are?' Susan asked without anger. She simply stared at her mother.

Margaret walked to the window and looked out at the snow covered garden. The world was so pretty now. It seemed serene after their

honest chat.

'No' Margaret responded to her daughter, 'there are weaker women, nice and meek women... do you understand?'

'Yes' said Susan, 'I think that I do.'

Chapter 16

David stood and looked at himself in the full length mirror of his mistress's boudoir. It was the room that was once their master bedroom. Now though Chloe insisted that it was always called boudoir. He was wearing the stockings suspender belt and the pink cage and panties that were the normal attire beneath his slacks and shirt at home. He checked the image before him and felt uncomfortable. He didn't think of himself as a sissy but this was what Chloe was making him. It was she insisted something that made him look uber different to Daniel and it was something that her mother suggested would quickly establish a degree of humility in his manner.

Now he stood waiting for his mistress and was ready to lick her sex to order. It was something that he needed and craved. The longer the pink cage cramped his manhood, the more he needed to serve his mistress. Now, there were times, if they were alone, if Daniel was not in the house when he would literally beg her to open her legs so that he could worship her sex. Nothing came easily and nothing was for free. The oral sex was occasional, randomly allocated so that he waited on her every word, attended to her every gesture. If there was a chance then he needed to seize it.

His mistress came into the room. She was wearing a leather pencil skirt, which usually filled him with despair. Pencil skirts were hard to stretch your legs within. Chloe was less inclined to allow him to lick at her sex when she was wearing one. This one though, in burgundy,

had a full length exposed zip up the front. It was designed to provoke cocks. The zip of the skirt had a prominent pull attached to it with a matching burgundy tassel. David imagined that it was the sort of thing that you could be trained to pull down with your teeth. It was a taunting, ball aching skirt.

When mistress came in though she seemed distracted. No, she seemed irritated. Something had happened. First David learnt, there had been a telephone call from Daniel that afternoon. They had shared their first row. David didn't hear the raised voices, but he could imagine them. Then it had taken hours for Chloe to seem to settle after the conversation. Her mother had come around and there had been another, this time witnessed altercation. The women were at odds with one another and David winced.. Eventually the two women had settled into a stony silence. It was only then, after another half hour that they hugged and made up with each other. They assured each other that the conflict had been infantile. They had argued over something that needn't be contested. Daniel, did as he pleased. This was a large part of the new life they agreed. Just what that was David could not ascertain. He had been cleaning vegetables for dinner and wondering whether he could indeed orchestrate the different foods so that they were all ready at the correct time.

Now, with Jonathan out at a sleep over at a friend's house, mistress could attend to David directly and she seemed in a more than usually demanding mood.

'You will lick pussy for mummy' she began.

He blinked at her. That seemed a preposterous thing to require. Margaret was sixty wasn't she? She didn't do sex or at least he imagined that she didn't.

'You will come to mummy, as a mistress, whenever she directs you to. You will lick her sex for her at whim and before and after sex if

she requires' said Chloe. Her voice sounded hoarse because she had been shouting.

Before or after sex if she requires...David tried to make sense of the demand. It didn't make sense, not to him. He stared at her.

'Mummy fucks with Daniel. She is an alpha too. You will honour her as another of Daniel's bitches' his mistress said.

David' mouth fell open. That was a devastating idea. It wasn't that she was fucking it was that Margaret was fucking with Daniel, Chloe's man. He tried to understand it. Chloe was jealous. *That was* what the argument had been about. Daniel must have told her that he would fuck Margaret if he wished. That would be part of the new arrangement. That was why Margaret had come around to the house to make some sort of amends. He tried to imagine the conversation. Surely Chloe would push back? Surely she would insist that her mother not come on to her man? Apparently though, she had not! Her mother must have had some sort of hold over her.

'Did you hear me David?' his mistress asked. He realized that he had stared at her, dressed in his sissy clothes. 'You will defer to mummy as if she were me. You will attend to her every whim'.

David nodded. It was an astonishing edict.

'Do you need to feed Daniel...have you been thinking about my sex?' she asked. She knew that he had. It was written in capitals across his face. She watched him blush. Shame was going to be a very big part of his life for the years ahead.

'Yes Miss' he confessed.

She nodded.

He watched her as she unzipped her skirt and put a foot up on the bed. When she did that he could smell her sex. He could smell it as

keenly as if she had sprainted the duvet.

'We have agreed something else,' Chloe said, 'there is to be a hierarchy in our home. Susan will be my maid and you will be master's servant. But you will defer to Susan as well. You will treat her as the senior servant. She will use your face as well.'

David gasped. It was another astonishing revelation. But Susan was such a wall flower. She lived like a librarian, hardly speaking or socializing. 'Do *you* want that miss?' he asked her.

'Yes' said Chloe in a desultory manner.

'I don't think that you do' David insisted.

Her eyes narrowed. It was as if she was the carnivore and he was the prey. A lioness could not have shot him a more foreboding look.

'*What* did you say!' she snarled at him.

He winced. He winced in an instant. If he still had a plan to undermine the life ahead it wasn't apparent to him now. There was only accommodation, submission and humility.

'I was just thinking...' he began.

She slapped him. She slapped him hard and he yelped.

'You don't question anything that we do!' she exclaimed. 'You don't judge us. If you're told to treat Susan as your better, then that is what you do. She is my maid, you are just a cuck and soon you will be sucking cock. Do you understand?'

'Yes Miss!' he gasped.

She pointed to the floor and he knelt before her. He knelt with his face inches from her altar crotch.

'Inhale deeply' she ordered. He knew why. He knew how the addiction worked. He would suck down her scent until his brain turned to mush and he could deny her nothing.

'Closer to my sex and breathe in again' she directed.

He did as directed and sucked down his fate with flaring nostrils. It wasn't just one breath that he took. He inhaled a whole series of them until his head started to swim with the scent of her.

'Lick my stud' she said firmly, 'and talk to me as if I was Susan'.

David licked her gold stud. He licked it until it rolled and wiggled against her swelling clitty. This was it now, the discipline. The discipline was all. It consumed his mistress as much as it dominated him. Their life would be filled with discipline.

'What am I to call Susan Miss?' he asked.

She paused and pulled his mouth against her sex now. She wanted to feel the pressure of his nose against her clitty.

'You will address her as Miss Susan. Never Susan...always Miss Susan' she said, rubbing her quim rhythmically against his face.

'Miss Susan' rehearsed David.

'Yes' said Chloe huskily, 'now....begin'.

He barely knew how to start. It was such a strange thing. He licked appreciatively at his mistress's sex and wondered if Miss Susan's quim was as perfectly formed. He rather doubted it. It might look pinched and dry he speculated. Still, he had to do as he was told.

'Please Miss Susan....open your legs...I beg you' he tried.

The rehearsal sounded funny to Chloe and she laughed. She laughed at his ineptitude.

'You'll lick her when I say, or Mistress Margaret says' she told him, 'having her sex licked by *you* is a consolation because Daniel doesn't want to bed her any more.'

That seemed terrible to David. He shivered at the thought of it. It wasn't just his own plummeting fall to the bottom of the hierarchy, it was that licking sex for Susan would he now would be some sort of token in the alpha's world. He guessed that his mistress would encourage Susan to her bitchy too. If she was next to nothing, then at least, she were not as low as he was, David was nothing.

'I'm grateful Miss Susan. I want to please you. I want to worship your sex.'

'That's better' said Chloe, 'that's really nice David. Miss Susan will need to hear that life holds treasures for her too. She won't be the lowest of the low, will she?'

'No miss....I will' said David.

'You will....yes' said Chloe and she moaned. She loved having her stud lathered. She loved the electricity that it sent up through her body.

'We're going to live in a big house David, and you will live below stairs. You will have servant's quarters. Susan will live down there too, but there will be no cocking her because your wink will remain locked up.' Goodness, that was a hot thought. She caught hold of her husband's head and ground her sex around and around against his mouth.

'Yes miss' answered David, although he didn't understand that this was more than an aspiration, more than a sometime promise.

'Mummy and I will live with master and you two will serve us all'
Chloe continued.

'Thank you miss' said David. It was difficult to talk. His mistress was using him like a wet wipe against her sex. He swallowed as fast as he could drinking down her salty juices with his spittle. It was something that he noted. When mistress brought him to pussy he salivated. His mouth watered in anticipation.

Ruling his mouth that way seemed to reassure Chloe. Her voice sounded less sharp, less strained and she sat on the bed legs wide so that he could continue to breathe in her lush scent.

'Have you been thinking about Daniel's cock like I told you to?' she enquired cradling his face in her hands.

He had been. But it was with a mixture of fear and revulsion. It had seemed such an ugly thing, a brutish thing. That it squirted inside his mistress and now Margaret too only made it seem more powerful.

'Yes Miss, I have' he admitted.

'You know how happy it makes me. You know how content I am because Daniel fucks me...don't you?' she whispered.

He nodded. He thought it made her crazy too. She would be so jealous that it was giving Margaret orgasms too. It wasn't a thought that he could possibly confide to her.

'The more you worship master's cock, the happier I am....do you see?' Chloe asked sweetly.

'Yes Miss' he said. The spittle was gone and his mouth was now dry.

'Have you been thinking about sucking it....sucking it for me, like a very good boy?' she wondered.

He was allowed to nuzzle his face against her sex momentarily. He wanted to glue himself there but his head was pulled back. He had to answer her question. David could feel himself sweating profusely.

'I want you to suck his cock' David said trembling, 'it's handsome and powerful'.

'That's good isn't it' Chloe cooed, 'of course you do! He's so masculine isn't he? Daniel is what you should have turned into but didn't'.

He nodded. That at least was true and it made him weep inside. He should have been a man. He should have done manly things.

'It's very sweet that you asked Daniel to fuck me. That's such a kind and a humble start. But I think he needs to know that you worship him too. Once you're sucking cock for him nicely, I think he will relax so much more. You will have started your relationship with him' Chloe continued.

'I want that' said David, 'I want him to trust me'.

'He will, using your mouth will be a trust bond, do you see?' Chloe peered into his eyes. He so desperately needed to have his face put back where it was before. 'You will learn to suck and to swallow... then you will learn to put your bottom up for him and then you will be is pussy boy.'

The idea made him shudder inside. It was a terrible thought.

'Once he is fucking you...there will be no more pretending, no more I am really a man thoughts. You will be our faggot. You can start a new life...one less perplexing than now. You've doubted yourself so much haven't you? That's why you needed me to control you all these years.'

He said yes. He couldn't deny the confusion. He wanted to be more with her; he had wanted to be masculine for her.

'You're still lovable David, you're just not a man. You are something else and this is a journey of discovery...isn't it?' Chloe coached.

'Yes Miss' he answered dutifully.

'You know David, I would love to watch you suck cock for Daniel. It would be rather sexy wouldn't it? It would be intimate in our private sort of way?' Chloe smiled. He had to learn. He had to. Mummy had said that he would rebel, but the more he was taught to think and feel this way, the easier the capitulation would be. Mummy had intervened selfishly. She had fucked Daniel. She had the money, but what was beyond dispute was that she knew about ruling a man like David.

'I know that you would Miss' he said softly. He wanted to add, because you are cruel, but he didn't need his face slapping again.

'Once you are Daniel's fag we will enjoy our fucking so much more. Do you see?' Chloe asked.

'Yes' David conceded.

'You must be frightened by his cock though sweetie....that's understandable. It might hurt your soft white mouth I suppose? Botty could become sore too?'

He nodded and flushed bright red. It was the worry. It was the massive worry.

'Mummy suggested that I train you first David darling. You know, with a strap on cock...something black and proud' Chloe suggested.

Dear God he thought. Please!!! Then his mind pirouetted again. It was as if it wouldn't think the required way. It was as if it always

turned to some place else, a primal instinctual place.

'Yes....please....Miss' he ventured.

'We can have training times David, you know, sucking on my cock. Then we will lube it up and you can learn to bare botty to me?'

He shook and she felt it against her hand. There was resistance there. There was anxiety and resistance.

'Then,' she said, as if she was teaching a dullard how effort and reward worked in the world, 'when you've been a very very good boy that way, we can feed you can't we! You can come to pussy again.'

He blinked at her in awe. She was going to get her own way. She would always have her own way.

'Thank you Miss' he said.

She smiled and kissed him on the forehead.

'Now' she said brightly, 'it's time for my bottom toilet isn't it! Would you like that?'

He nodded yes. He didn't like that so much but it did reinforce her absolute authority over him. He watched her drop the skirt onto the floor and then direct him up onto the bed. It was going to be the tough route this time. She would sit on his face and he would have to beg for breaths. Licking eagerly, lavishly, was the ticket to a breath or two. It showed willing. Yes, that was what it did.

Chapter 17

Three days later David went with his mistress to visit Daniel and Susan. He got gingerly into her BMW Z4 and he stared about as the snow covered countryside shot by. Why she drove quite this fast on roads that were barely gritted he did not know.

'Margaret is going to be there, so make sure that you defer to her from the outset David. I don't want there to be any embarrassing little scenes.'

He nodded. Today, Chloe dressed like she drove. She wore the tightest pair of black leather jeans that he had ever seen. He wondered whether a woman had to be wedged into a garment like that? The jeans showed her every contour. Her black silk blouse was considerably looser but as the top buttons were undone he could easily see her breasts resting in the cups of her balcony bra.

'We will all be spending Christmas together,' she said, 'your ex wife is having Jonathan for the holidays isn't she?'

Janice was. Up until now David had a lot of custody with the boy. But now, Janice was taking more of an interest again. She was in a new relationship and perhaps wished to accent her maternal credentials.

'I think' said Chloe at last, 'that you had better have a word with Janice OK. It's probably best, given your changing circumstances

that Jonathan live with her. You can still see him, but it will be when it is convenient to Daniel and I'.

David felt wretched. What else was he supposed to feel? Jonathan had been a source of pride. He was the child that he was raising to be inquisitive, enthusiastic and social.

'Janice might not want that?' he ventured.

Chloe shot him a stern look. He was being awkward again. Sometimes David had a stubborn moment or two.

'She will' Chloe assured him. She had been discretely checking out how Janice was living. There was a new man and he was by local account keen on kids. 'In any case, I don't want Jonathan competing with any babies that Daniel and I have' she continued crisply.

'He wouldn't!' insisted David, 'the lad is a sensitive and thoughtful kind of guy'.

'You will focus on my children' she said acidly, there was to be no debate about it.

He thought about that. Chloe had never wanted kids with him. She had never even seemed maternal. Now the world changed again. Chloe would have babies if that were what Daniel wanted. She would have *his* babies. As David thought about the matter he guessed just how integral this was to their plan. Having Daniel's babies put Chloe in ascendancy over her sister. Having Susan and he then play lead roles in nurturing the little ones ensured that the chores of parenting for Chloe were very few.

'I want to look after your babies. Susan will want to as well' David said. The remark was meant to appease her.

'Nevertheless,' said Chloe, 'will you talk to Janice, meet her new man and negotiate new terms as regards Jonathan. He needs a

different household, one that doesn't have a fag for a father.'

The judgement was clearly final. Chloe refused to talk about that matter any more. They proceeded onwards. Once they left the dual carriageway the country lanes were much more difficult to navigate. Snow had drifted up against the hedges in several places and the trees constantly deposited hefty lumps of snow onto the road and sometimes on the car itself. They met two roe deer, out from the woodlands, foraging for whatever they could find. Chloe checked her watch. It seemed a nuisance that the deer slowed their progress. She waited irritably for the deer to step back in amongst the trees again.

'Can I get you a Christmas present?' David asked her as they moved on. There had to be some way back into the woman's heart. Exchanging gifts was something that reaffirmed relationships.

'No' she said.

He nodded.

'Something small' he suggested, 'nothing to compete with Daniel on.'

'No!' she said. She was laughing now, laughing ironically. He had amused her in some way. His request had made her smile.

'You don't get it yet do you?' she asked after regaining her composure, 'you're our servant. I am your mistress. Servant's don't get presents for their master and mistress. You simply do as you are told.'

It was another cut. He felt it acutely, but then again and so shamefully, he felt the sexual thrill of it. He felt the arousal when she was consistently dismissive of him. His mistress was becoming a bitch and a very impressive one too.

'If you suck cock for Daniel on Christmas day, that will suffice' she said a few moments later.

He smiled. It was a gift request. It was crazy but a gift request nonetheless. She saw him smiling and started smiling too.

'You want to suck his cock...you know that you do. It's just that you haven't been sissified enough yet to accept it. Once you suck cock for him all the angst wrestling inside that head of yours will disappear. I promise you' she said.

The lane narrowed and for a while the BMW struggled to gain purchase. David got out several times and gave the roadster a push and the car lurched on. He was then breathless when he got inside beside her again.

'How does it feel being confronted by me with what you truly are?' she asked as the road leveled out again.

'Difficult' he admitted. 'It is difficult, because what I am learning is that I am some kind of pervert. I hate it that I need you to be a bitch to me. I hate it that my body thrills when you do. I shouldn't be this way but I find that I am. I find that much as I struggle with it, I want you to be my mistress'.

'That's good' she said and squeezed his leg. It was the sort of gesture that a leary old bloke might try on with a hitchhiking girl who had just accepted a lift.

'How do you feel, being a bitch?' he asked her. It was a reasonable gambit because she couldn't slap him and drive the car.

She mused a moment. 'I am surprised by the extent that I enjoy it. I am surprised that cruelty and humiliation and sex mix so well in my head. I've always thought myself better than you, but humiliating you, that is far sweeter.'

'Because of Daniel?' he asked.

'Yes' she said. They were in a speakeasy and for now she seemed content with it.

'Do you think it's inherent inside you, something that you got from your mother?' David asked.

'The instinct is, that is certainly, but I was raised to think of myself as better than other people. Mummy always told me that I was better than Susan' Chloe said.

'You were corrupted' he ventured, feeling a little nervous with that particular suggestion.

She smiled at him. No, he couldn't rile her that way, not today.

'Corrupt suggests that how mummy lived, how we are going to live is somehow abnormal' she observed. 'There are a million different ways in which people live. Some live monogamously, some pretend and cheat with other people, there are places where men have more than one wife and places where women control sex and families. To suggest that mummy corrupted me only makes sense if your take on living is parochial. It's a bit parochial isn't it?'

They would soon be at Daniel's house. The scenery, even in the snow looked more familiar.

'Possibly' he said.

'Do you want to run away or do you want to stay and serve us?' she asked. 'You can always leave if this is perverted. I'm not going to pretend that we live a vanilla way. If you stay, I will treat you like dirt'.

'Yes Miss' he acknowledged.

'Remember what I said, you defer to mummy. If she requires you to toilet her, that is what you do, without question. She's another of my fellow perverts' said Chloe and winked at him.

'I love you' he said quickly.

'I know you do,' she said, 'and because of that you're weak.'

Susan answered the door when they rang and David watched her curtsy to her sister. It was a really bizarre sight.

'You're expected Miss,' said Susan, 'Master and Mistress Margaret are in the lounge.'

They followed her to the lounge. David felt as if he was on some kind of movie set, one in Victorian or Edwardian times. He had glanced at Susan as she showed them through, hoping to catch a recognition that this was all the daftest play acting. However much he wanted to submit to his wife the bigger thing, the Daniel and Margaret thing was plainly bonkers wasn't it?

'Darling!' cooed Margaret as Chloe walked in. She rose from her chair clutching a glass of wine and came to greet her daughter. The woman was wearing an impossibly short leather skirt for someone her age. David watched as the two women kissed and hugged and then he bowed and kissed the cocktail ring of Margaret when she proffered her hand.

'Are you behaving yourself?' she asked him in a clipped voice.

David looked at his mistress. Slowly now, he was becoming accustomed to looking at her for permission to speak. This world, their world majored on etiquette, it majored on order and rank.

'David has started sucking my strap on haven't you David?' his mistress said.

Margaret nodded and gave him a knowing look. He had nodded meekly, his face draining at the thought of the thing. It stuck out rudely from thick leather strapping that held it to mistress's crotch. It was at least as big as Daniel's cock and he had begged first time when he saw it that they start with something smaller. Mistress though had reminded him how elastic the bottom could be. With lube he would learn to take it.

'It's black I hope' said Margaret.

Chloe nodded.

'Yes mistress' said David.

'And do you gag?' she wanted to know.

Again he checked mistress's face.

'Yes mistress' he confessed.

'I'm teaching him to time his breaths, to breathe through his nose and to try and relax his throat when it is wedged inside' said Chloe.

Margaret nodded. There had been no such dildo training for Toby. He had gone straight to cock and it was, well, it was obviously traumatic for him. There had been times when Toby had spluttered and begged and once when he had run from Luther and hid in an outhouse. Of course Luther had found him, beaten him soundly and then brought him inside to continue sucking cock before his mistress. Chloe could do better than that. Indeed she was already doing better by using the strap on to acquaint David with his purpose in life.

'Are you fucking him yet?' Margaret wondered. She said it so casually and David immediately knew what sort of 'fucking' the woman meant.

'I've started' said Chloe 'but he begs and screams rather a lot. I think once I'm in him properly he will manage better'.

'Lube?' asked Margaret.

'Yes'

'Do strap him over a chair, that works well. It's is the right angle' said Margaret. She thought about how Luther took Toby. He would be draped over the back of an easy chair. The only problem was that eventually Toby started ejaculating on the chair material. For that reason Luther sometimes took him outside and fucked him alfresco down in the orchard.

'We will have to tie you up won't we David' Chloe said. She smiled in what she thought might look like a sympathetic way.

David blushed.

'You can go into the kitchen and assist Susan with lunch preparations' said Margaret, 'be sure that you do what she says.' She waved David away as if he was an irritating fly.

On the way to the kitchen he met Daniel.

'Good morning sir' David chirped quickly. It was a spontaneous greeting. David didn't have to think about it. Seeing Daniel as master was becoming second nature.

'Good morning David' said Daniel. It felt easy now to be familiar with the man. He was fast becoming the servant. The trick was to use genteel conversation but to back that up with a rock hard will. 'From today, you will take your chore orders from Susan. She will be the chief housekeeper when we move to the new house' Daniel said.

There was the mention of a new house again. It intrigued David. Getting information in snippets it was hard to secure a clear picture

of their future.

'Yes sir, 'he said, 'my mistress briefed me'.

'Good' said Daniel, 'off you go then.'

He found her in the kitchen where she was slicing potatoes thinly to lay in pattern on top of a pie. He looked at her, closing the door quickly.

'Are you OK?' he asked.

She looked at him and pointed him towards some broad beans that had to be shelled. He nodded took off his jacket and set to with the beans.

'How has it been Sue?' he asked her after a moment or two.

She looked at him. It was a tired look but there was a clear irritation there as well.

'You are to address me as Miss Susan' she told him firmly.

David giggled. OK, yes, in company, before them. But not when they were alone. Not when there was a moment to compare notes.

'Some of this is a bit crazy. I get the sexiness of some of it' he said, 'it even makes me feel sexy as well, but its possible to carry it too far.'

She studied him a second and then she cleaned her hands on a cloth and without a word more stepped back into the lounge and asked for a quiet word with Mistress Margaret. A few moments passed and then the older woman was there. She didn't shout, she didn't snap or snarl at him, with Susan in tow she strode up to David and with a sharp upward movement of her leg she kneed him in the groin. It was abrupt, swift and extremely unpleasant. His pink cock

cage was no defence at all. He yelped with the pain. It was as if his testicles had been rammed into a mesh bird feeder and smashed against the wall. He dropped to his knees clutching his groin and anticipated the follow up slaps to his face coming thick and fast.

'Say after me' ordered Margaret, 'I am sorry Miss Susan, I won't be familiar again'.

David stared at her wide eyed. He stared at his sister in law. She had just dropped him in it!

He repeated the required words, stumbling with some because he was winded.

'Now say them again looking at Miss Susan' insisted his judge.

He did as ordered and Susan watched him impassively. It seemed then David thought that in a situation like this you might cut your losses. Susan had gone over to the other side.

'Lie on the floor' Margaret ordered him.

Susan watched as he got down onto the kitchen floor.

'Just as you are disciplined by master so you must discipline this one' Margaret said to Susan. She drew her apprentice to her side, and then hitched up her skirt. She was only wearing a thong for goodness sake thought David. The older woman pulled the thong to one side and looking down she urinated in David's face.

'Bloody hell!' he stammered as the urine splashed all over him. Still the golden liquid came. He was about to jump up and make an issue of it, but Susan's foot came down on the fingers of his right hand. She pinched down hard on them and he winced. He was going nowhere whilst Margaret humiliated him.

'Do you see?' Margaret asked her.

'Yes Miss' said Susan.

Margaret stepped to one side, slipped down the hem of her skirt and washed her hands.

'Go and look in the airing cupboard for a clean shirt,' she told him, you look an utter mess. David scurried away. He almost ran up the stairs two at a time, silently cursing the bloody woman. Finding the shirt was easy, Susan had left four there airing. David washed his face, spat into the sink and he donned the shirt. He came back down.

Susan had resumed her kitchen duties. She was alone.

'I'm sorry Miss Susan' he said. He wanted to plant his face into her face. She had dropped him in it and now his private parts throbbed.

'I'm sorry too,' said Susan, 'I thought mistress Chloe had instructed you.'

'She had!' said David bitterly.

Susan gave him a 'well?' look.

'You're doing everything that they tell you?' he asked her, avoiding her new title altogether.

'Yes' she said 'and you will too.'

'What hold do they have over you Miss Susan?' he asked just about remembering to address her correctly.

'Mistress Chloe has always had a hold over me,' Susan said calmly, 'she has told me when she has her babies, then I can raise them.'

'Shit' said David.

'Don't look so shocked David, you do as mistress tells you as well' said Susan.

'Yes' he said lamely, 'but this is somehow wired in my head and I can't fight it'.

'Well I can't fight it either!' said Susan angrily.

'No, I suppose not' said David. There was nothing to fight back with. It sounded as though Margaret had shared a quiet word. From the last sore encounter, he guessed that she could be pretty persuasive.

Chapter 18

Under Susan's direction David served lunch to the alphas. It seemed a very convivial gathering of the three of them, Daniel and his two women. They seated themselves around a large circular dining table and David was required to open each of their napkins and lay them on their laps before he brought the first course in. Chloe had heard about his insolence, the little fracas within the kitchen and she whispered in his ear when he served her the Cullen skink soup.

'After luncheon David, you and Susan will join us for a little celebration. You will remove your shirt, trousers, and shoes so that everyone can see your stockings and suspender belt. Do you understand?'

He blushed. That was mortifying.

'I want you to put some lippy on so that Daniel can see how you are progressing with your training. If you didn't bring yours you will ask Miss Susan if you can use hers'.

David shook. For crying out loud no! Yes he could manage the humiliation privately from his mistress, but this sort of public shaming made him want to scream.

He returned sullen to the kitchen.

'You look as though you were given a bollocking,' said Susan,, 'did you spill my soup?'

'No Miss Susan' he hissed. This was impossible. Right there and then he wanted to jack all this craziness in and walk away.

'You'd better tell me what happened' Susan said.

'No Miss!' he hissed back at her.

She pursed her lips. 'Do you know what Chloe used to do when we were kids. She would pinch her own arm and then complain to mummy saying that I did it. Do you realize how spiteful and conniving that is...'

He watched her hold up her arm. She was about to pinch it and summon his punishment.

'No, please don't!' he yelped. He couldn't bear that and this time it could be Daniel who stepped into the kitchen.

Susan gestured, he was to confess all then.

'After lunch we have to go in there to share some sort of self congratulatory back slapping session. I have to attend with my stockings and suspenders showing'.

Susan stifled a laugh. She hadn't been told about the sissyfication.

'It's not funny!' he growled. Let her summon Daniel he thought. I'll smack the fucker in the face. I'll make a go of it.

'It's so that you won't think yourself a man. They are psyching you out David' said Susan.

'There's a surprise!' he retorted. Well...that much was bloody obvious wasn't it.

'Daniel will fuck you, when you're looking like a girl' Susan said.

David jolted. It was that obvious to her. It was that obvious what was coming.

'Just do it with dignity. You're a pussy boy. You will become his pussy boy. If you hold your own dignity up, they can't destroy it completely' Susan said.

He blushed and wanted to cry. He wanted to fall to the floor whining about his lot.

'Do you know what they are going to announce to you after lunch?' Susan said, 'I know'.

'Do you?' David asked. He wanted to know. He needed to know as much as he could. He said it so quickly and to his horror he sounded just a little bit camp.

'Margaret has bought a very large house, ten bedrooms, servants quarters and stables, in which we will all live' said Susan. 'She will this Christmas give Chloe millions of pounds which she got from Luther when he died.'

David pulled a face. The revelation startled him.

'She will be rich' he said.

'Very rich,' said Susan, 'enough for them to tell us to bin our jobs and become their domestic servants. I will run the household for mistress and you will work under my direction doing most other things.'

He stared at her wide eyed. That was just incredible.

'Now' said Susan, 'it's time for you to take the pheasant in. First the vegetables and the gravy boat and then the meat itself. Make sure you get it right or Daniel could give you a hiding.'

David did as directed and without censure from the diners. Afterwards he slumped down on the chair. She watched him upon his return. He looked relieved and yet perplexed. Mistress had been whispering in his ear again.

'You've been ordered to lick my sex' Susan said. How she had guessed it he was not sure, but the course of humiliation was developing a trail. Mistress seemed to reset the challenge just when he thought he was doing well.

'How?' he asked. He couldn't finish the sentence.

'Because Mistress Margaret demands this. She wanted to see me treat you like dirt. She has these firm ideas about hierarchy. I think that she likes the past,' said Susan.

She watched him fretting. He looked as though he was about to refuse a command. He was on his way into a great deal of trouble.

'Margaret will come in an check David,' Susan said.

He looked back at her shell shocked. All the blood had drained from his face.

'Come and do it...I won't laugh at you. You have to learn' Susan said.

She raised the hem of her skirt. Her sex had been shaven bare. Her sex looked huge as a result. Her soft pink labia pointed outwards, pouting before him.

'Come and lick me' Susan ordered.

'I can't' he said.

Susan raised her arm again and gestured a pinch. David jerked in his seat. Dear God no! He rose unsteadily to his feet and came to her.

'Kneel between my legs' she said, 'put your hands behind your back and lick my cunt'.

'Do you have to call it that?' he murmured.

Susan smiled, yes, she understood. She understood so well.

David did as he was told and started to lick her sex. Her labia seemed so mobile, the lips sliding against his tongue as he swam it up and down. She groaned with satisfaction. When you are constantly humiliated she thought, you learn the art. You learn to enjoy humiliating others too.

'You lick nicely' she said casually. She was shifting position and directing the supplicant tongue.

'Have you licked out Mistress Margaret yet?' Susan asked.

He shook his head and kissed her bare sex. He kissed what he found to be surprisingly moist and luxuriant. He licked and smelled her, a different woman to his mistress.

'You're breathing the scent in' she said to him, 'it will intoxicate you'. She sounded kind and sympathetic. Yet she stroked his hair as he attended her.

'I can't help it' he admitted. 'I can't help it' he said a second time and wanted to cry.

'OK, it's OK, ' she said, 'You'll end up an addict' she promised.

'You're incredibly kind...I am so....'

He was about to say grateful. But the kitchen door opened and Margaret came in. She swept in briskly.

'Susan I was about to compliment you on the pheasant my dear...'
Margaret said. Her gaze fell upon David. It fell upon where he knelt and what he did.

Margaret paused, watching David lick. Because the servant girl was shaven as she directed, you could see every swirl of David's wet tongue.

'Is that nice Susan dear...do you like having him tongue you' she asked her daughter.

'Yes' said Susan. It was true, she did. It was a lovely sensual feeling. It was incredibly indulgent.

'Not now, whilst your cooking Susan dear, but you can have him lick your bottom too' Margaret said. She smiled as if this was Ascot and they were talking about ways to take tea between the different horse races.

'Yes Miss' said Susan. She kept closing her eyes. This was indeed very very, very sexy.

Margaret smiled. It was such a lovely little tableaux she thought. Susan was enjoying herself. It was a reward and a well earned one too.

'I think we will be ready for dessert in ten minutes dear' Margaret said, 'perhaps you can use him later?'

'Yes Miss' said Susan. She pushed David away, stood and rearranged her skirt. Margaret smiled again. What a dirty little fellow David was. He licked so eagerly. He was more interesting than Toby

had been. Her husband in the end had become rather brittle whereas it looked as though David could be bent relentlessly.

'Ten minutes' said Margaret turning away. She was looking forward to the lemon meringue pie that had been ordered.

Dessert was served and consumed. Then David brought in brandy and port and served coffee with expensive continental chocolates that literally looked as if it had been polished.

'You'd better take your shoes and trousers off David' she said when he had cleared away the cups and saucers and the other coffee things.

He hated it. He hated it with a passion. As much as he craved his mistress and her cruelty this was getting beyond the joke.

'Just get on with it' said Susan, who found her handbag and took out a lipstick for David to wear.

'What will you think of me?' he trembled.

She smiled as if that mattered. Margaret had shared some private chats about this sort of thing. Rule one servants were treated with disdain, their opinion did not count. Rule two, if you were put in charge of someone yourself then you replicated that rule. You treated them uniformly with contempt. They could never actually earn your affection. They were servants.

'You are just their toy. You have been set under me. You'll be treated the same way by me no matter how you look' she said.

He kicked off his shoes and removed his trousers. The stockings were sleek and the suspender belt was sassy, but honestly, he had not shaved his legs. Daniel would not enjoy fucking him until he looked much more girl like. So Susan didn't laugh at him. She didn't even smirk.

'I will teach you to wax your legs, they must be kept smooth so that you look pretty for master' she said constructively.

'Bless you' David said with relief.

She looked at his cock trapped in the pink cage. It looked like a tiny joint of rolled meat. Its tightly packed scrunched up look seemed to encapsulate what he was now. He was meat that was all.

'You will have need to trim your crotch hair' she said, 'it's too long and partially hides the lovely pink on your cock helmet.'

He looked down. He hated looking at it. Now his cock looked other, it didn't really look his anymore.

'I will suggest to your mistress that we shave your crotch so that your cock looks a bit more like plucked chicken' said Susan. There, try as she might the contempt had crept in.

David shivered. He didn't want a cock that looked like something on the supermarket shelf.

'Will it really help?' he asked her.

'Well, you'll look less masculine, less muscular, softer, and feminine' she said.

He nodded.

'Now sit down so I can apply your lippy' said Susan. She wielded the bright red lipstick with care, lining his lips and making sure the coat was even. He was required to pout his lips so that the colour could be applied easily.

'Do you want to check how you look in my compact mirror?' she asked him.

'No!' he said firmly.

'We'll go in then. You must walk behind me' she said.

The alphas had retired to the living room where they were still enjoying their after dinner drinks. Susan led the way and David followed as demurely as he could. He winced as Daniel gave him an amused look. David thought that the man was probably thinking what a hard little bitch Chloe was, having reduced him to this. Margaret and Chloe for their parts barely acknowledged him. Once the servants had taken up station, David trying to hide partially behind one of the comfortable chairs, Margaret began.

'You all know that earlier in my life I had the most wonderful relationship with a dear dear man. Luther brightened my life when everything else was dull and dreary. Luther was the man that made me feel a lust for life again.'

David glanced towards Susan but the woman would not engage his sarcastic look.

'Well,' said Margaret playing with her purse, 'even after my darling Luther has passed on he has gifted me a wonderful legacy, which in turn I am going to share with you today. Two days ago I took possession of a fantastically beautiful and substantial house in its own grounds, with its own swimming pool and stables out in the countryside.' Margaret handed around prospectuses left and right. 'The house has an imposing position overlooking the river below and that even has a sea trout run, should guests wish to fish there!'

David stared when a prospectus was passed to him. It wasn't a substantial house... it was a small mansion! Its Georgian facade was lit in soft evening light on the front cover of the glossy promotional material. The interiors were no less imposing with pictures of a large dining room, a sumptuous lounge, a large study, and a series of elegant bedrooms. The stables were well equipped and the

swimming pool covered in a mature oak housing. David checked the floor plan. There were servant quarters down the stairs, which led from the main hallway.

'I am now bequeathing the house and grounds to my dear Chloe and Daniel, a place to receive guests and raise their children' Margaret announced grandly. There was a quick look to Susan, but when the woman dropped her head in obedience Margaret carried on. 'For tax reasons shall we say, we have arranged that I will have residence at the house as well. Chloe and I have already chosen furnishings and everything will be ready for us all to move in on Christmas eve!'

Daniel and Chloe clapped enthusiastically. The speed at which the house was made ready was a surprise even to them. Susan took up the applause and reluctantly David followed suit. Chloe was watching him. The bitch had expected this to be an entire surprise. Thank god for Susan he thought.

'Of course mummy and I cannot possibly run a house of this size so we have arranged that Susan will become the house manager and David will become our servant. I have today David, forwarded your letter of resignation to your employer. I hope that you don't mind?' Chloe smiled as she spoke.

David blushed. Fucking hell, he thought, that was quick, that was way too quick and presumptuous.

'The house will take a lot of cleaning and running, so David will be extremely busy' said Chloe to those assembled, 'but I am sure that we will encourage him in his work won't we?' Margaret and Daniel nodded.

Margaret took up the announcements again.

'As well as this legacy from the most wonderful Luther I am also pleased to confirm that I am making funds available for the running of the house and for a very substantial investment in Chloe's

business as well. We are friends, going to make all of this a very big success!' She beamed a smile at each in turn. The gaze fell on Susan for longer and eventually her older daughter was forced to nod her assent. The look Margaret gave David was pure threat. You remember what I did in the kitchen it said.

'Discipline is the key to running a successful home, so the house will be run ruthlessly. There are ample servant quarters in the basement David, a laundry and so forth, but you will take direction from Miss Susan in all things.' Margaret waited for David's response.

'Yes miss' he said at last.

Susan looked at him. It was he hoped a look that said that she would try to make this as painless as possible. He hoped that that was what her look said.

Chapter 19

'Did he fuck you?' David asked her on the drive home.

It seemed too awkward to stop the car and slap his face for him so Chloe decided to treat it as another speakeasy. There would be a lot of times ahead when David had to vent, to make sense of what it meant to be a pussy boy.

'Of course' she said silkily, peeping at him with half closed eyes. There were moments when she felt like a luxuriant kitten and the life ahead promised so much more than that. Don't believe what they say about money, she thought, it has the power to make you feel very happy indeed. It was even better that her sister was being allowed none of it.

'Can we stop, please, ' said David, 'I need to lick you out mistress'. His face was strained to the limit. Whilst he washed dishes she had enjoyed more pleasurable pursuits.

'No!' she said indignantly, 'have you realized just how cold it is out there?'

He knew, of course he knew. But his body made him ask. What tugged and yearned inside his cage made him ask.

'He fucked us both, in the same bed, me and then mummy and then me again. I was starters AND dessert' she said with a mischievous smile.

David felt slightly sick. Her cunny would have juices from elsewhere then. He wasn't so sure now. He wanted to, but he didn't. You can guess, you can guess how that perplexed him.

'Your mother is a bitch' he said after a few more minutes.

'Yes' said Chloe grinning. It was a shock wasn't it! She supposed that David imagined that an older woman didn't want sex. She couldn't be catty or bitchy or selfish, she just had to decay into cobwebs. She glanced at him. He seemed nervous about the thought of living with mummy in the big house too.

'You only say that because she kneed you in the crotch' said Chloe, disappointed now that David wasn't going to play along, setting his angst on the table before her.

'It fucking well hurt!' David told her. He wasn't routinely prone to swearing but now the invective rose in his mind more and more. The very insecurity of not knowing what would be required of him, what would be done to him, made him anxious.

'You had it coming. I told you how you address my sister. She will insist on good manners David.'

'She's the other servant!' he protested.

'No, she is the house manager and you are the servant. You are the cleaner, the gardener, the assistant cook, the laundry man...shall I go on?'

'Whilst you swan around designing interiors and getting fucked' he said bitterly.

'Yes,' said Chloe, 'because life is unfair. You can remedy it of course, leave and live in a bedsit somewhere. I will live in the big house and you will get nothing.'

David grunted. He hated the way she put him down so calmly. It was as if the nastiness didn't need dragging out with anger, it came naturally to her. It was easy to disparage him.

'I didn't sign that resignation letter' he said thinking back to what had been announced.

'No, I did' said Chloe, 'your signature is easy to copy. Are you going to tell them that you want your job back because the letter was a scam? Are you going to ask Janice if you can have Jonathan live with us because there is a big house now? No, I thought not!' Chloe said, 'all I'm doing is push you to what you are and what eventually you would always become.'

She scowled at him. It was the nearest that she got to anger with him. It was a day just too wonderful to be spoiled. It was just too perfect. True it had seemed odd being in bed with Daniel and mummy beneath the duvet too, but it had been bliss to feel her licking his balls as he rammed his cock inside her own spasming quim. Mummy was an amazing and a sexual woman. What was to happen now was fueled entirely by her largesse. That which seemed unfinished love with Luther was becoming a sensual and a sexy love through the kind auspices of the handsome Daniel.

By the time that they rejoined the dual carriageway they could actually see tarmac. The salt grit had worked its way through the layer of snow, turning it into a caramel slush. They accelerated again. David's balls were aching in this seated position. It was time to get him home and exercise him in a few other positions.

'We'll do a little training on prong' she told him when he got out of the car. That was what she called it. It was nearly a foot long, black, perfectly contoured with a simulated glans helmet and even sculptured veins so that David could feel what Daniel's cock would do when he took him for real. Strapping it on felt wicked and powerful. The buckles were kink sexy and the leather belt on which prong rode covered her pubes. David couldn't lick pussy when she

wore this, but when she thrust inside him instead, the base bumped, and bumped in a sexy way against her swollen clitty.

David nodded. He could have begged for a stay of learning but it was really pointless. Chloe was made up with the inheritance, thrilled at the thought of the new house and a large Christmas tree filling the hallway between the two arms of the ascending stairs. She was on a power roll.

They went upstairs with David following. Her bottom moved so sensuously before him. He couldn't stop staring at her bottom as she ascended the steps.

'Go and fetch prong for me would you David, whilst I peel off my jeans.' She smiled as if the direction given him was 'such fun!' Sometimes she had him suck the strap on whilst she remained dressed, in leather hot pants or indeed these jeans, but this time she reflected, I want him to smell my excitement whilst I take him. I want him to long for something he cannot have.

When he brought it to her he opened the box and saw the black latex monstrosity, looking like a damned truncheon. He was told to kiss it when he took it out of the box. It was meant to indicate reverence. David was made to buckle the prong in place so that Chloe looked like she was constantly pointing as she walked about.

'We'll start with licks David, let me see you worship my cock' she said imperious.

It was always so difficult for David. He could lick the thing whilst kneeling, but when it came to sucking 'her cock' the thing stuck high in his throat. It had to be bent down to penetrate his mouth, so he begged to be allowed to lie side ways on the bed so that he could lick the thing and then take may be half of it into his mouth before the gagging began.

Truthfully, the thing frightened him. It seemed big enough to damage his throat. It seemed big enough to get stuck and to choke upon. It was a brutal looking weapon strapped to such a slim and stylish looking woman. She started running the glans against his lips and he opened his mouth so that he could spittle prong's helmet. She watched and him and smiled. Men had a good time didn't they? Men could get their dicks hard and ram them in holes. Men could piss fag butts down the trough urinal. It had taken them far too long to invent the strap on dildo for dominant girls to have their fun too.

'Fantasize about licking Daniel's cock,' Chloe instructed. She wanted him to drill the future into his head. David had to realize where this was inevitably, relentlessly, headed.

'His cock is pinker on the head I guess' said David swirling his tongue around the nasty end of the object.

'And it squirts me full of spunk.' she said casually.

'It will be warm, it will smell musky' David said. His mind was haring off to places he was loath to think about.

'It will smell of my cunt David, it will smell of our cocktail.'

'Yes Miss' he agreed.

'So does that make you want to suck it?' she teased.

'Yes' he admitted.

'You should ask him then. Ask to suck his cock once he's fucked me. It will be creamy then' she whispered.

'I want to ask him' David said. Did he? Right then he felt that he wanted to. Chloe's sex was so close. It was like the strap on was a bridge to her exquisite sex.

'I know that you do darling, you want to suck Daniel so hard so that he squirts down the back of your throat, but you're so frightened aren't you.' She stroked his hair in reassurance. 'Prong is harder less forgiving, less sensual and warm than master's cock, it will be so much more rewarding when you bend the knee like Susan and take it inside your mouth.' Chloe whispered the words so that they seemed sensitive.

'I know mistress' he said.

She smiled and kissed his head again.

'Let's pop it in your mouth. I'll hold it steady and you bob on it like a good boy' she suggested solicitously.

He opened wide for it. This was so much better. When she assured him that she would not thrust and he could determine how hard and fast it went to the back of his throat, he cooperated so much more nicely. She watched him envelope the strap on and couch his mouth in such a way that his teeth didn't catch. Susan did that so nicely, pressing with her lips softly but keeping her mouth fairly loose save for tongue pressure beneath Daniel's cock. That way face fucking was a sweet pleasure for him. Now David was trying to emulate what his mistress described about Susan's technique.

The bobbing started and just for fun she took a photo of David working his mouth up and down on the strap on. He was bobbing and sucking really nicely, so then a photo became a saucy video sequence.

'You're doing that so very nicely David, it's so much nicer to cooperate isn't it?' Mummy told me that you went down on pussy for Susan...' Chloe coaxed.

David assented with his eyes. He didn't want to take the strap on out of his mouth as he feared he wouldn't have the nerve to push it back in.

‘Just a little deeper now, look up at me as you bob. Your throat will learn to accept it. Concentrate on my face.’ She directed.

He did as he was told. The gag reflex was there for sure, but now she was commanding him to master it. He was to develop a slut throat, one capable of covering an erect black cock.

‘That’s lovely sweetheart’ she encouraged, ‘slowly, if you bob too hard and fast you will gag. We don’t want that. David’s slutty mouth has to become a spunk dump doesn’t it!’

The urge to gag caught him, but he eased back a second and then bobbed again. He was progressing well now.

‘That’s so much better David’ she purred. ‘Now pop your botty up and we’ll work on that other pleasure zone of yours!’

He did as she said. He was shaking of course he was but his success with the strap on oral had emboldened him. If this was what he was then he had to learn to take it.

The strap on was glistening with his spittle, but Chloe still took out a tube of lube. She snapped on a clinical blue latex glove on her right hand and then squirted a generous measure of the lubricating fluid on her finger.

‘Now,’ she said crisply, ‘let’s get you all nice and excited’.

She pushed the lubed finger inside his anus, swiveling it about as she pressed deeper. He yelped with the first penetration but when her finger advanced and teased his prostate through the anterior surface of his bowel, he groaned.

‘Daniel fucks moi, then he fucks mummy and then he fucks slutty David’ said Chloe as she massaged him there.

David groaned loudly. It was bloody exquisite!

Chloe withdrew her finger, another generous blob of lubricant was added and her finger returned inside.

'What was it like licking out Miss Susan?' Chloe enquired. She knew what a taunt that was.

'She's shaven naked down there,' David groaned, remembering his surprise.

'I know,' said Chloe, mummy required her to do it. It makes her flaps look bigger.'

David groaned again. He was almost delirious now.

'You haven't told me how it was David dear' Chloe insisted.

'She tastes different, she tastes salty and sticky, really hot' he admitted.

'She's not getting cock,' Chloe explained, 'but you will David, won't you! So was it unpleasant sweetheart?'

David moaned a yes.

'Well never mind, you will get used to it. You're going to lick her a lot. She has to be taught to think of you as I do. Just a piece of shit.'

Chloe lubed prong and without ceremony pushed its arrogant, black glistening head inside David.

David yelped and Chloe told him sharply, that he was to stop whining. She started to run the head of the prong against the wall of his insides, next to his walnut sized prostate. Mummy had explained that Luther fucked Toby in that way and inevitably a weakling male

responds. Her little tease with the finger had prepared for that. She shifted angle to ensure that prong rode the right line.

'Beg me, beg me to fuck you!' Chloe demanded.

David was yelping, moaning, whining for a second and then grunting. He seemed to run the gamut of strange sounds, an orchestra that prong conducted it. She wasn't pushing deep yet but the steady rhythm of the strokes were making David respond. There, down between his legs, his balls caressed within the cage, were jerking and answering what she did.

'Please mistress' David panted, 'oh for good's sake pleeeeeease'.

'Good boy' said Chloe and now she pushed prong in to the hilt. David looked like a pig on a spit roast!

'Daniel is as big as this,' she taunted, 'you will get a botty full won't you!'

She started to thrust him full length. His caged winky was swaying beneath his body. It was like a ripe little fruit ready to drop.

'Shall I ask mummy to fuck you this way too?' she asked cruelly.

'God!!!' gasped David, it was too late, his winky was splurging out the thick white jizz. She marveled at what she had just done. That was so so sexy! Reaching down she rubbed her gloved hand on his sex and swept up the creamies there, reaching forward for him to lick it off.

'Go on, do as you're told' she ordered and felt him lick up the semen.

When Chloe at last pulled out, David made a sucking sound. Of course there was a little wind. He collapsed forward onto the bed, panting, panting with the effort of his ruin orgasm.

'By Christmas you will suck cock. Soon after you will put botty up for Daniel, understood?' She hissed out the demand.

'Yes!' he shouted.

He sounded so ashamed. He was ashamed that he had climaxed. If he had loathed it, that never could be! He knows she thought, he can respond to a cock up his rear. He's not the man that he hoped to be. He was not what he pretended to be.

'Ignore all the recriminations,' she told him, 'you climaxed on it. You're a fag. You'll learn to cream every time when Daniel takes you. You can't ignore it. You want it' she said, and unbuckled prong.

Daavid turned to watch her, sniveling as he did so with the exertion of it all.

She knew what he hoped for. He was desperate for that.

'Go and wash the dildo in the sink. Kiss it, dry it and put it away until next time' she ordered him.

That was all. That was all that she was going to allow him. Earlier that day, well he had needed to be disciplined. He would have to wait for that which he craved. He would have to be rather better behaved.

Chapter 20

The day before Christmas Eve, Margaret collected David from the house and drove him to the impressive new residence. It was now officially called Luther's Vista. Just how the house got named that didn't take much imagination David thought.

David was feeling sick in the stomach. The discussions with Janice had been difficult. She had not appreciated his sudden about face regarding the care of their son. It was all too fast she insisted. David had felt desperate. He didn't want to have Jonathan live elsewhere but it was now vital. In the new house they would live a different way. Eventually his mistress had intervened and spoke on the phone to Janice herself. Did Janice remember the old days? Did she remember the crack cocaine that she had experimented with and those little crimes that she had committed thieving small sums from her employer? Chloe was sure that she did! What was important of course was that her new man did not learn about a dirty past. What was important was that *his* enthusiasm to welcome Jonathan into their home wasn't sullied by doubts about his partner now. What do you think Chloe had asked her? Janice had relented and promptly. She had relented with curses but a speed that shocked David. Chloe had done her homework. Chloe had found a claw hold in his ex wife's hide. There would be no impediment to the new home and its customs. David was going to be what he was always destined to be.

He waited out on the front drive and looked up at the sky. It wasn't snowing yet but the forecasters had said that the snow would come.

It would snow through most of Christmas Eve and there would then be further showers on Christmas day itself. It was going to be a white Christmas. David imagined Bing Crosby singing his song. But the show he was involved with now wasn't a sentimental or an especially romantic one. Margaret arrived in her new car, a Porsche SUV. David found them arrogant and imposing. You couldn't see past them on the road. Still, in the snow, maybe this was the good thing to drive. Margaret stepped from the vehicle dressed in a full leather skirt, matching dark brown boots and a tan leather pea coat over the roll neck ecru jumper. She looked as though she had a great deal of money. She did.

'Hello David, have you been waiting for it to snow?' she asked smiling. 'It's going to be wonderful isn't it,' she beamed, 'we will have a white Christmas!'

'I've been waiting for you miss' he said honestly, resisting the urge to say and I've been waiting too long. 'You look beautiful mistress' he said.

The compliment, however calculated, however insincere still flattered her. She took off a driving glove so he could kiss her ring. David didn't look like Toby and he didn't act exactly like Toby. No, David was starting to bend to their will very nicely indeed.

'Is your mistress home?' she asked him when he had bowed his head and kissed politely.

'She has gone Christmas shopping Miss' he said, to which she replied, 'of course!'

'Well,' she said, 'we'd better get started hadn't we? I've already dropped Miss Susan up at the big house and you need a tour and your instructions for the Christmas period don't you. It must be very exciting for you...Christmas in a mansion!'

He lied and said that the house intrigued him. The new life was 'scary' but he would manage it. That was vital.

They drove towards another dual carriage way, another stream of Christmas traffic. Margaret though drove more sedately. She seemed to process rather than race somewhere.

'I imagine that Miss Susan will be rather starchy and severe with you over Christmas David, but that's to be expected isn't it....until you prove to her that you are biddable.'

'I'll behave Miss' he said. He said it sincerely he didn't want another knee in his crotch.

'Susan is my daughter too you know,' she told him, stating the obvious. 'Of course she is not a patch on Chloe but she has breeding unlike you. So you will take orders from her.'

'Yes Miss' he answered dutifully and held her gaze a second. He didn't want this particular conversation to drone on.

'She will have you come to pussy too....as an amusement' Margaret said.

David nodded. It was just unbearable to keep on and on about all that.

'How are you progressing on Chloe's toy?' Margaret asked when he seemed so quiet.

Her toy. Of course, they talked. Hell, they probably strategized.

'I don't gag anymore miss' he said, and there was a feeling of relief. It wasn't yet pride but the fact that he didn't gag anymore when Chloe thrust it in and out of his mouth was some sort of progress.

'That's good isn't it!' she enthused sharing her best look of approval. 'Which do you like best, being fucked on it or sucking it?'

How could he answer that! It was vile! It was impertinent! Still, he knew what she thought. Impertinence was never a charge that could be laid when he ranked in the gutter.

'I find being fucked easier' he said, choosing his words with care. He wouldn't say to her that he liked either when it came to the strap on.

'It's not so sore any more is it,' she cooed, 'I know, people can stretch in *that* way, down there. I know that Toby did.'

'Mistress is fucking me a lot right now. I'm slowly getting used to it' he admitted.

'You climax too don't you, that is lovely' she chirped, 'I think that Daniel may unlock your dicklet properly so that you can spurt freely when he takes you. It will become a treat to look forward to I expect.'

You are a well dressed, arrogant, cruel, super bitch, he thought. Your perfume smells like a million dollars, your make up is immaculate and you are a bitch of the first order.

'May I ask something Miss, something about Toby?' he ventured.

These seemed to be the moments, when they were driving. They seemed more receptive to a conversation then.

'As long as it is polite' she told him. David didn't know whether his question was 'polite', he simply needed to ask it. She was waiting for him to speak so he just got on with it.

'Did Toby ever get to the state where he needed to be fucked, that way?' he asked.

Margaret drove on. She hadn't answered him but neither had she shouted at him either. He waited feeling increasingly nervous.

'Toby always climaxed when Luther took him.... that way... but he never converted properly into a pussy boy David. He never wanted it. He never craved it.'

David nodded. He had to make sense of this. He had to order his feelings in some way.

'Your mistress and I will handle things quite differently this time. We will accustom you to wanting it. You will want to be ridden by Daniel. You will have a chance to embrace entirely what you are and in a way that wasn't possible back then. I was naïve, Luther was quite brutal and well....well that broke Toby in the wrong way. He didn't learn to adore Luther in the way that you will adore Daniel.'

She smiled at him again. The crazy speech was sincere. This was what they planned for him.

'I'm frightened of myself' he confided.

'Because you are a faggot?' she checked.

'Yes' he said, 'I'm scared of it all and yet I want a lot of it. I accept nearly it all' he said.

'Well David' she said, 'you're an intelligent man. You're taking it in steps aren't you? First you realized that you aren't good enough for Chloe and you let that sink in. Then you started to admire the woman that Daniel was turning her into. She has become such a proud and fine woman hasn't she! Then, when you realized just how right and proper that was, you started to confront your own sexuality. You aren't gay, you're not a masochist. There are no whips or dungeons. You just need to be near your mistress and to be our faggot don't you? So we are working out ways to live that way. So your humility needs are properly and consistently met.'

He blushed. But it was helpful. What she said was helpful and she seemed so damned sure about it. Her conviction about how people lived, in their heads was unshakable.

‘You don’t think I’m a pervert...do you?’ he said.

‘No,’ she said, ‘you are a lapdog, you are a sissyboy, a pussy boy. I suppose you are many things, just not a man at all. But you are honestly realizing needs and working with us’.

‘Thank you’ he whispered and he meant it.

The mansion was approached through a high wrought iron gate and up an ascending drive. Perched on the hill, high above the river, the house looked incredible. It’s white marble exterior stood proud against the snow threatening sky. He stared at it. It was an amazing looking building.

‘This is what your mistress owns’ Margaret told him, ‘this is what is hers because of unfinished business in my past life.’

She didn’t wait for him to answer but drove steadily up the drive so that he could appreciate the surrounding parkland. Beneath some oak trees a fox nosed around for food. The squirrels were probably safe above.

‘This will be your life now David. Unless mistress or master take you off the estate there will be no need to go anywhere else.’ She smiled at him. The way she had put it made it sound like a sentence. It made Luther’s Vista seem like a prison. But that was impossible in such a splendid looking place.

The car was drawn to a halt and Margaret whispered, ‘go and open my door. You are the servant, remember?’

He dashed around the car and got the door for her. She stepped from the Porsche and breathed in the crisp, cold air.

‘What a fantastic day!’ she enthused.

Mansions don’t have door bells, they have hefty rope pull cords that set off a bell somewhere in the house. David heard the bell sound when he had heaved down the wrought iron handle. Behind the large oak doors there was the sound of footsteps. Susan opened the door, saw Margaret and curtsied. They then stepped inside to the hall, which seemed to reach up to heaven. For such a large house the place was comfortably warm. David looked about. It was draped in fine fabrics, there were paintings, hunting scenes and the like. It looked as though it was stuck in a genteel past that would never now alter.

‘Chloe chose everything David’ Margaret said, ‘except for the paintings which are original.’

‘It’s exquisite’ David admitted.

‘Yes, yes it is’ Margaret replied.

‘Susan dear, shall we go through to the study, I think you have laid David’s new uniform out there haven’t you?’ Margaret smiled at her housekeeping daughter.

Susan led the way. She didn’t look like a housekeeper. There was no pinafore, no mob cap. The uniform if such it was consisted of a tight leather mini skirt, a crisp white blouse and high heels with stockings. David noted that at the neck of the high necked blouse was a cameo broach. It was executed in a Wedgewood style, but the colours were different. The cream background was balanced with the black silhouette of a man a Rastafarian hair do. Chloe might have chosen that too, but David’s money was on Margaret for that little number.

The study was huge. It was bigger than much of their downstairs quarters at the house that David came from. Instead of old toms the bookshelves were lined with works on design, architecture and interiors. It was Chloe's world. David could have stared forever at the room, but Susan led the way to a highly polished round mahogany table.

'I think we will start with the collar Susan' said Margaret. She watched as the woman picked up a wide leather collar. It was studded like a dog's, but at the front of the thing, forward of the catches that locked in place behind with a neat little padlock, was a bulge. It looked as though it might once have housed a cameo too, something punk perhaps. Now though whatever existed there was covered in a skin of leather.

'Sit down here David and we'll get you fitted into the collar' said Margaret patting a chair beside the table.

David sat. The collar looked kinky. It looked...well... it looked demeaning. Still he sat as he was told and Susan fitted the collar. He heard the clasp click shut behind him and the tiny padlock was fitted. It was all a bit fetishist.

'Chin up David' said Margaret, who then inspected that the collar was sitting exactly as required. She nodded to Susan who touched something on the face of a smart watch that she was wearing.

David yelped! He literally jolted off the seat and onto the carpet. Still the acute pain in his neck fizzed and fizzed as if his head was being fried. Margaret nodded to Susan and the watch was touched again. The pain stopped abruptly.

'Now David, Susan would like just a complimentary soft and affectionate lick to her pussy. She would like that now' said Margaret softly.

David crawled there quickly. He crawled there as fast as his shaking body would allow. When Susan then eased up her skirt hem he came to her bare sex immediately. He licked her and felt her looking down at him. Her gaze was first curious and then slightly amused.

'David, it would simply be too vulgar for Chloe or I to have to keep disciplining you, so Miss Susan will take charge of the majority of that....understood?' Margaret watched him. He was terrified poor soul she thought.

'Yes....yes' he gasped.

'We won't want you wandering off the estate...Susan's little collar and control has relay boxes all around the estate perimeter. I don't know how far you could crawl in pain David, but I suspect it wouldn't be far, do you understand?'

'Yes Miss!' he yelped. The thought of another jolt from the infernal device alarmed him.

'Now I know that you want to please Chloe and I but we thought that the collar was useful whilst we accustomed you to obeying Miss Susan too.' Margaret smiled.

'Yes, yes...I will....I always will' said David.

'We know that you want to, but it's a just a case measure, OK?' Margaret insisted.

'Thank you Miss' blurted David.

Susan pushed him away and rearranged her skirt hem.

'Put your uniform on' said Susan.

His clothes were folded on the table too. They consisted of a sage green pair of trousers with a gold stripe down each leg. The trousers

were worn with bracers over a white collarless shirt that didn't impede the collar. The jacket, box in style was again sage green with gold buttons and gold embroidery on each sleeve bottom. Daniel stripped off his clothes, exposed his stockings and cage all over again and pulled on the trousers as quickly as he could. They fitted. They fitted perfectly. Chloe must have measured his clothes with care.

When he was all dressed up and felt like a toy soldier in mess attire, Margaret inspected him.

'There! How does that feel David?' she asked.

It felt trussed up. If he was honest, he felt trussed up. Thank god there was no little pill box hat to wear.

'It feels very comfortable Miss...thank you' he said.

Susan smirked. He spotted it. She was actually enjoying the little ceremony.

'I think that it makes you look very presentable' said Margaret, 'Susan has your uniform just like this for every day of the week downstairs. You won't need those old clothes anymore, I think that you can burn those Susan'.

Her daughter nodded.

'I'll need them to travel home this evening' David said.

'You are home David. This is your home. This is your mistress's home and this is where you will serve her' Margaret instructed.

'I'm not going home?' he mumbled.

Margaret looked across at Susan and her finger hovered.

‘What did I call this place David?’ Margaret demanded.

‘My home’ said David nervously.

Margaret nodded. She smiled. The unpleasantness was over.

‘Let’ start the tour shall we... Susan if you would lead the way first to where David will live.’

They descended stairs from the hallway. The basement rooms were reached off a central corridor. Down here was a substantial kitchen modern and well it and a laundry too with a steam press. There was a wet room and shower, toilets and a lounge with comfy chairs and a plasma screen television set. It was signed as the ‘House Manager’s Lounge.’

‘You will have a small TV in your room’ said Margaret to him as they breezed past.

Susan’s bedroom was comfortable with a double bed, vanity table, fitted wardrobes and coffee making facilities. Margaret explained that of course Susan was allowed guests but David must always ask their permission. His guests would be received in a public room upstairs. When they came to David’s accommodation it was the size of a cell, but it was nicely decorated. There was a picture of Chloe and Daniel together at the charity event where Susan had been humiliated in the stables.

‘Bijoux perhaps but cosy and snug isn’t it!’ said Margaret.

David agreed that it was. He checked Susan’s expression. At least the fat bitch wasn’t grinning.

Susan, Margaret and David trailed back up the stairs, noting the bell system, which alerted David to which room he was summoned from. David would attend Miss Susan every morning for a work briefing and then every evening for his daily appraisal.

'You will I am afraid come to fear evening appraisal David,' said Margaret, 'but it's necessary. Susan is under the strictest instructions to discipline you firmly, consistently and well. If you give her any trouble at all you will be taken aside by master and I fear that that would be the worst for you.'

David looked on at the sister in law that for so long had seemed to him an inoffensive mouse. Now, she moved with a certain precision and authority. It was as if she had just been made prefect in a school and wielded crazy powers.

'Susan has changed David, ' Margaret told him as they toured upstairs, 'she won't take any nonsense from you, none whatsoever!'

'I'll try not to give offence mistress' said David. He hated it and loved it. The house, the tour, it was like a trap closing. Here there would be authority. Here the women would explore their bitchhood. It made him wince and thrill by turn. It shouldn't have but it simply did.

'Don't panic David, you are doing very well. You behaved impeccably when the collar was demonstrated. Susan is so sexy wielding that much power isn't she sweetie?' Margaret checked.

'Yes' he said. They walked on, through drawing rooms and dining rooms, through beyond a courtyard to the orangery, the stables and the indoor swimming pool. The place was lavishly laid out and Margaret explained that before it had been run as an exclusive spa for very select guests. That was why there was a helicopter pad beside the tennis courts.

'My mistress must be thrilled' observed David as he took in all the perfectly appointed facilities.

Margaret beamed at him. She was so pleased that Luther's Vista awed him. It was a house to impress! 'She certainly is!' Margaret confirmed. She took a key from her shoulder bag and scrunching

across the snow she led him to a locked garage. Unlocking the key pad she triggered the garage door to slide up and over. Inside there was a gleaming Aston Martin V8 Vantage.

‘What do you think David?’ Margaret quizzed, ‘I think that little roadster was always a little too small for a woman of her substance.’

David gawped at the car. It looked so big and so powerful! It was a car that you could kill yourself in so easily. If you had a big ego and an appetite for speed, you could end your days. He looked at Susan. Yes, there, momentarily there was a look of envy. Mummy was giving everything to her favourite daughter. It was bitch to bitch gifting. Whatever the legacy was from the past it certainly involved attitude and arrogance.

‘We will keep this under wraps until Christmas morning and then bring Chloe out to the courtyard to see it David. You will be on hand to get the door for your mistress.’

David was speechless. What did these things cost? A hundred thousand pounds, it must be something like that! He wondered just how rich Margaret had become. She looked seriously wealthy right now.

‘Shall I show you the bedrooms now Mistress?’ asked Susan. She seemed rather deflated by the car. To David it didn’t look as though she knew a thing about the surprise. As they then walked up more flights of stairs David pondered the reaction. If Susan was jealous, then there was an angle to work on. The rewards of serving the system were not absolute. If things turned in a nasty direction, well, then he might have to bring his sister in law on side somehow.

They started to tour the bedrooms. They were all large and much of a size. Each was provided with an ensuite bathroom and a walk in wardrobe. The mansion could have had twenty bedrooms had not each of these been quite so large and well equipped. They reached

the end of the corridor on the west wing and reached a door that was labeled 'gymnasium'.

Miss Susan asked whether she should unlock it and Margaret said of course. David had been the perfect gentleman learning all about the new house and his forthcoming duties. It seemed strange to have a gymnasium on the upper floor but David followed the two women into the room. It was an astonishing room. A huge picture window gave panoramic views over the river and the valley beyond and the room was kitted out with contraptions. Each seemed to be covered in new leather and each seemed designed to be sat on, lain on or climbed beneath. David tried to take them all in. They looked like a series of skeleton cockpits, as though this was a place where the previous owners had played at being aeroplane pilots.

'Don't worry David, it's not a dungeon' Margaret assured him.

Susan watched him. He seemed confused by it all.

'It's more of a recreation room, what the Canadians would call a romper room David' Margaret said and led him to the first apparatus. It looked like a straightforward physio massage bench, well padded, except that there was a hole in the middle and another padded bench immediately below it.

'So this is where master lies with his cock through the hole, admiring the river valley, and this is where....'

'I lie, sucking master's cock' David said. The penny had dropped with a sickening thud into the bottom of his brain.

'Yes!' said Margaret. She looked gleefully at Susan but David guessed that she too could be made to 'romp' and lie on the lower bench.

'Now this is interesting,' said Margaret coming to what looked like an old fashioned wooden throne with a toilet hole in the bottom. 'Pop

around the back and look inside the seat' said Margaret. David looked. There was a rubber flange through which you pushed your head as you lay face up. When he felt inside the entire interior was cased in hygienic latex.

'Can you guess David?' she asked.

'Yes mistress' he said. Right now, the room looked like a torture chamber.

'It's your identity room, perhaps ours too' said Margaret delightedly, 'This is where you are brought to reinforce all your discoveries'.

They arrived at another contraption. It was in leather but angled slightly backwards and it had leg rests set at forty degree angles. David could guess this one too. A mistress lounged in the seat to have her sex licked.

'Why don't you show him Susan dear' said Margaret. She touched David's arm. He was, she promised, going to like this. The room, well, it was about humiliation. It was about pleasure rather than torture. Susan unzipped her leather mini skirt up the back so that she could splay her legs properly and then ascended the seat. She reached down to her shaven sex and opened her pussy lips. Her sex was wet and moist and teasing.

'You need to lick David...don't you? You *need* to lick your boss!' Margaret scrutinized him. Inside his new uniform trousers his cock was writhing. It was trying to tie itself in knots against the unyielding cage. He watched as Susan started to play with her clitty and her lips glistened with her juices.

'Because Susan had a pussy, you will do as you are told' Margaret told him.

'Yes' he said dejectedly. That was true. He wished it wasn't but it manifestly was.

'Beg her, beg her for a lick' said Margaret.

David shuddered. This was a woman who had just given him an electronic shock through the neck. She thought he had a fucking bolt there or something.

'Please Miss Susan' he whispered.

Margaret smacked his hand playfully. 'That's not good enough is it David! You don't beg that way do you naughty boy!'

He knelt before the woman who was to be his gaoler and inquisitor. He begged again and this time she pointed to where he was to lick. He started his work, sucking down the scent of her, feeling her fingers playing idly through his hair. Her sex felt huge against his mouth. It was opulent and it could come with such a sharp pain if he didn't do as he was told.

'Is that nice Susan dearest?' Margaret asked.

She moaned. Yes it was. It was nice humiliating him.

'Use him as you will Sue, keep the smell of your sex in his nose' said Margaret lounging back and enjoying the more leisurely pleasuring this time. 'He wants to lick you, can you feel that?' she asked.

Susan nodded, her mouth open, her eyes closing with the selfish pleasure of it.

'Of course you're going to have to hurt him a lot, but if you pleasure his face too, then he will become devoted to you as he is to Chloe and I.'

'Yes mummy' said Susan. She made little gasping sounds now.

'Orgasm on his face, that's what its there for' said Margaret. She watched as Susan knotted on the man's head. With a twist left or right, she could twist it clean off! Susan made little mewling noises as she climaxed. David licked as fast as he could. His cock was knotting too, contorting down in his pants.

'You see David...why we call it the romping room. It's the place where you become more and more naturally you. Look at you, you clever boy. Susan is having such a hot little orgasm.' Margaret came to Susan's side. She held her hand as she spasmed on the tongue, thrusting her sex up like a beak at David's mouth. Susan groaned.

'There darling.....isn't that relaxing' said Margaret, shaking her hand with pleasure.

Then it was done. David was pushed brusquely away. He was done with. His face was covered in her juices but she had taken what she wanted. As had become his custom he knelt head down. To watch Susan now would seem like an interrogation, a review of what he had achieved. He wasn't to admire his handiwork. This wasn't a conquest. So he knelt head down.

'Well done David, that was such a sweet little lick wasn't it!' cooed Margaret.

He couldn't speak. Right now he felt completely out of breath.

'Now Susan dearest, let's take David over to the couch by the sink and we'll wax his pubic hairs. I agree entirely, he will look so much more supplicant when he's not pretending to be a man down there.'

David stood up. He couldn't resist any more. His mouth and nose was full of the drug. He stumbled across to the bench and dropped his trousers before climbing up on the couch. His pink cage winky stood just proud of him. It looked like a little hot air balloon trapped by stays. It simply had nowhere more to rise.

'Shall I wax him' said Susan.

'Yes dear,' said Margaret. Soon David was going to be squealing a little bit. You know, when the wax had dried and was ripped off. Margaret waited. Across the large picture window more flakes of snow found their way to earth. Soon, the snow would fall in earnest.

Chapter 21

That night was the most miserable of David's existence. He felt utterly alone. Lying in the single bed, within his tiny room he realized that the world had slipped away elsewhere. His mistress and her lover lived above stairs. There was a whole floor of reception rooms before he came anywhere near her bedroom now. There was a whole raft of protocol before he could even initiate a conversation with her. Chloe was a woman of breeding and it was as if David was catapulted back into an Edwardian time when nobility came without rules. If his life was full of the damned things then his mistress had the freedom to do as she pleased.

He had to admit that Mistress Margaret had been artful. Inserting Miss Susan between them was a master stroke. It pushed her down the hierarchy, Daniel would never deign again to take her. But it also gave vent to her frustrations and envy. Susan could hate David. David could become the punchbag on which she took out her frustrations. She was better than he was, so it was right and proper the old bitch inferred, for her to treat him like dirt. Somewhere deep inside David hoped that Susan could be turned. He hoped that she could help him resist the steamroller authority of the household. But he wasn't sure how long that would last if she once bought into the cruel bitch lifestyle. There were times now when Susan looked like Estelle from *Great Expectations* and Margaret, well, she was a Haversham bitch without cobwebs who knew how to use her bitterness.

At nine pm Miss Susan told him to go to bed as he would be up early in the morning, taking the alphas up their coffee and then preparing breakfast. She told him to work some cream into his sore pubic skin. Not only would it keep the skin supple and pretty around his caged winky but it would make the later use of depilatory cream easier. He took the cream and thanked her politely.

'I enjoyed using you up there' she said casually before he turned to go to bed.

'Yes Miss Susan' he answered.

'You're something to masturbate on' she said calmly.

He nodded. If he had dared to ask her what she fantasized about then he might not have liked it so much. He suspected that it featured Daniel. This was in any case a woman who didn't even have to slap his face for impertinent questions. Just a touch of the smart watch was all that was required. One day, some day, he hoped that the collar would come off. When they were persuaded that he had fully converted to being a pussyboy surely it would no longer be needed?

Susan watched him pondering his sorry lot.

'Before you sleep,' she said, 'you are to watch channel 13 on your TV. You will watch the same every night before bed time. The use of the channel is recorded David, so you had better behave yourself.'

He retired to his room. A cursory review of the TV menu had already revealed that the selection of channels permitted was already circumscribed. There was a channel on cookery, another on fashion and dress making. There was an anodine channel on celebrity gossip. There were no news or sports channels, nothing to do with anything that kept him connected to the outside world. When he had checked before Channel 13 had been blank, but now, at bedtime it

seemed to have been activated. He switched into it, sat on his bed and watched what came up. It started with a new promotional video for Chloe's interior design business. The video was professional. His mistress, dressed in an impossibly svelte leather dress flounced around different client's homes, showing all that could be done if one had taste. It was sickening. The sample rooms tour was then replaced with talking head testimonials to the style that Chloe had brought into their homes.

'This will be on a fucking loop' he said aloud, watching the promotional. Then though the video ended and it was replaced with an image that made him start. It must have been filmed up in the master bedroom of this house. Daniel was fucking his mistress. Initially the camera shot was low angle and at a distance. It was as if the camera man was crawling along the carpet. Daniel was giving mistress a hell of a pounding. The bed was bouncing and Chloe's legs waved in the air with every pile driver thrust. Then the camera shot changed and it focused straight in on mistress's face. She wore an expression of utter ecstasy.

'Exquisite....isn't it?' said the voice over. The voice was female. At first he thought that it was Margaret's. To have narrated it herself though would have seemed far too vulgar. No, she had probably just arranged it all.

'Since time immemorial women have deserved sex that satisfied them' continued the silky female voice. On screen Daniel was kissing Chloe's neck whilst grinding his manhood inside her. 'But it has so often been difficult to arrange.'

David's winky jerked. It jerked up against his uniform trousers.

'It is time to correct that, time to ensure true equality. Women define a civil society and they deserve the very best' cooed the commentary. The camera change angle again and now it was down where they coupled. The film slipped into slow motion as Daniel's proud erection at last pulled out of his mistress. It was covered in her

juices and smeared with the thick white goodness he had been shooting her with. The camera shot showed the plug of creamy inside her and the gloops of spunk that slid down her cheeks.

‘We respect what achieves that don’t we?’ continued the commentary in ruminative mood. Now the camera shot was full on Daniel’s slimy erection. It patrolled his phallic contours like an aerial shot over a mountain range. The camera loved his cock. It loved his bulging helmet. ‘So it’s OK to stare, its OK to admire and compliment. It is my friend,’ said the voice, ‘OK to adore and to worship.’

The screen went dead. There was nothing for a second. Then a simple message came up.

One viewing logged as achieved. This presentation will begin again in one minute. Two further viewings must be achieved within twenty minutes.

David stared at the television. Fuck, they were trying to brain wash him. He thought, fuck them! The TV might be switched on, the sound turned up, but he didn’t have to watch it. He could lie on the bed with the pillow pulled tight over his head. He tried that on the next loop. It worked with the promotional interior design stuff, but when he heard Chloe gasping he had to look. He just had to look and then he touched his cage cock. He touched it, pulling it around and around until he wished he could wrench the cage off.

‘Pleeease!’ he moaned softly rocking back and forth as the camera zoomed into Chloe’s face again. He knew it then, the next night, and every night there would be a menu of persuasion. He would call it brain washing and they would call it education. That was how it would be. By the time presentation number three was running he watched the whole damned thing through. He watched his mistress’s ass as it moved in the promotional walk about. He waited to see her fucking again. He waited eagerly.

Christmas Eve morning he was up at 6 a.m. He had been instructed to dress in his uniform and to check that he looked immaculate. Miss Susan would of course inspect him. He went to her lounge door and knocked gently. This morning Miss Susan was dressed in a red leather pencil skirt and a matching silk blouse. It was he guessed her Christmas look. She looked attractive he thought. Perhaps someday mistress would let her fuck someone. Perhaps that was it, through her management of the servant her self esteem was to rise and she was to deserve the sort of sex that she probably missed.

Miss Susan was drinking coffee and he was allowed a cup as well. His own breakfast would not be taken until he had served master and mistress theirs.

‘Today you will start by serving fresh coffee and a little bowl of yogurt and fruit to Mistress Margaret in her bedroom and then coffee alone to master and mistress in theirs’ she instructed. David wondered whether he was meant to write this down. ‘Of course if you are ordered to pleasure you will comply without resistance. Then you will return below stairs and cook breakfast. I will supervise you in that. Washing up will follow and then you may eat. At 9a.m. the Christmas trees will arrive, a large one for the hall, a smaller one for the lounge. You will assist Mistress Chloe to dress those trees. You will not initiate conversation, you will merely answer all her questions, politely and with due humility. Afterwards, from eleven o’clock onwards you will start to clean the reception rooms ready for Christmas. Table decorations are to be set out. At one oclock the carol choir will arrive for their rehearsal and you will serve them drinks and light refreshments in the study. I will then brief you again for the afternoon and evening duties. Is that understood?’ Miss Susan shot him the severest of looks. It was unsettling in the extreme.

‘Yes Miss Susan’ he answered.

‘The coffee has been prepared over there then’ she said, returning to her seat. She was going to listen to the news on the radio.

There were, within the house, a great number of stairs. David realized that as he started on the coffee deliveries. If he dawdled on the stairs then the coffee would go cold and retribution might ensue. He ascended the stairs quickly, racing through his memory of who slept in which bedrooms. Politely he knocked on Miss Margaret's bedroom door. The door seemed so large and so heavy that he was not sure that she would hear within. There came no answer. He knocked gently again, anxiety rising inside of him.

When she did not answer again he debated returning to Miss Susan with the coffee and yogurt, but the thought of failure on his first mission filled him with dread. He decided to open the door and quietly take wakening refreshments to her bedside. If this was to occasion the first painful spasm to his neck that day, then so be it.

He stepped lightly into the bedchamber and saw the broad black shoulders of a man who was covering Miss Margaret. They seemed massive as if he pulled weights or something. For a moment he thought the man Daniel, but it wasn't. It was some other black guy, with a dark ebony face and close cropped hair. The man growled as he thrust into her, causing Miss Margaret's legs to shudder as he did so.

'Just fucking take it' he growled at her.

David stared. He was transfixed by the scene. Margaret was taking cock and writhing on the bed. Her arms slid up around the man's bull neck her Cartier watch slipped downwards as she did so.

'Give it me' she panted breathlessly.

It seemed sickening to David. Then it seemed comical and then frightening. Who was the guy and what was he like!? Anything new, anything strange panicked him now. He dare not speak so moving as quietly as he could he set the tray of coffee and the yogurt and fruit down on a small coffee table across the room.

Slup, slup, slup, slup. The man was enjoying her and making the noises. He grunted and she gasped. Embarrassed to be there, almost to exist right then, David looked across at the curtains. Miss Susan had instructed him to open them. Now to do so seemed to reveal all, to judge Margaret and her lover in some way. He stepped to the curtains and had second thoughts about it. He turned and started towards the door. Margaret climaxed. It was a back arching noisy extravagance of pleasure. The man grunted, bucking into her.

David froze on the spot. It was like one of those kids games where if you moved you could be seen and then caught. He listened as her breathing calmed. It seemed to step down quickly as though she had fucked a lot that night. She looked across at him and then the man did too.

‘David, please fetch Earl a cup of coffee too, cream but no sugar, thank you’ she said loftily.

‘Yes Miss’ David said relieved to have his presence acknowledged. She wasn’t glaring at him. It was as if it didn’t matter that he had just watched her fuck.

‘When you return you will toilet me’ she said casually.

‘Yes Miss’ David repeated. It seemed that he had to demonstrate his obedience. He was to show the man Earl what he was made to do.

He half ran half walked down the stairs and hurried to the kitchen. Miss Susan was waiting. She had expected him to ferry Chloe’s coffee upstairs next but he explained that he had to take extra to Mistress Margaret who had a guest. He said it like that which made her smile. He formed the impression from that that she already knew about Earl.

‘He’s a friend of Daniel’s’ Susan told him, handing him another individual cafeteria of coffee and the bone china cup and saucer.

'Daniel has invited him to fuck Margaret when he wishes. It's a brother type of thing' she said. She explained it very matter of fact. David didn't know about brother type of thing and right then he didn't feel bold enough to ask. He hurried back up the stairs and arranged the coffee and cream on the table beside Miss Margaret's bed. The new man watched him, amused.

'Lick me out' said Margaret who pulled back the duvet to reveal her heavily anointed sex. Her body didn't look old. It looked firm, if possibly a little skinny. Her sex was blessed with beautiful curling grey hair. So he stepped quickly to her and bent over the bed, between her legs. He nuzzled her sex and lapped appreciatively at what looked like lard dripping oozing out of her hole. She rested a leg over his shoulder as he licked up the spermy mess from off her pussy.

'Are you out and about with Daniel today darling?' she asked the man.

David licked her and she stroked his hair as he did so.

'Last shopping, you know' said Earl.

She smiled. 'The Christmas shopping approach of men! Do you mean first shopping?'

He laughed. 'No, last shopping Mags babe' he insisted.

She encouraged her beau to her side so that he could see David tongue his mistress.

'He licks nice enough' said Earl.

'Yes, he does' she said smoothly.

'He ever resist?' Earl wondered.

'We have him collared. The house manager runs the control on that. There is no need to keep slapping him that way.' Margaret ran her fingers over the back of David's collar.

'He clean up cocks yet?' the man wanted to know.

Margaret laughed. 'On the cusp darling, on the cusp' she purred.

The visitor was bold. He brought his wet cock to David's face and stroked its thick head down the side of his cheek. David was terrified, so he glanced toward it and licked the head of the thing.

'Good boy!' said Margaret. It sounded as if David had just completed a sheep dog trial. He was disgusted with himself. The man tasted salty and of garlic. It must have been in his spunk, in his skin, it was somewhere.

'Pop it into your mouth David dear' said Margaret. She touched Earl's thick arm and said that he was not the thrust the fag's face. They were at a delicate stage.

David sucked the cock, just the distal third. It tasted of Margaret. It tasted of her cunt.

'That's such a good boy David!' she enthused again. It was humiliating. She kissed Earl as if in celebration, watching David suck the man's cock.

'You are joining us tomorrow aren't you darling?' Margaret urged.

'Yes' said Earl. He'd had enough of the strange little fucker sucking his cock. He'd had enough of the restriction that he was not to thrust. So he pulled his cock free and dismissed the fellow. David bowed and then left the room.

Now David felt sick. He felt truly sick. Still he had to serve coffee to Chloe and Daniel too so he hurried on.

Mistress and master were already out of bed when David came in. His mistress was wearing a sassy black basque and she too had David come and toilet her. As Daniel had been rather greedy with the sex, that meant a tongue trip front and back. As is polite and hygienic, he started with Madame's creamy pussy and only afterwards moved around and licked her bottom luxuriantly. Mistress stood with her foot up on a chair and David knelt, licking submissively as she angled her crotch for his attention.

'Did you lick mistress Margaret this morning?' she asked him.

'Yes M'am' said David.

'And Earl was there. Did you want to lick his cock too David sweets?' she asked. The question was put as a taunt. You may imagine then the surprise and the delight when he said meekly,

'I did a little licking and some sucking mistress, Miss Margaret was very pleased with me'.

'I'm very sure that she was David!' said Chloe, 'that is really lovely!'

Daniel watched him. It was obvious what he was thinking. David returned the look. He realized in an instant that it would have been terribly embarrassing if Daniel had then tried to make him suck cock and he had rebelled. Instinctively he realized that he had to beg. He had to make it clear that he was the supplicant in this relationship.

'Please sir...may....may I toilet you too?' David asked.

Daniel smiled at Chloe. This was excellent! The faggot was going to submit at last!

'Please be gentle with him' said Chloe who came over and held his cock so that David could get his mouth snug around it. Daniel was thicker and bigger in that department, but David opened his mouth

wide, cradled master's cock on his tongue and sucked gently. He looked up to his master with that beaten look that Chloe had always fantasized about.

'Sucks nice babe' said Daniel, testing a very gentle thrust into David's mouth.

'He adores your darling. But it WILL take time. You have to nurture this in him rather than brutalize him OK?' Chloe gave Daniel her cautionary look. Daniel in turn smiled back and kissed her ear. He was just rocking his cock into the sad little fucker's mouth that was all. After the sucking David licked master's cock all clean. He tasted musky and sensual. He tasted the way that David had imagine that he would taste after Chloe's suck had gripped his cock and siphoned out all that she could get hold of.

'Run along now David babe, Susan will be tapping her toe because you haven't started breakfast yet'. Daniel smiled and pushed his servant away. It was a great start to his day. It was going to be a great Christmas, he could tell that already!

Chapter 22

There was a huge box of Christmas decorations for the hall way tree, which stood some fourteen feet tall, and another for the eight foot tree that would stand in the lounge. David surveyed the first of these as it soared up between the stair ways. The contractors had already fitted the lights onto each tree and tested them. It now remained for David to whirr up and down on the cherry picker lift and add tinsel and baubles under the direction of his mistress. After her toilet that morning she too had dressed festively, in a burgundy pair of leather hot pants and a dusky pink silk blouse that made her look folksy and raunchy by turn. Her leather boots were in a snakeskin burgundy too with high heels that made tree dressing unrealistic. Chloe in any case was there to supervise the work, not to do it.

'I just loved the way you suckled on Daniel's cock David, that was perfectly sexy! I could imagine him splurging all that cummy goodness in your mouth and you gulping it down. You adore him don't you!? Chloe trilled.

He stood mesmerized by her. He was transfixed by how she looked. He tried to imagine her in that gear driving the Aston Martin and his cock tried to strangle itself in his pink cage.

'I do' he answered uncomfortably.

Chloe giggled with pleasure. 'Oh you do! That is just so perfect!' she enthused. Her eyes were wide with excitement. 'What do you adore about him? She quizzed.

He thought a moment. All opinions had to reassure. That was the nature of their new life. He went for the stark answer first.

'His cock...I wish that I was decently hung. I saw Earl's which was handsome, but my master is so well hung' David said. It made him feel sissy, it made him feel dizzy with admiration.

Chloe kissed his cheek. 'Silly, she teased, 'you can't be as big as him, wrong genes. Don't worry though he will fuck you too! He owns everything in the house. He will own you as well.' She almost sang the response. It was as if her heart soared even above the Christmas tree.

'I admire the way he has helped you to live by your instincts. I know that Mistress Margaret started all that off, all those years ago, with Luther, but the black guy here and now, the one doing the fucking is Daniel' said David.

His mistress actually hugged him.

'We're going to have Earl stay for Christmas. He will fuck Margaret but I'm sure that sometimes the boys will swop us about for their pleasure. You'd like to suck Earl's cock too, wouldn't you if it had been inside me David?' Her eyes danced with a lusty daring excitement.

'I'll learn to suck all black cock...any that you chose to ride Miss' David said.

She bestowed her special smile upon him.

'It's for the best David, they have the right attitude as well as the right cocks. It's best because of that' Chloe explained.

David nodded.

Chloe was methodical about dressing trees just as she was methodical about decorating houses. First the tinsel went on, generous sparkling swathes of silver as if the ice had formed on the tree and a hoar frost glistened across its boughs. David went up and down, up and down, locating the strands of tinsel where she wanted them.

'I like you better this way?' she shouted up to him.

He frowned down at her. In what way?

'I like you as a faggot,' she said, 'I never fancied you as a man, you work better as something for Daniel to own.'

He nodded. It wasn't something that he could reasonably or safely comment on.

'You must recognize it David, you get excited inside when you see Daniel's cock? You must feel privileged when he shows you how a woman should be fucked?' She stepped back. Some of the tinsel discarded sparkling tidbits, which floated down her way.

'I can't seem to fight it mistress' he said honestly enough. Goodness he wished that she would let him lick her again. He wanted that, frantically, to lick and lick at her sex.

'You shouldn't fight it David you are a cock slut. The more we fuck you the more you will forget the pain of pretending what you could never be' said Chloe. She started looking through the largest and most extravagant blue and silver baubles, they came next.

'A man miss' David said. He swayed up there near the top of the tree. They had already put on a sparkling star at the top. It didn't need a fairy.

'You know I wish everyone could live so honestly as we are do. There must be thousands and beautiful, intelligent, well bred women

out there who could do better than their husbands. If only they would insist on things. If only they would assure the also rans that a small niche place would still be kept for them. That's important isn't it David?' she called.

'Yes mistress' he answered.

'You're pleased for me aren't you that I've move on from you? I know that you're jealous, of course, but it would be stupid to go on pretending that you could win' she observed. She handed him four baubles to place strategically.

'I can't win mistress' he admitted.

'And you're being such a sweetie about it. You're being so cooperative and ensuring that I have the best of everything'.

'You are my mistress' he said, 'that is my role in life. Your career will take off, I have watched the video.'

'Did you like it?' she called up to him.

'Yes of course. It was a destiny video. You will become even richer, famous one day' he told her.

By the time that David had dressed both trees under her direction, he believed all that he had said. It was as if something snapped inside of him. Once he had sucked Earl's cock and then Daniel's it was as if he had found his place. He was there to serve them all, but of course to place mistress on the highest pedestal of all.

'You won't always need that collar David' she said to him at the end, 'one day you will have embraced the life so completely that humiliation alone will keep you to the cause. David said that he hoped so. He had liked the last time he had toileted Miss Susan, but addictions in too many directions could become confusing. Chloe laughed because that was so funny.

'I'm going down to the local town just for a few things David, would you like to come with me?' Chloe asked.

David wasn't sure, Miss Margaret said that he wouldn't normally be allowed off the estate.

'I will tell her that I am taking you with me' Chloe said firmly. 'You have made such good progress that I want to be seen out with you.'

He waited in the hall patiently. He waited and wondered just how his instincts were now betraying everything that he had been brought up to be. Chloe came back with a short sable fur coat. It felt incredibly soft. He helped her on with it and took his uniform jacket from the chair where he had left it beside the resplendent tree in the hall. From the pocket of the coat Chloe took out a leather dog lead. It was in the same estate colours as his uniform. She clipped it onto the ring of his collar. Then she led him out, across the hall and out into the fantastically snowy and pretty landscape.

'We're lucky aren't we...because of mummy's legacy' she said to him.

'We are' he agreed. Well, he felt that he was. In a past life, a married life he was living with an incessantly miserable Janice. In a past life he could never imagine living in such a grand house as this, even if it was beneath stairs.

'It's because of sex, what mummy needed, who she loved, that we have all this' said Chloe.

'Mistress Margaret is an impressive woman' he conceded.

'You must adore her too, the way she is with you? There is never any nonsense allowed is there David?'

'None M'am' he agreed.

She led him to the passenger seat of the BMW and shut him in. Then she got into the driver's side, her leather hot pants on the calf leather of the seat. In the sheer tights and her leather boots, her legs looked so much longer. They would become cold strolling around town but it would be a treat. It would be a visual Christmas treat for every male who set eyes on her.

They parked near the shops and she started leading him. The lead wasn't held tight but it was still pretty obvious that he was her dog now. To David's astonishment the looks and then the comments did not bother her at all.

'He lick your boots lady? He your fag, huh? What you call him then, Rex?' One described David as 'Santa's little helper'. Chloe didn't know what that meant, but David did. They began in a rather smart jewelers shop. Chloe had arranged for a superior set of chokers to be brought in for inspection. There was a sparkling diamond choker for Margaret and herself and a pearl choker for Miss Susan. Then attention shifted to cocktail rings and dress watches.

'We are going to have a 12th night party David' she explained, 'so mummy and I will need to look our very best.'

David nodded. His job was to hold the accumulating collection of bags, first from the jewelers, then from the gentleman's outfitters, then from a shop that sold the very best brandy and vintage malt whisky.

'Lead on lady, he's right behind you!' said one wag. David winced. I was beginning to get to him.

It was interesting to note the different reactions that they met. The men were derogatory towards him, suggestive towards his mistress. But the women, the women they just stared shyly. They watched them pass curious, intrigued, perhaps, even envious. There were some women who really were in charge.

'Do you think any of the women who look at me that way could ever be me?' Chloe asked.

David thought about it, trying not to catch the shopping bags against other people in the street. There weren't many cars to contend with but the packed down snow could be slippery in places.

'Very few of them Miss' he said, 'they aren't ruthless enough'.

'Is ruthless masculine or feminine?' she asked him.

'It is Chloean Miss' he said with a wry smile.

Now, now the looks didn't seem to matter. The comments smarted less. The only true problem was whether the trunk of the Z4 could ever contain all of these bags.

When they returned to Luther's Vista David was locked in side the library with rolls of the very best Christmas paper, ribbons and bows that you had to tie for yourself. Mistress had left him the list of presents and recipients, but the task ahead of him seemed daunting. It was made worse when first Mistress Margaret and then master came with boxes of presents to wrap and their own individual instructions. Men don't know how to wrap presents in a fancy way he told himself. Well, that was true, but now as he had conceded that morning, he wasn't meant to be a man anymore. He was relieved of masculinity.

Miss Susan came to find him and slapped his face abruptly. He had been out shopping too long and what was he doing now when there was a late luncheon to prepare and then dinner for eight that evening? Margaret had invited around some of her friends from the racquet club. David showed her the piles of exclusive presents, the boxes and the fine papers that he had to process. She was

astonished to see how much there was to do. Expensive things lay strewn across the large table.

'I will show you how to wrap the presents, and then you will finish it quick time' she said. 'At four pm you will stop this work, lock the door and prepare dinner. There are mince pies and canapes to make for the carol choir who are singing at dinner. Then after dinner you will return to present wrapping and work at it through the night if needs be. Mistress expects them all to appear under the lounge Christmas tree as if Santa brought them.'

David watched the methodical wrapping demonstration. He saw how she assessed the best fit of paper for a box, how she made ribbon stand up in extravagant bows and how a fountain pen from master's desk would produce the best greetings on the present tags. David worked on. It was snowing heavily now and whilst that looked magical, his work within the study was exhausting.

A knock came on the door and Mistress Margaret said that she required him in the romper room. Earl was arriving early before the snow set in. Mistress Chloe thankfully headed off that request. Then a horse box arrived and he had to take delivery of two fine hunters which were introduced to their new quarters and fed and watered. These were Daniel's present to his bitches as they would all now join the local hunt. To his relief Mistress Chloe and Margaret had gone out one last time to choose a Christmas wreath for the front door. Sometimes fortune smiled on one.

By the time David retired from the study to prepare Christmas eve dinner there was little that seemed sexy or magical about the day. He was exhausted, humiliated and felt at a boot heel low.

'You'll loose weight that way,' said Miss Susan, 'watching him then dash about the kitchen. When you loose weight you can work harder and the mistresses can get more out of you.'

The evening meal was a four course affair with different fine wines to accompany each. They would start with tiny quails cooked in the oven and served with a red wine sauce, anointed with blackberries and married with beautifully roasted tiny potatoes. The fish dish was lemon sole with a dainty lemon sauce made to a 19th century recipe from Cumbria. The main dish of the meal was then venison, which Miss Susan said that she would prepare because she could not bear to imagine him 'fucking that up'. Desserts consisted of individual cheesecakes served with a selection of three different exotic fruit sauces. The menu was crazily ambitious. No matter how accomplished a cook Miss Susan was he couldn't keep up with her demands. He begged her to ask mistress to hire a cook. It was his heartfelt Christmas wish!

Whilst Susan then finished the final stages of the meal David then donned his uniform jacket again and went to welcome the sixteen strong choir. They sang their first carols at the door, dressed in Victorian attire. David stood beside the table loaded with warmed mince pies and glasses of cask aged dry sherry and chilled white port.

'Ready to open the door David?' said Chloe as she swept down the stairs. She was dressed in the most sumptuous midnight blue satin jumpsuit that showed her breasts off to perfection. Of course the colours matched the décor of the tree. Her waist band belt was elasticated and festooned with sparkling white stones. Around her neck she wore a velvet choker with a large blue sapphire stone at its centre. Mistress Margaret was dressed in a royal blue dress, figure hugging and sophisticated looking. The women looked stunning. 'Shut your mouth David, you look as though you are catching flies' said his mistress.

The choir was welcomed in and David served refreshments. He nodded and smiled. He handed glasses out and collected empty ones in. He wished that his feet would carry him faster. Fuck you all he thought. Snobbery and sex, it's just snobbery and fucking sex.

Dashing back to the kitchen Miss Susan scolded him for losing his bearings. She would finalise dinner, he was meant to set up more welcome drinks for Miss Margaret's guests who would be arriving soon. He could thank his lucky stars that Master had not required him for cock toilet and tuxedo dressing assistance as well. David stood duty again then. More sherry, more chilled port and the little canapés that Miss Susan had left him in the server.

Seeming polite, being silent was incredibly hard for him. He realized that making arrangements look effortless was incredibly stressful. Nothing was to unseat the quiet procession of good taste and privilege that Mistress Margaret was superintending that evening.

'You went shopping with your mistress this afternoon didn't you David, there are always last minute items at Christmas don't you find?' Miss Margaret smiled at the man with his tray of drinks. Earl was stood beside her and brushed his hand against her buttocks.

'Yes M'am' answered David.

'I think I saw you down there' said one haughty woman who frankly looked too portly to wield a tennis racquet. 'Chloe was wearing that divine fur'.

David winced. The bitch didn't need to say that she had seen him on the lead. He was the curiosity then just as he was now.

'You weren't actually married to Chloe were you?' the haughty woman enquired.

Margaret smiled and said, 'David understands his station, don't you?'

Just how David got through the reception and the meal he wasn't sure. The choir's carols helped. The glimpses of snow pirouetting down against the lamps outside helped too. Below stairs Susan snapped at him but by turn there was encouragement as well.

'This is a hell of a test so soon David, keep at it' she whispered as he loaded plates of food into the cavernous dumb waiter and hoisted it upwards to the server above. She patted a handkerchief against his brow.

'You mustn't look as if you are sweating' she told him firmly, 'mistress mustn't look as though she is too tight to employ more servants.'

David switched up and down, into the world of polite conversation and refinement and then the steam and the curses of the kitchen below.

'I couldn't do what you're doing' he told Miss Susan, 'I never knew that you were so on top of things'.

She smiled. Somehow, they were sustaining the effort, keeping up the show.

Just before midnight the meal was done, the choir departed and mistress Chloe, Margaret and their beaux left for midnight mass in the candle lit church in the village below their big house. Daniel assessed the drive passable despite the snow. It was important to be a big part of local society. It was important to establish their presence. They would be charitable and kind, smiling and engaging. The vicar of the parish could think what he liked of how they lived but once they became a resource necessary in village life, matters would settle down. In his life Daniel had had enough of prejudice. Now, the locals were going to learn what the people from the manor stood for and what they could do to shake their polite parochial world.

David returned to his present wrapping. Astonishingly Miss Susan had said that she would tidy up the kitchen after the meal. David felt in awe of the woman. He wanted to get down on his knees and worship her too. He wrapped a Cartier ruben cocktail watch for Margaret from Chloe. He wrapped a Piaget cocktail watch from Margaret to her daughter Chloe. Wasn't there already a new car in

the garage? This was either getting ostentatious or else he risked mixing the presents up. Tomorrow, on the 'family day' he would find out.

Chapter 23

It was around 1.a.m on Christmas morning that David laid all the presents carefully around the lounge Christmas tree. He thought that they looked splendid, the tree magnificent. Of course he didn't have a white beard, a red suit or a sack, but he was pretty sure that his work was the glue that would ensure the success of the present opening in the morning. He even sneaked into the locked garage and used a massive ribbon he had held back from decorating the hall to tie a bow around mistress's new Aston Martin. As he tied the bow his hands were shaking. He took the lantern through the falling snow and ensured that the new horses had their hay and feed. They already seemed relaxed in their new home and blew warmly into his face as he talked to them. Hell, the thought of Chloe in jodphurs riding one of these made him feel faint. He adored her so much.

He returned to the Miss Susan's lounge to report that his chores were done. He wanted to thank her for all that she had saved him from. Without her cooking, her sharing of tasks that he would normally have been required to attend to he would have been sunk. She was dressed in a short kimono silk wrap top, and a black basque beneath. She crossed her legs and told him to help himself to a glass of brandy from the bottle on the side. It was Christmas she said and even a dogs body like him needed a brief respite. When he had poured himself a large measure she directed him to sit down opposite him. Her breasts looked plump and ripe resting on the top of the under wired basque.

'We won't be able to manage big events, high days and holidays like that with just two of us in the future' he said. It was a complaint but he wanted to couch it carefully.

'I've spoken to your mistress' Susan said studying him. 'Very shortly we will have a new landscape gardener. His name is Carl O'Grady.'

The name triggered something in David, why did he know that name? Then, despite his tiredness the connection was made. Carl O'Grady had been a fellow who sorted out Daniel and Susan's ramshackle garden a year or two back. Daniel had wanted his wife to come onto the guy and to make him miserable through teasing. The problem was there had come a night when the teasing got linked with booze. It was rumoured that Carl had actually fucked mousy Susan.

'I know him...don't I' said David. It was as close he dared come to raising the spectre of a past dalliance.

'For a short while,' said Susan sampling her brandy, 'Carl was my lover. I was miserable and Daniel was making big demands on me.'

'Carl fucked you?!' said David in mock surprise.

'Yes David, even I sometimes fucked you know!' She managed a smile. 'Anyway, Daniel has appointed him with effect the new year. He will become second in charge of the household after me. Daniel has said that Carl can fuck me every Friday afternoon on account of my excellent service.'

David winced. That made *him* third in charge, or as you might care to think of it, bottom of the pile.

David tried to remember the man. He was sometimes short tempered. That would make him liable for an early dismissal. In the

meantime though, he could become a nasty little influence below stairs.

'It's alright,' said Susan, 'I've asked Carl not to ride your ego down. Just as long as you call him Mister Carl, there shouldn't be a problem. After all, he will be management too...below stairs'.

David thought of him fucking Susan on a fuck Friday. It made her sound like an animal put in the rutting pen. It was vile and it was cruel, but of course she shouldn't get above her station either. She wasn't a proper lady like mistress Chloe or Margaret. She wasn't good enough for alpha cock.

'You deserve some happiness' David said. She did! Susan had had a rough time of it too.

'Yes' said Susan. She refilled her glass and then David's too. 'We will search for another below stairs member of staff, someone who needs the lifestyle'.

David could guess what that meant. They wanted a weakling, a suck bum. They probably wanted someone who could be a proper little bitch. He bristled at thought.

'You're only her slave David...don't get prickly. She is going to care about you less and less the more powerful she becomes.' Susan rehearsed the destiny slowly and it seemed the more terrible for that.

'I know' he said.

'You'll live near her, you'll lick beneath her, but you will just be an object to her.' For some reason Susan was feeling peevish now.

'She has always been like that, always disparaged me' David said. There was no emotional charge left in the observation though.

'She is too good for you, mummy told her so. You were a mistake'
Susan said.

'Yes,' David nodded.

'Now, you will pleasure me' Susan said, 'I need to unwind and we're both up early to prepare breakfast in the morning.'

Mentally, he hardened against her then. What had started out as empathy became suspicion. The camaraderie of the evening had gone!

'You think I'm nothing as well' he observed testily.

'Yes' she said...'do as you are told, lick my cunt'.

'No! Don't sink to their approach...' he blurted.

She touched her smart watch and the pain in his neck was excruciating. It came on so hard and sharp that he feared that it could stop his heart. The pain ramped upwards and his collar seemed to fizz.

'David, don't make me wait.' she said ominously.

He dived between her heavy thighs and as she spread her legs and opened her succulent sex flaps, he started to lick. She rubbed against him, luxuriating her sex around and around and around. His tongue was slurping up and down. He made those evocative little noises. Susan pulled on her nipples and sighed.

'We did a good job tonight David, but you are still just dirt' she said huskily.

'I know' he gasped. Please no more, no more pain he thought.

From a drawer in the little table beside her chair she took out something. It was a dildo on a rubber base. It had a strap attached to it, but not long enough to go around a waist. She pulled him away from her sex and buckled it in place on his face. He looked like an elephant with an erect trunk. The flange base allowed him to breathe through his nose but it was pulled very tight on his mouth.

'Lie on the floor' she ordered him. When he did so, she straddled his face. She held the erect rubber right where it was required and impaled herself upon it. There was a sucking sound as she sunk downwards.

'Keep your head straight or I'll collar you again' she warned him.

Susan started to bob on the face dildo. She began to bounce on it and some moments David thought that his teeth might get pushed in. He watched her pulling and pulling at her teats. The more she bounced and ground on him the harder she pulled each of them. She was groaning loudly, gasping when she thrust downwards. She pounded up and down on the toy, there was no finesse, no gradual and sensuous theatre to it.

Then she came.

She came and there was a flood of juices that squirted from all around the delving black dildo.

'God! Oh God!' she grunted. The writhing and moaning lasted several minutes and equally suddenly, it was done. She lifted up off the dildo and told him to clean and store it. He was to bring it to her when she demanded.

'Yes Miss Susan' said her chastened underling.

Christmas morning broke with a blood red sun spreading orange across the snow clad countryside. David blinked as his alarm went and then rolled onto his feet. Through the tiny windows high in the

walls of the basement he could sense the wonderful morning light and guessed how it would play across the river meadows. To his surprise he had found that Father Christmas had been or should we say, Miss Susan had dropped a few things on the end of his bed whilst he slept. The first of these came in a little leather pouch. He looked inside and found three pink butt plugs arranged in order of size. There was a note instructing him to use the 'tube of lube' and fit the middle sized one into his back passage. His instructress, most certainly Miss Susan he concluded, had added some points to her note.

'The fucking you have had on Mistress's dildo will have made the smallest plug redundant. You must though keep botty stretched in between sessions so that master can enjoy you comfortably.'

The things looked like pink mushrooms with a bulging body to be pushed inside and with a cap head that had sparkly bits molded into the top. He guessed that this was to make his bottom look appealing. It was something that he had never thought about. Yes there would come a day, quite soon when Daniel fucked him, but the thought of hastening the chances of that through what he wore seemed appalling.

If this little box of delights worried him the other present, which was wrapped in paper was even more alarming. He unwrapped it and guessed that it been chosen by his mistress. It was a sassy little black dress, in satin, short enough to show his stocking tops if he bent over. The skirt element was flared so that he looked like a kitsch doll from a cuckoo clock, the short that came mincing out to meet the miller when the clock struck the hour. There was a note inside this parcel too, written with one of master's fountain pens from the study.

David dear, a Happy Christmas! You will wear your new dress, stockings, panties, lipstick as well as Miss Susan's present to you throughout Christmas day. You have made such good progress and we are terribly proud of you! Chloe x

David's heart plummeted. Christmas day. Nothing changed. He was to be humiliated. Of course they didn't see it quite that way. David was simply being educated. He was being nudged along the path towards personal enlightenment. Embrace what you are, work with the assets that you have. He shook his head. He would have to do as he was told. Miss Susan might well check before he was allowed to take the morning refreshments up to Margaret and Earl, mistress and master. David lubed the middle sized butt plug and eased it in. It felt surprisingly comfy, but that may be the lube he thought. The alternative explanation was that he was getting used to pegging and would make an excellent cock slut in due course. Next he put on the dress. It fitted perfectly. There were padded inserts where his bosom should have been and the shape of the skirt flare emphasized his thighs. It would be very easy to inspect his credentials beneath. The stockings were rolled up, clipped to his suspender belt and then he went to report to Miss Susan.

'Happy Christmas David' Miss Susan said as she walked slowly around him. 'I hope that today of all days we don't need to use the collar like last night. You will never say no to your superiors!'

He bowed his head.

'Are you wearing a plug?' she asked him.

'Yes Miss Susan' he answered.

'Show me' she said. He bent over so that she could see the pink peep o sticking out of his bottom.

'Every day from now on, understood?' demanded Miss Susan.

'yes Miss' he answered.

You cannot walk in a dress the same way that you walk in trousers or jeans he discovered. Women walk the way that they do because of the heels that they wear and how a dress or skirt defines their leg movements. So he took Margaret and Earl's coffee upstairs walking in a more feminine fashion than he wanted. It felt shameful. He knocked gently on their door and Earl came to let him in. He smiled when he saw how David looked. There was no Christmas greeting, no good morning even. He simply beckoned David in and had him pour the coffee. Each cup was then taken with a dainty marzipan sweet confectioned to look like a Christmas bow, treats that Susan had designed. Margaret watched David as he was made to stand by the bed. He wanted to get away to take coffee to mistress but Earl was making him wait.

'You mind if I touch you up faggy?' said Earl.

David blushed.

'No sir,' he said glancing at Margaret, 'of course not'.

Earl caught hold of his caged cock.

'Hell, that's nice in pink ain't it David!' chortled Earl.

Margaret smiled. 'David has a feminine side, don't you David' she said evenly.

'Yes Miss' David agreed.

Earl felt him up. He was able to tease his winky in the cage, which made David wince. His cock was stiffening as far as the cage would let it.

'Bend over and kiss Mistress's quimmy a Christmas good morning' Earl demanded.

David complied. Her sex as before was oozing with the night's residue. For a woman of mature years she was having a lot of sex. David started to swirl and suck with his tongue. Margaret moaned, that was very nice indeed. To David's horror too the way Earl played with his caged cock was pleasurable too. He felt under Earl's control and the utter submission was thrilling.

Earl raised his skirt hem and inspected the pink butt plug.

'Going to fuck your ass for you David...this holiday son, it's going to happen' said Earl.

'Say thank you to Earl' mistress instructed.

David did as he was bid. Then the tease was over. He had nearly ejaculated at Earl's arrogant touch and now, now his nostrils were full of the addictive scent that made his head swim.

In the next bedroom visit David did get a good morning and even a happy Christmas from Daniel.

'Did a good job yesterday David' said Daniel, 'just the four of us to look after today OK?'

'Thank you sir!' David said brightly. It only took a little decency to make life livable.

'Are you comfy in your new dress?' Miss Chloe asked.

'I love it' he said. He said it with real enthusiasm.

'I loved picking it out for you David,' she replied, 'Miss Susan chose your butt plugs, to go with your winky cage.'

Daniel lifted the hem of his dress. He smiled.

'You'll soon need a fuck huh David?' he said with grin.

'I'm learning new things sir' he responded. He said it almost coquettishly, although the response didn't come in to his head exactly that way.

Daniel slapped him on the bottom and sent him on his way.

Breakfast was served in the dining room to an ensemble of three chamber music musicians who had arrived promptly at eight a.m. They played lively medieval Christmas music. What they had cost to hire on a Christmas morning David could not begin to imagine. Still he waited at table and served chilled orange and best vintage champagne to them, which they drank from long and extravagant flutes. They had dressed for the day, the men handsome in lounge suits with silk cravats rather than neck ties and the women in cocktail dresses. Mistress Chloe's was a cheery Christmas red and her mother's an emerald green.

After breakfast they gathered in the lounge around the Christmas tree and Miss Susan was summoned from below stairs. She too had attired herself in Christmas regalia, wearing a claret red leather mini skirt, matching court shoes and a black blouse with a Christmas brooch at its throat. Susan and David were required to stand beside the tree and presents for a photograph, admiring all the fine things that Santa Claus had done.

'You may kiss Miss Susan now' said Daniel in what sounded like a planned ritual.

She held her hand up for him. He guessed that he was to kiss her dress ring but she turned her hand over. He was to kiss its palm.

'Thank Susan for looking after you this year' prompted Margaret.

This year! David wanted to laugh. They had only been in the big house a matter of days! Miss Susan had administered her care for him in a quite individual way. Still, he did as he was told.

Then David was ordered to serve more champagne as Daniel the head of the household handed out the presents from around the tree. There was no vulgar scramble, no unseemly race to discover the contents as David remembered from his childhood. Each present was opened and admired whilst the others looked on. They opened their presents with a casual and an easy contentment, even though several of the presents represented more than a years salary in David's past life. He looked at his mistress sporting the Piaget on her wrist and thought... you are way beyond me now. It is as if you live in another world. She kissed her benefactors one by one. David thought of Jonathan. He was opening presents somewhere, somewhere else with another man looking on.

'We have an extra present outside don't we!' said Margaret and she looked at David. He was to lead the way. He did so sweeping the powdery snow from before them. The orange light on the pristine snow was the colour of marmalade. A pheasant called in the woods beyond the courtyard. The air was crisp and cold as wine.

At Miss Margaret's signal David operated the garage door control and it rose to reveal the sparkling new Aston Martin.

'Happy Christmas darling Chloe!' exclaimed Margaret.

Chloe's face was the picture of surprise. Her eyes opened wide as she gasped. Goodness! 'It's beautiful', she exclaimed. She walked forward a few steps and touched the bonnet of the car as if it was a mirage and might in a moment disappear. 'It is utterly beautiful mummy!' she exclaimed.

David looked smugly at Miss Susan. There, you see, mummy loves Chloe more he thought cruelly.

'We can't have you driving around the country in that tiny little BMW can we!' said Margaret who guided her to the driver's door of the

Aston Martin. 'I suggest that you pass on the Z4 to Susan. She will need to have a motor to go out with Carl in.'

Yes thought David shivering, how perfect, Susan gets a hand me down for Christmas!

'Well I won't need it anymore will I!' said Chloe hugging her mother.

'M'am, did you say go out on dates with Carl?' Susan shot the look straight at her mother.

'Yes dear....Happy Christmas. I heard that Daniel was going to limit your conjugals to a Friday. Its not fish for Catholics is it, sex I mean! I think that we should have Carl live in, that you should have nice sex in that double bed every night if you wish. You just have to keep up the good work!' Margaret held open her arms, smiling first at Susan and then at Daniel. The master of the house nodded. Susan threw herself gratefully into the embrace.

The Aston Martin's powerful engine roared into life, making a throaty refined noise. Chloe was barely attending her sister's embrace.

David winced. His mistress was in entirely a new world of privilege. The bitch Susan was about to have that bastard Carl living with her below stairs. It was as if David now was shoved several miles backwards. He wondered whether he would need binoculars to see his mistress. He wondered whether he would need eyes in the back of his head to deal with the pair of them in the servant's quarters.

'Fuck it' David whispered beneath his breath.

The entourage moved on to the stables where the pair of hunters awaited them all. Chloe cried with pleasure and Miss Margaret too. They hugged the immaculate horses and then Daniel.

'We are sooo spoilt' they both trilled, smiling at each other and the menfolk.

Yes you fucking well are, thought David.

After their crisp and cold expedition outside it was time to warm up, so David served mulled wine from the tureen that Miss Susan laid out on the side board of the lounge. David served the first steaming cups to the party and then stood to anticipating that he was required to wait on.

Miss Chloe came over to him as he stood, his stare fixed at the window that overlooked the snow covered lawns to the front of the house. He was remembering how as a child they had used crepe paper, cutting it in strands and fixing it to the windows to make the room seem green or red when the winter sun shone through. He was back in his childhood and it seemed a simpler time.

‘That was lovely wasn’t it?’ asked his mistress, ‘did you enjoy it?’

‘Yes Miss! The surprise on your face was a picture’ he said warming to the conversation.

She smiled and stroked his arm with her finger.

‘You were in on it weren’t you. You stabled the horses whilst mummy and I were out didn’t you?’ She was smiling as she spoke.

‘Yes’ he murmured. It had seemed a thrill, to be part of Daniel’s secret.

‘Mummy wants you to be in charge of the stables, to do the mucking out OK?’ asked Chloe.

‘Yes mistress’ he said. It was funny how a compliment, being in charge of something got hitched to the most menial work. Chloe it seemed would ride horses, not tend to them. Still, it was part of a domain, however humble and he nodded.

'Why don't you go downstairs and tend to Miss Susan?' said his mistress.

'I'm very happy to serve drinks and canapés here until lunchtime mistress' he answered as politely as he could.

'No,' said Chloe, 'go and make my sister very happy. Lick her bottom or something'.

David frowned. He didn't want to be dismissed. He wanted to stay above stairs.

'David,' said Chloe slowly, 'go downstairs and do as I have told you. I have given you an order. We don't need you for a couple of hours. I don't want you here, you look awkward, fuck off down stairs.'

His face fell. He wanted to scream, but he was dismissed from their company. It felt as though he had just been pushed out of Christmas itself.

'Yes mistress' he answered, bowed his head and retired.

He went down the stairs and there were tears in his eyes.

He went down the stairs, slipping on one and cursing the fucking dress. He went down the stairs feeling as miserable as sin.

Chapter 24

'Hello Davy' said Carl.

David jolted. It had already been a difficult twenty four hours and now it was made ten times worse. Christmas morning after presents had been spent with the face strap on dildo pressing his mouth, assisting Miss Susan as casually she played up and down on the stalk. The thought of having Carl live with her in quarters thrilled her. The realization that mummy had arranged it that she could have a normal dating life with the man seemed a gift from above. She didn't really care that the BMW Z4 was a hand me down, what really mattered was that she was now going to have a sex life. How long had it been waiting for that with the miserably ungenerous Daniel? So she had pumped on the toy thinking about it all. Christmas had come and joy had now arisen.

Christmas afternoon she and David attended the family and assisted them to get rather drunk. Lunch had been a success thanks to Susan and now they waited patiently, serving more and more drinks, lighting the odd herbal tobacco roll up for them. David had been required to do his 'party piece' which consisted of sucking cock for Earl and Daniel in turn. Bobbing on Daniel's handsome cock the accident had happened. Daniel ejaculated hard, in his mouth. David had managed to swallow down the surge load that hit the back of his throat, but his breathing was all wrong for the flow that followed. He

started to gasp, to cough and choke and what his mistress had previously thought 'fun' now became rather embarrassing. Daniel had been dismissed from class with a comment of 'could do so much better' ringing in his ears. He had been dismissed from their company just at the time when he knew they would begin to fuck.

David realized something then. He needed to regularly watch Daniel fuck his mistress. He needed to see her tits swinging as he banged his cock into her. He needed to see the insouciant look on her face when she then submitted as well to the suave Earl. His cock was handsome too and it would add to the gloopy rich mess inside her belly. Damn it, damn it, damn it, David needed to witness her coupling with arrogant black cock. He needed to realize again and again why beautiful women like his mistress lay with alpha males like them. That Christmas day, feeling wretched, David had been kept below stairs as a punishment for being inept at what by now (surely) he should be competent at.

'Hello Davy!' said Carl the next morning.

David blinked at the man. He might have been a Christmas apparition. They had been smoking some powerful weed up in the lounge. The place had stunk of herbal. Still, he looked real enough, big shouldered, blonde and brutish in a way that looked more like a Scandinavian logger than a fucking Irish man.

Susan was beside the guy. She clung to his thick and hairy arm, stroking it up and down with her finger. She looked at David from beneath her fringe, a look that warned him his world was about to change again. Wearing the same little black leather mini skirt that she had worn the day David was welcomed to the big house, she looked now like a sultry disco bitch, someone who was going to cause trouble between men.

'Carl...you're here early!' David ventured.

'Mr Carl...remember your manners' said Susan. She gestured down at her watch. It would be so easy to make David dance.

'Mr Carl' said David, correcting himself.

'I had a word with Susan's mummy Davy' said Carl, 'asked if I could move in early and she said that would be lovely. I could get to know the house before the snow thawed, get to know you of course'. He pushed a finger into David's chest. Today, thank god he wasn't wearing that bloody dress.

'Yes, quite' said David nodding. This was fucking terrible! This was unbelievably bad.

'I hear that you have been trained as a faggot' said Carl. 'Heard that you suck cock and the like.'

'Yes sir, for the masters' David said, feeling sick in the stomach. Why did this have to define him? Why couldn't he just be a different sort of guy, a relaxed cuckold, someone who saw sex in a modern way?

'For your superiors' said Carl. He glanced at Susan.

'For my masters' said David.

Susan pinged the collar control. There was a sudden but entirely brief pain in his neck. No insolence, only obedience her look said.

'You could show me' said Carl.

David felt sick. He felt sick not only because he disliked the man, but because of the panic he felt when last time sucking cock went wrong.

'Mistress and the others are going off to the hunt today, I have to see them off' said David. The horse box had been booked. The contractor would drive the ladies mounts to the meet and mistress

would drive Daniel over in the Aston Martin. Margaret would drive herself over in the Porsche. Earl had to visit his mother up in London. 'Such a good boy' David imagined the old lady cooing.

'Suck the fucking cock' said Carl and pointed to the floor.

Susan nodded. A quick glance at the time assured her that there was an opportunity. It would be lovely to see David suck cock for Carl.

David knelt. He looked up at Carl. The man clicked his thumb and finger together. David was meant to unload his tackle for the man. The guy was wearing a smart pair of jeans. They looked tight, nevertheless David unzipped the fly, undid the waist button and with a little difficulty got the man's cock out. It wasn't yet entirely hard and it was pasty white. It hardly looked appetizing.

'Lick it first, make it stiffen' ordered Carl.

Susan watched. She watched the prick bouncing left and right as David licked it. She watched how his spittle left a sheen on the cock that grew slower harder.

'When they've gone to the hunt, you will come down here and play with us David' she told him.

Now the cock was stiff enough. It was may be eight or nine inches,, nothing compared with what he had choked on the previous day. He wrapped his lips around it and sucked.

'How does that feel darling?' Susan asked Carl.

Carl grunted. 'It feels strange, fucking strange having a fag suck your cock.'

'I like it. I like watching you do it to him. I like you shaming him' she said and kissed him slowly.

'Does he lick you out?' he asked her.

'Of course' she said, 'we could make him do that if that's what you want!'

Just a little bob took David's mouth to the base of the man's cock. It was so easy but so disgusting to suck his cock. He wondered if you could suck cock in a hateful or a spiteful way? He decided that you could. You could make him come so quickly, so he had nothing left for that bitch. He started to work the cock faster.

'He's fucking suckling me' said Carl.

'Yes!' said Susan amused.

Carl pushed David off.

'Go and do your chores for mistress' said Carl.

'Make sure you're back here immediately they leave' laughed Miss Susan.

With some considerable relief dressed in his uniform David returned upstairs and waited outside the front of the big house to see his mistress off. She arrived there immaculately dressed in fresh white jodphurs a pair of perfectly polished black riding boots, her white blouse and silk scarf, and a blue hacking jacket with black velvet collar. She wore her Rolex today and a new dress ring that Earl had given her as a Christmas present.

'Good morning' she said to him crisply as she came to where Daniel had already positioned the Aston Martin. There was no 'David', no Christmas sentiment as suggested by her note with the dress. Mistress had moved on. David got the driver's car door for her and smelled the leather interior immediately. What was it about the smell

of leather in new cars that seemed to signal privilege so easily? Before getting in she tapped his shoulder with her riding crop.

'We're going to be busy until this evening, you are to please Miss Susan understood?' she said.

David blushed and wondered whether she knew that that bastard had always arrived below stairs. There were times when David felt persecuted, times when he suspected the motives of everyone, even his mistress.

'Yes M'am' he said quickly. God, he yearned to beg her then. He wanted to ask her to have him brought along with them. He could hold the tray of stirrup cups. He could work with the contractor to look after her hunter. He could do something. But he dared not ask her. Yesterday, so recently, he had failed. He had embarrassed her trying to take his first load down his throat from his master.

She eyed him. There were times when she seemed almost telepathic.

'You will get better at it' she told him, 'you will get lots of practice.' She tapped his shoulder and then slipped into her seat. David shut the door and it made that expensive sound, the deep clunk of a well made car door closing. She started the Aston up. He hoped that she would be safe. The roads had already been gritted, the route to the hunt's pub gathering was along major roads, but he did worry.

Daniel came out similarly attired for the hunt and he got in the car without saying a word to David. It was shaming. They drove off and then Margaret drove around to the front of the house. She called from the window of the Porsche,

'David, please fetch the blue scarf from my bedroom, standing around outside the pub will be cold' she called.

'Yes Miss' he said and hurried to fetch it for her.

When he then quickly brought the scarf down for her he determined to make one last go of travelling to the hunt rather than returning below.

'Thank you' Margaret said crisply. She was dressed for the hunt as well.

'Mistress, I could tend your horse at the meet. I could provide a mulled wine as soon as you returned' he begged.

She smiled. The bitch actually smiled as she started to speak.

'No David. Yesterday's service to master was appalling. You made a complete fool of yourself when you should have been swallowing. I am afraid that you must take your punishment. I have asked Carl to sort you out whilst we are away.'

Margaret gave him her 'that will be all' look. She felt impatient with him today. His little performance on Daniel's cock had quite taken the gilding off her Christmas she decided.

'Yes Miss' he said and stood back so that the Porsche could accelerate away.

He stood there and shook.

May be he should go down to the river. It was already running high with snow water. He could throw himself in and be carried away from it all. However he died, drowning, by hypothermia, it seemed to him then a beautiful escape. It seemed an end to worries.

There was a cough from behind. He turned. Carl was standing by the front door.

'Get inside here!' the man snapped.

Could he out run the sort of man who landscaped gardens? David thought not. Perhaps he could catch him unawares and brain him with a hammer or something? There were always possibilities.

David walked quickly back to the house, in the direction that Carl was pointing.

'I wish they had never hired you' he said to the man when he reached him.

Carl hit him. He just hit him in the face and David rocked back on his feet. Now his nose felt huge. Carl had caught him straight on the snout. How he had then not toppled over David wasn't sure.

'What was that you said Davy' barked his minder.

David trembled. He looked up at the burly guy.

'Please....please have you got a handkerchief...I.....I can't get blood on my uniform' said David, trying to stem his nose bleed.

Carl handed him a cotton handkerchief. It was crumpled, used but it would suffice.

'Thank you Mr Carl' David said.

Carl pushed him forward, he was to hurry down the stairs immediately.

'What happened to *him*?' Susan asked when she saw him.

'He gave me some lip' said Carl, 'he said that I wasn't welcome here'.

Miss Susan moved towards her watch. David obviously had a lesson to learn.

'No, it's OK, David has a busted nose....don't you Davy. He won't forget his manners in a hurry now.' Carl pulled her to him and kissed her. It was a rough dominating and insistent kiss. Susan seemed to go limp in his arms. It was as if she was the maiden in the paw of the giant ape and he was King Kong.

'Mummy said that you had to teach him Carl. He still has to be in one piece when they return. They'll excuse a busted nose, but if he's petrified of everything and anything, they won't thank you for that' Susan warned.

'We'll be fine....won't we Davy' Carl sneered.

'Yes sir' answered David.

Miss Susan was allowed to tend his bleeding nose and she then slipped cotton roll buds up his each nostril to help keep pressure on the bleed points. She handed him a small bag of frozen peas to place over the bridge of his nose and told him to sit down.

Carl was pacing. He didn't want to lose the momentum of what he had already done.

'Mummy says that you must learn to be a cocksut....quickly now David' Susan said pressing the bag of peas and making David wince. 'Carl is going to teach you. Mummy was going to let you learn gradually, but you made such a mess of things yesterday....' Her voice trailed off. She wondered what on earth David thought of her mother. She must have seemed so cruel and so certain. That which she hadn't finished before, David would have to finish for her. David was not going to be like Toby. He would be broken and completely. David would beg to suck cock, he would put his bottom up so prettily.

'Do you want to learn, or will you risk Mummy's censure?' Susan asked.

'I want to learn' said David. He said it quickly, but without panic. After the smack on the nose he realized that life could be harder, it could be more brutal. The urges inside of him had to be heard now. He had to become what the mistresses seemed to incessantly push him towards.

'Well?' said Susan, stroking his hair.

He looked at the man who paced around the room beside Miss Susan. He had a hard cock but not a huge one. This was perhaps madness but it seemed a stepping stone too. He needed to be what Daniel required him to be. He had to try, somehow to secure his mistress's approval once again.

David nodded. He was grimacing, tensing as he sucked down the deep breathes.

'Please Mr Carl....please....fuck me' he said.

Carl looked at him. Perhaps he imagined David taking a last minute swing at him with a fist. Perhaps he imagined him pulling over a vase from the side and cracking it against his head.

'Drop your pants' Carl ordered.

Susan ushered him into his room to do that. She superintended him as he took the botty plug out. There was just his shirt, just the stockings, suspenders and cock cage now. To his surprise Miss Susan knew the combination code to his cock cage, so she twirled it and release the pink contraption.

'You'll probably squirt when Carl takes you' she said simply, 'it's just more hygienic if your cock is free. Afterwards, after, the cage goes straight back on.'

He nodded.

They went through into her bedroom and onto the double bed. Miss Susan lay on the bed against the pillows and then hitched up her skirt. She showed her bare sex to David. Carl smiled.

'You'll find it easier if you're tonguing me' she told him, and pulled his head between her legs. He felt her fingers knot through his hair and hold him tight in that position. He startled to suckle her genitals. He started to wash his tongue around and around.

'Upstairs, Mummy insists that Earl fucks you first. You are to do this for Mummy when he does so' she whispered, 'she has unfinished memories. You will fulfill them.'

'Yes Miss' he said trembling. Her sex tasted divine. Her body scent had grown stronger. The more she had become accustomed to using him, training him, the more she allowed herself to feel the bitch. It seemed to cause a blossoming of her scent. It was as if a primordial door had been opened.

'Wriggle your tongue inside' she ordered, 'tease my glands'. He did as he was told and there was a little flood of her lady juices. He was starting to feel intoxicated by her, but still the anxiety persisted, above and behind him.

He felt the man's big hands on his hips. At first they just rocked his face against Miss Susan's sex. Then though there was the unmistakable feeling of a cock rubbing up and down between his cheeks. There had been no lube. David had seen no lube being applied. Panic rose in his heart.

It was too late though.

Carl's cock pierced his bottom.

David felt it's bobbly head push inside him.

He groaned.

It was painful and pleasurable.

His heart raced.

He could feel the beads of sweat appear on his brow.

'Lick me' encouraged Susan.

He licked.

Carl's cock dug deeper.

It was inside him now and he could feel its pulse.

He felt it's insistent nudge.

Carl grabbed his arms and yanked them rearwards.

The cock won- it was inside him.

It was throbbing and swelling.

It was starting to pump.

David groaned.

'That's a good boy' coaxed Miss Susan, 'that's nice isn't it... submitting'.

It was nice.

It was nice.

It was nice....

David moaned.

'That's it David...that's very nice. You're owned aren't you? You're Daniel's to fuck' whispered Susan.

Daniel pushed back on the cock inside him.

He pushed into the rhythm of the thing, making the slup, slup, sound with Mr Carl.

'You needing it sweetie?' asked Susan, 'you needing Carl to spunk you?'

'Yes' David moaned. The rhythm picked up. It was like a steam locomotive pulling on the power, steam exploding, rumbling out of a station. Carl started to buck his rear for him.

'Good boy, lick pussy too' Susan reminded him. She wriggled around. Every one of Carl's grinding humps rubbed David's nose against her clitty. They must have looked like a machine together, driven on a cock with a flicking tongue delivering the tantalizing outcome. Susan looked down at Carl mastering him. She felt the lick, lick, sweet, sweet sensation in her sex. This was what Margaret had demanded. This was what Toby had been put on this earth for.

Carl banged into David, stabbing his cock home. He rode the bumpy bed of David's prostate and felt the man shudder with every passage.

'Like that bitch?' he demanded.

'Yes sir!' gasped David. 'It was exquisite. It was the most wrong, the most sensuous and needy feeling in the world!'

'Please, please, please, fuck me' moaned David.

'That's a good boy, such a good boy' rejoiced Susan who was smearing her face all over with her wet and pheromone smelly sex.

David gulped.

He couldn't stop it.

He couldn't.

His cock was squirted plugs of semen all over her bed.

'Yeeeeeah, thought so' bellowed Carl. He loved it, seeing the spunk splash down into the duvet, listening to the slut grunt with every squirt.

David kept squirting. It was such a lush and weird feeling to have his cock spraying semen. How long ago since the last time, it seemed an age.

'You've made him' come smiled Susan. It seemed so impressive, especially at a first time.

'Gonna load the little tart, you mind Sue babe?' Carl asked. He was grimacing now. He needed to explode out of his cock as well.

'No, of course not' she responded, 'take him.'

Carl growled. He growled like a bear wakened from hibernation too soon. David felt the sticky and hot semen belch into him. He felt the pressure there.

'That nice little bitch?' Carl grunted.

'God yes....yes....yes' David moaned.

'Good fag' said Carl, 'gonna fill you up.'

The squirting continued. David continued to accept the sensual mess.

'There!' said Miss Susan as at last Carl pulled out. 'That wasn't dreadful was it?' It wasn't dreadful. It had been frightening, exhilarating, by turn a terror and a relief. Dreadful only described half of the ledger, half of the sex.

David looked back at what had been inside him. It wasn't as big as Mistress's prong. It had been more physical, more responsive, more manly. He laughed briefly to imagine that the cock had just taken him. He had been used for a quick and casual squirt.

'Run along and wash botty' said Susan. He did as he was told. When he came back Carl's cock was still there and bare.

'It's time David, you have to toilet Carl, be a good boy' she said nudging him towards the cock.

'That's it' said Susan as he licked tentatively.

Perhaps tomorrow he would have a sore throat she thought. Still, she had a lot to telephone Miss Margaret about and it was such good news too.

Chapter 25

David waited outside the house for his mistress and the other's return. The horse box had already returned and David liaised with the contractor to ensure that both horses were safely stalled, rubbed down again and fed. He checked the thermostat on the stable to ensure that the temperature was right. It was obvious that the horses had been worked hard but there were no knocks or scratches that he imagined they would sustain jumping hedges and the like. Miss Margaret had telephoned to say that dinner should be delayed as they had stopped to have a few drinks with friends from the hunt. When then Miss Susan had said that she wanted to cook with Carl, and he was to make himself scarce upstairs, David had first waited in the study and then here outside.

He felt different now. It wasn't a feeling of being ruined. It was a feeling of being forced through a hedge that had seemed too thorny. He had been forced to embrace his nature. He had been forced to consider all the implications of living as a cuckold. For sure not all cuckolds went this far, not all sucked cocks or became faggots, but for those of a weaker and a more instinctively submissive nature perhaps this was the marriage required. To worship you had to submit, to submit you had to work with the demands of a mistress. In this instance he had two to attend to. One of them, Miss Margaret had a legacy to bestow upon him.

His bottom felt loser now. It felt loser than it had felt when he had been pegged, when that plug had been used. When he felt his bottom drain a little, he felt a thrill. It wasn't as if he was incontinent it was that he was desirable. He could give pleasure to the alpha male. He could augment and accentuate the pleasures that he enjoyed with his bitch. It was, David thought, as if I fine tune all that they do. Just how much he was allowed to do that of course depended on how attentive and useful he had seemed. Yesterday, on Christmas day, he had nearly blown it all.

Miss Margaret came home first and she brought with her Earl who had been collected from one of the last bank holiday trains. She stepped out of the car and urged Earl to go into the warm. Then she looked at David.

'About time too!' she exclaimed, 'if you hadn't come through for Susan and Carl I was going to get you thrown out'.

'Please no Miss!' he begged. He threw himself on the snow and kissed her riding boots. They were watermarked, covered in mud and whatever else from the hunt. He started to lick them.

'You are what you are David, Chloe and Daniel's bitch. Its not what you were brought up to be, not what features in a James Bond movie, you are simply a fag and a cuckold' she observed tartly.

'Yes mistress' he agreed.

'No one expects you not to fight it sometimes, there is so much to learn, but most of the time you should be Chloe's obedient pet.'

He was still licking her boots.

'If she ignores you then you accept it! If she shames you then you accept that too. It is part and parcel of being their slut. You might be discarded tomorrow but as long as you strive to please then you have a chance David.' Margaret sounded as though she was

reading a proclamation. She sounded as if she rehearsed what she felt she should once have said to Toby.

'Yes, yes of course Miss' he whimpered.

'Toby started well but then lost his nerve. He had to be reprimanded again and again, it became so vulgar' Margaret continued, 'you won't be allowed to back slide. If you fail you will be kicked out of Chloe's life completely. I won't have her perfect new world besmirched by the like of you!'

'No miss, no' he agreed.

'Good then,' she continued, 'you will attend Earl and my bedchamber tonight. You will spend the night sleeping on a duvet at the foot of the bed. You will pleasure us in any way that we demand.'

David looked up at her gratefully.

'Once I am sure that you are satisfactory, I will give you to Daniel and Chloe to play with.'

Then, she just walked away from him. She turned in the snow and marched into the house. He followed her quickly offering both she and Earl hot chocolate.

'That will be nice' she told him, 'but change your uniform trousers... they have dirty knees. I will leave my boots in the hall for you to clean.'

She swept away and David ran down the stairs. He had been forgiven. There was hope yet! His heart spiraled upwards in a giddy relief.

When he got down to the kitchen below he went and kissed Miss Susan. He grabbed her without warning and kissed her full on the lips. There was no time for her to prevent him. She stared in

astonishment at him. Carl came into the kitchen and rolled up his sleeves. If there was a need to discipline then he was ready.

'No! It's OK' Susan said quickly. She sensed, she knew.

'Can I make mistress Margaret and Earl some hot chocolate?' he asked. He sounded like a boy scout on a bob a job week.

'Yes, you may' Susan said, 'are Chloe and Daniel home yet?'

'No M'am' he said, 'but they will be soon and I want to greet them'.

'Don't expect your mistress to come around quickly David, she is likely to be very frosty with you' Miss Susan warned.

'Yes, but its Christmas!' he said excitedly.

'She will treat you like a bitch, for days on end. You will have to earn her trust again' Susan warned. Carl looked askance at the guy. David was hopping from foot to foot and then hurrying around the make the hot chocolate.

'Marshmallows!' he said.

'Over there' said Susan with a smile.

He made the beverages and quickly changed his trousers. He raced upstairs with them to Miss Margaret and Earl. They were served their refreshments with a profuse thank you and much bowing of his head.

'There's Chloe now' Margaret said hearing the Aston Martin on the drive.

David ran to get the front door. It was as if his legs ran faster than he could control them. He almost stumbled on the steps. The door opened before his mistress had time to pull the bell cord.

David knelt. He didn't dare look up to see what her expression was. When she proffered a riding boot to him he licked it immediately. It was dirtier than Margaret's but he licked it nonetheless. When at last he stole a look upwards he looked first at his mistress and then master's crotch. He knew what he was now. He knew what he was meant to be. The realization was Margaret's legacy to him, through what she had discovered before.

'I will suck cock whenever ordered,' he whispered, 'I am your cock slut too'.

The words were addressed to Daniel. He couldn't look up, it was just so exquisite to hope.

'Take my boots off for me David' his mistress said.

After he did so, she simply walked on.

