

BETSY ON TOP

Carmenica Diaz



Also by Carmenica Diaz

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BETSY

ON TOP

CARMENICA DIAZ



Carmenica Diaz writes erotic fiction that is either hard and nasty or soft and tender, depending on her moods.

Ms Diaz commenced writing at the urging of close friends and now has a substantial following of loyal readers.

Her work is in two clear genres – Erotica and Transgender fiction.

Carmenica Diaz is, of course, a pen name.

When asked to use single words to describe Carmenica, a close friend chose the following – impatient, dominant, arrogant, tender, caring, romantic, hurtful, precise, nasty, supportive, and mercurial.

They are still friends as she told the truth.

Betsy on Top
CARMENICA DIAZ
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BETSY WANTS A DISCUSSION!	1
BETSY TEASES!	11
BETSY MANIPULATES!	24
BETSY REVEALS.	37
BETSY PLANS.	41
BETSY TESTS.	52
BETSY GETS WHAT SHE WANTED.	60
BETSY IN THE COUNTRY.	68
BETSY & LENNY.	76

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Betsy Wants a Discussion!

1.

The balance of power between Betsy and Lenny had changed dramatically. Lenny began to wonder if their new lifestyle could easily revert to the way things were!

Then, did he want it to?

For the rest of the week and into the weekend, Lenny was docile and accepted orders, orders increasingly delivered as terse instructions.

He cleaned the house on the weekend while Betsy did laundry and he was then despatched to the supermarket with a list of groceries.

Lenny fulfilled all orders and followed all instructions.

Saturday afternoon found Lenny cuffed to the bed once more while Betsy inspected the chastity belt and shaved his pubic hairs again.

He was grateful she did remove the stubble as the itchiness of the returning hair had become annoying again. Of course, he was naked but Betsy kept her clothes on, reminding Lenny that he would *never* see her naked while the chastity belt was off!

The humiliation generated by that smiling reminder made Lenny's cock stiff and Betsy chuckled. She was finding it remarkably easy to be the dominant partner in their relationship!

Betsy finished the shaving and as she patted his bald balls dry, his dick stood stiff and hard.

It was, Betsy thought, another sign of Lenny's liking for submissiveness and bondage!

It was also an invitation!

And so, she edged him relentlessly for two hours!

She was also becoming very good at knowing when Lenny was close to coming and would deliberately release his

straining cock at the crucial moment, leaving him desperate and gasping, his hips pumping uselessly against thin air while Betsy chuckled.

Lenny needed to come and, after two hours of teasing had passed, he was begging almost incoherently for release.

Betsy had not, of course, remained in the room for the entire two hours and left to do chores or to simply make a cup of tea. Lenny's dick was always at half-mast when she returned to stroke him teasingly again before leaving him straining and pleading.

When she returned to put the chastity belt back on after two hours, his cock was stiff and red while Lenny looked mournful and a little petulant.

Still, he actually felt relieved when Betsy returned with the bag of frozen vegetables in one hand and the chastity belt in the other, signifying the teasing and edging was over for another week!

With the chastity belt locked back on, Betsy disappeared to hide the keys, leaving Lenny still cuffed naked to the bed.

He idly wondered where his wife hid the keys but Lenny knew he would never search for them. He wouldn't know what to do if he found them and he definitely did *not* want to make Betsy annoyed or angry!

Definitely *not* angry!

Betsy returned to the room naked and Lenny gaped at her voluptuous body.

'Now you get to see what you can't have!' Betsy teased.

She turned around slowly, hands on hips and Lenny groaned as his cock struggled against the chastity belt.

Chuckling, she calmly moved onto the bed and sat on his face!

Swamped with her musky scent, her pubic hairs tickling his nose, Lenny felt immediately at home!

2.

As they moved into the sixth week of the contract period, Betsy and Lenny each separately wondered how they would return to their “normal” life!

How could either of them go back to the way things were before Betsy changed both their lives with bondage and plaster!

It was, of course, Betsy who raised the subject.

‘It’s all over this Friday night, darling,’ Betsy said calmly. ‘I will fulfil the contract and release you.’

Not certain of what he was expected to say or even what he *wanted* to say, Lenny nodded dumbly.

‘Think about what you want to do, Lenny,’ Betsy said calmly. ‘I cannot go back to the old ways. I simply can’t. I’m just not sure what the options are, though. Perhaps,...’ she said with a shrug, ‘...it’s time for us to divorce.’

Lenny’s head jerked up. ‘*Divorce? Why?*’

‘I wasn’t happy in our old ways, Lenny,’ she said with a wry smile. ‘I thought I was, thought it was normal to feel sad and unhappy in our tired marriage. I’m not suffering *that* again!’

‘Oh...’ Lenny said, stunned.

‘Think about that, Lenny. On Saturday, we’ll need to have an honest discussion. We have to be adult about this.’

She walked away, leaving a stunned Lenny alone with his thoughts.

It was a lot to think about.

And Lenny did not have a clue what he should do or what he *wanted* to do!

He needed to think a lot! And that, for Lenny, was unusual.

3.

Lenny was quiet at the garage and, surprisingly, Carmichael, Eddy and Mac all noticed.

'What's wrong with you, Lenny?' Carmichael joked.
'The little woman giving you grief?'

'Nothing,' Lenny mumbled as he stepped down from the truck they were working on. It was a rush job for a long term customer so Mac had everyone working on the one truck.

'You haven't said a word,' Eddy pointed out. 'You didn't even laugh at Mac's jokes.'

'Maybe Mac wasn't funny today,' Lenny said, rummaging through the tool box.

'Mac is *always* funny,' Eddy said. 'Ain't that right, Mac?'

'I'm always fucking hilarious!' Mac growled and slid under the truck.

'Maybe it's that sexy wife,' Carmichael laughed. 'Maybe she wants more than what Lenny can give!'

Lenny blinked nervously at Carmichael and wondered if Betsy had told Carmichael about what she had done to Lenny!

No, she wouldn't do that, Lenny told himself but Betsy had changed so much lately, Lenny wasn't really so certain that Betsy would not tell anyone about her power over Lenny!

'Maybe she needs a little of the Carmichael magic!' Carmichael said, suggestively rubbing the front of his tight overalls.

'Leave him alone,' Mac called from under the truck. 'And get moving! We promised this would be ready by five!'

4.

Lenny hurried home from the garage and quickly began to fix dinner as he knew Betsy wouldn't be home from her shift at the hospital until a little later.

He wanted to make her happy as she had been a little distant with him. Lenny worried Betsy was still thinking about a divorce!

His cock pulsed within the chastity belt and a shiver of fear went through him as a thought occurred to him.

If Betsy wanted a divorce, she could blackmail him with the key! If he didn't give her what she wanted in the property settlement, Betsy could *destroy* the key, leaving Lenny locked in chastity for life while she went off and fucked other men!

It was a horrible thought but, weirdly, Lenny's imprisoned cock throbbed and pulsed pathetically at the thought!

Forced to remain celibate while Betsy fucked other men! Why is that arousing?

Lenny sighed as he put the casserole in the oven to warm up.

He knew the answer. Even though he had denied it passionately every time Betsy had raised it, Lenny knew he was submissive!

Shocking as it may seem to other people, Lenny had enjoyed the past six weeks, enjoyed surrendering to his wife!

Perhaps it was far too late in their relationship for Lenny to realise how much he valued Betsy. Even loved her!

The last thing he wanted was a divorce!

He just didn't know how to tell her!

5.

Still in her hospital scrubs, Betsy sniffed the kitchen air and said, 'Don't tell me you cooked dinner without me telling you to?'

'I...I just warmed up the casserole.'

Betsy nodded. 'I'll go and get changed. Do we have wine?'

'Yes,' Lenny said quickly. 'I got that wine you like.'

'I suppose you got beer as well,' Betsy said with a sigh.

'No, I didn't. Just wine.'

'Why didn't you get beer?' Betsy asked, brow furrowed.

'Well...you didn't tell me I could and I like that I'm losing a bit of weight.'

Betsy smiled. 'I like it too. I'll be back in a minute. I'm starving!'

Dressed in a simple denim skirt and loose white t-shirt, Betsy sat at the table and Lenny served the dinner. He then poured wine into her glass.

'You're not going to have any?'

'According to the contract you make the decisions...'

'Not all the decisions, darling. Have a glass. It's not as fattening as smelly beer.'

'I didn't know if you were on call tonight but I got the wine anyway...'

'No. They can't call me back in for twenty four hours. This is quite nice,' she said after she swallowed a mouthful.

'You cooked it. I just reheated it.'

'I think stews and casseroles taste better after a few days.' She sipped the wine and returned to the meal.

'Thursday already,' Betsy said suddenly. 'The week goes faster when I'm on the long shifts in the Emergency Ward.'

'Any horrific cases?'

'There are always horrific cases,' Betsy said bitterly. 'People are mad! There is no question about that. Loony and they treat each other terribly! Hey, this is a first.'

'What is?'

'You asking me about the hospital.'

'I'm interested. That's all.'

'You usually aren't,' Betsy pointed out.

'I know. Sorry.'

Betsy put her cutlery down emphatically. 'You are apologising for *not* talking?'

Lenny stared at his plate as he continued to eat.

'Lenny? What's going on?'

'Nothing. I mean, I'm just thinking about...about things. We still going to talk on Saturday?'

'I would have thought you'd be more interested in getting that chastity belt off!' Betsy said with a wicked grin. 'It's been a while since I've felt your dicky inside me!'

Lenny flushed and picked at his meal.

Betsy frowned at him and said, 'Don't you want to fuck me?'

'Of course,' Lenny said quickly. 'I'm just worried about the discussion...'

'Yes, we are going to have a talk on Saturday!'

Lenny lifted his head. 'We could have the talk now now. I mean, if you wanted to.'

'The discussion is for when the contract ends and you have the keys! Not before.'

'Then, take it off me early...'

'Ah! I see what this moody air is about! You want to get out of the chastity belt early! Well, that's *not* going to work, buster! You have two more days left and I'm not going to break the contract! Besides, I have two more days left of fun!'

Betsy downed her wine and refilled her glass. 'I'm going to sit on the back step for a joint. When you've finished making the kitchen spotless, come into the living room. Naked! I want to enjoy myself!'

6.

Betsy was sprawled on the sofa, music playing when Lenny sheepishly appeared in the doorway. He was naked again and the chastity belt gleamed in the overhead lighting.

Betsy grinned at him before her eyes became cold. 'Crawl here. Be my puppy!'

Lenny fell to his knees and, face red hot and his captured cock pulsing within its invulnerable prison, he crawled to his giggling wife who humiliatingly patted his head.

'Good puppy. Puppies love to chase pussies,' Betsy chuckled. 'Well, here's one pussy that doesn't run away!'

Betsy immediately parted her legs, pulling the denim skirt back and one leg over the arm of the sofa, exposing her furry pussy completely to Lenny's hungry gaze.

'My little puppy loves pussy, doesn't he?' Betsy said.

'Yes,' Lenny croaked.

‘Puppies don’t talk! They go woof! Now, puppy. Do you *love* this pussy?’

Face now burning, his heart pounding from shame and humiliation while his cock bucked pathetically against the chastity cage, Lenny managed a weak, almost whispered, ‘Woof!’

Betsy laughed loudly and Lenny noticed her second glass of wine was untouched but her eyes were sparkling. She was, he decided, lightly stoned.

He could not help but stare at the furry pussy he now knew so well. He knew *everything* – the scent, the various tastes, the touch of the pubic hair against his face and the sensitive areas to caress and *how* that delightful pussy *loved* to be licked!

He took in the details and noticed the sex lips were slightly red, and enlarged. She was, Lenny knew, quite aroused and he didn’t know whether it was the marijuana or the control, Betsy had over him that made her so horny.

Her intimate scent danced faintly in the air around her and Lenny knew that Betsy would not take long to come!

Perhaps she had even been touching herself while sitting on the porch. Her senses were heightened and when she *did* come, Lenny now knew it would be a huge orgasm for her.

Of course, no orgasm for him!

Strangely, Lenny accepted that. It seemed right, somehow!

‘What are you staring at, puppy?’ Betsy purred. Suddenly she giggled and added, ‘No bone there!’

Still giggling, Betsy leaned forward, gently placed her hand on the back of Lenny’s head, and guided him to her pussy.

The scent was thick and heavy immediately Lenny’s nose brushed her pubic hair.

She was, he decided, *very* aroused!

His tongue slid from his mouth automatically and probed gently through the wiry underbrush of her pubic hair, tasting the hint of moisture.

Lenny was not being forced to pay oral homage to his wife! He *wanted* to do it and if she suddenly told him Betsy didn’t

require his services, that she was going to masturbate instead, Lenny would have begged to be permitted to please her!

His imprisoned cock languished with anguish in the chastity belt. Lenny suddenly realised if Betsy said she was never going to release him from the belt and the only sex he would have would be with his mouth, it would not be such a terrible torture!

Lenny's tongue danced over Betsy's engorged lips and he heard her moan. Glancing upwards while his tongue lapped gently, he saw his wife had her eyes closed and an innocent, even vaguely silly smile on her face.

Cock pulsing pathetically within the chastity belt, crouching naked on the floor between his wife's open thighs and using his tongue, Lenny suddenly saw himself as others would!

If Carmichael walked into the room at that moment and saw them, he would, no doubt laugh and Lenny would never hear the end of it from Carmichael and the others.

However, at that special moment, Lenny did not care!

He was serving his wife and giving her pleasure!

Betsy moaned at that point as if she was agreeing with Lenny's silent thoughts. She shifted slightly on the sofa and dropped both legs over Lenny's shoulders, imprisoning him.

Her hand moved to the back of his head again and pulled his head firmly against the apex of her sighs.

'My clit!' she gasped, using both her hands on his head to pull his face deep against her soft, wet centre!

Her orgasm was powerful, just as Lenny suspected it might be!

Her body clenched and shook as she surfed the waves of pleasure, all the while pulling Lenny's face tightly against her sex!

Finally, she released him and with a sigh, collapsed back on the sofa, eyes closed.

Her fingers slowly played with Lenny's hair as he regained his breath.

The room was silent except for the soft music Betsy had chosen.

*I, I couldn't look away,
Chasin' your pretty thoughts.
You're mine,
You're sinking' in my soul,
chasin' your pretty thoughts.¹*

There was nowhere else Lenny would rather be at that
moment!

¹ Alina Baraz – Pretty Thoughts Lyrics (Feat. Galimatias)

Betsy Teases!

1.

Lenny hurried home on Friday night. He left the garage early, claiming he had some chores to do and with a little teasing and jokes, Mac agreed.

It wasn't that much earlier than he usually left but Lenny was nervous and a little tense.

This was the last night before "the discussion".

It was also the last night Lenny's cock would be locked in the chastity belt as the contract expired on Saturday! Then, he would be freed and sometime after that, he would have to sit through "the discussion" with Betsy.

Lenny was afraid! What if she still wanted a divorce? How would he cope without her?

Two months ago, he would not even have asked himself that question but their relationship had changed dramatically since Betsy plastered his arms and took control of their sex life!

Strangely, he didn't think much about the removal of the chastity belt. That was secondary compared to the threat of divorce!

Betsy was not home when Lenny walked into their house. She didn't work that day and Lenny expected to find her at home.

The house as empty and Lenny felt a pang of anxiety.
She's left me!

Lenny gasped with the shock and wildly looked around the house, seeing if Betsy had taken anything, to find signs of her leaving.

Then, he saw the note half hidden under unopened bills on the kitchen table!

His fingers shook as he unfolded the note and read it with a pounding heart.

Make dinner. Will be back by half six.

And that was all!

Lenny sighed as a surge of relief rippled through him and he almost wept with the force of it.

Betsy hadn't left him! She hadn't left him alone forever!

Lenny had a quick shower, changed into clean casual clothes and began to prepare a simple dinner.

He was happy! One thought reverberated within Lenny! Betsy wasn't leaving him!

Yet!

2.

Betsy was dressed in what could be described as "business attire". Lenny looked her up and down and took in the details of the tailored straight grey skirt, the white blouse, black hosiery, high heels and a jacket.

His cock throbbed mercilessly within the chastity belt.

'I had to see someone,' Betsy said not waiting for Lenny's unspoken question to be heard. 'I had to go into the city. It's a madhouse in there. Do you have wine?'

Lenny silently poured a glass of wine and gave it to her.

'Thank you. I'm going upstairs to change.' A cheeky smile flickered on her lips as she moved to the next part of her plan. 'You can come up stairs and watch, if you like.' She paused, sipping wine and looking directly into her husband's eyes. 'Do you want to watch, darling? Want to watch me strip to my knickers and stockings?'

Lenny's eyes grew round at the mention of stockings and his chastity belt ruthlessly squeezed his poor cock, preventing his erection with cruel certainty.

He licked his lips and croaked, 'Yes.'

'Yes, what?' Betsy asked playfully.

'I...I want to watch you undress...please...'

Betsy grinned widely. 'You are my husband, aren't you. So it's only right you get to see my undies.'

She turned and walked away and Lenny thought he heard her chuckle. Quickly, he made sure the meal would not burn and hurried up the stairs after his wife.

Betsy was already in the bedroom, scene of many face sitting moments and, of course, Lenny in bondage while she teased and edged him until he sobbed for relief.

She put the wineglass on the bedside table and peeled her jacket off. Lenny leaned against the door frame and stared hungrily at the outline of Betsy's large breasts in the white blouse.

'Take your clothes off, darling,' Betsy said, dropping the jacket on the bed and picking up the wineglass again.

Lenny obeyed without question. Betsy smiled slightly with satisfaction at her husband's instant obedience. After only six weeks, he was obeying her without prompting and definitely showed a need to serve her in many ways.

Yes, the oral sex was wonderful! Betsy could not complain about *that* at all! However, the fact Lenny was doing more about the house, even preparing meals was a breakthrough and gave Betsy more energy to play!

Naked, except for his gleaming chastity belt, Lenny stood nervously by the door as his wife smiled possessively at him, her eyes lingering on his captured cock for a long moment.

Did she miss having penetrative sex?

Betsy didn't know if she was ready to confess to her husband that she preferred oral sex and that penetrative sex with him was not at all satisfying.

For the first time in her life, Betsy's sexual fires had been stoked into a blazing internal inferno and she had begun to wonder if there were bigger and thicker cocks around!

'Do you still want watch me take my clothes off, darling?' Betsy teased and Lenny nodded frantically. Betsy giggled and pointed at the floor in front of the bed. 'Kneel there, darling. You'll see so much better!'

Once again, Lenny immediately obeyed and knelt on the floor.

Betsy smiled at his easy acceptance, put the wineglass back down and slowly began to unbutton the blouse.

Lenny's eyes were transfixed when she opened the blouse, revealing a white lace slip with the hint of bra straps underneath. Her large breasts swelled against the fine lace of the slip and Lenny stared hungrily as his wife tugged the tails of her blouse from her skirt.

Shrugging the blouse off her shoulders and arms generated a subtle wobble in her breasts and Lenny stared at the creamy mounds that were partially cupped by the lace of her slip and, underneath, the bra.

'I got dressed up today,' she said, laying the blouse on the bed. 'I had a *special* appointment.' She looked meaningfully at Lenny who licked his lips, cock throbbing, and wondering if he dared asked what the *special* appointment meant! 'I'm not going to tell you now,' Betsy said, reading his mind and picking up the wineglass again. 'I'll tell you tomorrow when we have our little talk.'

Sipping the wine, she stood in front of Lenny and turned around.

'Though, I have to tell you, darling, the city is full of gorgeous men in their sexy suits! My god, I had such wicked thoughts!'

The cloth of the straight line skirt was taut over her meaty buttocks and, once again, Lenny's cock futilely attempted to swell.

'Unzip me, darling,' Betsy threw over her shoulder.

His hands shook a little as he reached up to the zipper, her perfume teasing his nostrils. Lenny felt so weak and aroused! His poor imprisoned cock pulsed pathetically against the confining walls of the chastity belt tube as he slowly dragged the zipper down.

The suddenly exposed white satin of the slip gleamed in the lights as Betsy leaned forward to put her wineglass on the dressing table.

Betsy shimmed a little to tease her husband as she slid the skirt down and stepped carefully out of it.

Placing the skirt on the bed she turned and looked down at her husband. 'Are you wondering what I am wearing under my slip, darling?' Betsy teased.

Unable to form words, his body trembling with arousal, submissiveness and a vague humiliation from being so weak, Lenny could only nod.

'First things first, darling,' Betsy said, still smiling as, hands on hips, she looked down at her kneeling naked husband. 'Do you like the slip?'

Again, Lenny could only nod.

'It is very nice. Lace around the bust line,' Betsy said, using her hands to cup her breasts briefly to emphasise the lace, 'and lace border on the hem. It feels nice on and no static electricity because it's an expensive slip! Why should I buy cheap underwear anymore? I should be pampered with only the best! Isn't that right, darling?'

'Y...yes,' Lenny croaked.

'Why don't you kiss the lace on the hem and then I'll take the slip off!'

Eagerly, Lenny bent forward and kissed the wide lace border and he heard Betsy chuckle throatily. His face glowed with shame and his sexual arousal and frustration grew even more!

'Good boy,' Betsy said. 'While you are down there, why not a little kiss for each of my shoes? They're expensive as well!'

The black high heel shoes were glossy and gleamed as Lenny planted a soft kiss on each of the toes.

'So nice to be appreciated,' Betsy said with a cheeky grin.

She bent a little to hold the slip hem and in one fluid movement, pulled the slip up and over her head.

Lenny gasped when he saw his wife was wearing stockings and a pale green open bottom girdle! Her bra matched the girdle with extra white lace around the cups that held Betsy's large creamy breasts.

The open bottom girdle was stretched tightly across Betsy's ample derrière with four suspender straps for each glossy black stocking.

'Do you like the girdle? It keeps me under control,' Betsy said, slowly pirouetting so Lenny could take in all the details of the vintage inspired lingerie.

'The colour is lovely. I thought it was just pale green but, apparently, it is *artichoke* green! You are gaping, darling and your mouth is open. Goodness, you'll be drooling in a minute!'

She laughed and smiled down at her husband, enjoying the hunger in his eyes.

'Dear me, darling, have I made your cage tight and uncomfortable? Oh well, you will just have to suffer one more night for me.'

Betsy turned around and bent over to pick up the wineglass, her bottom directly in line with Lenny's face.

He stared at the glimpse of white flesh emerging from the open bottom girdle and vanished into the glossy black stocking band! His cock was throbbing and the tube of the chastity belt was very tight and extremely uncomfortable!

Lenny, however, didn't care about the comfort! He was seized with one all-consuming question!

Was Betsy wearing knickers under the open bottom girdle?

Betsy sat on the edge of the bed, crossing her legs with an electric rasp that teased Lenny. Lenny was transfixed by the gleaming black nylon of the stockings and Betsy smiled slightly as she took another sip of wine.

'It's been a lovely six weeks, darling and it's almost over. *Almost* as we still have tonight and tomorrow morning! And that reminds me, you haven't *thanked* me for locking up your cock and controlling your orgasms for you in quite a while. Do you

have anything to say to me, darling?' Betsy asked sweetly, her head slightly tilted.

Lenny was at the wrong angle to confirm Betsy wasn't wearing knickers and his head was buzzing with arousal! The stockings teased him and called to him in a way he never thought possible.

It took all his willpower to prevent him from crawling to his wife and begging to kiss her stockings, pleading to allow him to rub his cheek against her nylon sheathed thigh.

'Darling?' Betsy prompted and Lenny dragged himself from his submissive fog. 'Do you have anything to say?'

'I...I...didn't hear you...' Lenny stammered..

'Poor darling,' Betsy cooed. 'Have I turned you on so much you can't think straight? Now, listen carefully, Lenny. Are you listening?'

Lenny nodded frantically. He didn't know where to look! The breasts in the pale green bra, the sliver of bare flesh above where her stocking sheathed legs crossed!

'Yes,' he croaked.

'I said you haven't thanked me for locking up your cock and controlling your orgasms for you in quite a while. Now, do you have anything to say to me, my darling?'

'T...thank you...' Lenny said quickly, eyes moving up to her breasts cupped in the bra and down to the open bottom girdle.

'What are you thanking me for, darling?' Betsy pressed, enjoying the power she now clearly had!

'F...for the chastity belt. Thank you for locking my...c...cock...'

'No problem, darling,' Betsy said airily, realising Lenny was now almost incapable of speech. 'I've discovered denying you is so much more fun than letting you orgasm! Wicked, aren't I?'

Betsy chuckled and pointed at the floor in front of her. 'Crawl here, puppy so you can get a *good* look!'

Lenny could not resist, even though he was aware vaguely his wife was laughing at him, he could not help himself but crawl to the spot Betsy had indicated with a regal flick of her finger.

His imprisoned cock ached fiercely and his balls felt full and swollen as submissive arousal surged through his veins, almost rendering Lenny incapable of any clear, rational thought!

Lenny's eyes fixed on her knees, pressed primly together at that moment and then his gaze drifted upwards to focus on Betsy's ample breasts cupped in the bra.

His eyes fell back down to Betsy's knees in the glossy stockings. Lenny was swirling in a deep, intense fog of arousal and surrender! His mouth was dry, his compressed cock ached futilely and his balls felt as if they were going to explode without an orgasm!

And yet, all he wanted was to be able to kiss those stocking sheathed knees and beg for permission to press his face between those thighs! To feel the rasp of nylon against his cheeks and ears as he pushed his willing face forward to worship his wife would be heaven!

Vaguely, he heard his wife giggling but Lenny no longer cared! He wanted to thrust his face forward, to press against the gusset of her knickers!

His cock throbbed as he wondered what knickers she was wearing under the girdle? Then, he worried that she would not be able to remove her knickers without removing the open bottom girdle!

'Good boy! I like to have a puppy,' Betsy laughed, her fingers ruffling Lenny's hair. 'This is what I wore under my dress to my special appointment, darling,' she teased. 'Stockings, girdle of course, bra and slip. That's what I wore. Do you know what I *didn't* wear, puppy?'

Lenny forced his eyes from her large breasts in lace and upwards to Betsy's laughing eyes.

'I didn't wear *knickers*!'

Lenny gasped and his cock throbbed even more painfully within its cruel chastity belt.

'Look, darling,' Betsy cooed, allowing her knees to part.

Lenny's eyes grew wide as he stared between those stocking clad thighs, seeing the white flesh about the stocking tops and against the open bottom girdle. There, in the middle, almost calling to him, was her furry sex!

No knickers! All day!

He looked up at her face and saw the taunting expression, the laughing eyes and the half, almost scornful smile lingering on those red lips.

Did she have a date with another man? Is she divorcing me and already looking for another? Has she fucked another man?

His mind was out of control, rambling from one possible scenario to another. All those thoughts tore at Lenny but, perversely, his cock screamed with frustration within its prison and his full, fat and swollen balls threatened to explode with frustration.

A small thought flickered faintly as Lenny foundered in his foggy sea of sexual frustration and submissiveness.

Why am I aroused at the thought of her fucking another man?

Betsy smiled down on her husband, guessing his thoughts as she tantalisingly left the clues to see what he would do.

He didn't know what Betsy's appointment was but he had leapt to conclusions.

Was it a lawyer?

Or with one of those gorgeous men she mentioned in their sexy suits?

Perhaps led by Betsy he had arrived at the concept of possibly cuckolded and his eyes showed he was wondering frantically if Betsy had really been unfaithful!

She parted her thighs a little further and chuckled at Lenny's desperate eyes. 'I think you want to kiss pussy. Do you?'

This was the final test as far as Betsy was concerned.

Lenny might vaguely protest he wasn't submissive but she was about to see if he would surrender *everything* to Betsy, even if the cuckold circumstances, as far as Lenny was concerned, were only a possibility at this moment

He did not know for sure if his wife had fucked another man that afternoon!

And Betsy wasn't going to tell him! She was enjoying herself too much and especially peeling more of her husband's protective layers. The question was, would Lenny kiss her sex if he thought she may have fucked another man!

'Do you?' Betsy repeated.

Lenny nodded, his eyes fixed on her pussy.

'Ask me, puppy!'

'Please...' Lenny croaked. 'May I...'

'My kitty is hot and sticky,' she teased. 'And I want you to be gentle. I'd like to come so it may take a while but you don't come until tomorrow! I hope you understand that, darling,' Betsy cooed and Lenny nodded frantically, his mind buzzing.

Hot and sticky? What will I taste?

Even if the possibility of being cuckolded was looming within Lenny's foggy brain, he still wanted to bury his face in his wife's furry sex, no matter the consequences, no matter what he would find!

Betsy smiled and touched her white flesh close to the glossy stocky welt.

'Kiss my knees first and then here. Gently.'

Hungrily but very gently, Lenny kissed her knees, feeling the nylon against his lips.

Then, he moved his head upwards and, as he planted two kisses on each creamy thigh, he inhaled the ripe musky sent of her sex!

Betsy giggled when, after kissing each thigh, he looked up with the desperate longing in his eyes that Betsy enjoyed so much.

She pressed her finger against the white creamy flesh of her inner thigh halfway to her sex and said, 'Kiss here, on both legs, puppy.'

Lenny saw the red fingernail pointing to the spot and quickly pushed his face forward to plant another soft kiss.

He could smell a hint of scent but the thick, musky intimate perfume of her vulva overwhelmed him, making him weaker and even more compliant.

Eyes fixed on the prize, taking in the details of Betsy's pussy, he found himself wondering if another man had penetrated his wife's sex with a fat cock while Lenny, the husband, was relegated to only licking his wife's pussy!

An illicit thrill of humiliation and submissiveness rippled through Lenny with such force, his mind was again fogged by arousal.

'You can kiss kitty now, puppy,' Betsy said, fingers resting on Lenny's hair. 'If you want to, of course. Do you want to, puppy? Want to kiss my hot, sticky pussy?'

Lenny nodded frantically and Betsy chuckled with triumph.

'Not yet,' she teased, unclipping the stockings and standing. 'I'll take my girdle off. Don't worry, draling, I'll leave my stockings on for you!'

Herat pounding, cock throbbing uselessly, Lenny watched his voluptuous wife shimmy out of her girdle.

With a huge smile, she lay down and parted her thighs again.

'Are you my puppy, darling?' Betsy taunted and Lenny could only nod. 'Then, lick, puppy. Make me come, make me very happy!'

He pressed his face eagerly between her thighs, inhaling the ripe, intoxicating scent of her arousal and flicked his tongue gently across the pink labia. His tongue placed feathery

kisses over her sex, the pubic hair tingling against his nostrils as he pushed against that sacred mount, allowing the tip of his tongue to drag lightly over the entrance.

Betsy smiled down at her eager husband, closed her eyes and slowly fell back on the bed.

It was time to enjoy herself for, possibly, the last time!

3.

They did not talk much during dinner!

Betsy was comfortably satisfied, dressed in just her robe and sipping wine while Lenny throbbed with unrequited arousal.

His head also buzzed with the possibility his wife had been unfaithful to him! It nagged at him as he ate, music playing softly in the background, his mind trying to unravel the possibilities with many silent questions.

Where did she go today?

Where did she go without wearing any knickers?

Or, did she wear them but removed them for sex, giving the discarded knickers to her lover as a trophy?

Lenny's imagination was clearly moving into overdrive!

Did she taste any different?

Could I taste a man?

God, could I?

The questions flew around his mind like multiple mosquitoes, annoying and stimulating him with distinct scenarios!

What confounded Lenny most of all was the fact each of these questions aroused him!

4.

Betsy left Lenny to clean the kitchen while she left for a long bath.

Lenny's mind continued to work furiously as he cleaned.

He wondered if he should ask his wife if, in fact, she had fucked another man!

Dare he ask her if he was now a cuckold?

As he wiped the kitchen bench, Lenny knew he would not ask, as he was afraid of the answer!

5.

When Lenny got into bed, Betsy said with a smile, 'I like the fact you are going to bed horny while I am perfectly satisfied. I know that means I am a terrible bitch but I can't help it!'

Lenny said nothing and fumbled for the bedside lamp.

'Still, after tomorrow, you'll be able to wank as much as you like,' Betsy said. 'We will decide everything tomorrow. Good night, darling.'

Lenny mumbled goodnight and they kissed lightly before Betsy turned her bedside light off.

Lenny lay on his back, staring up at the dark, his mind still racing while his wife slipped into sleep.

Betsy Manipulates!

1.

As usual, Lenny woke with a nagging uncomfortable pain in his groin.

Betsy was stirring beside him and his heart buzzed with excitement at the prospect of his cock finally unlocked! Lenny didn't know if Betsy would permit him to fuck her or would give him a hand-job! He didn't care! Lenny just wanted to come!

Afterwards, the important discussion. The prospect of such a discussion filled Lenny with dread!

Betsy had a smile on her face, eyes closed as she moved close to Lenny. Her hand snaked under the covers and cupped his swollen balls lightly.

'You'll get to empty these today,' she murmured sleepily. 'And then we'll talk!'

She rolled over and instantly fell back into sleep.

Lenny's entire being whirled with arousal, sexual frustration and apprehension.

The *talk*!

The more Betsy mentioned the coming discussion, the more nervous and anxious Lenny became!

Quietly, he slipped from the bed and padded silently towards the bathroom.

He decided he would make breakfast in bed for Betsy. Lenny wanted the day to go smoothly and he hoped that by being nice to her she may forget about the talk of divorce!

As he quietly left the bedroom with Betsy sleeping soundly, Lenny wondered if he would feel the same about a divorce if Betsy revealed she had slept with another man!

And I licked her!

That was a humiliating and degrading thought but, weirdly, it also aroused him!

His cock throbbed painfully within the chastity belt as Lenny crept downstairs, submissive arousal surging through him.

It would be, he knew, an eventful day!

2.

Lenny carried the breakfast tray into the bedroom mid-morning and Betsy looked sleepily at him until it registered her husband was bringing her breakfast in bed!

Startled, her eyes widened considerably and she sat up, her large breasts moving under the thin white nightdress she wore.

‘What is this?’ Betsy demanded, a smile forming.

‘I...I thought you might like breakfast in bed...’ Lenny said lamely, suddenly embarrassed by the single flower he had put in a small vase on the tray.

‘Is this a joke?’ Betsy asked and Lenny quickly shook his head.

‘No joke. I...I thought it would be a nice thing to do...that’s all...’

‘And it is a nice thing to do but you haven’t done it before so I am a little shocked. Still, why not enjoy, eh? Give me the tray, darling.’

She sat up, plumped the pillows behind her and smiled at Lenny as she placed the tray on her lap.

After a sip of tea, Betsy said, ‘For being so nice to me, I’m going to be nice to you today! I’m going to let you fuck me! Will you like that?’ Betsy asked mischievously, smearing marmalade on a piece of toast.

Lenny’s eyes were fixed on the shape of Betsy’s large breasts through the almost sheer white nightdress.

‘Y...yes,’ he stammered, cock pulsing painfully against the confine met of the chastity belt.

She nibbled the toast while she thoughtfully examined her husband. ‘Of course you’ll like it,’ she said after a moment of

silent study. 'Notice, I said *fuck*! Not making *love*! You make love to me with your mouth, don't you, darling?'

Lenny blushed and nodded.

'And you lick me so beautifully now days. And you *really* licked me last night!' Betsy cheekily added and Lenny blushed even further while his imprisoned cock squirmed within the metal tube that cruelly compressed it.

'It's been a while since your little cock has been inside, hasn't it, darling?' Betsy asked conversationally, sipping tea.

'Ah...yes,' Lenny murmured.

'I haven't really missed it,' Betsy said, putting the tea cup down and adding more marmalade to the half-eaten piece of toast.

Lenny quivered with submissive humiliation at the causal declaration from his wife.

'And...' she continued with her casual degradation of her husband. '...I mean, if you had a *huge* cock, well, then it would be different! I would probably miss *that*! However, I don't really miss your little willie but I *would* miss your talented tongue, darling! I don't think many men would worship their wives' pussy like you do. Not *real* men, anyway!'

Lenny gulped with embarrassment but his cock, strangely, throbbed powerfully against the tube of the chastity belt.

Betsy was, however, relentless. '*Real* men fuck like stallions, don't they, darling! And they're *hung* like a horse or so I've been told,' she chuckled. 'Couldn't imagine a *real* man on his knees for hours licking a woman's pussy without any *real* sex for him! Goodness *no*! A *real* man would just take it, wouldn't he? Just take control and fuck!'

Her eyes held Lenny's for a moment while a strange smile lingered on her lips.

'I think I've had enough toast, darling,' Betsy said with an airy wave of her hand. 'You can take the tray away now. I'm going to have a very long bath and get dressed in something sexy for you! I'm going to give you a little something to look at before I

take that nasty chastity belt off! Then you can pounce on me and *ravage* me! Sounds *delicious*! Now, runaway, darling and do your chores. I want the house spotless!

3.

Lenny cleaned the house from top to bottom while Betsy lounged in her bath for hours.

When Lenny switched the vacuum cleaner off, he could hear his wife humming and singing softly in the bath.

She was pampering herself while Lenny worked hard completing the domestic chores. He knew he should resent the fact he was now doing everything but, weirdly, he didn't. It felt right, somehow.

Besides, she's getting dressed for me! I'm going to fuck her!

His cock squirmed again at the thought but, at the same time, Lenny felt a little apprehensive!

Would he satisfy his wife? After those casual remarks, Lenny wasn't so sure.

And, if she really did fuck another man, she's going to compare me to him!

Lenny shook his head.

No, she didn't fuck anyone! She's playing with my head, that's all!

Betsy had calmly eroded her husband's self-esteem and sown the seed of doubt in his head once more!

4.

Fresh, pink and voluptuous, Betsy emerged dripping from her bath and slowly towelled herself dry while wicked thoughts danced provocatively within her head. Dropping her shower cap on the floor for Lenny to pick up later, she reached for the towel.

Her eyes met her reflected eyes in the mirror as she gently patted herself dry.

Life had changed so dramatically since Betsy had decided to take steps to control her husband.

The results had surprised her, even shocked her but then, Betsy found she revelled in her new power! It now seemed that Lenny would do anything Betsy wanted! Sometimes, he needed a little incentive to motivate him and Betsy was more than capable of providing *that*!

Betsy chuckled when she remembered how happily Lenny had licked her, even though she had allowed Lenny to think of the possibility of another man being *there* before Lenny!

That proved Lenny was deeply submissive and that thought made her tingle.

As did the idea of sex with *another* man!

Betsy sighed and closed her eyes at the thought of another man!

*A strong, powerful, alpha male between my legs!
Thrusting his huge cock...*

Oh my!

Shaking her head to clear it of such wicked temptations, Betsy wrapped the towel around her.

And then Lenny brought me breakfast in bed of his own volition!

He wants to serve me!

He doesn't want to go back to how things were any more than I do!

She did not drain the bathtub.

Why should she?

Lenny would do it later!

Smiling to herself, as she planned how to erode her husbands' self-esteem a little more and make her man even *more* compliant, Betsy concentrated on choosing her lingerie!

For what she had in mind, she wanted the maximum effect!

A sly giggle escaped her lips as she thoughtfully selected the perfect lingerie for the occasion of Lenny's release!

5.

Betsy sailed gracefully down the stairs and smiled when Lenny's jaw dropped.

Wearing a blue and white polka dot dress with a flare skirt and a provocatively low cut bust line, Betsy knew she looked glamorous with a hint of 1950 vintage.

Petticoats flared under the skirt, providing fleeting glimpse of white lace and the skirt floated around Betsy as she walked down the stairs.

A wide white leather belt cinched Betsy's waist, emphasising her voluptuous hourglass figure

Lenny stared at the way her breasts were squeezed forward and upward by her bra. He also saw the key to his chastity belt dangling from a slim gold chain around her throat and nestling in the succulent cleavage that hypnotised him. Betsy was wearing shiny black hosiery and white high heel shoes.

Betsy had styled her hair in to a vintage bob and had chosen bright red lipstick to match the vintage ambience she had sought to create. Judging by the pictures and videos of dominant women in girdles and vintage lingerie, Betsy had found on Lenny's computer, he had a fetish for commanding women dressed in that way.

Lenny's reaction told Betsy she had been very successful!

'I'm afraid the bathroom is a bit of a mess,' Betsy said gaily. 'Run up and clean it, darling,' Betsy causally ordered as she walked into the living room.

Lenny watched her for a moment, frozen at the foot of the stairs by his arousal, intense sexual frustration and desire to serve!

His round eyes focused on her arse undulating seductively as she walked slowly to the living room, one foot directly in front of the other. Lenny licked his lips as he heard the rustle of petticoats.

She paused in the doorway, posed teasingly with one hand on the door frame and, with a small pout, asked, 'Didn't you hear me, you *naughty* boy? The *bathroom*!'

Startled from his reverie, Lenny blurted, 'Ah...yes...Ma'am...' and hurried up the stairs.

Suppressing a giggle and being called *Ma'am*, Betsy walked into the living room and arranged herself on the sofa with legs crossed and the hem of the flared skirt raised a little more than it should. A froth of petticoat lace peeked from the skirt hem and appeared very white against the shiny black hosiery.

Lenny's cock was throbbing painfully within the chastity belt as he hurried to the bathroom. The bathtub was full of water and he could smell her scent in the room. Towels were discarded on the tiled floor, as was the shower cap.

A small voice inside his lust addled mind suggested he should resent the fact he had to clean up after his wife but he ignored it.

He really did not care as he now saw Betsy as a goddess! She was so regal and beautiful in that vintage outfit, clothes that brought back memories to Lenny of being a very small boy in his aunt's house.

His balls ached! He wanted to come and knew that, finally, he would!

As he wiped the empty bath, he remembered what Betsy had said.

Then you can pounce on me and ravage me! Sounds delicious!

Anxiety ran through Lenny as he wondered if he was capable of doing what Betsy had said. Could he *pounce*? Could he *ravage*?

Somehow, Lenny knew he probably couldn't. All he wanted to do was to *come* and he felt he would not measure up to Betsy's requirements!

With the bathroom clean, Lenny stepped into their bedroom and saw lingerie scattered on the bed, stockings hanging over the dressing table mirror and high heel shoes lying in various places on the floor.

He left the bedroom as it was. Betsy had not instructed him to tidy or clean it and Lenny did not want to annoy his wife.

Already, he felt increasingly apprehensive about making love to her and told himself to hold on and not disappoint Betsy after she had gone to so much trouble to look so sexy for him!

As he slowly walked down the stairs, Lenny felt increasingly worried!

When he saw Betsy sitting on the sofa in that startlingly sexy dress, a magazine in her hands, eyes down, she looked so calm and in control that Lenny's cock immediately bucked pathetically against the chastity belt.

Betsy heard him timidly enter and without raising her eyes from the glossy page, simply said, 'A cup of tea would be nice, darling.'

'Of...of course...I'll make one,' Lenny said quickly and hurried to the kitchen.

If, somehow, Lenny had the ability to become invisible and return to the room, he would have seen a small smile of satisfaction on her red lips and a mischievous and calculating twinkle in her eyes!

6.

Betsy put the magazine down when Lenny carried the tray with teapot and cups into the room.

'I hope the kitchen is clean, darling,' she said.

'Yes...yes, it is. I cleaned it...'

'Excellent. Put the tray down there, darling, and I will pour.'

Lenny hovered uncertainly as Betsy deftly poured tea into two cups. He wasn't sure if he should sit down or not so he nervously waited.

Betsy smiled at his nervous and uncertain air. It was *all* going to plan.

'Sit down, darling and we'll enjoy a nice cup of tea before I take that chastity belt off you.'

Lenny sat down opposite his wife, his eyes flickering from her cleavage and the key, to her knees in shiny black nylon. As he nervously sipped his tea, his cock pulsed within its prison and he felt helpless and submissive.

'Goodness, it's past lunch time,' Betsy said, glancing at the old clock on the mantelpiece. 'I must have been in the bath for ages. Do you like my dress, darling?' Betsy slyly asked.

'Yes,' Lenny murmured, mouth dry and his cock throbbing pathetically within the metal tube of the chastity belt. His sexual frustration had reached the point where his balls felt swollen and explosive!

'I thought you would like it! And, I'm wearing stockings *and* a special girdle and bra for you! No knickers,' she said with a chuckle. 'So you have nothing to take off me! You can just manhandle me into position, pull my legs apart and ravage me with your stiff cock!'

Lenny gulped at such a description and his cock pulsed even more in its prison. He didn't say anything but Betsy saw the apprehension and anxiety flickering in her husband's eyes. Her plan was proceeding very nicely indeed.

'This tea is lovely,' Betsy said after taking a long sip.

'Yes,' Lenny said shakily. 'It...it is...'

They drank the tea in silence but Betsy was well aware of Lenny's round eyes running all over her, devouring every detail of her voluptuous body in the 1950's dress.

It seemed Lenny could not decide where he wanted his wandering eyes to rest. They would fall on Betsy's ample cleavage with the key to the chastity belt so provocatively displayed, or to the shiny black nylon that sheathed her legs. Perhaps the froth of lace from her slip that peeked seductively from under the skirt. Even the glossy white high heel shoes, so stark against the black nylon of her hosiery, appealed to Lenny's wandering eyes!

Betsy put down her empty tea cup to signal the tea break was over!

'Take all that into the kitchen,' she said, regally waving at the tea things. 'And take your clothes off in there, darling. I want to feast on your manly body!'

Lenny hurried to comply and when he had taken his clothes off, he miserably looked down on his rounded belly.

He had lost some weight during the past few weeks through lack of beer and more exercise with his domestic chores and work at the garage but his body was not toned and hardly *manly*!

The chastity belt with its fiendish curved tube forcing his soft penis down over his balls gleamed wickedly in the lights.

At least he would now get to come but would he be able to *pounce*, pull her thighs open and *ravage* her as Betsy seemingly wanted?

Lenny doubted he was capable of *that*!

Naked, locked chastity belt gleaming, Lenny walked slowly back into the living room and stood awkwardly in front of his smiling wife.

She removed the chain from around her throat and dangled the chastity belt key before Lenny's eyes as arousal surged through every part of his nervous system!

'Hands behind your back, darling,' she ordered and Lenny automatically complied. 'Now, take a step forward and I'll unlock you for, probably the last time.'

He shivered at the sudden thought of being permanently locked into the chastity belt, a life of enforced celibacy as Betsy slid the key into the lock.

'Ready, darling?' Betsy murmured and Lenny licked his dry lips and nodded.

Slowly, Betsy slid the chastity tube from Lenny's cock and then deftly removed the locking ring.

Lenny was free and his cock immediately rose and hardened to salute the occasion!

'Looks like someone is happy to be out of the chastity belt,' Betsy said with a knowing smirk.

She sat back, uncrossed her legs and raised her hems to the tops of her stockings, the white petticoat lace startlingly contrasted with the black of the stocking welt..

'Come and sit next to me, darling,' she murmured.

Lenny was trembling with lust, his hard cock quivering as he sat tentatively next to his wife on the sofa.

Betsy smiled at him, moving against him so her leg was close to his cock.

'You normally kiss me on my pussy, darling,' she murmured, pushing against him and making sure his cock grazed her thigh.

Lenny moaned as the nylon of her stocking tickled his cock. He looked down, eyes wide and his breath ragged and heavy, seeing his hard cock resting against the black nylon stocking!

'No need to go down *there* to kiss me today,' she giggled, pushing even closer and pursing her lips.

Her perfume swept over Lenny and his heart was beating so rapidly he wondered if it would burst from his chest.

His cock pulsed against her stocking, the lace from her petticoats tickling his balls as Betsy claimed his mouth with hers.

Their first *real* kiss for some time and Lenny gasped free, his arousal moving to bursting point!

'Lovely kiss,' Betsy said and moved her hand downwards, her fingers resting on his cock, pushing it against her stockings. 'Now, let me feel this cock inside me!'

The sensation of her warm fingers on his cock and the silken touch of lace and nylon was too much for Lenny!

His pent up sexual frustration and arousal burst free and with a groan, his orgasm rushed to freedom!

Lenny gasped and groaned as the orgasm overtook him and he frantically milked himself against his wife stocking,

thrusting desperately, as his ejaculation surged over the black nylon!

Betsy smiled to herself, triumph sweeping through her as her husband came so easily, pushing his cock against the stocking band, pearly puddles of semen scattered over the black nylon.

The moment the fever of Lenny's orgasm had left him, shame and embarrassment swept over him.

He could not raise his eyes to meet his wife's and muttered, 'S...sorry...'

'That is *very* disappointing, darling,' Betsy said coolly.

Lenny could not look up and his face burned with shame.

'I was so looking forward to a good ravaging!' Betsy said and Lenny did not see the triumph gleaming in her eyes.

He did not know what to say but he knew he had failed his wife and wanted to make it up in any way he could.

'Look at the mess you've made on my stockings!' Betsy said, finger pointing at the puddles.

'I...I'll wash them...'

'Of *course* you will,' Betsy said firmly. 'And *hand* wash them!'

'Yes, yes...I'll do that now...'

'No, I don't think so,' Betsy said. 'Taking the stockings off will spill that disgusting mess on the carpet! You'll have to lick it off.'

For a second, Lenny wondered if he heard correctly!

He stared at the stained stockings and his face burned even hotter.

'L...lick...'

'It's *your* mess, darling and it is from *you*! Hurry, lick it off now before it stains my expensive stockings!'

Betsy saw the confusion and fear flickering across her husband's face.

Will he surrender, she wondered, will he completely submit to me when he is not aroused?

It was an important test!

Strange feelings of confusion and shame rushed through Lenny but, stranger still, he *wanted* to debase and degrade himself!

Without Betsy telling him to do so, Lenny slid to his knees and, kneeling naked in front of his wife, moved his head down to her stained stocking.

Hesitantly his tongue quivered from his mouth and moved towards the white puddles on the black nylon.

Lenny felt humiliated and ashamed but what was worse, he felt his cock twitch pathetically as his tongue scooped up the first of his ejaculate.

He tasted salty humiliation, while Betsy smiled victoriously down at him, her hand in his hair, controlling him as he cleaned her soiled stocking with his tongue!

It was a new low for Lenny and another triumph for Betsy!

Betsy Reveals.

Betsy did not permit Lenny to dress after he had licked her stocking clean.

Instead, she had regally said, 'You can pour me a glass of white wine and we will have our talk! You can have a glass of water.'

Face red and still unable to look Betsy in the eye, Lenny hurried away and returned quickly with a glass of chilled white wine for Betsy. He had drunk a glass of water in the kitchen but *that* taste still lingered on his tongue.

Naked he hovered uncertainly as Betsy arranged herself on the sofa, adjusting her dress so the hem now covered her knees. The white petticoat lace vanished and Lenny nervously waited for her instructions.

'Sit down,' he said, sipping the wine. 'It's time for our talk. A little earlier than I imagined,' she said coolly. 'I had thought we'd be making fucking for some time but, clearly, that is *not* going to happen!'

Lenny flushed and looked down. He felt small and inadequate under his wife's cool gaze. Lenny fearfully awaited the dreaded discussion!

'Our experiment is over, Lenny and I want to make it clear that I am unable to return to the way our life was before I took control. I understand now our marriage was terrible and I simply will not put up with *that* again!'

Lenny kept his eyes down, his heart pounding and he guessed Betsy was going to tell him they were getting divorced. Perhaps she had found someone else and was already fucking another man!

'I want more, Lenny, than you seem able to give,' she said. 'I do appreciate you have *certain* talents, skills I certainly enjoy. You go down on me so well and I do enjoy dominating you

but every now and again, I would like a *real* man! That is clearly *not* you!

Lenny quivered with her statement and, shamefully, he agreed with her.

'After all our years of married life, Lenny, I still have affection for you but that is not enough anymore!'

'Do you want to know why I was dressed up the other day, darling?' Betsy demanded.

'Only...only if you want to tell me...' Lenny mumbled.

Betsy chuckled. 'You think I was with another man! That's what you thought, wasn't it, darling?'

Lenny sullenly nodded.

'And yet, you *still* licked me?' Betsy said pointedly and Lenny blushed deeply, his cock quivered. 'Goodness,...' Betsy said with a knowing smile, '...are you getting hard again?'

Mortified, Lenny mumbled, 'N...no...'

'We'll see, I suppose.' Betsy said. 'I would not go with another man behind your back, darling.' Betsy said calmly. 'I would *tell* you before I did such a thing!'

Lenny gulped and his cock betrayed him!

'You are *obviously* getting a stiffy, Lenny!' Betsy crowed. 'I think you *like* the idea of me making love with another man. Don't tell me you would like to watch!'

Lenny gulped again and looked away as his cock was *completely* hard!

Betsy smiled, crossed her legs and sat back, wineglass cradled in her hands. 'I went for the final interview for a new job and I got it!'

Lenny raised his head and Betsy smiled at him. 'I will be working on process improvement for emergency procedures for several hospitals. Of course, I'm just part of a team but it will be exciting work! I start the week after next, after a week off.' She frowned at her husband. 'Aren't you going to congratulate me, darling?'

'Y...yes...congratulations...'

'Thank you. Although you were a little slow to offer congratulations,' Betsy said with one eyebrow arched. 'The hospitals I will be responsible for are all north of here. I will have to move and I think I will find a small country cottage.'

Lenny jerked his head up. 'C...country cottage?'

'Yes. It will be easier for me and I like the idea of a small garden to interest me on the days when I'm not driving to hospitals or coming back to London for meetings. I have always wanted a small cottage. It will be cosy but comfortable.'

'But...' Lenny murmured but Betsy ignored him.

'I will be making a lot more money and accommodation for the first month will be provided free. They are also giving me a new car!'

'But...what about me?' Lenny asked.

'You've got your truck...' Betsy said, teasingly.

'Not the truck! What...what about *me*? When you move to the country...'

'You? Why, you'll stay here until the divorce is finalised, darling.'

There it was! The word Lenny dreaded. *Divorce!*

Stricken, Lenny's jaw dropped and he stared at his wife. His erection vanished and he was aghast.

'We will tell our son together,' Betsy went on, seemingly oblivious to Lenny's shock. 'He will understand. We will simply tell him we have grown apart which is the truth and I want a new life. He's away a lot and his new job in Berlin is taking a great deal of his time. I might fly over there and see him every now and again. I'll be able to afford that now and there are always cheap air fares if you look for them.'

'But...but I don't want a divorce!' Lenny cried.

Betsy frowned at him. 'What?'

'I don't want a *divorce*!'

'Don't be silly, darling. Of course you do!'

'No, I don't...'

'Don't make me angry, darling,' Betsy warned. 'Divorce is *exactly* what you want.'

'No, it isn't...'

'You'll be able to go back to how things were without me! You'll be able to eat what you like and drink as much beer as you can pour down your throat! Fart in bed and no one will care! You can watch female domination porn on your computer all night and wank as much as you like! Sounds like *Lenny's Heaven* to me! Of course, you *want* a divorce!'

Face flaming with embarrassment, Lenny hung his head.

The succinct description of Lenny's life before that fateful night when Betsy plastered his arms seemed so awful and somewhat shameful.

'I hope we won't need lawyers and things, Lenny,' Betsy said evenly. 'We should just split everything down the middle. Mister Jenkins next door has always wanted to buy this house so we should give him the opportunity first. You'll be able to find a small flat near the garage and life will be good for you and wonderful for me.'

Betsy stood up and smiled at her husband. 'I hope we will remain friends, Lenny. We have shared so much and we have a son together. I will miss that talented tongue of yours though, as well as making you do things. We've had some fun, haven't we?'

Betsy kissed his forehead and walked upstairs to change, leaving Lenny staring miserably at the floor.

Betsy Plans.

1.

Betsy was polite to Lenny for the remainder of the weekend but made no further reference to the “experiment” or Lenny’s complete sexual surrender over the past weeks.

No tease and denial or humiliation and definitely no oral worship! Suddenly Lenny’s life seemed, to him, to be a little empty.

On Monday, Lenny went to work and he wondered what Betsy was doing on her week off before she took up her new post.

Carmichael was cracking jokes as usual and telling Eddy all about his Saturday night exploits.

‘Did you fuck her, Carmichael?’ Eddy asked his idol.

‘Three times, my lad!’ Carmichael proclaimed. ‘Three times and she was well and truly shagged!’

‘All right,’ Mac said gruffly, tired of Carmichael’s bragging. ‘Let’s get to work on the trucks. I promised we would have them fixed by tomorrow afternoon.’

2.

Lenny hurried home from work to find a new red sedan parked in the driveway. It was parked in the spot where Lenny usually parked his truck. Parking in the street, Lenny inspected the car on his way into the house and wondered who owned it.

When he walked upstairs, he found Betsy going through her wardrobe.

‘Who owns the car?’ Lenny asked.

Betsy was dressed in the casual clothes she wore for cleaning. Baggy long sleeved top and loose comfortable trousers. She picked up a dress and dropped it on a pile on the floor.

'I own it,' she said, holding a pair of fawn coloured trousers at arms length and studying them. After a moment of scrutiny, she dropped the trousers on the same pile as the dress. 'Well, it's a company car but it's mine while I have the job.'

'Why red?'

'I love red and they let me choose the colour.'

'What, it's brand new?'

'Oh yes, with a yummy smell inside! I love it.'

Lenny gestured at the clothes. There was a pile on the floor and a much smaller pile on the bed. 'What are you doing?'

'Sorting clothes. This pile,' she said gesturing at the large pile at her feet, 'is going to charity. 'I'm taking the other clothes with me.'

'Taking?' Lenny said faintly.

'When I leave. You should do the same. Not that you have as many clothes as I do,' she chuckled.

'Betsy...'

'What?' Betsy said absently. She was beginning to sort lingerie and Lenny glimpsed black lace before he looked away.

'Do we *have* to get a divorce?'

'We've discussed that, Lenny,' she said patiently.

'I know but, well...I don't *want* a divorce!'

Betsy smiled to herself but did not show any sign of triumph. Instead, she held up a pink bra with white lace edging on the cups and pretended to study it critically.

'Of course you do,' she said. 'Do you think this bra is sexy?'

'Ah...yes...well, I suppose so...'

'I'll take it then,' she said, dropping it on the bed.

Lenny stared at the pink bra for a moment. 'I don't think I do want a divorce,' Lenny said. 'I love you...'

'*Bollocks!*' Betsy said cheerfully, holding up a pair of white briefs with a lace diamond in the front.

'I do! You don't know how I feel!'

'Excuse me,' Betsy said firmly. 'I *do*! Actions speak louder than words and you treated me terribly over the past few years. You ignored me! You'd rather wank over porn than spend time with me. That hurt, Lenny! It still does!'

'Look, I'm sorry.'

'I've heard *that* before. I'll take these knickers. They're comfortable.'

Lenny watched the white briefs fall onto the bed. 'I know, Betsy,' he said slowly. 'I did treat you terribly before but that's changed. You and I are...different...after the...you know...'

'I can't read minds, Lenny. What on earth are you burbling on about?'

'When you took *control*! When you dominated me and I did what you wanted...'

'That was just a bit of fun for six weeks! You wouldn't want that *all* the time!' She was holding an apricot coloured baby-doll in her hands and she turned her eyes on Lenny. 'I mean, would you hand over total control to me *forever*?'

'I...I...' Lenny stammered and Betsy nodded coldly, dropping the baby-doll onto the bed.

'You wouldn't would you? I mean, I would want *complete* control and *you'd* be my virtual *slave*! Why on earth would *any* man want *that*!' She began methodically folding the clothes from the group of garments on the bed.

'I...I...' Lenny stammered, face red.

Betsy raised one eyebrow. 'You wouldn't want that! Would you?'

'Ah...well...'

'I didn't think so. Let's just leave it, Lenny. I'll be away for a few days looking at cottages up north...'

'Cottages? Where...'

'I'm not sure yet.'

'So, you're going, just like that?'

'I can go where I like, Lenny! We *are* getting a divorce!'

'I don't want to get a divorce!'

'Oh my *god*! Not again!

'Please, Betsy...'

Betsy seized Lenny by the shoulders and looked up into his face. 'Lenny! We can't stay together! We *have* to get a divorce!'

'Why, Betsy?' Lenny whined.

Betsy sighed. 'You want the truth, Lenny?'

'Yes!'

'Are you sure?'

Lenny stared at his wife, anguish flickering over his face as he guessed his wife was about to tell him she didn't love Lenny anymore and, worse, she was in love with another man!

Still, he *had* to know!

'Yes,' he whispered, head down. 'I want to know...'

'Because, Lenny, I *liked* what we did for six weeks! No, I *loved* it! I loved controlling you, loved teasing and denying you! I really loved all the orgasms you gave me while I regulated yours. And I *loved* humiliating you! Get it? I am, I have discovered, a truly wicked woman!'

'Well...I...I like...'

'You liked the *game*, Lenny! If we stayed together, it would *not* be a game!' She released his shoulders and went back to folding the clothes. 'I discovered something about myself, Lenny,' she said softly while folding clothes. 'I *want* to be cruel, want to be the boss and want to be *very* selfish! I can't help it!' She smiled thinly at him. 'Now, be a love and order a take-out curry for us while I pack for tomorrow.'

Silently and slowly, Lenny walked downstairs, his head spinning while Betsy finished packing.

3.

When the curry arrived, there were two suitcases in the hall and two bulging plastic garbage bags full of clothes for charity.

Betsy and Lenny ate the curry in silence, watching television. Lenny wanted to say so much but he didn't know

where to begin and he didn't know if he had the courage to even try.

Betsy stood and stretched. 'I'm going to have a long bath. Could you sleep in the spare room? I don't want you waking me when you come in and I don't want to wake you when I get up early tomorrow.'

'Well...all right...' Lenny mumbled.

Betsy kissed his forehead and walked upstairs.

Lenny tried to focus on the television but his eyes were constantly drawn to the suitcases and plastic bags in the hall.

5.

After a fitful night, Lenny woke to a silent house. Quickly, he leapt from his bed and hurried down the hall to the main bedroom.

It was empty.

The bed was made and most of Betsy's cosmetics were gone from the bathroom and the wardrobe was basically empty. Even the drawers were empty and only a few pairs of shoes remained in the bottom of the wardrobe.

Devastated, Lenny slumped on the bed, his head in his hands and stared unseeingly at the floor.

Betsy had gone!

Just as she said!

And Lenny didn't know where she was and when she would be coming back!

4.

'How's that wife of yours, Lenny?' Mac asked conversationally. They were in the small kitchen area of the garage and were making mugs of tea for the morning break.

'Betsy?' Lenny said, pasting a smile on his face.

'She's the only wife you've got, isn't she?' Mac joked. 'Unless you've got a few more hidden away somewhere?'

'Very funny, Mac,' Lenny muttered.

'Well?'

'Well what?'

'How is she?'

'She has a new job,' Lenny said miserably before he could stop himself.

'At the hospital?' Mac asked stirring sugar into the mug of tea.

'She's going to be working in a few different hospitals.'

'Where?' Mac demanded, sensing something was up with Lenny.

'North of here,' Lenny mumbled. 'She's up there now looking for a cottage to live in...'

'You're going to *move* into the country?' Mac exclaimed.

'Well, Betsy will move next week. That's where her job is...' Lenny lamely added.

'Are you going with her, Lenny?' Mac asked quietly, glancing at Eddy and Carmichael through the doorway.

Carmichael and Eddy were standing near the back door of the garage, smoking.

'We...we don't know yet...' Lenny mumbled, picking up his mug.

'When *will* you know? I'll hate to lose you, Lenny. You are the best mechanic here. You'll be hard to replace.'

'We'll see...'

'Lenny?'

'What?' Lenny answered.

'Has Betsy left you? You can tell me, mate.'

'No! She... she has a new job, a promotion with a lot more money! She couldn't turn it down!'

'I suppose not but where does that leave you?'

'We're discussing that but it's early days...'

'Not much call for specialised truck mechanics in the country, Lenny,' Mac pointed out.

'I can work on cars if I have to...'

'So, you *are* thinking of leaving!'

‘Nothing has been decided, Mac,’ Lenny said. ‘I’ll tell you when a decision has been made.’

‘Well...I suppose that’s all I can ask for,’ Mac said doubtfully.

5.

As Lenny drove home, he was hoping he would see the red sedan parked in front of the house again but his heart sank when the driveway was empty.

The house was silent and empty. Betsy had not returned.

Sadly, he watched a little television while eating reheated curry.

Then, he sat in front of his computer and began to surf his old female domination and BDSM sites, the ones he had not visited ever since Betsy had taken control.

Somehow, those sites no longer had the zing he once thought they had. It all looked staged and false with no connection!

And *none* of the women in the female domination photos looked like *Betsy*!

6.

The house was silent again when Lenny woke. He had slept in the main bedroom but the bed seemed huge and empty without Betsy sleeping beside him.

After using the bathroom, he wandered through the house, hoping against hope, that he would find Betsy in either the spare bedroom or the kitchen.

He didn’t.

Mac saw Lenny was not himself and tried to talk to him but Lenny brushed him off.

Even Carmichael knew there was something bothering Lenny and had asked Mac what the problem was. Mac had simply said he didn’t know.

Eddy tried a few jokes but Lenny simply ignored them.

The driveway was empty again when Lenny returned home. No red sedan and he spent another miserable, lonely night.

7.

On the third day, Lenny's heart leapt when he saw the red sedan parked in the driveway! He felt excited and happy knowing Betsy was home at last!

She was sitting at the kitchen table, drinking tea and reading what appeared to be official documents.

Lenny suddenly felt ill as he wondered if Betsy was reading divorce documents!

She was dressed in casual grey trousers, flat shoes and a dark blue jumper which, in Lenny's mind, emphasised Betsy's large breasts. 'Hello, love,' she said somewhat absently.

'Hi,' Lenny said, stopping at the doorway. 'You're back.'

'Not for long. I'm leaving tomorrow.'

'L...leaving? For good?'

'No, just have to look at another house but the one I saw today looks very good.'

'Oh. Where is it?' Lenny asked softly, sitting opposite Betsy.

Betsy smiled. 'Does it matter where it is?'

'No, I suppose not.' Lenny took a deep breath. 'Look, I've been thinking...'

'Oh dear,' Betsy said, leafing through a document. 'That means trouble.'

'I have been thinking a lot since you've been gone...'

'Have you spoken to Mister Jenkins?' Betsy asked.

'Ah...No...'

'I thought you were going to? We *have* to sell the house and if he doesn't want it, I'll have to find an estate agent to sell it for us! That means charges, commissions! It would be easier if old man Jenkins bought it! He's been wanting to build a block of flats on our combined land for ages. He'll snap it up!'

'I know all that and I *will* talk to him...'

'When?'

'Tomorrow!'

'Make sure you do,' Betsy said, returning to the documents.

Lenny watched her reading for a moment before he tried again.

'Can we talk, Betsy?'

'What about?' Betsy said, still reading the document.

'Us.'

'That's all done, Lenny,' she said, turning a page. 'We know where we are. It's for the best...'

'No! I don't think it is! I want us to *stay* together!'

Betsy gave a dramatic sigh and looked up. 'Not this again,' she said wearily. 'I've explained, Lenny...'

'I know you have and I want that as well!'

She frowned at him. 'Want what?'

He took another deep breath. 'What you said, how you are now, how you would treat me...if we stayed together...'

Betsy waited, wondering if Lenny was going to say what she *wanted* him to!

'You know...' he said lamely.

'No,' Betsy said quietly, 'I don't. You'll have to spell it out.'

'You...you would have complete control,' he said shakily.

'*What?*' Betsy said, hoping she sounded incredulous. 'You would want live like my slave forever! I doubt *that!*'

'No, it...it's true.'

'Bollocks! Lenny, I love the idea,' Betsy said quietly, 'I really do, but you can't want that...'

'I do! I am submissive!' Lenny blurted it out. 'Like you said. I am! I want everything you said!'

Betsy studied him for a long moment. Lenny sat there nervously, almost sweating as he suddenly realised his future depended on his wife in more ways than one.

She suddenly pushed a piece of blank paper to him and a pen. 'I'm going to give you something to think about, Lenny,' she said quietly. 'Something to ponder on while I'm gone tomorrow. Okay?'

He nodded slowly, picking the pen up.

'Write this down,' she ordered. 'I am very submissive and want to surrender all control to Betsy.'

Lenny's cock stirred as he wrote the sentence down as dictated.

'Betsy makes all the decisions and I will be completely servile to her. I will be chaste, locked in a chastity belt and she will hold the key. I will be denied while I will give Betsy pleasure whenever and wherever she demands it.'

Betsy watched him writing for a moment and when he finished she said, 'Stand up.'

Lenny stood up and she looked meaningfully at his groin. 'You're hard, aren't you?'

Red faced, he nodded.

'Good,' she said. 'That means you truly are submissive. Sit down and keep writing.' She waited until he sat down and picked up the pen before she dictated, 'Betsy will deny me pleasure, humiliate me and punish me whenever she wants. I have no say in what she does.'

Lenny's hand shook a little as he wrote that down.

Betsy was relentless as she said firmly, 'I know I can't satisfy Betsy with my small penis. I also prematurely ejaculate. I can only please Betsy with my tongue.'

Stricken, Lenny looked at Betsy, his hand still trembling as she coolly met his gaze and smiled. 'It's true and you know it,' she said firmly. 'Write it down!'

Lenny wrote the damning words down.

'I want to be humiliated,...' Betsy continued, '...and want Betsy to cuckold me!'

Lenny gulped but wrote it down.

Betsy smiled slowly. 'That's enough to begin with,' she said. 'You read that list tomorrow and if there is anything on that

list you don't agree with, you will know it is impossible for us to go on together!

Betsy stood up and gathered her documents. 'A real man wouldn't agree to any of that,' she said. 'But we both know you aren't a *real* man! You need me to take control but I am not satisfied with games, Lenny! This has to be real!'

Betsy walked upstairs, a satisfied grin on her face as she guessed, no she had *hoped*, Lenny would acknowledge that everything on that list was true!

Then, if he did, Betsy would have *exactly* what she wanted!

Betsy Tests.

1.

Lenny had been sent to the spare room to sleep and think. It was a restless night for him, but when he woke groggily, the house was silent and Betsy was gone again!

Sitting in the lonely kitchen, sipping tea, he reread what Betsy had made him write down the previous evening.

I AM VERY SUBMISSIVE AND WANT TO SURRENDER ALL CONTROL TO BETSY.

BETSY MAKES ALL THE DECISIONS AND I WILL BE COMPLETELY SERVILE TO HER. I WILL BE CHASTE, LOCKED IN A CHASTITY BELT AND SHE WILL HOLD THE KEY. I WILL BE DENIED WHILE I WILL GIVE BETSY PLEASURE WHENEVER AND WHEREVER SHE DEMANDS IT.

'BETSY WILL DENY ME PLEASURE, HUMILIATE ME AND PUNISH ME WHENEVER SHE WANTS. I HAVE NO SAY IN WHAT SHE DOES.

I KNOW I CAN'T SATISFY BETSY WITH MY SMALL PENIS. I ALSO PREMATURELY EJACULATE. I CAN ONLY PLEASE BETSY WITH MY TONGUE.

I WANT TO BE HUMILIATED AND WANT BETSY TO CUCKOLD ME!

His hands shook as he read it several times but, tellingly, Lenny's cock was rock hard!

Taking the piece of paper with him, he lay down on the bed and masturbated while reading those fateful words again!

2.

As he worked in the garage, Lenny's mind kept returning to the words Betsy had dictated to him. He couldn't help himself!

As he thought about the shameful sentences, confessions, perhaps, Betsy had told him to write, he tried to think of any he did not agree with!

He couldn't!

And *every* sentence made him aroused!

3.

Betsy had not returned and the house seemed sad and lonely to Lenny.

After a beer, he wandered next door and knocked on the back door.

Harold Jenkins appeared and nodded. 'Lenny.

'Harold. Can we have a chat?'

'Sure. You want a beer?'

'Why not?'

'I'll bring one out.'

Harold Jenkins always held his discussions on a bench near his rose garden and Lenny waited there.

Harold emerged from the house with two bottles of beer. 'Here.'

'Thanks.'

'What's on your mind?'

'Betsy and I were wondering if you still want to buy our house.'

'I might. Why you selling?'

'We're moving to the country. Betsy has a new job, worth a lot of money...'

'I saw the red car,' Harold said. 'That hers?'

'Yes. Part of the job.'

'Where is this job?'

'North. She's going to be doing something with a few hospitals...'

'I see. You can tell me the truth, you know.'

'Truth?'

'You and Betsy are finally splitting up, yes? That's okay. Divorce is not a bad thing. Frankly, I've always wondered

why she stayed with you. Betsy looks very good for her age! Then again, I'm old fashioned, I like curvy women and Betsy is certainly curvy,' he said with a chuckle.'

Shocked, Lenny could only gape at Harold.

'She's a fair bit younger than you, isn't she?' Harold went on.

'Five years but that's not much...'

'Five? That all? She looks *much* younger than you. Must be that awful beard you used to have. You growing it back or you just lazy?'

'Can we talk about the house? And, for your information, we are *not* getting a divorce!'

'No?'

'No! Now, the house?'

'Well, I shouldn't be interested in your reasons for selling...'

'No, you bloody shouldn't! Lenny muttered.

'How about I get a valuation and we can look at it then?'

'When will you do that?'

'In a few days? Maybe next week...'

'Okay,' Lenny said, standing. 'Betsy is talking to estate agents so by the time you get around to getting the house valued, we might have signed with an agent.'

'Wait on! I'll see if I can get someone around tomorrow,' Harold said quickly.

'Okay. Make sure the inspector is independent, Harold,' Lenny said evenly.

'Why would you even say such a thing, Lenny?' Harold said, wounded.

'Because I am not as dumb as you think, Harold! Thanks for the beer.'

Alone in the house, Lenny sat at the kitchen table again and reread the words Betsy had dictated to him.

Was there anything on that list Lenny disagreed with?

The marriage had been dull for Lenny as well as for Betsy before she took control. Now, there was a glimmer of excitement, of not having to pretend anymore! That was very attractive!

And he wanted to submit, wanted to try it! Lenny knew Betsy had a cruel streak and he was smart enough to know she was going to take out her frustrations from their grey years of marriage out on him once he was under her control!

Did he mind?

No, not really. Part of him knew he deserved her anger! Another part of him wanted her to be angry with him, wanted her to be cruel and firm!

One particular sentence in the list made his cock hard every time he read it!

***I WANT TO BE HUMILIATED AND WANT
BETSY TO CUCKOLD ME!***

It was a new life ahead if he could only convince Betsy that he wanted it, that he wanted to completely surrender to her!

4.

'You seem happier today,' Mac said. They were having a cup of tea after fixing one difficult engine.

Carmichael and Eddy were skylarking in the yard behind the garage.

'Do I?' Lenny said.

'You do.'

'Got some sleep last night. Haven't been sleeping that well lately.'

'Oh? You worried about something?'

'No. My back hurts a bit,' Lenny lied. 'Time for a new bed, I think. The mattress has turned to shite!'

Lenny had to make up something! He could very well tell Mac he had slept well because he had made a decision! Lenny now knew what he had to do!

'You have to have a good bed,' Mac said.

'Yes, I know. I've made the decision.'

5.

The red car was parked in the driveway when Lenny got home that evening and his heart soared.

Strangely, he also felt a tingle of sexual arousal.

Cautiously, he opened the back door and slipped into the kitchen as he heard Betsy talking. She was, he saw, sitting at the kitchen table, documents spread over the table and was talking quietly into her mobile phone.

The moment Betsy saw Lenny she gave him a small but cheerful wave and continued talking. Lenny gathered she was speaking to an estate agent regarding the lease of a house.

She's really going!

He walked into the living room and sat on the sofa, not knowing what to do. His mind was racing with possibilities and he hoped that Betsy would take him back, that he wouldn't be left alone!

Suddenly, being alone and without Betsy was a horrible thought!

For a moment, he tried to imagine what his life would be without Betsy!

In a small flat, eating take away food, watching TV or surfing the internet every night before going to bed alone! All day with Mac, Eddy and Carmichael and forced to listen to Carmichael's boasts and Eddy's stupid jokes with nothing positive to look forward to! In a dark moment, Lenny thought such a life would end in suicide!

Then, Lenny knew he would do *anything* to keep the one important and stabilising person in his life.

Betsy walked into the room and Lenny noticed she was still wearing business clothes, clothes he had not seen before. A smart knee length black skirt, a silk cream long sleeve blouse which emphasised her large breast and shimmering black hose on her legs, leading to black patent leather pumps.

His cock pulsed at the sight of his wife and realised she was, when not dressed in practical hospital scrubs, a beautiful woman for her age.

Old man Jenkins words haunted Lenny. *She's a fair bit younger than you, isn't she?*

'I've settled on a house,' Betsy said with a smile. 'I have a lease for six months and the organisation is paying the first month! It's fully furnished but I want to take some small personal things. The good news is you can keep most of the furniture for your flat and sell the rest. Did you talk to Mister Jenkins?'

'I did,' Lenny said sadly. 'He tried to delay but he's getting a valuation...'

'Why would he do that?'

'I...I don't know...I suppose he wants to know what is a fair price?'

'No, he just wants to screw us!'

'I told him the valuation should be independent...'

'That's something, at least,' Betsy frowned at Lenny. 'Do I have to do everything?' she asked quietly.

'I...I spoke to him, Betsy! I didn't know...'

'I *know* what the value of the house is and what we should get! All you had to do was ask me!'

'I...I didn't think of that...sorry...'

'I'll go and see him,' Betsy said with a sigh.

Lenny didn't move from the sofa even when he heard the front door bang.

He sat motionless for about fifteen minutes until he heard the back door open and Betsy sauntered in. 'Deal is done,' she said with a smirk. 'He tried to haggle but I knew what the house was worth. He's drawing up the papers tomorrow.'

'You...you've sold the house?'

'Of course. It's too big for you. You'll have to find a flat as Jenkins wants the settlement to be fast.'

'I don't want to find a flat!'

Betsy sighed. 'Not this again! Jesus, *Lenny!* I'm getting a glass of wine.'

When she returned with the wine, Lenny hadn't moved. Betsy sat opposite him, crossed her legs, sipped from her wineglass and waited for Lenny to speak.

'I don't want a flat by myself,' Lenny said.

'Lenny...'

'I mean it, Betsy! *Please?*'

'I'm not going back to the way things were,' she said firmly. Betsy knew Lenny well enough to know he was on the verge of saying something that would reveal himself in a way he had never done before.

Perhaps this was the moment Betsy had slyly and cunningly manipulated Lenny towards.

'I want to stay with you...'

'Lenny, that is...'

'I read those...those things you made me write down and...you're right... I am not a real man!' Lenny said with a rush.

'I was being mean...' Betsy said softly.

'No! It's the truth! Betsy, the list of things made me hard! I *want* it!'

Betsy silently appraised her husband, noting his nervousness and red face.

'Go and get the list,' she said quietly, sipping wine.

Lenny returned with the list in his trembling hand and Betsy ordered, 'Take all your clothes off!'

Fumbling in his haste, Lenny stood naked in front of his wife.

'Read the first one,' Betsy instructed.

Lenny took a deep breath and read, 'I am very submissive and want to surrender all control to Betsy.'

Betsy watched his cock stir and smiled. 'Read the second.'

'Betsy makes all the decisions and I will be completely servile to her. I will be chaste, locked in a chastity belt and she will hold the key. I will be denied while I will give Betsy pleasure whenever and wherever she demands it.'

Betsy opened grinned as Lenny's cock swelled. 'And the next!'

'Betsy will deny me pleasure, humiliate me and punish me whenever she wants. I have no say in what she does.'

'You're getting hard,' she pointed out. 'Read the rest.'

Face hot, heart pounding and cock now hard, Lenny read the words that sealed his fate. 'I know I can't satisfy Betsy with my small penis. I also prematurely ejaculate. I can only please Betsy with my tongue. I want to be humiliated and want Betsy to cuckold me!'

'You *do* want it,' Betsy crowed gleefully, pointing at Lenny's hard cock. 'Look how hard you are! It looks like I am married to a submissive cuckold!'

Lenny hung his head, shame coursing through him but there was no denying the fact he was aroused and very, very hard!

His cock did *not* lie!

Betsy Gets What She Wanted.

1.

Still naked and crouched on all fours, Lenny grunted as Betsy rammed the dildo home, thrusting it hard into his lubricated arse!

She was still dressed with the harness strapped around her waist, pulling the skirt tight around her voluptuous figure. Somehow, the fact Betsy was still clothed and Lenny naked made him even more submissively aroused as Betsy pounded his arse with the thick dildo.

Betsy was laughing loudly as she thrust the dildo in and out, slapping Lenny's buttocks occasionally and pointing out he was still hard!

In fact, his red cock was also dripping as he weathered each stroke from the dildo. Lenny's hand strayed to his cock while Betsy ploughed his rear but Betsy scornfully slapped Lenny's hand away. 'You don't come until I say!'

More deep thrusts!

Betsy was enjoying herself, marking Lenny in a vague way as hers!

Betsy stopped suddenly, the dildo thick and large inside him as she bent over his sweating body to whispered, 'You're being fucked like a girl! You are not much of a man, are you?'

Lenny's face burned with shame and he hung his head as Betsy began her rhythm again. 'Are you?' she demanded, slapping his buttocks sharply once again.

'No!' Lenny cried hoarsely, feeling free! 'I am not a *real* man!'

Betsy threw her head back and laughed, thrusting the dildo home brutally and enjoying the hoarse grunts Lenny made with each and every stroke.

2.

His cock remained stiff and neglected when Betsy discarded the strap on, stepped out of her black knickers, hitched her skirt up and calmly plopped onto her husband's willing face.

She squirmed and wiggled on his face as his tongue caressed and probed, his stiff red cock pulsing wildly.

'Still stiff,' Betsy said half to herself, looking down on Lenny's erection as she enjoyed the oral worship from her husband's tongue. 'He *loves* this! He *needs* this!

Betsy felt a surge of triumph as, wiggling a little more, she felt her orgasm slowly building!

'More tongue! Come on, you can do better than that!' She slapped his rounded belly and got the reaction she wanted! Lenny's tongue pushed deep inside, lips sucking.

Betsy was certainly on top now in more ways than one!

Betsy had *exactly* what she had wanted!

Later, hands cuffed behind his back, her sodden knickers jammed in his mouth, Lenny watched as Betsy happily applied a frigid pack of frozen vegetables to his aching, stiff cock!

She held it firmly against his groin, chuckling and giggling as she gave Lenny instructions. 'You are mine now. We both know you *want* to be mine and you will do *exactly* what I say, darling! I am in control and *you* are my *slave*! Nod if you understand!'

Eyes wide, mouth full of Betsy's black lace knickers, Lenny nodded and watched as Betsy threaded the chastity tube onto his now flaccid cock.

'You will shave that beard off and I am going to make sure you lose some weight. It's for your own good, darling,' Betsy said with another chuckle as she locked the chastity belt closed.

'Tomorrow, you will tell Mac you are leaving. Then, we will start packing the things we are taking with us.

Betsy tugged on the chastity belt and smiled. 'That won't be coming off for a while, darling.'

She unlocked the handcuffs and said, 'Get me another glass of wine and run my bath. You can keep my knickers in your mouth. I don't want hear anything from you and I know you just love the taste!'

Betsy's laughter ringing in his ears, his mouth full of her soaked knickers and his cock already aching and twisting in the chastity belt, Lenny hurried upstairs to run the bath for his domineering wife.

He could not be happier!

3.

They slept in the same bed that night and Lenny felt comfortable and secure after the lonely nights without his wife.

Betsy calmly ordered his head between her thighs again and, as Lenny's skilful tongue brought her to another delicious orgasm, Lenny's chaste cock throbbed pathetically within the chastity belt!

Betsy patted his cheek and gently kissed his forehead after her orgasm, murmured good night and simply rolled over. Within moments, she was asleep.

Sleep wasn't that easy to come by for Lenny as he felt so incredibly aroused! Somehow, his racing heart and throbbing cock slowed and he felt sleep beckoning.

Now, he sleepily thought, she is more than my wife! She is my goddess!

Betsy used him again in the morning! She didn't really give him time to wake up properly and just pulled his face between her thighs.

'I don't expect to come,' she said. 'I just want to feel good so slow, delicate and gentle licks for ten minutes or so,' she said, closing her eyes and dreaming of possibilities, dreaming of the future.

After Lenny made breakfast, Betsy gave him directions for the day. 'Firstly, shave your beard and get rid of your chest hair and pubic hair. I don't like it. We'll get you properly waxed once you've lost a little weight!'

Lenny didn't know what was more shocking – her calm delivery or the awful instructions.

However, he knew he would obey. Lenny would do anything to keep their marriage together, to keep Betsy with him.

'Then,...' Betsy continued, '...you deliver Mac the bad news. It would be good if you could finish up today! And no farewell drinks! You're off beer until you lose weight!'

4.

'So, you're going with her?' Mac grunted and Lenny nodded. 'Are you sure that's what you want? Living in the country, for fucks sake!'

'It will be something new,' Lenny said defensively. 'It will be different!'

'Hmmm. That's one way of fucking putting it,' Mac said. 'It's your choice. You shaved your beard off?'

'Yes. Felt like something new.'

'What's going on, Lenny?' Mac asked quietly.

'Nothing,' Lenny lied. 'Nothing at all. Look, I'd like to finish up as quickly as possible. We're leaving for the country tomorrow. Betsy has a house.'

'Shit! Well, I can't force you to work. Luckily Carmichael has a cousin who can help out. Okay, pack up your tools this afternoon.'

'Thanks, Mac.'

'We'll have a drink this afternoon?'

'Ah...Can't really as we're packing stuff. I promised Betsy.'

'She really has got you by the balls, hasn't she?' Mac said with a scornful laugh.

5.

Betsy looked Lenny over the moment he walked into the house. There were several boxes along one side of the living room wall and more boxes in the middle.

'Have you got your tools?' Betsy asked immediately.

'Yes. I've left the garage. Mac wanted a drink...'

'Good for Mac. I take it you didn't go?' Betsy snapped.

'No,' Lenny said, hanging his head. 'I didn't go. I feel bad about letting him down. I mean, I worked...'

'The only thing you have to worry about now is pleasing *me*! Do you understand, my subby darling?' Betsy said with a smirk.

'Yes,' Lenny whispered.

'Good. And how did your fat bum feel today?'

'Sore,' Lenny admitted with a red face.

'Excellent! Those boxes over there need to go into storage. You can do that tomorrow morning. Those boxes there are coming with us so you can load them onto the truck tomorrow after you've taken the others to storage. 'Got it?'

'Yes,' Lenny murmured, his cock twisting and throbbing within the chastity belt.

'There are two suitcases upstairs you can put in the boot in my car and several garment bags that can go on the back seat. Hop to it!'

6.

That night, Betsy ordered Lenny to strip naked so she could inspect his shaved body. The newly shaved pubic area and chest felt strange to him as did his hairless face.

Betsy was pleased and with a strange, almost predatory smile, tugged at the chastity belt.

'The key is locked away, Lenny. Hidden and won't be making an appearance for at least a few weeks!'

Weeks! Lenny gulped as his imprisoned cock throbbed pathetically within the cruel tube that compressed it so effectively.

'I have the documents from Jenkins. We will sign them tomorrow with witnesses and then return them. Then the house will be sold. I'll send you back down here to clean the house out,

to sell or give away what's left. It's a new beginning for us, darling, a new start!

She smiled at her husband and said, 'Come upstairs. Time for you to do what you do so well!'

7.

Betsy carelessly disrobed completely and lay naked on the bed, her thighs parted, the luxurious bush of pubic hair teasing and tantalising Lenny. Her large breasts rolled slightly to the sides and her gently rounded belly and ample bottom called to Lenny!

His cock bucked and throbbed within the chastity belt as he crawled onto the bed and, without waiting for a command, bent between her creamy, fleshy thighs.

His mouth fell of its own volition to the pouting labia, lips teasing the flesh and pushing through the luxurious pubic forest.

Without hesitation, Lenny used the tip of his tongue to wash over Betsy's clitoris and then thrust it between her labia, lapping and washing inside.

Betsy rose up slightly before settling down again as Lenny's tongue found its mark. Her fingers closed possessively in his hair, tugging it slightly, taking control by using Lenny's hair as reins.

Lenny felt the heat from her pussy and tasted the now freely running juices as Betsy squirmed under his tongue. She was clearly aroused and seeking release while Lenny was denied any satisfaction!

The ripe musky scent invaded Lenny's nostrils and he felt her pull his head a little further against her now wet forest, murmuring and moaning above him, her cries of satisfaction mocking her chaste husband.

Suddenly, Betsy was *very* wet! The wetness shocked Lenny as he had not seen Betsy become soaking wet so rapidly.. Clearly, it was a sign Betsy loved her newfound power!

Still, Lenny continued with his skilful tongue, tickling and teasing through the matted pubic hair.

The perfume of arousal was thick in the air and Betsy growled and groaned above Lenny, her fingers now digging into his skull in order to fine tune the position of his chin, nose and tongue!

Betsy yelped and her thighs clamped around his head as the tip of Lenny's tongue teased her engorged pearl. Betsy moaned incoherently with sounds of pleasure

And then, she began to rub herself into Lenny's face, pushing against his nose and mouth, almost overcoming Lenny with the thick earthly aroma.

'Oh yes, darling!' Betsy urged in a hoarse, throaty voice, 'Do it! Oh, god, make me come, you wicked little subby! Make me!'

Her clitoris was standing proudly, glistening with an urgent hunger as Lenny nipped it softly and then sucked on it.

The orgasm built within Betsy and then with creamy thighs closed tightly around Lenny's head, fingers clutching his hair, he felt every tremor, every shudder as the pleasure washed over her.

'Oh my *GOD!*'

Held in place by her thighs and fingers, Lenny was almost suffocated as Betsy rode her waves of pleasure, bucking against his face and simply using her husband in order to come!

And when she relaxed, opening her thighs at last and ignoring Lenny's gasping as he tried to regain his breath, Betsy knew she had found the key to a fruitful and happy marriage!

A marriage where Betsy got everything while her husband received only pain, humiliation and denial, all of which he craved and needed!

Betsy silently cursed herself for not seeing Lenny's needs earlier in their marriage! She would have been happy instead of miserable!

Still, she had it now!

What's more, Betsy knew she could exact some revenge on Lenny for the miserable years of their marriage, those years where he had completely ignored her needs!

And the beautiful part was that Lenny *wanted* her to treat him in such a way!

It was a perfect match at last!

Betsy in the Country.

1.

It was a little sad for Lenny when Betsy locked the house for the last time. It was, he knew, a new beginning for them and a different life for him.

Yes, he was sad about leaving the job he knew, his friends and the neighbourhood but Lenny was also excited about exploring his real needs with his wife!

It would be different! Lenny knew that! He had revealed himself completely to his wife and he was now completely in Betsy's hands!

Lenny knew that Betsy could be cruel. That cruelty had always been a subdued part of her character but now that aspect of Betsy would, Lenny knew, surface and, perhaps, take control of Betsy!

Lenny was not completely stupid. He knew that Betsy was probably going to exact revenge for the miserable years of their marriage and, strangely, that made him aroused!

For Betsy, turning the key in the front door of the house was a signal that her old life was over and that her new life was beginning!

She felt a surge of empowerment as she dropped the keys in an envelope. 'We'll drop these off, lodge the papers, drop the boxes at the charity stand and be on our way. Just follow me!'

2.

They were leaving the city behind and travelling north on the motorway. Lenny studiously followed the red sedan but he did not know where they were going apart from the direction!

Betsy had given no information after they had completed their city chores. She simply told him to follow her and not to lose sight of her car.

As he drove behind Betsy, Lenny realised he had given complete control to his wife! Strangely, that made his cock throb within the chastity belt.

He was aroused at the prospect of total submission but he was also realistic, knowing that the reality may not match his furtive dreams!

Perhaps I'll grow tired of it all after a few days, maybe weeks! Betsy can be cruel and maybe I won't be able to take it!

Lenny didn't want to think about what he would do if his fetish for female domination vaporised.

He did know that Betsy was a deliciously intelligent and scheming woman who was still very attractive.

Whenever Betsy had visited the garage, Lenny noticed that Carmichael and Eddy both watched her as she walked from the car to the garage door.

At whenever they all went out on a social get together with wives and girlfriends, Lenny remembered how Carmichael hovered around Betsy, ignoring his much younger girlfriend.

Yes, Betsy had something that attracted men. Was it her voluptuous figure or that mischievous attitude and humour?

Lenny remembered he had felt fortunate when Betsy had agreed to marry him. In fact, deep in his heart, he knew Betsy deserved better than he could provide.

However, they were happy for quite a while until they fell into a boring rut!

Now, thanks to Betsy and Lenny's honesty, they were no longer stuck in that old rut!

3.

Betsy glanced in her rear view mirror to make sure Lenny was still following! She smiled to herself when she thought of everything she planned to do!

It was *her* time now, her time to enjoy herself and to savour the power she held over Lenny!

It was said the sexual appetite of women increased with age while the male's vigour decreased. Betsy was sure, in their case, that was true!

She certainly wanted more than Lenny could give!

Lenny didn't have a clue to how Betsy's mind worked!

He was in for a few surprises!

Maybe more than just a few!

4.

The red sedan took a turn off and Lenny followed it down a secondary road. At a crossroads, the red sedan turned left and then left again down a smaller road.

Somehow, Lenny felt they were getting closer to their destination and he eagerly checked the SatNav for any clues.

There were many small villages in the valley that was opening up before him and he wondered which village would be the one he and Betsy would finally stop at.

There was a city on the edge of the valley so Lenny guessed Betsy worked there but he still did not know which village they were going to.

Following Betsy's car down a narrow country lane with stone walls and hedges running alongside, Lenny suddenly felt he was very close indeed.

Every now and again, a chocolate box cottage appeared before hedges and walls replaced it.

Suddenly, the red sedan put on its indicator to turn right and Lenny slowed the truck as Betsy's car moved into a drive way and stopped in front of two wooden gates.

Betsy got out of her car, unblocked the gates, opened them and, hopping back into her car, drove in.

This was it!

Lenny steered his small truck into the driveway and, on his right, saw a cute cottage with a small garden in the front.

Directly ahead was what appeared to be an old barn with double doors. Betsy parked her car under a carport that had been built between the old barn and the cottage.

Lenny stopped his truck and stepped out, glad to stretch his legs, looking around. The stone cottage had a tall sloping thatched roof with dormer windows in the roof.

Roses bloomed in the front garden and, looking past the house to the back, Lenny saw a tall yew hedge surround the garden. There was a small shed at the very bottom of the garden but that was all Lenny could see.

'This is it,' Betsy said. 'It's very beautiful, isn't it?'

'Yes, it is.'

'I'd like to buy something like this one day. For now, we're just on a lease but anything is possible. I'll unlock the house and open it up while you get the cases and boxes in.'

5.

Lenny laboured while Betsy sat on the sofa, feet up and talking quietly on her mobile phone. When he had brought everything in, he stood uncertainly in the doorway while his wife finished her conversation.

She frowned at him. 'You've finished already?'

'I've...I've brought the boxes and cases in...'

'Have you put my clothes away?'

'Ah...no...'

'Then, you are *not* finished!' Betsy said coldly. 'Hang my clothes in the wardrobe. Other items are to be folded. Use all the drawers and all the wardrobe. Your clothes will be going somewhere else.'

Slightly stunned, Lenny walked back upstairs. As he began to hang Betsy's clothes and fold her lingerie, his cock throbbed painfully within the chastity tube that compressed it, keeping him soft.

Betsy had watched her husband walk to the stairs with a hard, thin smile. Then, she made another telephone call.

Everything was going exactly as she had planned!

Life in the country would be far better for her! A new job, a new house and a newish husband who would do exactly what Betsy said.

And, of course, her complete and utter sexual freedom!

Yes, life in the country was so much better!

6.

Lenny was shocked to discover he and his meagre belongings were relegated to a much smaller room at the end of the upstairs hall.

Compared to the large room Betsy had commandeered, Lenny's room was cramped and the bed a mere single size.

Betsy, of course, had a huge, almost luxurious bed with a substantial base of stained timber.

The difference in their respective bedrooms emphasised the difference in their status and lives!

7.

Betsy reclined naked across the bed while Lenny knelt on the floor beside her, directly in front of Betsy's voluptuous parted thighs.

'Open that box,' she said regally, pointing at a pink cardboard box with a lived and a pink satin ribbon tied in a bow around it.

Lenny's cock throbbed when he saw a fat vibrator in his hands.

The size of the realistic, black vibrator took Lenny's breath away. Shaped like a big circumcised cock with a fat base with a silver control ring at the base, it was so large and thick, Lenny felt queasy with inadequacy. It was as large as a horse's cock and a little thicker.

'Take it out and flick the switch, idiot! It's not going to do me any good in the box!' Betsy said cattily.

Lenny gingerly took the thickly obscene vibrator from the box, turned the control ring and his cock throbbed uselessly in the chastity belt as the vibrator buzzed into life.

‘I want some cock and not just your tongue,’ Betsy said with a wicked smile. ‘This time I’ll settle for a *fake* cock! I probably won’t in the future!’

Lenny’s face flamed with humiliation and his cock churned again within the chastity belt as he realised Betsy was *definitely* going to cuckold him!

‘Now, get me warmed up for my lovely big black cock,’ Betsy said dreamily, laying back on the bed, eyes closed.

Lenny eagerly began to lick, hopeful that he would be able to bring his wife to orgasmic pleasure without her having to resort to that humiliatingly big fake cock!

Thirty minutes of licking and using his skilful tongue brought a result but not the one Lenny had been hoping for!

‘Use the cock now! Push that lovely plump head against my clit!’

She could only stand a few seconds of that and curtly ordered me to rub it around her clit in wide circles, teasing her!

Betsy squirmed and panted while Lenny suffered the pain of frustration and sweated from his constant efforts. He tried to remain focussed on his wife’s building pleasure while ignoring, as much as he could, his own frustration and his throbbing chaste cock!

Betsy’s toes stiffened and Lenny knew that her orgasm was approaching. He felt a certain relief, not just because of his aching knees but also that he did not have to thrust the oversized dildo into Betsy!

He did not want to see the distortion he was sure the dildo would wreak on Betsy’s sex!

Betsy, however, did not come and hovered on the edge of it, tantalising herself with the thought of forceful penetration.

‘Press it against me,’ she panted. ‘Get it ready to fuck me!’

His face hot, his heart pounding and his chaste cock writhing with the prospect of the pending humiliation, Lenny held

the cumbersome vibrating dildo in both hands, pressing the bulbous head against Betsy's sex lips!

'Push!' Betsy almost screamed and, to Lenny, it was a shocking sight watching the salmon coloured lips spread open around the thick dildo!

Betsy grunted as it slid in and Lenny's jaw dropped as she watched Betsy's pussy distend to absorb the dildo.

Betsy grunted again and spread her thighs even further, calling on Lenny to push it right in!

She was totally absorbed with accepting the vibrating cock and had almost forgotten about her husband!

It was a clear and abjectly humiliating lesson to Lenny that, as the black dildo slid all the way in, he saw just how insignificant his own cock was!

All he could do was make sure his wife, his goddess now, experienced pleasure! That was both the least and the most that he could do as the husband with the chaste cock!

He listened to her breathing, watched her nostrils flare and how tightly she clenched her eyes. Lenny saw her thighs stiffen and her toes curl as he dutifully thrust the dildo in and out of her wet pussy!

His nostrils recognised the powerful scent of female arousal and his denied cock bucked pitifully against the walls of the chastity belt tube!

Betsy parted her legs to the furthest point possible, her head tossing from side to side, chewing her lips and manipulating her large rolling breasts as Lenny thrust the black vibrating dildo in and out, out and in!

Was she dreaming of another man, Lenny wondered, is she hoping for a real cock as large as this?

Betsy groaned and shuddered, her muscles stretched taut as she rolled on the thrusting dildo. Sweat ran into Lenny's eyes as he thrust the dildo in and out, watching it slide into his wife's sex, unable to look away from the act of his own humiliation!

At that moment, Lenny's entire attention was focussed on Betsy's needs. His needs were no longer important in any way.

She shuddered and writhed, moaning, feeling her orgasm explode within her while Lenny's cock remained locked away and completely ignored.

Her taut body rocked and rolled with the sexual ecstasy while, Lenny kept up the motions with the dildo.

She was completely still and stopped Lenny with her hands from further movement. 'Take it out,' she whispered, eyes clenched. 'Gently!'

Face hot with shame, he removed the fat black dildo.

'Clean it,' was all Betsy said as she rolled over. It seemed she only took seconds to fall asleep, a smile on her face.

Standing by the bedroom door, the now silent but still slick vibrator in his hands, Lenny looked longingly at the voluptuous naked body of his wife.

His eyes roamed over that creamy flesh, dwelling on smooth flesh of her buttocks and the curves of her body while his imprisoned cock reacted pathetically and futilely against the steel of the chastity belt tube.

Lenny suddenly realised that his continued servitude would only diminish him in Betsy's eyes. They would never be able to return to a normal relationship!

Betsy & Lenny.

After a long night of thoughts and, finally, a decision, Lenny rose from the single bed and packed his clothes and things back into the suitcase and boxes.

As Betsy slept, he loaded the cases and boxes into his truck and then made a cup of tea.

Sipping the mug of tea, he walked into Betsy's room and, leaning against the wall, watched her sleep until she began to stir.

Slowly, she woke and Betsy frowned when she saw Lenny.

'What are you doing here?'

'Watching you sleep,' Lenny said calmly. 'I've come for the key.'

'Key? What key?'

'Come on, Betsy, no more games,' Lenny said with a sad smile. 'The key to the chastity belt.'

She sat up, not bothering to cover her breasts and scowled at him. 'I decide when you get...'

'Shut the fuck *up*!' Lenny said mildly and Betsy closed her mouth. 'It's over, Betsy,' Lenny said. 'I've already packed my things and loaded the truck.' He smiled sadly at Betsy. 'You were right. We need to get divorced. I will be happier in a flat and working in the garage with Mac. I don't want this...'

'Yes, you do! You are submissive...'

'Yes, I am,' Lenny said firmly. '*Sexually* submissive! Submissive in a loving relationship with a woman I trust and love. Not like this, Betsy. You don't love me and are just using me for your fun.'

'Now, Lenny...'

'If I'm submissive, you are dominant and, probably a bit of a sadist. Now, give me the key!'

'But we had an agreement...'

'I thought we would still love each other, that it would be a game. You tried to warn me but I didn't listen, as usual,' he added wryly.

'What changed your mind?'

'You and the dildo. You didn't care at all that it was me holding it. It could have been anyone. You were dreaming of a big cock and I hope you find it, I really do. I also hope you find someone who likes to go down on you as much as I did.'

Betsy pushed the sheet aside, parted her thighs and smiled slyly at Lenny. 'Did? Sure you don't want to do it now?'

'Just give me the key, Betsy!'

'And if I don't?'

'I will call the police,' he said simply. 'I won't be living here so I have nothing to lose. I'm sure they'll have a big laugh and will tell everyone. It is a small village, so I assume the gossips will enjoy telling the story of you and the chastity belt over and over again. In time, your colleagues will hear. Maybe your boss?'

'You...you wouldn't dare!'

'Try me!' Lenny said with a sad smile. 'Last chance. Give me the key!'

'It's in the dressing table drawer,' she said sullenly.

'Which one?'

'Top right.'

Lenny rummaged in the drawer and found the key. Calmly, he dropped his trousers and underwear and managed to unlock the chastity belt while Betsy watched.

Lenny dropped the chastity belt and the key on the bed next to Betsy's foot. 'You might find that will come in handy for your next bloke.'

'Lenny, can we talk? I mean, does it have to end like this?'

'Our marriage ended a long time ago, Betsy. We should have broken free a long time ago and maybe we would be happy now in our own ways. I hope I'll be happy. I also hope you find what you want.'

'Lenny...'

'I hope we will remain friends? We have to make arrangements about the house and it would be good to be friendly for our son's sake.'

Betsy nodded and murmured, 'Friends.'

'When you come to London, let's meet for a coffee and a chat,' Lenny said. 'You can tell me what you've been getting up to. I expect you will have a great time.'

'What are you going to do?'

'I sent a text to Mac asking for my job back. He said of course. He'll help me settle into a new life. He's a great friend. Maybe I didn't see it before but I do now.'

'Where will you stay?'

'I'll stay at the house tonight and look for a flat tomorrow. Anyway, I'd better get going.'

'Are you sure, Lenny?'

'We both know this is the best way to go. Goodbye, Betsy.'

Lenny pecked her on the cheek and walked out of the room.

Betsy didn't move until she heard the truck start then she walked to the window and watched Lenny drive out of the gate. Lenny closed the gate, waved to the window, jumped back into the vehicle and drove away.

Slowly, Betsy walked naked into the bathroom and began running a bath.

In her heart, she knew Lenny was right and their marriage had been over a long time.

She felt a tremor of excitement at the prospect of a new life. It was a new beginning!

Humming to herself, Betsy selected bath slats and spilled some into the bath water.

Lenny turned the truck onto the motorway and headed for London.

Whistling, he smiled to himself.

As always, I appreciate comments and any form of feedback to this story. You can post a comment on the blog on the relevant posts relating to this story.

Or, you can simply contact me using the Contact Form on the webpage to send your thoughts to me.

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