DESPERATE KENTISH HOUSEWIVES



by Jo Paso

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PART-ONE

Cumming Close

Scarlett Leigh loved her new home. The select cul-de-sac with its twelve 1930's semi-detached homes on the outside of a small suburban town in Kent had long been somewhere she wanted to live.

But the area's desirability had not been the only factor drawing Scarlett to the property.

When it came onto the market after its previous owners drowned in a freak boating accident off the coast of Egypt; "2 Cumming Close" was just too tempting an opportunity for the young housewife to miss and, like all attractive young women who know what they want, she soon had her husband Grant wanting it too.

For Scarlett Leigh loved sex. Loved it so much that the opportunity to live at an address guaranteed to provoke discussion on her favourite subject was too tempting to pass up.

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Scarlett's neighbours Martin and Madeline Novak purchased their home, they believed, on the basis of good market value plus investment and Madeline was thrilled at the prospect of living next to her old school friend, especially after Scarlett had secretly let her know that next door was up for sale. Martin was a shy man, which Madeline liked, and even though he had, as Scarlett pointed out more than once: 'the personality of a pencil sharpener,' it didn't stop them marrying.

Martin, though, was already beginning to have second thoughts about where they had chosen to live. The realisation of the place name and its implications dawning on him shortly after they had signed the papers and the constant ribbing at parties - particularly from Madeline's colleagues - with lines like: 'Do you and Maddy like Cumming Close?' Or: 'Maddy tells me Cumming Close is her favourite place to be.' Then there was the time he gave his address to a client friend of his wife, only to get the reply: 'Cum again?'

Martin soon found this banter to be getting old very quickly while Maddy, on the other hand, would laugh along with the girls, and take it all in good fun.

Scarlett and Madeline had remained friends since leaving the town's high school for girls.

Being so close, they shared views and opinions on most subjects. Madeline always felt that Scarlett was a perfectly appropriate name given the personality her friend possessed. Scarlett, for her part, revelled in this and played up accordingly, living life close to the edge and showing off whenever she could. Both girls were happy with this arrangement.

Both were bright at all subjects and didn't need to apply themselves too much to achieve their required grades. This gave them plenty of time for their favourite subject, which happened to be boys, or more specifically, boy's cocks and the size of them. That is not to say they didn't discuss boy's bottoms, because they did this too; they were both fond of a nice tight, not too bony, not too big, schoolboy bottom. They were two young attractive schoolgirls growing up and doing what came naturally.

Being naughty.

Grant and Martin, it turned out, got on well as neighbours and often frequented the local pub together, which was walking distance from their quiet cul-de-sac. When socialising they would often remark on the coincidence of ending up as neighbours and having spouses that not only attended the same school, but were also best friends.

Although never a topic of conversation, the idea of a female conspiracy occasionally crossed their minds, but was always dismissed as coincidence. Conversation would often start with the common interest fly-fishing, for which they both held year round licenses and would spend weekends away on fishing trips. Once the required alcohol threshold had been reached, however, sex would become the main topic. Or, rather, the *only* topic.

Well into their cups, they would regale each other with lurid bedroom antics involving their respective spouses. Men being men of course, it was not inconceivable that bedding the neighbour's wife was high on their wish list. But neither man it seemed was ready yet to broach that taboo.

For both men the prospect of this dream becoming reality was something far too dangerous to contemplate and was better left to fantasy.

The wives on the other hand harboured no such reservations…

Scarlett & Madeline

It was Thursday evening and Scarlett was opening the second bottle of a nicely chilled white from one of the south facing vineyards of the Mosel-Saar-Ruwer region.

As she did she explained to Madeline it was time Grant paid for the humiliation he had caused her at that office Christmas party a while back; this after she had just finished telling her friend about the proposition she had put to her husband the night before.

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Madeline accepted the recharged cut crystal flute and turned to her neighbour, eager to know where this was going next.

‘So, what did Grant say when you suggested it to him?’

‘He wanted to know who the other girl would be,’ said Scarlett.

‘What did you say?’ said Madeline, mouth open, eyes wide in expectancy.

‘I told him he will find out on the night,’ said Scarlett

‘Grant will think it’s you, Madeline. It won’t be, he’ll be blindfolded, so he won’t know,’ continued Scarlett noticing a little concern appear on her friend’s face. ‘Don’t worry, you won’t have to take your clothes off,’ she said, reassuring her friend.

‘Oh, I don’t mind getting my kit off, if it helps,’ said Madeline, the wine taking over.

‘No, that’s not what I want. I want Grant naked, you and me fully clothed and, oh yes, ask Martin’s mother if she would like to come over Saturday night,’ suggested Scarlett.

‘Shall I ask her to bring her camera, we could take a few snapshots as mementos,’ said Madeline.

‘Great idea.’ said Scarlett.

'I can't wait to find out who the other lady will be, Scarlett,' said Madeline eagerly.

'All in good time,' said Scarlett, retaining the mystery.

‘All right, I’ll call Margaret tomorrow morning and ask her,’ said an eager Madeline as she made short work of her freshly poured Mosel.

‘Talk tomorrow, Maddy,’ said Scarlett merrily as Madeline let herself out.

Scarlett was still in the kitchen when Grant closed the front door on returning from the pub.

‘I’m out here, darling,’ called Scarlett, holding a glass of wine for her husband.

‘Thanks babe,’ said hubby.

‘Come into the lounge I’ve got something to ask you,’ said Scarlett walking through from the kitchen.

Grant, rubbed his chin pensively and followed his wife through to the lounge.

Scarlett being Scarlett, she didn’t waste time with preamble.
‘You’d be up for a threesome wouldn’t you sweetie?’ said Scarlett, taking a large swallow of white; confident the response would be affirmative.

‘You bet I would sweetheart,’ said Grant, his cock leaping before looking.

‘One condition though, baby,’ said Scarlett holding up an immaculate red lacquered finger.

‘Which is?’ said Grant, not really caring what the condition was, slipping his hand in his trouser pocket to address the stirring in his pants that had suddenly started.

‘You have to remain blindfolded for the first 30 minutes, because our guest is a little shy and she has insisted on that condition. You’re OK with that, aren’t you?’ said Scarlett sensing the deal closing.

‘Absolutely,’ said Grant feeling confident that it was he who had just closed a brilliant deal.

‘I knew I could rely on you, honey, that’s why I’ve already made some arrangements. Our guest will be here Saturday night at 7pm. So shall we say here in the lounge at 6.45 on Saturday?’ suggested Scarlett.

‘6.45 it is, I can’t wait,’ said Grant as Scarlett turned triumphant in her trickery and left for bed, muttering under her breath, ‘Nor can I.’

Grant Leigh went off to work the following morning on a high of sexual expectancy. He’d wanted a threesome ever since he’d known Scarlett, but she’d always refused, not wanting to share her husband’s body with any one else. So enthused was he it never occurred to him to ask: *“Why now?”*

Grant of course would never consider a threesome with another man. That would be gay. Just the same, he couldn’t wait to tell Martin about it, although he’d have to insist Martin didn’t say anything to Madeline because that would certainly get back to Scarlett, who would then certainly call the whole thing off.

Martin wouldn’t hide anything from Madeline, he never could - Scarlett and Madeline both knew this.

Driving the family VW Passat into town that morning felt good to Grant, giving him the feeling he used to get as a young man when he’d pulled a new girl.

Pulling into his driving space at 9.15am at the council offices he got out of his car into warm sunshine and thought to himself how good life was at the moment. He smiled to himself clicking the central locking behind him and walked into the council building. His meeting with the Lady Mayor was set for 10am.

By 11am, Grant was busy looking over the plans for the new supermarket with the Lady Mayor Mrs Pringle and Grace Buxton the marketing manager for the supermarket chain, but his thoughts were on Saturday night.

‘You can see why the supermarket would be such an asset to the town, creating 120 new jobs once completed and that’s not including the workforce used in the construction,’ said Ms Buxton.

‘That’s all very well, but the local shops and the small businesses will undoubtedly feel the negative impact of this, won’t they Councillor Leigh?’ asked the Lady Mayor.
Grant, staring into space, came back from somewhere triple x rated.

‘I think it’s time for a break ladies, shall we adjourn for coffee?’ he said in a fluster before, not waiting for a reply, he led the way to the staff canteen.

Nothing was resolved either way regarding the supermarket that morning.

Scarlett had just put the last load of washing into the machine and was about to pick up her red hot paperback novel, when the doorbell rang.

‘I’ll need a signature, darling,’ said the dishy young postman.

‘My pleasure dear,’ replied Scarlett in a similar tone.

‘What is,’ said the cheeky postie.

‘You, if you don’t behave yourself sweetheart,’ said Scarlett saucily, taking the package inside and picking up the scissors she dispensed with the packaging and saw the words LUCY.

‘Welcome to Cumming Close, Lucy,’ said Scarlett.

Margaret

On a certain Friday a certain, formidable, lady not a million miles from Cumming Close, was about to be invited to a party.

For, make no mistake, Martin Novak’s mother Margaret is a very strong willed woman. Tall in heels with a head of silver permed hair and breast still capable of having a mind of their own. When Margaret Novak speaks you can be quite certain the men in her life listen - if they have enough sense.

Since her uncontested divorce Margaret Novak had become a more independent person and a respected member of the local community. She had divorced her husband Richard over his compulsive gambling habits and his appetite for younger women and the experience cannot be said to have warmed her already icy regard for men.
Though the fact Richard came from reasonably wealthy stock and Margaret received handsome compensation following the divorce did lend her finances a somewhat rosy glow.

There is a very old saying along the lines that ‘mother knows best’.

Martin Novak is about to discover the truth of it the hard way.

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Margaret said farewell to the other members of the bridge club as she collected her handbag and car keys. Walking out of the Conservative Club she slipped behind the wheel of her Lexus and drove off in the direction of the up market side of town where she lived alone in the luxury apartment she had bought on the proceeds of the settlement from Martin's father.

Margaret was happy living on her own and kept in touch with her son and daughter in law Madeline on a weekly basis. Just the same, the invitation from Madeline the evening before and the details of it she had discovered during a pre-bridge luncheon date with her daughter-in-law had been a welcome – a *very* welcome – surprise.

Mother and daughter-in-law were unusually close and they lunched together every Friday, taking turns to pick up the tab.

This, however, was to be no ordinary Friday soiree.

Madeline had just finished relaying to Martin's mother exactly what had transpired between herself and Scarlett over wine the previous night and was waiting to see how her mother-in-law would react to such an… *off the wall*... proposition.

'So Scarlett suggested we both meet at mine at 6pm and then go next door at 6.45pm, if that's OK with you Margaret?' said Madeline when Margaret remained thoughtful, Chianti poised below waiting lips as she gave it her consideration.

Until finally, and to her daughter-in-law's relief:

'That's fine with me Maddy, I'll have my camera of course, we wouldn't want to miss anything would we?' said Margaret, smiling as lips finally made contact with vino.

Margaret's dominant characteristics were developed through her years at the boarding convent school she attended in her teens. In those days you were either a leader or were led, Margaret soon discovered she preferred to lead. She also found that through those prickly puberty years her power plays were like an anchor in a storm of emotions. She didn't realise at the time how control was turning her on sexually. Learning to manipulate and dominate her younger female peers, would help her in married life, in dealing with an ill disciplined husband.
Following her divorce, Margaret found it difficult to accept males as equals. Being a single person though didn't phase her in the slightest, if she was ever challenged by a male, she would listen intently before cutting him to shreds in a volley of verbal fencing. Margaret soon developed a taste and hunger for humiliating men, she felt like the queen bee with all the workers attending her.

And boy, could she sting.

During the final years of her marriage Margaret exerted so much control over Richard that he was more than happy to sign and run. Unfortunately for Martin, her son, this left Margaret with a

void she was eager to fill. She had an itch that needed attention and decided that Martin was going to do the scratching.

The lunch continued in a lighthearted atmosphere. Maddy was so glad she was able to chat so frankly – and on so sexually charged a subject - with Martin's mother.

It was *frankness* she would want to take advantage of the next time she and Margaret spoke.

A conversation that would be on a *very* personal matter.

Only days before, she had come home from work unexpectedly and found Martin masturbating with a pair of her best panties.

She had been extremely cross, but had let it go at the time and knew Martin thought he'd got away with it and she was no doubt laughing it off as yet another of his endearing sexual quirks.

Not so - as Martin would find to his cost in the not too distant future.

Lunch finished, Margaret paid at the counter and both women left satisfied with their contribution to the conversational lunch break.

Madeline, who had taken the afternoon off arrived back home just as her mobile rang.
Looking casually into the display she recognised Scarlett's number.

'Scarlett. Not in town with hubby today?' she asked, puzzled Scarlett would miss out on some quality shopping, especially as she so enjoyed the Friday buzz of the busy centre.

'I've asked Grant to pick up a few things for me, do you fancy a coffee?'

Madeline knew Scarlett. Coffee meant girl talk. Girl talk usually meant sex.

'I'll be right over,' said Madeline.

'I'll put the kettle on,' said her friend closing her mobile.

Lucy

We tend to think that only in the halls of government, in newspapers and news-shows, together with certain academic institutions, are subjects such as inflation spoken of.

But this, like so many things we take as read, is not quite true.

In a certain cul-de-sac in a certain Kentish town, two friends are speaking on that very subject.

Scarlett is about to do the inflating and Madeline is going to be introduced to LUCY.

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Madeline sat engrossed, coffee in hand as Scarlett outlined her plan for unsuspecting Grant.

‘And,’ said Madeline impatiently.

‘I hope you’ll appreciate the irony behind my little scheme,’ said Scarlett with a wicked grin.

‘Our hubbies both enjoy a little, shall we say *game* fishing, am I right?’ enquired Scarlett.

Madeline nodded, uncertain where her friend was going with her plan.

‘Well, I intend to feed him the bait and reel him in, wriggling like a fish on a hook,’ said Scarlett satisfied with the smug way she had delivered her scenario.

‘What will you use for bait?’ asked Madeline.

‘Maddy my darling,’ said Scarlett. ‘A male’s inquisitive nature together with his appetite for sex is a potent cocktail hard to resist and don’t worry, I shall fuel his appetite with my right hand,’ said Scarlett making a wanking motion with her fist.

‘Eloquent, Scarlett dear,’ said Madeline.

‘A-level fucking English darling,’ said Scarlett.

Both girls laughed as she reached for the coffee pot.

‘Top us both up,’ said Scarlett as she left to go upstairs, referring to the wine that had swiftly replaced the offer of tea.

When she returned she put the package on the worktop.

‘Well, What do you think?’ said Scarlett, looking at Madeline for a reaction.

Madeline read the writing on the side of the box.

LATEX LUCY - THE GIRL WHO CAN’T SAY NO
(Warning! - Do Not Over Inflate).

Narrowing her eyes Madeline looked at Scarlett and said very deliberately, ‘Am – I – right – in - thinking I’m looking at the third party of this threesome?’

‘Got it in one girl,’ said Scarlett.

‘Fill me in,’ said Madeline, both girls smiled at the unintentional double meaning.

‘I intend to have some photographs of dear hubby being passionate with our little friend here,’ said Scarlett .

'Email me copies, please Scarlett,' said Maddy.

'All in good time Maddy, these photos will be the insurance I need to get full compliance from dear hubby for future activities. Can you imagine what he would do just to prevent the circulation of these goodies?' explained Scarlett. ‘His life, social and business, would become next to impossible.’

'Scarlett, you conniving, controlling..... I love it! Oh how I wish I could control Martin like that,' pleaded Madeline.

'You will honey, you will, anyway back to business.' said Scarlett.

‘I think LUCY might need a set of stockings and a suspender belt and some frilly panties, but I can’t use mine, Grant knows them all so well. What have you got Maddy?’ asked Scarlett.

‘Don’t worry on that score, Martin loves lingerie and has bought me plenty. I’ll sort some out and bring them over tomorrow evening. Margaret is up for it, she’s bringing her camera,’ said Madeline.

‘Maddy, keep all this to yourself, because obviously I don’t want Grant knowing you’re in on it.’

‘No problem,’ said Madeline.

‘What I want for him is maximum humiliation which I’m sure I’ll get, or should I say he’ll get and, by the way, I think he has a soft spot for you,’ said Scarlett.
After a moment’s silence the penny finally dropped and they both burst out laughing.

For the chance of getting into the knickers of the next door neighbour, Grant was prepared to do anything.

Even to the extent of having himself photographed naked, making love blindfolded to a blow up doll dressed in *fuck me* lingerie and in front of two fully dressed females.

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Saturday evening, 6.45pm and Scarlett poured a large drink for her hubby and a glass of her favourite German white wine for herself.

‘Bottoms up,’ she said seductively.

‘My favourite position,’ said Grant taking a large swallow.

‘What a coincidence, mine too,’ said Scarlett revelling in the different wavelength scenario.

‘Let’s have another,’ said Scarlett, smiling disarmingly as she reached for the Jack Daniels and not waiting for Grant to empty his glass.

While these exchanges were taking place Madeline and Margaret were making their way upstairs having let themselves in with the spare key Scarlett had given them. Once there, Madeline laid out the underwear on the bed next to LUCY, where Scarlett had placed her.

‘Who’s a lucky girl then?’ whispered Madeline naughtily, feeling a little heady from the two Bacardis she had consumed before leaving her house.

She could not stop herself giggling and, despite her advanced years and position in respect of her daughter-in-law, Margaret could not prevent herself from joining her as they began dressing LUCY.

First a pair of fully fashioned stockings and suspender belt and then a pair of pink silky knickers with tiny red hearts on them.

‘You saucy little slut,’ said Margaret in mock surprise after painting the latex lips with the brightest, tartiest lipstick she had managed to find.

She then drenched the doll in a variety of her old perfumes making LUCY smell like the proverbial *whores handbag*.

Scarlett, meanwhile was leading Grant into the lounge and helping him remove his clothing.

‘Come along sweetie, your guest will be here shortly,’ said Scarlett making sure that Grant knew the guest was his and nobody else’s.

Seating her hubby on the sofa she began unzipping his trousers. Scarlett knew that having his trousers removed by a female always produced an erection for Grant; she was pleased to see that tonight was no exception.

Once she had her husband naked she produced the blindfold.

The blindfold Scarlett had devised was simple yet very effective. She had taken one of her nylon stockings and two pairs of panties rolled into balls. The two panty bundles were each knotted inside the stocking at the same distance apart as the eyes. Consequently, when the nylon stocking was tied around the head the two balls of panties blocked out hubby’s vision completely. Scarlett had already tested this device on Madeline.

She produced yet another pair of panties, retrieved from the laundry basket. Pinching her hubby’s nose said ‘Open wide’. As he did so, she popped the panties in and smartly wrapped the other nylon stocking around his head gagging him in the process.

‘Now, if you want to have your little present, you sit still and don’t move. I’ll see where our guest has got to,’ said Scarlett, purposefully flicking on the stereo as she left the room.

Grant Leigh sat naked, erected and expectant.

Aware that his wife had re entered the room Grant realised Scarlett was not alone. The music from the stereo was just loud enough to mask the movements of Madeline and Margaret.

What he didn’t know was, that there was an inflatable doll sat beside him with a full set of sexy underwear and bright red tarty lipstick on her mouth.

LUCY was primed and ready for action.

Margaret decided, as Grant and LUCY made such a nice couple, sat together on the sofa, she’d fire off a few shots with her Pentax camera, the flash was masked by the blindfold and the camera sound masked by the music from the stereo.

Scarlett knelt on the sofa so she could whisper in her husband’s ear.

‘Grant, baby, I know you think you know who our guest is tonight, but we want to play a little guessing game with you. You are going to have to work out the name of our guest by smelling the perfume we have sprayed on her panties. Are you up for that?’ asked Scarlett.

Then, speaking directly to Grant’s hard on:
‘Don’t bother answering I can see that you are,’ said Scarlett, shushing the other two women with a finger to her lips as they almost burst out laughing.

‘OK, baby we need you to be on your hands and knees on the carpet,’ said Scarlett helping her husband, who didn’t need much encouragement. He’d got a belly full of Jack Daniels and was ready for a face full of pussy from that horny little bitch next door.

Or so he thought.

When Grant was in position, Scarlett removed his gag and sat astride her hubby’s back, wooden spoon in hand.

‘This is so I can make sure you are in the best sniffing position, darling,’ said Scarlett grinning at the other two.

‘Get ready, here comes our guest,’ Said Scarlett nodding at her two friends.

Madeline bought LUCY over and presented her ass first to Grant’s face, about an inch from his nose.

‘So, baby, whose panties are those you are sniffing?’ said Scarlett seductively.

Margaret’s camera started firing off shots of naked Grant with his face in the ass of the blow up doll.

‘Come on baby, take a guess,’ said Scarlett.

Grant seemed to recognise the perfume but wasn’t absolutely sure. He was hoping it would be Madeline’s perfume, but this wasn’t it, was it?

Margaret’s cocktail of scents certainly had Grant's cock confused.

‘Is this Madeline’s pussy I’m sniffing?’ said Grant more hopeful than sure.

‘No it is not, how dare you say such a thing about my best friend,’ said Scarlett reaching behind and smacking her husband's bare bottom with the wooden spoon.

Margaret gave a thumbs up to Scarlett indicating she had caught the action on camera.
Scarlett climbed off her husband and had him sit back on his heels.

‘If it is any help our guest is a virgin,’ said Scarlett ‘and she would *love* to see you work your cock for her,’ continued Scarlett with her torment.

Excited by the virgin word but inwardly cringing at having to perform such a juvenile act in front of his mystery guest Grant reluctantly began wanking himself.

Madeline quickly placed LUCY’s mouth near Grant’s cock and Margaret took some more shots.

‘Grant, our guest wants to see you come, and if you do she’ll let you fuck her, but only if you come first,’ said Scarlett.

Grant found renewed enthusiasm as his right hand worked faster and faster. Margaret’s camera was firing away too and Grant’s hand became a blur as he first groaned and then ejaculated a spume of white semen right across LUCY’s ruby lips.

Scarlett removed Grant’s blindfold.

The first thing he saw was LUCY!

And then the other three women all laughing and pointing.

His shrinking penis shrunk even further, as his face, deep red from exertion went even redder with embarrassment.

‘Does she spit or swallow?’ inquired Margaret in a serious tone.

‘It doesn’t say on the packaging,’ said Madeline laughing.

‘I think we should leave the two love birds alone for a minute,’ said Scarlett looking down at LUCY and beckoning the other two women to the kitchen.

'Grant, why don't you come into the kitchen with us girls, we are going to browse Margaret's gallery of photos of your performance with LUCY and then she is going to email copies to Maddy and me,’ said Scarlett.

‘Something tells me your husband is going to be on his best behaviour from now on Scarlett,’ said a smiling Margaret.

‘Don’t worry Grant your secret is safe with me,’ assured Madeline, trying to remain neighbourly.

‘Speak for yourself sweetheart,’ said Scarlett, determined to give her hubby one more kick in the nuts while he was down, then without changing her tone added, ’more wine anyone?’

Grant Leigh grabbed his underwear and trousers, mumbling ‘I need a drink,’ looking back at LUCY he spat, with much bitterness:

‘You’re dumped!’

Helen, Hannah and Stella

.

The office typing pool where Madeline Novak is employed consists of three young 20 something girls. Helen Benson who doubles as PA to the manager Edward Mann and Madeline herself, while Hannah and Stella are the other two typists.

Helen Benson is a tall leggy girl with immaculate chestnut shoulder length hair, an olive complexion that suggests a Mediterranean background, requires little make up. She stands 5’ 10’’ in her stocking feet and with the tight black skirt and 3inch heeled court shoes walks with the deportment of a camel. But even with black horned rim spectacles she still remains an attractive girl, blessed as she is with not only a heavenly set of pins but also a tiny waist and an ample bottom. Ideal erection material for many of the younger men in the company. In fact some of the girls have nicknamed her ‘Helen BendSome and ThenSome’, jealous that they hadn’t been blessed with the same physical qualities as their colleague.

Unfortunately for Hannah Sanderson, nothing about her induces such feelings of envy and she is glad to be one of the girls and to have escaped without a nickname – even though she laughs like a donkey on heat, when plastered (Hannah NOT the donkey).
Hannah though, is ALWAYS happy to go along with a practical joke.

Stella Hobson has stunning looks and not much in the way of interior furnishings upstairs. In fact, some people say she got her job because of her looks; which, given the fact she is a serious head-turner, is no doubt the case. Having perfectly proportioned features, beautifully even teeth, high cheekbones and a good figure, this girl could have her pick of any guy and usually does and probably explains why some girls invite her along on their nights out just to attract the best

looking guys to their table. Stella is not the type to stay in relations long and consequently the girls have nicknamed her boyfriends 'Hobson's choice.' She is always the last to get a joke and has a tendency to laugh at the wrong time – unsure just why she's laughing even when the joke has been explained to her.

Each weekend the girls indulged themselves in alcohol and clubbing in mostly successful attempts to prove Cyndi Lauper right.

'Girls just want to have fun'.

*****

Friday night had rolled around again and, Grant and Martin on a fishing trip, it was girl's night out.

Madeline, Helen, Stella and Hannah all met up at Scarlett's house where they planned to have a drink (which usually meant 4 or 5) before heading off to the fun pub in town.

The taxi arrived at 9 pm prompt, at exactly 5 minutes past, laughter and shouting spilled on to the driveway as an assortment of stilettos teetered down the tarmac.

The cab door slammed and the cab pulled away taking the mayhem with it.

The girls sat at their table in animated chatter, while Helen went to the bar to order the drinks.

'Jeez, I can see why the guys in the office get so worked up about 'BendSome Then Some,' said Hannah as Helen leaned on the bar with her bottom sticking out lewdly, tightly hugged in spray on blue denim jeans. Black stilettos with wicked heels highlighted the sexy ass perfectly. .

Scarlett stared pensively 'Reminds me of the two honeydew melons in a carrier bag I got from Asda yesterday,' she mused.

Giggles.

'What do you think, Maddy?' said Stella.

'Oh I was just thinking about hubby,' replied Madeline, who was somewhere else.

'2 hard boiled eggs in a wet handkerchief?' suggested Scarlett.

Raucous laughter went round the table.

Stella excepted.

Helen returned with the drinks and asked Stella what the joke was.

Stella replied, ‘What joke?’

After a few more drinks had been consumed Scarlett’s mobile was being passed around the table as each successive picture of Grant and LUCY was flashed up. At one point Helen took off her glasses to clean them.

Scarlett noticing, nodded in the direction of Helen, ‘His willy *is* very small.’

Girly laughter filled the air.

’Is that as big as it gets?’ asked Stella, experienced in a variety of cock sizes.

‘Yep, that’s his full monty,’ said Scarlett.’ But don’t worry I’ve got my Black Mandingo for personal pleasure.’

‘Perhaps you should introduce Grant to Black Mandingo,’ said Hannah.
‘Yeah, introduce it to his boy pussy asshole,’ slurred Helen, glass in hand.

‘Helen!’ came the chorus, not believing she was capable of such language.

‘That, girls, is an idea I may well consider,’ said Scarlett.

'Stella, how would you feel about dominating a boyfriend?' asked Hannah.

'Up for it every time Hannah, they usually come begging for it with their tongues out,' said Stella, never having had to deal with rejection.

Hannah looked at Stella in awe.

As usual, the night passed too quickly for the working girls.

‘Taxi time!’ shouted Hannah looking at her watch.

As the girls made their way to the taxi, Hannah and Helen chatted.

‘Have you ever been dumped Helen,’ said Hannah

‘Yes, by snot features,’ replied Helen, whose urge to control a man was simmering below the surface.

‘Who’s that?’ asked Madeline joining the conversation.

‘You know. That arrogant asshole from college, Jake Hunt,’ spat Helen.

‘I think that’s such a cool name,’ said Stella, eavesdropping.

‘What is?’ asked Helen.

‘Jay,’ said Stella innocently.

Silence.

‘What?’ asked Stella enquiringly, feeling four pairs of eyes on her.

Martin Faces Mother

Unlike many men, Martin wishes he’d made life easier on himself as a young boy and behaved himself in the way his mother asked while paying a lot more attention to her advice when she disciplined him.

Sometimes though, fate throws us a chance to remedy our past mistakes and Martin is about to be given an opportunity to make up for lost time.

His mother is certainly willing and Martin’s wife Madeline is in favour too.

Big time!

*****

A few days had passed since Grant’s special ‘treat’ from his wife. Grant wasn’t aware that only the packaging had been thrown out with the trash. LUCY was safely deflated and stored at Margaret’s flat for future reference.

Margaret, as promised, had emailed the photos as attachments to Madeline and Scarlett’s personal laptops with the message: -

‘Scarlett’s special presentation - starring Grant and featuring LUCY. A performance well worthy of an oscar and Grant’s performance wasn’t bad either.’

Margaret answered her mobile.

‘Hi Margaret, I need to ask you something,’ said Madeline.

She went on to explain about how she’d caught Martin masturbating into her best panties.

The older woman listened intently throughout and when Madeline had finished Margaret simply said, ‘Leave him to me.’

Martin came home from the office that afternoon and read the note on the kitchen table.

Martin,

I'm next door with Scarlett having a drink,
your mother is coming to talk to you at 7 pm.
I'll be back at 10pm

Maddy

Martin prepared himself a quick meal, cleared away and settled down to watch the sports programme.

He heard the front door go and as he turned around his mother spoke, 'Turn that off now, young man,' said his mother.

Although Martin's mother had been a strict disciplinarian throughout her son's upbringing, Martin liked to feel he was now independent of her.

His mother took off her coat, put it on the chair and sat beside her son and as usual she came straight to the point.

'Madeline tells me you have been in her underwear drawer, playing with her underwear.'

Martin was so unsettled by his mother's forthright approach he didn't know whether she had posed a question or statement.

Margaret wasn't waiting for an answer.

'I think it's time you had your trousers taken down again and your bare bottom smacked young man,' said his mother looking him straight in the eye.

The doorbell rang.

'Wait right there,' said Margaret.

Margaret answered the door to see a young girl holding a clipboard.

'Good evening, my name is Debbie, would you care to add your name to the petition to block the proposed new supermarket development please?'

Debbie was young, very pretty with a lovely honey tanned complexion. The girl had an even white pearly smile that suggested teeth whitening. The pink 50's retro style spectacles she wore enhanced her stunning good looks. Debbie's ample breasts fought for space inside her white tee shirt, her golden curls cascaded over her shoulders.

‘Why don’t you come in for a moment Debbie, and ask my son, as he is a householder,’ said Margaret ushering the girl in.

‘Thank you,’ said Debbie opening the door to the lounge.

Martin was still sat on the sofa and was glad for the interruption, which he saw as a way of avoiding his mother’s wrath.

Mother came in and closed the door behind her.

‘Please take a seat Debbie,’ she said.

‘I’m sure Martin here would be glad to put his name to your petition *after* he has atoned for his disgusting behaviour. If you wouldn’t mind waiting a few minutes we will both sign for you. Then you can be on your way,’ said Martin’s mother.

‘Fine by me,’ said the young girl, curious at Martin’s sudden look of anguish.

Margaret sat down next to her son and with a smile to Debbie said to him ‘Alright young man, across my knee.’

Martin had to obey his mother because he knew, if it came to an argument she could tie him in knots. He was also aware of Debbie not knowing the reason his mother was there and exactly why he was being punished. So he thought it better to comply with mother's wishes rather than have dishy Debbie know about his filthy masturbation secret.

That would be a humiliation too far to contemplate.

Conditioned by early experience and knowing better than to disobey his mother, the shamefaced Martin placed himself across the maternal lap. His complete humiliation only partially diluted by the fact that at least his bottom was not on display to the young female stranger, he thought to himself.

Unfortunately his face was and Martin noticed that the young girl was looking straight at him with a smile on her face that told him she was taking no pain from the situation in which his mother had placed him.

Addressing the girl in front of him his mother said ‘I usually take his trousers and underpants down, but as you are wanting to get away we will dispense with that.’

‘Don’t go out of your way on my account,’ said Debbie smiling nastily at Martin.

‘In that case, stand up boy!’ barked his mother. ‘Trousers down, now!’

Martin obeyed reddening in the face profusely.

‘He’s gone red,’ observed Debbie.

‘That is not the only thing that is going to be red, is it Martin?’ said his mother.

‘No mummy,’ replied the son inadvertently.

Debbie giggled at the mummy’s boy reply.

Smoothing her skirt over her thighs his mother said in a sing-song voice ‘Over you go.’

Debbie smiled again covering her mouth with her hand in mock shock.

Six hard smacks on the boy’s bare bottom echoed around the room with each successive report.

‘Now before you pull your trousers and pants up, go and sign Debbie’s petition for her,’ ordered Martin’s mother.

Debbie handed the petition to Martin without looking at him, her eyes deliberately fixed on his exposed penis and testicles.

‘Thank you very much Martin,’ said the young student, grateful for the show and getting to her feet, ‘I’ll let myself out,’ she said leaving.

‘Anymore nonsense from you young man,’ said his mother after the young girl had left, ‘and you can expect the same treatment.’

Not waiting for a reply from her mortified son, she collected her coat and headed for the front door.

As the red-faced Martin dressed himself he noticed his erection and tucked it into his underpants before buttoning his trousers and allowing himself a rueful smile.

‘No change there, then,’ he thought reflectively.

As he gingerly sat down to watch TV his mobile vibrated in his pocket.

'Grant, what's happening my friend?' said Martin.

'I was just wondering whether you had noticed any change in Maddy's attitude lately,' asked Grant.

'Funny you should say that, she has been a bit bossy, spending too much time in Scarlett's company I expect - oh shit, sorry mate I didn't mean....,' said Martin trying not to dig himself deeper.

'No, that’s OK, I'm sure you're right, we both know how bitchy Scarlett can get, especially when she's had a drink.' conceded Grant.

'I think it's time we put the girls in their place, Grant,' said Martin secretly hoping his mate would take the initiative.

'Perhaps we need to tread a little warily,' said Grant realising how thin the ice was and knowing he couldn't tell Martin the real reason for his reticence.

Reckoning

Despite what you may have heard, old dogs can learn new tricks. It just depends on the person training them. And under Scarlett and Madeline’s new regime these boy’s are going to find both a new purpose and a new station in life.

A new way, in fact, of spending their free time.

It’s something the girls like to describe as:

‘Rehab with attitude.’

*****

Wednesday evening Martin had just come home from work when Madeline bought up the subject.

‘And how was your mother?’ said Madeline evenly; knowing Martin would struggle with the loaded question.

‘She’s em, oh she’s fine,’ said Martin.

‘Oh really, well she called me earlier and said, to ask you how your bottom feels,’ said Madeline with a smirk.

‘Alright Maddy, she gave me a spanking for that business with your underwear,’ conceded Martin.

‘Don’t you mean the business of you wanking into my knickers?’ demanded Madeline intentionally specific.

‘Yes, so now can we drop it please?’ said Martin becoming irritated.

‘For now, yes,’ said Madeline, leaving a question mark hanging in Martin’s thoughts.

Martin and Grant’s trip to the pub was a somewhat sober affair this week, both men keeping the week’s humiliating events to themselves. Both men prided themselves on a successful professional life and comfortable middle class status, but realised how devastating it could be for their image if any of what happened recently became common knowledge. Little did they know that it was this very fear of exposure that would be the ammunition their wives would use to change their lives unrecognisably.

Madeline Novak called in sick Thursday morning, as she and Scarlett needed to talk.

Scarlett poured the coffee, ‘What’s on your mind Maddy?’

‘Well now that you have confronted Grant can you help me with Martin?’ said Madeline.

Scarlett looked confused.

Madeline explained to Scarlett all about Martin’s masturbation problem and how his mother had dealt him with.

‘If there is one thing I can’t stand Maddy, it’s a masturbator. It’s so disrespectful. Why do they think we exist, just to wash their filthy underwear and cook? We need attention, we need respect, it’s not too much to ask is it?’ sounded off Scarlett.

‘He needs to be taught discipline Maddy, playing with himself is such a lack of self-discipline, isn’t it?’ said Scarlett. ‘Here’s what we’ll do.’

When Martin came home from work on Friday there was another note from Madeline.

Your dinner is in the oven, when you have had it and washed up come next door.
Scarlett and I have got something to say to both you and Grant

Madeline

Martin was puzzled by the note and thought it strange that Maddy should choose to sign her name with the more formal Madeline.

Scarlett opened the door to Martin and showed him into the lounge where Madeline sat with Grant.

Scarlett took charge.

Much to the embarrassment of the two men she shamelessly recounted both men's transgressions to everyone present. When she had finished she addressed the two men.

'This sensitive information will remain within these four walls so long as you comply with what Madeline and I have planned for you.'

'Because of your behaviour, it is clear that you both are lacking in discipline. You will now be both subject to the discipline programme that Madeline and I have devised.'

'So listen carefully as I read the house rules that you both must comply with to avoid punishment. All transgressions will be punished. All punishments will be administered on the bare bottom regardless of who is present at the time. Punishment day is Friday at 6pm.'

'From now on you are each responsible for a variety household duties, washing up, hoovering, washing clothes, all feminine underwear, by the way, will be hand washed. All these duties are to be carried out from Friday 6pm to Sunday 10pm.'

'From Friday 6pm to Sunday 10pm you will not wear your own underwear but a pair of panties. You will be inspected from time to time to ensure compliance.'

The look shared by the two men was not a pleasant one.

'Anyone found not in panties can expect a very sore bottom,' Scarlett assured them.

'You will also wear an apron to cover your panties, your bottom, however, will be left exposed for any corrections that may be required, for which the wooden spoon will be kept handy. Grant already knows what the wooden spoon feels like, don't you sweetie?' said Scarlett condescendingly.

Grant began to redden and shuffled uncomfortably in his seat. His expression mirrored that of his friend. Both of them knowing they were going to accept what their wives were demanding – no matter how preposterous such a state of affairs might have seemed to them only a short time before.

'Any questions?' asked Scarlett.

'Yes, who will be administering the punishments?' said Martin.

'Oh didn't I say?' said Scarlett mischievously.

'Margaret.'

Edward Mann had always been told that nobody liked a lecher and he thought it was an extremely sensible response.

It was also why he kept his hobby a secret.

Unfortunately for him, the subject of his attention was about to become his keeper.

*****

Edward Mann sat at his large office desk feeling satisfied with what he had achieved in life. He had been promoted quickly up the ladder to management due to his aggressive sales record. He was basking in these thoughts as he pushed the bell to summon Helen Benson to his office.
'Helen, can you get me the file on Premium Insurance please dear?' said Mann, his eyes glued to the swaying backside of Helen Benson.

As his personal assistant bent over, Edward Mann eased his leather swivel chair away from his desk for a better view.

'Why is it that all these files are kept in the bottom drawer?' thought Helen, tight skirted bottom in the air and balancing on court heels.

Edward Mann could have given her the answer to that one, as he leisurely fingered his penis through his trouser pocket, eyes focused hungrily on the split in Helen's black pencil skirt. The very image he would take to bed that night while his wife sucked on his dick.

Then suddenly, back to earth as the cabinet drawer slammed shut.

'Thank you Helen,' said Mann to Helen's bottom as she turned for the door.

Edward Mann put the file back without looking at it.

It was the morning that Mr Mann was attending a seminar at head office that Helen came in looking for the contact telephone number for Premium Insurance.

Opening his personal computer she found a folder on the desktop entitled 'my business'.

'I'll bet it's in there,' said Helen to herself.

Click, Click.

The photos that spewed on to the screen took Helen by surprise, but not half as surprised when she realised that those black heels looked familiar and the pin stripe pencil skirt with the split up the thigh and yes from this very low angle that was definitely the pretty lace trim on her petticoat.

‘The filthy pervert has been photographing my ass, and this shot here is looking right up my skirt to my panties,’ fumed Helen.

Taking the dongle from her pocket, she copied all the evidence, left a message for her boss to let him know she had called and went out to make herself a cup of coffee on the company’s time.

Her working conditions, she told herself, were about to change.

Helen

It’s been said many times before, but repetition makes it no less true: ‘There is no finer nor more uplifting sight in this whole world than that of a bully getting his comeuppance’.

The same could also be said in respect of a fat pervert.

*****

It had been one-am when Edward Mann arrived back home from his meeting in London and his wife had already retired for the night as he poured himself a strong one and sat in his favourite chair to open his laptop.

By the time Windows had loaded he had already erected his penis and was leisurely pulling himself to a climax as pictures of Helen Benson’s ass and long legs scrolled in front of his sweaty face.

Satisfied – at least for now - Edward Mann skulked off to bed like the naughty masturbating little pervert he was and slept the sleep of the just.

Sleep that may have been just a little more troubled had he been aware that Helen Benson was already planning a humiliating revenge and intended to take his invasion of her privacy out on his fat managerial ass.

*****

Edward Mann strolled confidently into his office as usual, the morning after his London trip. He thought Helen hadn’t heard him when he wished her good morning and thought it strange.

This had *never* happened before.

As his PC was opening up he browsed through The Guardian.
Then, as the screen loaded, he caught an image out of the corner of his eye.

It was Helen's ass.

Right there on his PC desktop background with a message in a box.

'PERVERT!!!' .

'Oh shit,' said Mann, realising his dirty little secret had been discovered.

He reached for the button on his desk.

The door opened and in walked Helen Benson carrying the tiny digital camera she had dismantled from its vantage point hidden under his desk.

'Miss Benson,' Mann began.

'Shut up pervert.' Cut in Helen.' I'm doing the talking and you are going to listen.'

'I have all the evidence to get you thrown out of this company on your ear and that's not taking into account the damages I could claim from both you and the company. Make no mistake, I could act extremely damaged if it came to court proceedings.'

Realising his position was desperate, he pleaded pathetically.

'Anything Helen, what do you want?' he whined.

'Don't you dare call me by my first name you fucking pervert!' Helen stormed.

'OK OK Miss Benson,' Mann offered.

'Ms Benson, to you and whenever you ask me for something, you will prefix this title with the word *please,'* got it Perv.

'Yes, er, please… Ms Benson,' stumbled Mann, instantly going wrong.

SLAP!

Edward Mann's ears rang as Helen left a red handprint on the side of his face.

'How the hell did you get to be manager, you dumbo. If brains were made out of doughnuts you wouldn't have enough for the hole in the middle.'

Helen continued her verbal assault.

'Bring that swivel chair from behind your desk. Kneel down with your back to it and sit back on your heels.'

Helen grabbed his hair and forced his head back on to the seat of the chair – unable to quite believe how docile her boss had become in the space of a few seconds but loving it nonetheless.

‘Perfect,’ she said before sneering: ‘Guess where my ass is going, pervert?’

Hiking up her tight skirt she peeled off her panties and rolled them into a ball.

‘Open up pervy,’ she said as she filled his mouth with warm musky satin.

Placing her high black court shoes either side of his thighs and supporting her arms on the chair Helen lowered herself on to Mann’s face.

‘Keep your sodding head up, you little shit,’ she shouted, determined to achieve the result she was after.

Helen moved her hips around until she could feel Mann’s nose touching her rosebud.

‘Don’t breathe through your mouth you idiot,’ she scolded as she sat with her boss’s nose plumb against her warm asshole.

‘Keep that mouth shut tight and breathe through your nose, if I hear you breathing through your mouth mister you will be in deep shit,’ said Helen smiling to herself and wriggling her asshole into position.

Helen spent the next half hour calling up friends and chatting using Mann's mobile.
Eventually, pulling a new pair of panties from her handbag Helen got up and slipped them on.

‘You can take those panties you’ve been chewing on, home with you and wash them. Come into the office tomorrow wearing them under your suit, I’ll be in to check on you,’ said Helen.

Ms Benson strode haughtily out of the office as Edward Mann poured himself a glass of water.

A New Regime

Nobody is more contrite than a man caught doing something he shouldn’t by a woman and Edward Mann was no different.

Like most men he repented quickly and promised to learn the error of his ways.

But if he thought for one moment that the punishment for his perverted behaviour would be a one off he would soon be shown how wrong he could be.

Helen is not letting him off that easily.

*****

Edward Mann strolled into his office to find Helen Benson sat in his leather chair with her long slender legs sprawled across his desk.

‘You’re late Mr Perv,’ said Helen pushing herself away from the desk with her feet, the swivel chair moving smoothly over the deep pile.
Approaching her boss she said, ‘Turn around pervert.’

Helen reached down the back of his trousers and grabbed his panties and yanked them up.

‘Yow!’screamed Mann as the wedgie bit.

‘Good to see you can follow orders,’ said Helen.

‘I need you to look at something for me pervy,’ said Helen returning to his chair and pulling her skirt up to reveal her panties.

Edward Mann’s eyes widened, his mouth opened slightly.

‘Down here, perv,’ Helen said, pointing to a spot between her feet.

‘You will need to be on your knees for what I have in mind,’ she added.

‘Actually,’ said Helen ‘ that is where you are psychologically, since I discovered your little pervy secret, so it seems appropriate that you should be there in the real world too, wouldn’t you agree, Mr Pervert?’ added Helen, pleased with the analogy she had made.

Edward Mann tacitly agreed and took up his position.

Helen grabbed a handful of hair and said, ‘I want to feel tongue down there.’

With his hands palms down on the carpet, Helen placed her feet with her stiletto heels on the backs of his hands.

‘I’ll be letting you know if I need you to work harder down there,’ she said patting him patronisingly on the head.

‘Come in!’ called Helen in response to the knock on the office door.

Hannah came in looked around and said,’ is the boss in?’

‘I think he’s getting his head down Hannah,’ said Helen without lying.

Edward Mann paused his ministrations to take in what had just been said and Helen leaned forward in her chair deliberately applying pressure to her heels. Mann had to bury his face in her panties to muffle the cry of pain and Helen could feel his discomfort between her legs. It made her hot.

‘I’ll leave these for him to sign,’ said Hannah, dropping the documents on the desk and leaving.

‘Sign these,’ said Helen, thrusting the papers and a pen between her legs.
‘When you’ve done that. Do me. Get that tongue inside my panties,’ she ordered.

As her boss went about his work Helen resolved to have all future boyfriends please her this way before they got anywhere near her pussy. Just the thought of this prospect elevated Helen's senses as she glided leisurely toward the coming peak.

She took her time reaching her climax, grinding her stilettos like a dressage horsewoman spurring him on to keep pace with her approaching orgasm. With a wet pinkie on her clit Helen screamed into orgasm city hugging tightly the head between her legs with her free hand. Sliding forward in the seat and riding the hot tongue, she left a generous coating of hot love honey on Mann’s face.

Sliding forward in the chair to give him better access she grabbed a handful of hair, ‘Clean me, slut,’ drawled Helen basking in the glory of a good cum.

Helen then got out of the chair, adjusted her clothing said, ‘Coffee, two sugars, bring it out to my desk, and by the way you are now my new office boy.’

Slam!

The door smacked shut behind her leaving Edward Mann’s head spinning.

Margaret in the Manor House

There are places in this life we come to love and others that we hate with every fibre of our being.

It would be reasonable to say that the location they would soon be seeing more of would inspire rather more of the latter emotion in Grant and Martin than the former.

For the ladies though it is very much love that the location inspires and the only small – very small – reservation they have on its behalf is this:

Will Manor House be the place to teach their men manners?

*****

Madeline picked up her mobile.

‘Hi Margaret.’

‘Maddy, you know that detached house in the grounds of the old vicarage,’ said Margaret.

‘You mean Manor House?’ asked Maddy.

‘Yes, that’s the one. Well the owners are friends of mine from the bridge club, they're off to the Caribbean for a couple of weeks to their holiday home and asked me to house sit for them. They've said I can invite whom I like, as they know the house is in safe hands. Look, I’m moving in this Saturday, so why don’t you and Scarlett and the boy’s come over for a party and stay over?’ suggested Margaret.

‘That’s fine with me, I’ll ask Scarlett.’

‘And the two boys?’ enquired Margaret.

‘They’ll do as they are told!’ stated Madeline firmly.

‘Oh Maddy, I love that controlling tone in you lately, it’s something that son of mine has been missing for a long time.’

‘Don’t worry, Scarlett and I are working on exactly that,’ said Madeline.

Margaret sounded pleased:

‘I think it’s going to be some party Maddy. See you Saturday.’

Not putting down her mobile, Maddy keyed in Scarlett’s number.

‘Hi Maddy,’ she said.

Madeline informed her friend about Margaret’s Saturday night party.

Scarlett said she would like to have the pleasure of telling the boys their Saturday night drinking session would not be happening this week.

*****

Grant and Martin met at their local after work for a quick chat about the way their wives had become so controlling.

‘You see why I can’t do anything Martin, she’s got those damn photos and I wouldn’t put it past her to flash them around town,’ said Grant in a hint of desperation.

‘Maddy’s got mother involved as well, which doesn’t help matters,’ said Martin.

‘Scarlett has been wanting a new conservatory for a few years now, to make the kitchen bigger. I was rather hoping the money we’d saved was going on the new 4x4 VW,’ explained Grant.

‘So you think if you go to her with the conservatory plan, she’ll climb down and give you back the photos she has of you and LU…. em the blow up, I mean, doll,’ Martin’s attempt at tact was clumsy.

‘Something like that, I can’t think of anything else,’ said Grant.

Both men stared into the middle distance finishing their cokes before driving back to Cumming Close.

Margaret’s Party
(Part-One)

Most young men become accustomed – to one degree or another – to accepting the discipline of a mother or another older female with responsibility for them. It’s an imposition many accept grudgingly, knowing that the time will soon come when they will be old enough to move on and make decisions for themselves – at least until a wife happens along.

How much more humiliating for a man then when he discovers that not only is he to return to the matriarchy of his childhood and the discipline going hand in hand with it but it will, once again, be his mother administering it.

That he will have company when he finds himself over the maternal knee will come as no consolation.

Even when the company is that of his closest friend.

*****

There was a notice for both Grant and Martin on returning to their respective homes Friday evening.

Grant/Martin

Margaret’s party. Saturday afternoon to Sunday evening. This week’s Saturday drinking session is cancelled. All domestic discipline chores will be held over until Monday night.

Due to preparation for Margaret’s party, Friday’s punishment session will be postponed.

Any punishments accrued will instead be administered on Saturday.
Boys, make sure you take a spare pair of clean knickers with you.

Scarlett and Madeline.

Both husbands stood obediently at attention to the ladies in waiting at Margaret's party, Saturday afternoon. They had been through a dress inspection as soon as they arrived when Scarlett had made both boys stand in line in the hall awaiting Margaret's approval.

Scarlett had provided the maid's attire courtesy of her adult party club and hubby's credit card. The maid's uniforms were perfect, (although perhaps a little on the small side), especially as Grant had often suggested getting one, not realising that he would be the one wearing it. The seamed stockings and suspender belt completed the saucy look required for the weekend's entertainment.

Margaret regarded the two specimens in front of her with derision as she began her appraisal.

She smacked Martin on his pantied bottom for not tying his apron bow pretty enough. And then listened while he whined about the bow being difficult to reach behind his back. When he had finished Margaret reached down and smacked the back of his leg.

'Don't answer me back, young man,' she reprimanded, totally ignoring his pleading.
Madeline gave Martin a stern look that said, how dare you embarrass me in front of my friends.

The pretty panties the girl's had selected for the boys' debut were bright red with pretty black lace trim. The knickers hugged tightly, their private bits bulging, obscenely clinging greedily to the contents. Their outfits reflected perfectly their station, with the tiny white frilly aprons that hung around their necks and the bow hanging down between their bottom cheeks at the back, their ridicule was complete.

Both boys certainly looked the part in their new outfits but were struggling with those heels they wore.

Scarlett had made the boys choose the shoes themselves from one of her adult catalogues, the only stipulation being, the heel had to be no lower that 4 inches.

Ouch!

Virginia

It's been said that dogs come to resemble their owners and that people grow into their names.

In the case of Virginia it was definitely a case of growing out.

*****

Margaret showed Scarlett and Madeline into the living room where she introduced her sister Virginia. Virginia had been looking forward to this weekend ever since her sister had told her of the unusual nature of the entertainment on offer.

‘Margaret’s told me so much about you both,’ said Virginia extending her hand.

‘I know you girls will get along with Ginny,’ said Margaret, using the pet name she had acquired at high school.

It was at this very school that the saying ‘Virgin for short, but not for long’ was quoted about Virginia.

On one occasion she happened to overhear it and feigning to whisper in the boy’s ear, had forcefully brought her knee up between his legs leaving him writhing on the playground floor. The boy in question was taken to Mrs Rumpton the school’s matronly nurse, where she stripped him of his short trousers and underpants and thoroughly examined his testicles before deciding a hospital visit was not required.

The pain from the humiliation, however remained intense, long after the physical discomfort had gone while Virginia’s pleasure was of an equally long duration.

After that incident though, Virginia never heard the phrase again.

Margaret meanwhile was showing the boys the bell that will be rung to summon them, should any of the ladies require attending.

‘You will both answer to this bell,’ said Margaret giving it a ring, ‘ by knocking politely on the living room door. You will enter and stand feet together, hands behind your backs and await your instruction, quite clear?’

‘Yes Ma’am,’ they both replied, remembering the rules Scarlett had set them.

‘Good, now go and prepare tea and serve it at 2.30pm prompt,’ directed Margaret as she closed the living room door behind her.

Scarlett and Virginia soon found common ground when it came to men.

'You see Scarlett dear, they can't be trusted, if I had my way I'd lock up all their cocks and throw away the key,' said Virginia with a delicious contralto laugh that had Scarlett smiling.

'I see your point, Virginia, but we all need a nice hard cock to ride now and then don't we?' argued Scarlett.

'Virginia gets all the cock she wants, isn't that so Ginny?' cut in Margaret giving Virginia a smug feeling.

'It's that bald headed solicitor that drives the 4x4 BMW, he can't get enough of her,' explained Margaret to Scarlett.

'The randy little sod gets what he's given, after and *only* after, I get my little prezzie,' said Virginia flashing a generously sized stone on her finger that looked suspiciously like a sapphire and probably was, knowing, as we do, the money solicitors make.

At 2.30pm prompt there was a knock on the door from the kitchen. The two male maids wobbled in with the tea trolley. As they stopped the trolley at Margaret's chair, she looked at her watch and frowned.

'Tut, tut my watch says 2.31pm,' said Margaret.

'What time do you have Scarlett?' asked Margaret.

'I'm afraid I don't have my watch Margaret,' lied Scarlett.

'Madeline, Ginny?' both women shook their heads.

'Oh dear,' sighed Margaret.

'We'll deal with you two after tea,' said Virginia staring down the two men.

Continuing with their tasks the maids worked silently and diligently not wanting to incur any further punishment. The ladies sat in silence drinking in the boys' humiliation and the tea, smiling and nodding to each other.

When tea had been cleared away, Margaret rang for the maids.

The conversation stopped like a switch being turned off.

The two maids entered, stood together in the centre of the room, hands clasped behind them. The weight of expectation hung heavily in the air as the ladies looked on in anticipation.

Margaret opened the hearing.

'Your very first assignment, young ladies and the simple task of serving tea on time seems to be beyond your capabilities. I think you need to be shown the consequences of bad time keeping, Scarlett, would you be so kind?' said Margaret pointing to Scarlett's handbag.

Grant was horrified to see his wife produce the dreaded wooden spoon from her handbag.

'Say hello to your little friend, dear,' said Scarlett holding the spanker up so Grant and everyone else could see.
'Hubby and my little friend here have met before, isn't that right dear?' said Scarlett determined to get her husband to partake in his own humiliation.

‘Yes, Ms Scarlett,’ sighed Grant, not realising just how red in the face he’d gone.

Scarlett turned to Margaret.

‘Margaret, with your permission, I would like to invite Virginia to be the maid’s disciplinarian on this occasion as she is a guest.’ said Scarlett.

‘Ginny?’ said Margaret, seeking her sister’s response.

‘Delighted,’ said Virginia continuing ‘I favour the over the knee method ladies, unless anyone has any objections.’

Nobody did, apart from two people and they were in no position to object.

‘I favour the knickers down method,’ shouted Scarlett, bringing laughter.

The maids did not share the joke.

Virginia instructed a chair to be brought from the dining room.

Both maids moved towards the door.

‘It doesn’t take two!’ shouted Virginia following up with ‘Girls only go in pairs to the ladies rooms, remember that,’ added Virginia and whispered to the others loud enough for the maids to hear ‘Learning curve.’

More laughter.

Sitting on the straight back chair and smoothing her skirt she points at Martin.

‘You! Across my knee, now!’ she said.
Martin obeyed smartly.

Pulling the panties down so they rested behind the knees, Virginia took the wooden spoon from Scarlett.

‘You are getting six hard smacks on each bottom cheek, young lady, for poor time keeping. Hopefully this will make you a better maid,’ Said Virginia.

All twelve smacks were delivered alternately to each cheek and administered briskly and businesslike.

‘Go and stand in the corner, girl, knickers remain down,’ Ordered Virginia immediately pointing to Grant.

‘You, over my knee and be quick about it,’ she said, slapping the back of his leg as he was bending.

‘You, young lady are going to get six extra. I just discovered it’s your second meeting with Mr Wooden Spoon,’ Virginia informed the miscreant to the sound of collective whispers.

Grant was wondering what the whispering was about, then –

‘Whap!

Eighteen rapid unrelenting smacks on soft white bottom flesh held the ladies attention tighter than the climax of their favourite soap storyline.

A chorus of eyes watched as two bright red bottom cheeks wobbled off to the corner.

‘First class job, Ginny,’ said Margaret, collecting the dining chair and returning it to the dining room.

The two maids were eventually allowed to retrieve their panties and resume their duties. The most pressing of which was preparation of the evening buffet.

The buffet was presented to the company without further ado.

Margaret had allocated each lady a room, so when the buffet was finished and the maids had cleared away, the ladies retired to their rooms to freshen up and prepare for cocktails at 7pm.

The two maids meanwhile were enjoying a little respite away from their mistresses. Grant had removed his shoes and was enjoying the cool feeling of the kitchen floor tiles against his toes.

‘What are you doing out of heels when you are still on duty young lady?’ stormed Margaret not waiting for a reply, said ‘I’ll see you after cocktails!’

The cocktails of vodka, martini, squeezed fresh lemon juice, ice and served with lime slices were well received and many were consumed as the conversation level increased in volume accordingly. The maids had run up some tasty and cheesy onion toasties, which impressed both Scarlett and Madeline.

Pleased as she was at how well the cocktail party had gone, Margaret could not let the business of the maid’s shoes go unpunished.

Moving to the drawer of her desk she took out a cane of about 2 feet in length with an embossed leather bound handle. It was an instrument made for dispensing punishment. Everything about it cried elegance, craftsmanship, style and precision.

Margaret held up her hand and spoke.

‘Ladies, before we disperse to prepare for this evening, it appears one of the help has chosen to ignore the house rules.’

‘Maid!’ summoned Margaret .

Grant stepped forward, head bowed.

‘Ginny, would you be so kind as to remove one of maid’s shoes. She seems to like taking her shoes off.’

Virginia did as her sister asked.

‘Face the wall maid,’ said Margaret. ‘Ginny, take hold of her ankle and raise the maid’s foot behind her, sole upward.’

Margaret stood to the side and placed the cane on the sole of the maid’s foot.

‘Shoes are to be worn at all times whilst on duty,’ said Margaret.

The 3 quick swipes to the sole of Grant’s foot were not particularly hard, but made him aware of just how sensitive that part of his body was.

Margaret of course knew this.

The maids were dismissed; Grant was made to replace his shoe and limping a little from the cane strokes. The ladies feeling pleasantly dizzy from the cocktails retired to their rooms to contemplate the forthcoming evening.

The weekend was going so well that it had occurred to Margaret that it might be a good idea to do it again sometime. Her friends usually went to the Caribbean two or three time a year so the opportunity for further parties was there. Money was never a problem for Margaret, so she would be quite happy funding the events. She decided to put the idea to Scarlett later in the evening when they’d all had a few drinks.

The ladies began to gather in the lounge for the evening’s drinks. The maid’s were in the kitchen waiting on the bell to summon them.

It was Scarlett who rang the bell after informing everyone that their husbands had not yet attended their weekly punishment review. As the two maids entered the room, Scarlett stood arms folded next to Margaret with her cane in her hand.
‘Maddy and I have decided that due to your exemplary behaviour tonight, this week’s punishment spanking will only be six of the best for each of you,’ said Scarlett solemnly.

‘Come along dear, don’t be shy. I’m sure you’re eager to atone for your shortcomings,’ said Scarlett.

Grant reluctantly stepped forward under Scarlett's watchful eye.

'Bend!' barked Margaret, startling Grant.

Bending, Grant could see Virginia's shoes behind him as he felt her lowering his knickers to his knees.

Being made to count aloud the six stinging cuts in front of a female audience was humiliating enough without Scarlett's belittling endorsement.

'Louder dear, we all want to keep count, don't we girls?' said Scarlett to Madeline.

'Four!'

Whap!

'Five!'

Whap!

'Six!' called the girls in unison.

'Come along, you naughty girl' said Madeline, leading her husband by the ear to where Margaret was waiting.

'As for you – I want to see those finger tips on the fronts of your high heeled shoes, young lady,' said Margaret, swishing her cane and leaving a threatening whistle hanging in the air.

Virginia again slipped knickers to knees.

Martin felt his face redden as Madeline counted his strokes out loud with gusto.

The ceremony completed, the maids were given permission to retrieve their panties and resume their duties.

Margaret's Party
(Part-Two)

The one thing genuine embarrassment and humiliation does not welcome is company.

It's surely excruciating enough for two adult men to be punished by an older woman in front of their wives – especially when that older woman is one's mother – but to then be told company was on its way was adding salt to the wounds.

Salt that becomes vinegar when Martin realises the person accompanying the two attractive young women is an old acquaintance.

*****

At 9pm precisely the doorbell rang.

'That will be our mystery guests,' announced Margaret with a knowing smile.

Pointing at Martin she said:

'You. Answer the door and show our guest in.'

Martin was embarrassed enough having to answer the door to a complete stranger, dressed as he was, but imagine his horror when opening the door he saw Mrs Rumpton his old school nurse together with her young student nurse niece Melanie and her friend Natasha.

The maid showed Mrs Rumpton and her two young charges through to the living room where Margaret took care of the introductions.

'I hope you don't mind my bringing my niece Melanie and her friend Natasha,' said Mrs Rumpton.

'Not at all, Rosie,' Margaret assured her.

Rosie smiled.

'I managed to find my old school nurse's uniform, and as you rightly pointed out it will be perfectly appropriate for tonight's activities.'

Her nurse's uniform consisted of a navy blue tunic with a severe looking black leather belt tightly fastened around her waist with a large brass buckle, accenting her matronly figure. She wore no nonsense sensible shoes, and black tights with her large rounded bottom adding substance to her uniformed authoritative appearance. With her hair in a tight bun at the back of her head, she was the essence of clinical discipline personified.

The rubber apron completed the outfit.

'I've managed to get all the things on the list you sent me, Margaret,' said Rosie indicating to the girls to collect the items from the car.

'Let me get you a drink,' said Margaret snapping her fingers at a maid without looking at her.

‘No, I’m afraid I’m driving, but the girls would love one,’ said Rosie Rumpton.

‘Come and meet the others, the maid will look after the girls,’ said Margaret.

As Melanie and Natasha came back into the house, Martin the maid curtseyed and said:

‘What can I get you ladies to drink, please?’

The two girls giggled and looked at each other.

Natasha whispered to her friend, ‘ Isn’t that the estate agent chappie we see in town in the black Range Rover?’

‘Oh my god, I didn’t recognise him, I mean her, well that is him, I think,’ said Melanie.

‘I’ve just got to say this, Mel,’ said Natasha, nudging her friend.

‘Would you like to find me somewhere near to Cumming Close?’ said Natasha looking into the maid’s eyes for the humiliation she knew was lurking there.

Melanie shrieked.

Martin cringed.

Natasha laughed in Martin’s face.

Melanie broke the silence, ‘I think cumming is most definitely out of the question, what do you say housemaid?’

The housemaid was left bewildered.

'I'm definitely getting into domination when I get a steady boyfriend Mel,' said Natasha looking directly at the maid.

'Can I come and watch you put him through his paces, Nat?' said Melanie.

'You could be the humiliation ingredient, Mel,' said Natasha with grin; then deliberately looking the other way said,
'I think the maid wants to take our order'

'Let's make her wait' said Mel.

'Wait!' do you get it Nat?' laughed Melanie, her friend joined in the laughter.

'How about you maid, do you get it?' taunted Natasha.

‘Two Bacardis and cokes!’ shouted Melanie as both girls walked away to rejoin the throng.

Mrs Rumpton and Margaret were going through the items in the drawing room behind closed doors.

‘Two Victorian chamber pots, one box of schoolboys glass marbles, a bottle of baby oil and a packet of disposable latex gloves’ perfect said Margaret, exactly as I ordered.’

Mrs Rumpton laughed:

“My, my, what and odd assortment of props. Are the ladies going to have the maids playing marbles, or perhaps it’s a new version of tiddlywinks, with the two tiddlers centre stage’.

Margaret’s Party
(Part-Three)

No matter how powerful the hold we feel we have over certain people there is always the possibility they can be pushed over the edge into rebellion.

Could this be about to happen with Grant and Martin?

We shall see.

*****

Melanie and Natasha were in conversation with Scarlett and Madeline about the benefits of fem dom and why it is such a crucial element to a satisfying and trouble free marriage.
Scarlett soon bought the girls up to speed regarding the weekend’s theme. The two younger girls seemed excited by the prospect of some live S and M. Until now they were novices in this particular fetish, their only experience being the clandestine chats in the girl’s loos during their free time periods at college.

Margaret announced to all that the night’s entertainment was about to begin and picking up the bell rang it vigorously.
The maids, hearing the urgency of the aggressive ringing both appeared quicker than usual.

Pointing at the maids Margaret shouted, ‘Coffee table, centre of the room. Then fetch the items from the drawing room’

The maids moved quickly carrying out the orders and then stood waiting, unsure of their fate.

‘Allow me to set the stage,’ said Virginia placing the two chamber pots on the coffee table.

‘Don’t worry ladies, there isn’t going to be any poo-poo play,’ said Margaret quick to reassure the assembly.

The two maids breathed a sigh of relief.

Nurse Rosie Rumpton appeared with a straight back chair. Placed next to the coffee table and sat down.

‘With your permission Nurse Rumpton, I’ll begin,’ said Margaret.

The two maids stood motionless trying to take in the collection of items in front of them, and why was nurse Rumpton wearing rubber gloves?

Margaret continued,

‘The object of tonight’s main event is for the maid’s to retain possession of their marbles for as long as they can. Which to you and I seems a simple enough task, however the maids will keep their marbles in their back pockets.’

‘But, I hear you ask, knickers don’t have back pockets.’

‘Quite right ladies, that is why our naughty little minxes here are going to hold their marble collections inside their naughty little bottoms, aren’t you girls,’ said Margaret wielding her favourite leather handled cane.

Virginia grabbed Grant by the arm above the elbow and marched him to nurse Rumpton.

‘Over!’ said Virginia pushing the maid so she stumbled across the nurse’s knee.

‘Ask Madeline to lower your panties,’ said Scarlett tapping her wooden spoon on her hand as a threat.

‘Please lower my panties,’ struggled Grant.

‘Certainly, young lady,’ said Madeline with a smile to the room.

Nurse Rumpton was very experienced with the naked male body and without hesitation drizzled the baby oil down the maid’s crack and massaged it in and pushed at the rosebud until it submitted and allowed entry of the nurse’s middle finger.

Taking a marble she rolled it in her rubber gloved fingers and placed it at the entrance to the maid’s anus.

Before the maid realised the marble’s intention nursie pushed and Grant yelped.

‘Now, don’t be a baby, once the first one is in the other five or six will be easy,’ said Nurse Rumpton.

Somebody gasped.

‘Just push like you want to do a number 2, that will help,’ offered the nurse.

The pain of the glass marble pushing against a tight hole was too painful for Grant.

He pushed from his stomach; his anus opened and in slipped the first marble.

‘Good boy,’ said nurse pushing it home with her middle finger and placing another against his anus.

Grant took his last marble and nurse Rumpton inserted her middle finger to be sure they were well placed.

‘Pull up your knickers as far as they will go and stand over there,’ said Virginia.

All eyes followed the maid as she took her position.

Natasha leaned into whisper to Mel, 'I've got a long slender middle finger just waiting for a naughty boy's bottom hole, Mel.'

Melanie smiled at the very thought, as her own little rosebud tightened in the secrecy of her panties.

Meanwhile.

‘You,’ said Virginia’

Martin received the same treatment, except nurse had to slap his bottom a few times to stop him wriggling.

‘Thank you Rosie for your expertise in helping our maids, come along girls, up on the coffee table please. Knickers down and sit on your potties.’

‘You will hold your marbles until instructed otherwise,’ ordered Margaret.

The evening continued with the ladies helping themselves to drinks with the conversation getting louder with more and more laughter, the two maids thought they had been forgotten.

What a torture it was to be sat on a toilet and not able to go – and with a room full of females, some of who were strangers was the most humiliating thing.

Scarlett was always the one to push the boundaries during drinking sessions. So it was no surprise when she asked Melanie and Natasha to check the maids cocks to be sure they weren't getting secret erections in their potties.

The two young girls needed no second asking.

Unfortunately for the maids this action by these two pretty young things elicited exactly the response they had been asked to check on.

So, after a couple of minutes 'feeling' the girls reported the maid's unauthorised erections.

Virginia stood up and spoke:

'Keep hold of their penis's girls because now it is time for our maid's to produce a marble each. Now who is going to be first to drop glass onto porcelain?' asked Virginia.

'Scarlett's maid or Madeline's maid?' she asked.

The two maids found that with Melanie and Natasha holding on tight to their cocks it was impossible to open their rosebuds. They had been longing for this moment to be rid of that constipated feeling the glass marbles were creating but couldn't go. Nurse Rumpton knew this and had passed it on to Margaret.

'Time is up, no more marbles to be passed now,' said Virginia.

The ladies played this game with the maids to well pass midnight, when permission to expel all marbles was given.

The sound of glass hitting china was machine gun like and greeted with hoots of laughter from all the ladies present and rounded off a fantastic weekend's entertainment.

On the way to bed Margaret did suggest to Scarlett that perhaps they may reprise this little event, as she was sure her friends from the bridge club would be returning to the Caribbean later in the year.

Scarlett was only too pleased to agree in principal to this and would bring up the matter with Madeline over their next bottle of wine together.

Scarlett knew that she and Maddy would have a lot of planning to do before the next party and she also knew that expectations would be high.

She also knew that she and Maddy would have to continue with Grant and Martin's training programme.

Having experienced the joys of control over their husbands, both women knew there could be no turning back.

PART-TWO

Coffee Time Again

Following Margaret's party Scarlett and Madeline's authority over their husbands had risen to previously undreamed of levels – but the girls weren't prepared to stop there and that first taste of power ensured they would endorse their supremacy.

For Grant and Martin this would mean nothing less than a demotion to the status of full-time househusbands.

With Helen Benson about to become office manager a new assistant would need to be appointed; Madeline had called to tell the office she would be late and popped next door for coffee the moment Martin had left for work.

A new chapter was about to unfold in the life of Scarlett Leigh and Madeline Novak.

*****

'What a brilliant weekend,' enthused Madeline, picking up her coffee and settling down at the breakfast bar with her friend.

'Margaret wants to do it again in the future, Maddy, what do you think?' said Scarlett, elbows on breakfast bar and head on hands one red nailed finger playing with her lips.

'Oh, I'm fine about it, but what do you think the boys will say?' replied Madeline.

'Madeline, when I want Grant's opinion, I give it to him,' said Scarlett dryly.

'Perhaps, you could give Martin his opinion as well,' said Maddy

'Any time Maddy, I'd quite like that cute little bottom across my knee, actually,' confessed Scarlett.

'Next time he annoys me I'll send him around to say hello to Mr Wooden Spoon, Scarlett,' said Madeline rubbing her hands with glee.

'You'll be pleased to hear I don't use *that* wooden spoon for cooking anymore,' said Scarlett. 'Somehow I can't see myself stirring the gravy Sunday lunchtime with the same implement I laid across Grant's bare ass, can you Maddy?'

'Well, since you put it like that, no, Scarlet, I can't,' concurred Madeline.

‘In Grant’s office block on the reception there’s a women that sells kitchenware stuff in her spare time. I called in to see her to order a new wooden spoon. I needed a new one, I told her, as the old one was now used for smacking Grant’s bare bottom when he was a naughty boy.’ said Scarlett.

‘What did she say to that?’ asked a shocked Madeline.

‘She didn’t say anything, she just ran off laughing with her hand clasped over her mouth shouting – where’s my mobile!’ grinned Scarlett.

‘Oh dear,’ said Madeline, realising immediately the potential for provocative hearsay on the social grapevine, via the mobile phone network, and how it could heap further misery and humiliation on poor Grant.

The two girls talked over the previous weekend’s fun and games and laughed about the way their spouses had disintegrated under the watchful eyes of the two young student nurses. They decided that they had to contrive a scenario where the boys would be forced to renew acquaintances with their two young female voyeurs. Both women carried this thought, each though, with a different gravity, throughout the morning.

The boys for their part were settling in to their station as seconds in command within their respective households. They found it easier to go along with the girl’s wishes than to defy them, not wanting to run the risk of more embarrassing and humiliating exposure, being all too aware of the damning evidence the females possessed.

Little did the boys know that their journey into capitulation was only at a beginning.

This was going to be, to paraphrase Lennon and McCartney, *a long and winding road.*

*****

PROMOTION

When the boss finds himself with one female employee to answer to can it be long before he has another…

And another…

And…

*****

Edward Mann strode furtively across the office floor to his door unsure of how many pairs of female eyes were trained on him. Closing his office door behind him he was about to drop the Guardian on his desk when he saw the note.

Any company trip to London will now include me.
Separate rooms of course.
See to it.

It wasn't signed; it didn't need to be.

Mann knew it could only be Helen as voices fired off inside his head.

'How the fuck did she know about this weekend," he cursed, even as he told himself that perhaps she didn't. "I'll have to tell her now anyway I suppose, oh fuck, fuck, fuck!'

When the mental wrestling had ceased he reached for the buzzer.

Helen came in.

'Please, do sit down Ms Benson,' said Mann being overly polite, remembering his precarious position.

'You will probably be pleased to hear that we are going to London this weekend and as you will be present at the meeting, I may as well tell you now that it is about my promotion and transfer to our London branch. Head Office have offered me the manager's position which I've agreed to take.' said Mann.

'So, you think running away will get you off the hook, is that it?' sneered Helen.

'No, no it's about a career move, hmm, Ms Benson,' said Mann remembering his manners under pressure.

In the silence that followed Helen considered; holding Mann's fearful stare like a fish on a line.

'I'll tell you what I think. You are going to recommend me for your job and furthermore you will tell them that unless that happens you will not be accepting the transfer, and by the way I'll have my laptop, just to provide you with a little incentive,' smiled Helen, with cold eyes.

'You are putting me in an impossible situation, they'll never concede to that, you know what they're like at Head Office, they just don't negotiate,' Mann's pleas fell on deaf ears.

'That may well be the case, but with your persuasive powers I know you'll get them to agree, I have every confidence in you. You will *not* want to disappointment me I promise you that,' said Helen, leaning on the threat with an emphasis that him.

'I'll let you know the travel arrangements, together with my personal requirements for the weekend in due course ' said Helen, getting up and wiggling her ass as she left, knowing *perving* was the last thing on Mann's mind.

The air conditioning breezed over the cold sweat on Mann's face made him shiver, but it was the prospect of the London showdown with Head Office that made him shiver more.

*****

Meanwhile, Grant had called Martin mid morning at his office and requested a quick coffee together.

'Martin, how do you think Margaret would react if she thought I would inform her bridge club that both she and her daughter in law had indulged in a wild sex party?' probed Grant.

'Hell, Grant are you seriously thinking about taking on my mother in a battle of wits?' asked a shocked Martin.

'I just think if I can exert a little pressure in the right area I might create myself a little bargaining power,' said Grant, feeling his way and continuing. 'I'm aware, Marty, that unlike the girls, we don't have any evidence, but once it's out in the open about that party, they would be forced to think twice before exposing those damn photos. What do you think?'

'You might have something there Grant,' conceded Martin.

'But I don't see exactly what leverage we would have to get those photos back,' added Martin.

'Well, I don't think the bridge club would want to be associated with that kind of sleazy activity and therefore Margaret would have to put pressure on the others to come up with the goods in order to protect her image with her precious fucking card club,' said Grant.
Martin was giving it serious thought.

'So are you with me on this?' he added.

Martin, knew the measure of his mother's mind games and was looking for a way out, mixing his metaphors he replied:

'If it's all the same with you Grant, I'll let you cross that bridge, I'd rather stand clear while you light the blue touch paper.'

'I'll take that as a *no* then,' said Grant finishing his drink and returning the cups to the counter.

*****

Back at Mann's office Helen returned to her desk just in time for coffee.

It was obvious what the typists were talking about during their mid morning break and
Helen, Stella and Hannah all vied for speaking rights as the events of the previous weekend unfolded around the table.

It was rare that the girls were rarely this animated on a Monday morning.

The canteen was again buzzing with the events of the weekend and it seemed that Margaret's party had sewn a few seeds in the minds of the girls. The thoughts of dominating a boy, which had once been thought of only in the realms of fantasy, now seemed a realistic and achievable ambition. *Very* achievable. In fact.

'Madeline, can I have a word?' said Helen, indicating a space over by the window where they could be alone.

'How would you feel about taking over my job?' asked Helen tentatively.

'Oh, you're not leaving us, Helen are you?' asked Madeline, genuinely concerned.

'No, it's just that there may be a bit of internal shuffling going on, but don't worry nobody is going to lose their job,' reassured Helen.

'There would be a good pay rise in it for you,' added Helen.

'Well, I'm not sure if I would have the confidence working with Mr Mann,' said Madeline seeking reassurance.

'I can virtually guarantee that would not be a problem,' said Helen.

'I'll speak to you later in the week, when I'll know more. Keep this to yourself until then, will you Maddy?' said Helen.

'Of course, I think I may like the idea you know, Helen,' smiled Madeline before walking back to the office, thinking, I can't wait to tell Scarlett; before reasoning it might be best to keep it to herself for a while.

'Very wise Maddy,' she congratulated herself. 'Very wise.'

*****

Grant had come home from lunch on a mission and quickly jotted down Margaret's number off Scarlett's mobile before she emerged from the loo.

'What time were you planning to go into town this afternoon, sweetie?' asked Grant, rearranging the cushions, trying to appear nonchalant.

Recognising Grant's usual diversionary tactic and reading his predictability like a book, Scarlett met him head on.

'What does it matter to you, you're going back to work. You *are* going back to work aren't you?' queried Scarlett, in an attempt to pry the mischief from the weasel.

'Yes, I was just curious, that's all,' replied Grant with a shrug.

'Curious, my ass, you're up to something Grant Leigh. I haven't got time now, but we'll discuss this later,' said Scarlett as she went out the door, knowing damn well, if need be, she could get to the truth from Madeline via Martin.
Grant watched the car disappear out of Cumming Close and picked up the house phone.

Margaret looked at the number recognition on her mobile and answered.

'Well if it isn't *council Grant* and we all know how small they can be, don't we dearie?' said Margaret, instantly forcing Grant on to the back foot.

'Margaret I'm calling about a delicate matter. It’s the compromising photos you have in your possession, I want to offer you a deal,' said Grant.

'What on earth can *you* have that will interest me, young man, but go on I'm listening,' said Margaret intrigued and sensing a challenge.

'If you and the girls agree to hand over the photographic evidence you have of Martin and me, I will agree not to contact the bridge club with a detailed account of your little party. You do see, I have nothing to lose by doing this?' explained Grant.

'Oh absolutely and I shall have to think this over very carefully,' said Margaret patronisingly.

Grant smiled, confident he had won the opening gambit.

His smile faded as he listened to Margaret's reply.

'I'll tell you what sugar plum, you go ahead and contact my bridge club, they know me well and wouldn't be surprised at anything I get up to. In the meantime I'll contact the Mayor and his wife, who incidentally are very good friends of mine. I’ll show them some photos of their councillor Grant and a certain young lady called LUCY.' said Margaret.

'How would that be.... Hello? ...Hello councillor Leigh?'

Grant had rung off.

What a coincidence, Margaret Novak, chuckled to herself, that Grant a resident of Cumming Close had just driven himself up a cul-de-sac.

*****

THE DORCHESTER

We all of us value our freedom – no more so than when we have just had it stripped from us.

But when Helen Benson finally relinquishes the stranglehold she has on Edward Mann that same freedom he values so much could come at a very high price.

*****

Edward Mann entered his office at 9.15am the following morning to find Helen once again relaxing in his managerial chair.

'Come in and sit down,' said Helen pointing to the other side of the desk.

'Look, I'll go along with anything you say, as long as I get that promotion and you return to me the evidence you have in your possession,' said Mann.

'I don't think you are in a position to make any demands whatsoever, Mr Perv, do you?' insisted Helen adding, 'but I'll consider it.'

'Alright, alright,' said Mann, eager not to upset Helen any more than she already was.

'I'll leave a copy of my terms on your desk this evening; you can read them tonight when you get home. Nothing will change, by the way, until my terms have been met and completed in full.'

Mann nodded.

'I am now going out to do a spot of shopping for myself, make sure the rest of the staff understand it's for you,' said Helen walking out without waiting for approval.

After leaving his office that afternoon Edward Mann pulled into a motorway service station to read Helen's ultimatum. He ripped open the brown company envelope and unfolded the A4 sheet and read:

Prior to the Head Office meeting Friday afternoon.

You will book two rooms for 2 nights at The Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane.
You will furnish me with one hundred pounds expenses in cash, in 10 pound notes.
You will pay for two front row tickets to a West End show of my choice.
You will take me out to dinner at a West End restaurant after the show.
You will buy me Sunday lunch before bringing me home.

Please let me know tomorrow if these terms are unacceptable so I can immediately contact Head Office with my sexual harassment case.

I don't expect to be hearing from you, so I will look forward to our trip on Saturday.
I'm taking Friday morning off, collect me at my flat 10am.
Be on time.

Ms Benson.

Edward Mann swung out of the motorway service station on to the M25 his brain swimming with mental arithmetic as he tried to reckon up the cost of the weekend for two in London he now knew he'd be funding.

Under normal circumstances he'd have his secretary take care of all travel arrangements but Mann knew he'd have to do this himself.

He also knew neither the Dorchester nor the show she insisted upon seeing would be cheap.

In fact, he knew the whole package was going to run into four figures.

*****

Friday morning Helen was up early and showered, eager with anticipation at the prospect of an exciting weekend.

For her at least.

At 10am Helen checked her appearance in the hall mirror (not for Mann's benefit) as she heard the BMW pull up.

As soon as she got in, Helen held out her hand. Mann pulled a brown envelope from his inside pocket and placed it in her palm.

As Helen put the cash in her handbag she took out her stereo headphones put them on and clipping the seatbelt she reclined the seat and closed her eyes.

Edward Mann slammed his foot to the floor as the midnight blue automatic purred away heading for the M25.

When Helen next opened her eyes the car was rounding Hyde Park corner.

Edward Mann eased the car onto the Dorchester forecourt, Helen said, 'Let me out here, you can park the car.'

Helen walked in and waited in the impressive Dorchester foyer for Mr Perv to check in.

After they had signed in (under the name Mr and Mrs Mann) Helen asked the receptionist if she could recommended a good show.

The receptionist suggested a West End spectacular and offered to book front row tickets.

'That would be perfect,' said Helen, heading off to the lift with her room key.

‘We’ll charge it to your platinum card, Mr Mann, if that’s alright?’ asked the receptionist.

Mann nodded and followed Helen.

The bellboy followed dutifully behind carrying their bags.

‘Separate rooms,’ said Helen deliberately to the bellboy within earshot of Mann. Giving the bell boy a wink she called, ‘don’t forget his tip honey,’ as she disappeared inside her room.

Late the following morning, Edward Mann came out of the meeting at Head Office with a mixture of emotions; elated at having achieved his promotion and transfer (a rare concession by corporate), and relieved that he was able to convince the company of his ability to appoint his successor in Helen Benson, who incidentally did look quite stunning in short skirt and heels, for the all male committee.

These feelings were tempered with the fact that Helen had made no offer of relinquishing the evidence she had in her possession.
As Helen enjoyed the sights, the cab ride back to the Dorchester was not as pleasant as it should have been for Mann.

The taxi arrived at 7.30pm to take Helen and Mann to the West End. The musical show, about a 70’s Swedish pop group was as much enjoyed by Helen as it was endured by Edward Mann.

The odd couple then went on to a fashionable restaurant where Helen enjoyed a 5 course meal and a bottle of her favourite Chablis. Edward was less extravagant for some reason.

On arriving back at their Hotel, Edward paid for the cab and both returned to their rooms.

Just as he was about to end a woeful day and retire for the night, Edward Mann’s phone rang.

It was Helen.

‘Leave your door on the latch, be in your vest and underpants.’ She then hung up.

Within minutes Helen came in carrying a drink and still wearing the classy little black number she had worn to the show, but she had removed her kickers and tights.

Helen grabbed the remote control and searched the menu for pay per view adult films. She found what she was looking for under ‘Gay’ and hit ‘select’.

‘ THE STEAMY SHOWER’
starring
GUY THE BLACK STALLION AND HIS WHITE BUM BOY

Helen punched in Mann's room number so the film would be charged to his room account and then hit the play button.

The film didn't disappoint Helen as she sat on Mann's bed getting hot.

Speaking to Mann without taking her eyes off the screen she said, 'On the bed, pervy, on your back.'

Mann did as Helen ordered.

Helen climbed on the bed and straddled Mann's chest watching the action on the screen, her ass pointing at Mann's face.

She began rubbing her breasts has the action on the screen got hotter.

The Black Stallion had terrific muscular definition in his arms and shoulders and a powerful pair of legs that got Helen juicing down below. As the smaller, white man took the Stallion's enormous penis in his hand and ran his tongue up and down the shaft, Helen's middle finger found her clit, via her mouth.

Under her party dress, she was naked and getting wet, but she didn't give a fuck.

'You've always enjoyed my ass, haven't you pervy?' said Helen, the alcohol helping her along. 'Well, here's a close up for you,' she said sliding back and planting her pussy on Mann's mouth and her little rose bud smack on Mann's nose.

'Lick my asshole, pervert. You know you want to,' said Helen getting breathless and drinking in the action on the screen.

'Stop slavering, I've told you before, breathe through your nose,' Helen snapped, deliberately adjusting her hips until she felt Mann's nose on her ass button.

Her attention returned to the film, mouth watering as the big powerful black dominant lifted the smaller man off the ground from behind and, holding his long thick hard penis to the soapy anus, eased it in.

The tiny rectum lips of the white boy closed around the black intruder eagerly, sucking greedily as, unrelentingly the stallion's love muscle forced its way into the younger man's anal channel. The shower steam and sweat made the black muscular frame gleam. The mountain of marbled muscle, motionless, held its prey, vice like and delivered rapid piston strokes, pumping semen out of his tight little sac and jetting a thick tickle of hot cream into white boy's asshole that took him so close to the edge, he wantonly wanked himself onto the white tiled wall of the shower.

Watching Black Stallion ease his still semi erect penis out and force white boy to lick it clean sent Helen spiralling into orgasmic orbit as she ground her hot come cream covered pussy into Mann's face.

Regaining her composure and breath she skipped off the bed, grabbed her drink, spilling some in the process and said, ‘Enjoy the rest of the film Perv.’

*****

Helen had arranged an early morning call at 6.30am and, after showering, went next door to speak to Mann.

‘Thank you for last night, I had a great time,’ said Helen

‘I’m going down to breakfast,’ said Mann, not wishing to open a conversation and happy to get away from Helen.

Helen waited for Mann to get in the lift and then pulled back all the bedclothes.

She quickly slipped off her panties, jumped onto the bed and squatted.

The hot yellow pee seeped into the sheets leaving a big dark stain.

Stepping off the bed Helen walked into the bathroom and sat down on the toilet where she proceeded to relieve herself of last night’s 5 course meal.

Absentmindedly, Helen’s finger found her clit as she eased the two brown logs into the pan below. She was mentally re-running the image of Black Stallion up to his balls in white boy.

‘Must try anal sometime,’ Helen mused, as she threw the tissue into the toilet bowl and walked out.

Helen intentionally left the *two trains in the station* and she went back and placed a note on the pillow.

I must apologise for Mr Mann’s incontinence.
When he’s had a couple of drinks he sometimes wets the bed.
I think it’s an age thing,

with apologies

Mrs Mann

Two ten pound notes were attached

Shortly afterwards Helen and Mann were at the reception waiting to check out.

‘We just need the maid to check your rooms, in case you have left anything behind, sir. Perhaps you’d like to take a seat,’ said the receptionist with a practiced smile.

In fact, the hotel had introduced a policy of room checking because they were losing so many bath towels. With The Dorchester embossed logo on them, the towels were attractive souvenirs for a certain class of clientele.

Edward Mann had chosen to remain standing, attempting to display his displeasure at being made to wait.

The desk phone rang.

‘Excuse me one moment, sir,’ said the receptionist. ‘Yes, Consuela?’

Mann watched impatiently as the women’s expression changed and slowly reflected the full horror of what had taken place.
‘What!? he did *what*? - no, no Consuela, leave it, I’ll send the janitor up to take care of it,’ said the receptionist staring at Mann in disbelief.

‘I’ll wait in the car,’ said Helen, summing up the situation quickly and holding out her hand for the keys.

‘There will, of course, be a service charge, sir,’ stated the disgusted receptionist.

‘Whatever,’ said Mann, eager to get going.

Mann picked up his credit card and walked out.

‘How on earth does that lovely wife put up with him. He must be loaded is all I can think,’ shrugged the receptionist to herself.

After stopping at a country inn Helen enjoyed a substantial lunch and few drinks before being chauffeured home by her boss.

As she stepped out of the car she turned and said:

‘Tomorrow I will delete all the images from my laptop and I suggest you do the same. Thank you very much Mr Mann, consider our relationship back to normal. See you Monday morning, sir’

Edward Mann drove off, mentally preparing the lies he would tell his wife on returning home.

Edward Mann is at last looking forward to getting his life back to normal, he thinks.

But is Helen really ready to surrender all that incriminating evidence?

*****

DOMESTIC BOYS

It was just another normal weekend in Cumming Close.

For our two couples, that is.

The girls had gone into town for some retail therapy while Grant and Martin were tackling the list of chores they'd been set.

As they worked, the boys realised just how flexible the definition of "Normal" could be.

*****

Grant was struggling with the Hoover, not the hoovering itself, he just couldn't work out how to extend the Dyson's nozzle to do the stairs. He gave up after 10 minutes and picked up the phone and tapped in next doors number.

'Hi Martin, I've decided not to go ahead with that idea about contacting your mother's bridge club.' said Grant.

'Very wise Grant,' said Martin, relieved that there wasn't going to be an ugly showdown.

'Martin have you washed Maddy's knickers yet?' asked Grant eager to change the subject.

'No, not yet, why?' asked Martin.

'Let's make this domestic thing interesting. I'll wash Maddy's and you can wash Scarlett's, what do you say?' proposed Grant.

'If the girls find out, Scarlett will wear out that wooden spoon on our backsides,' said Martin.

'They'll never know, they're in town shopping, you know how much they like shopping, they won't be back 'till six,' said Grant.

'OK, I'll sort them out. Come and get them,' said Martin.

'I'll bring Scarlett's over,' said Grant putting down the phone.

The boys enjoyed themselves running their soapy hands through their neighbours knickers, so much so that Martin didn't really have his mind on the job, without noticing he dropped a pair of Scarlett's favourites on the stairs coming down from the bathroom. Grant didn't notice either; he was having a great time too. Before he started the washing, he treated himself to a wank using a particularly silky pair of Madeline's that took his fancy.

Both boys were happy with their afternoon's work and all would be well until Madeline, going off to bed early that night picked up the knickers.

This damning piece of evidence would be presented as exhibit ‘A’ at the next scheduled punishment session.

Mr Wooden Spoon presiding!

*****

STELLA AVENGES HANNAH

Forget sailors, it’s sportsmen all the girls love. But then, there are all forms of love and not all of them consist of the worship of the male by the female.

He may be the main man on the football pitch, but Justin Sweetley, the star player and hero of the town football team, is about to find out what it’s really like to be on the losing side.

*****

Hannah Sanderson had become a different girl since she started dating Justin Sweetley, the star centre forward for the local semi-pro football team. She felt more confident and was the envy of quite a few of her friends. In fact, all had been well until recently, when she noticed he had become very quiet and withdrawn.

Hannah sensed something was not quite right and, like most women with a preoccupied man on their hands, suspected another woman to be the cause of it.

She was right.

The next second morning after her suspicions took root she received a text informing her she was dumped; no reason was given, but Hannah knew why and what for – if not who.

That same morning at work it was obvious Hannah was not her usual self.

Helen noticed this and asked:

‘Anything wrong Hannah?’

‘The bastard dumped me,’ the woeful answer came back. ’He’s been seeing that slut that works behind the bar at the football club,’ she added.

‘He’s not worth grieving over Hannah,’ said Helen trying to cheer her workmate.

‘I know, but I just don’t like being dumped like that, how would he like it?’ reasoned Hannah.

Helen went back to her desk with the thought: *'how would he like it'*, reverberating in her mind.

She caught up with Stella at lunch.

'You know that asshole Justin Sweetley has dumped Hannah, don't you? Well, I was wondering whether you would be up for teaching the little ass wipe a lesson,' said Helen.

'What did you have in mind?' asked Stella.

Helen explained.

*****

Justin Sweetley came off the pitch at full time feeling pleased with himself knowing he was once again *man of the match*.

Stella stood waiting, her make up impeccable, dressed in a white leather coat with matching boots.

She was also sporting a matching white hat and scarf; she looked a little out of place amongst the other casually dressed supporters. It was intentional on her part as she wanted to be noticed. With model features, her appearance was stunning.

As the teams made their way to the dressing rooms, Stella approached one of the players:

'Who was that dishy player that scored the goal?'

The footballer replied:

'Oh, that was our star player, Justin Sweetley.'

'He's *so* cute isn't he?' prompted Stella knowing that the conversation in the showers was going to be all about her inquiry.

She'd waited by her car, fixing her make up (it didn't need fixing of course) until Sweetley appeared and, true to form, put the moves on her.

His invitation for a drink at the football club's social bar that evening was accepted and the egotistic Sweetley quickly made sure the whole team knew the *"Looker"* had been pulled.

Of course, it didn't concern him that he was two timing the bar girl, he had, after all, gotten what he wanted from her and she was in line for a dumping text.

The same text Hannah herself had received not long before – to the letter.

God, it was good being the star player in this team, Sweetley told himself.

*****

Stella, having volunteered to drive, so he could get drunk, picked him up at eight.

Sweetley couldn't believe his good fortune, but then again, he was the star of the team, he reminded himself.

It wasn't long after they arrived at the club that Stella suggested they slip outside and she soon had his cock out and was stroking him with a leisurely hand job.
She was very experienced when it came to handling cocks and soon had him on the edge.

'You finish off, I get hot just watching,' lied Stella.

The footballer wanked away, getting off on the thought that she wanted to see him do it and before long he shot his load into her hand.

'Lick it off then,' said Stella lifting his sticky fingers into his mouth and Sweetley, with half a dozen pints inside him already, was happy to go with anything this gorgeous piece of ass suggested.

He was left doing up his trousers as Stella went back in and left a message on the door for him.

Something's come up, got to go.
Call me tomorrow morning,
Stella.

Justin Sweetley had been looking forward to the club's Cup Semi Final ever since the draw had been made. The match, this coming Saturday, was a home tie against their fiercest local rivals and a big crowd was expected. Being their top scorer he knew he would be in the starting eleven and felt smug without reproaching himself for it.

Stella picked up her mobile to answer Justin's call and began:

'Justin, baby, I've got some great news. How would you like to spend the night with me in a big double bed in a London hotel?' asked Stella.

'I'd love to, gorgeous,' drooled Justin.

'I'm booked for a modelling photo shoot and I get free train travel and overnight accommodation in the West End. So you'll need to get a return train ticket to Waterloo, as I've already got mine,' said Stella.

'No problem,' said Justin, thinking the price of a train ticket was great value for such a delectable fuck.

‘It’s a date then,’ said Stella adding; ‘We’ll meet at the station next Saturday morning, and Justin, one more thing, my ticket is in first class,’ said Stella as she closed down her mobile.
Justin’s brain had been temporarily derailed by his penis and testicles and could not wait to get to the station where he parted with 76 pounds for a first class anytime return ticket to Waterloo.

It was only on his way home from the station that blood sufficient enough for rational thought finally found its way to his head and he realised he was going to be in London the day of his club’s semi final game.

After some seconds of deliberation – a lifetime for Justin Sweetley - he came to the decision to call the football club Friday night, saying he was sick and could not make the game.

There was no way he was going to pass up the opportunity of a night of hot steamy sex with ‘born–to–be-fucked’ Stella Hobson.

*****

Stella boarded the 11.30am to Waterloo with her unwitting escort on her arm. During the whole journey into London, Sweetley attempted conversation with his blond stunner.

Stella responded with one-word answers.

Once in town Justin paid for the taxi to Oxford Street, apparently Stella had no change!

‘I need to get something for the photo shoot,’ said Stella taking Justin’s hand and dragging him into M & S and heading straight to the lingerie section. Stella deliberately spent an age mulling over bras and panties while totally ignoring Justin, who stood, hands in pockets shuffling around guiltily trying not to make eye contact with any of the many women shopping for their personal items.

It was only after one or two ladies made comments to members of staff about his presence and how long he’d been there that, to Justin’s relief, Stella finally came to him carrying a pink brassiere.

‘Darling, I’m running late for the shoot, be a sweetie and buy this for me, I’m desperate for the loo and I’ll meet you outside,’ said Stella, thrusting the bra into his hands.

‘Thank’s baby, I’ll make it up to you in bed tonight,’ said Stella throwing her arms around him in a hug and deftly slipped a brand new pair of knickers in to the side-panel of his overnight bag at the same time.

Stella didn’t have to look for the exit when she came out of the loo; she just followed the sound of the shop’s anti theft alarm. There in the doorway was the shop’s manageress, the store detective and Justin.

The manageress fished the knickers out from the side-panel and the star centre-forward turned a whiter-shade-of-pale.

'I… I just don't know how they got there,' he pleaded.

'They all say that,' said the manageress adding, 'Although, it is the first time a man has been caught stealing ladies panties.'

Stella smiled to see the plan come to fruition and from her vantage point hidden behind a small gathering she held her mobile aloft and recorded the incident.
One of the more memorable scenes was when the manageress, cross examining Justin asked why he had chosen to pay for the bra but steal a pair of knickers.

A female voice from the crowd called out, 'He probably gets off on being a knicker nicker.'

Justin was accompanied inside to await the police.

Stella watched unseen and left for her photo shoot appointment, making a mental note to email the contents of her mobile to Hannah and the girls and also to Justin's local football club website attaching the message:

***TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN ON THE SUBJECT OF* JUSTIN SWEETLEY:**

Stella Hobson could not possibly go out with someone who is into stealing ladies underwear and has also a preference for swallowing his own semen.

To anyone that is under the misunderstanding that he and I are an item, pleased be informed Justin Sweetley is well and truly DUMPED!

Stella Hobson

Stella enjoyed a successful photo shoot and after dinner at the hotel enjoyed a few drinks with the dishy barman before retiring to her room for the night.

The first class section of the 11am out of Waterloo that morning was empty, as was Justin Sweetley's seat.

GIRLY NIGHT OUT COMES AROUND AGAIN

Girl's like nothing better than a girly night out and lashings of lovely hot-gossip; so how much more enjoyable is it when that gossip involves the cumuppance of certain men at the hands of certain clever women?

As girl's night-out comes around again, Scarlett and Maddy recount the events of the weekend and a grateful Hannah gets to say thank you to Stella.

*****

Friday night came around and Scarlett and Madeline were ready for their night out with the girls. The taxi ride to town was dominated by Stella's commentary of events on the daytrip to London. Everyone listened intently as every lurid detail was unravelled to the captive audience.

Helen, however held her secret sessions with Mr Pervy close to her chest and felt, as Mann's secretary it would undermine office discipline by showing him up for what he evidently was.

A pervert.

Throughout the night the topic of conversation would often return to Stella's revenge mission to London and many a toast was made to superior female intelligence or girl power.

Stella leaned on the bar waiting for service, her stunning looks being a magnet for inebriated idiots.

'Hello gorgeous, can you recommend a good port?' slurred a goofy bespectacled looking yuppy.

Scarlett from nowhere came up with:

'Yes. Dover. Now fuck off four eyes.'

As intimidated as he was humiliated, the intrusive but ultimately harmless little nerd made himself scarce.

'Thanks Scarlett, I'm afraid I attract 'em like flies,' said Stella.

'You know how to keep flies out of your kitchen in summer don't you, Stella?'

'No?'

'Keep a bucket of shit in your living room!' Scarlett waited for the laugh.

'I think I'd rather have the flies, Scarlett,' said Stella sincerely.

Scarlett walked back to the table, shaking her head saying to herself:

'Why do I bother?'

Hannah, though, was more than happy to top up Stella's glass at any given opportunity and Stella thought she'd found a new best friend – a development which pleased her as it made a change from all the pawing, grabbing male trash she was sometimes subjected to.

During the taxi ride home Hannah resolved to find out from staff records Stella's birthday and send her a card, while at exactly the same time Helen decided she would update Mann's personal reminder folder with the date of both her and her mother's birthday so that when Mann transferred she could exercise a little distance control.

The idea appealed to her

A great deal.

*****

IT'S A BALL GAME – BUT NOT AS WE KNOW IT

Some men have certain routines and traditions. For Grant and Martin this took the form of their weekly live football match on the tv.

Unfortunately for one of them, their women were in the process of instituting new routines and when Madeline decides to provide some service for the girl's impromptu cocktail party ahead of their weekly night out it means bad news for the unlucky husbands.

Especially for one of the husbands, for whom a live netball game will become a must-see.

*****

Grant and Martin were enjoying a quiet couple of drinks at their favourite local watering hole and seemed to be getting smiles from females they hardly knew.

Now why was that, they thought?

'Nice to know the grapevine is alive and thriving' whispered one girl to another sneaking a look at the two men who were the stars of *that* party.

The two men sat oblivious, busy discussing the possible outcome of the forthcoming top of the table Premiership clash, which was live on TV Friday evening. They decided on meeting at Grant's place to watch the game, as Scarlett and Madeline were going out for the evening with the girls. Grant had already bought a case of lager and stashed it under his bed. The girls' taxi was ordered for 7.30pm and kick off was 7.45pm.

Perfect.

What could possibly go wrong?

In this the boys could be forgiven for not knowing that their regular Friday night viewing content was about to get changed and from now on, they would be watching a different game.

The pitch would be smaller, the goals would be smaller and the players would all be girls.

*****

The following morning during the typist's coffee break the girls were discussing the Friday evening night out together when leggy Helen Benson (herself a keen netball player at school) approached Madeline with her problem.

'Friday evening, my cousin Veronica is playing in a netball game that is being televised. I know Ronnie will call me after the game to talk to me about it, but I don't want to miss the girl's night out, Maddy,' said Helen.

'Let me talk with Scarlett, I'm sure she'll come up with something,' offered Madeline.

'Thanks Maddy,' said Helen.

Madeline dialled Scarlett's home.

'Hi Maddy,' said Scarlett recognising her friend's work number.

'Meet me at mine at 5,' said Madeline not wanting to linger too long on a personal call, her conscientious nature showing.

Scarlett came straight round at 5 and listened after asking Maddy, why the phone call.
Madeline explained Helen's dilemma and suggested the husbands helping out as they were staying in Friday night.

'Perhaps we could get the boys to watch the netball match Friday evening and call us during the team breaks with updates on the game,' said Madeline.

'I don't see why not, Maddy,' said Scarlett.

'Will you ask them, Scarlett?' Maddy asked.

'No! I certainly will not – I'll *tell* them,' stated Scarlett.

It was Thursday evening when Grant discovered his case of beer was missing.

After asking Scarlett she coolly replied:

'You won't be needing those now sweetie. Friday evening, from 7.30pm to 9.30pm you will be watching the live netball game and taking notes. I know you'll enjoy it, because you've told me many times how much you love sport. I'll expect you to call Helen on her mobile at the end of each quarter with not only the score but also the scorers and any substitutions that may have occurred. You might want to familiarise yourself with the rules and regulations of netball, in fact

I've told Helen to expect a call from you on that very subject tomorrow around coffee break time.' said Scarlett.

'OK – OK, but where's my case of lagers?' asked Grant, knowing better than to argue and becoming flustered in a futile attempt to save face.

'They won't go to waste, honey, the girl's and I are going to have a little session at Maddy's Friday evening before heading into town. Maddy asked me to tell you that Martin will be a little bit late coming over Friday night. He's waiting-on for us girls for an hour before we go'.

Knowing her husband knew what that "waiting-on" *would entail, Grant's look of relief that he had gotten off light with the netball game was not lost on her.*

'Heels, knickers and apron apparently, I can't wait,' said Scarlett casually.

'Oh, by the way,' said Scarlett. 'That Premiership match you were hoping to watch will be on at the pub, if you want I'll call you with the score' said Scarlett enjoying the torment she was causing Grant.
'No, no, that's alright,' said Grant, planning to watch the highlights the following day without knowing the score beforehand.

Yeah, right!

Like *that* was going to happen.

*****

Madeline was putting the final touches to Martin's costume before the girls arrived.

'Do you really have to put that on me?' whined Martin as Madeline applied a generous coating of lip-gloss to her waitress.

'Behave yourself Martin or would you like me to call Scarlett in?' warned Madeline.
Martin clammed up.

'Now remember what I told you, don't wait for the girls to ask for a drink it will be your job to keep an eye on everyone's glasses and top them up as required. I do not want to see any of my friends with an empty glass,' stressed Madeline.
Madeline had found Martin a pair of peep toe high heel sandals with a nice 3-inch block heel. Although the shoes were way too small for him, she had cut away the heel strap improvising a pair of slip ons: with his toes forced through the front, his heel had just enough shoe to make it an uncomfortable fit.

'Final touch,' said Madeline crouching down with a bright red nail varnish brush poised delicately between her fingers.

'Oh Madeline!' pleaded Martin

‘Shut up! You want to look your best for the girls, don’t you?’ asked Maddy.
Martin again shut up.

A car pulled up outside as Stella’s mother dropped the girls off.

‘That will be them. And Martin, best behaviour,’ warned Madeline, ‘well don’t just stand there, let them in.’

Martin ungainly trotted off to the front door, as he opened it he hid behind it peeping his head around to greet the ladies. Spotting the bright red lipstick Helen grabbed his arm and pulled, ‘What do we have here, then?’ she asked the others.

‘Waitress service, I think,’ said Hannah.

‘Who’s going to take care of his tip?’ asked Stella.

‘Actually, his tip is tucked neatly away in his panties by the looks of it,’ said Helen, pointing at Martin’s crotch.

The girls breezed past, giggling, and left Martin to close the door.

‘The waitress has prepared the aperitifs,’ said Madeline pointing to the kitchen where there were five glasses of chilled white wine on the breakfast bar.

Madeline collected hers and led the girls back into the lounge, where they sat and sipped and chatted.

‘Scarlett will be in presently,’ said Madeline, ‘she’s giving Grant some pointers on the tactics of netball.’

‘Good luck on that one, he wasn’t too bright on the phone this morning,’ said Helen as the waitress topped up her glass.

‘I’ll just pop next door to check on her progress.’ said Madeline.

As soon as they heard the door shut the girls began winding up the waitress.

‘I do love these panties of yours,’ said Helen reaching under the apron and stroking the material that covered Martin’s cock.

‘Let me retie your apron miss,’ said Hannah stroking the waitress’s panty covered bottom.

‘I think missy is getting a bit too excited,’ said Helen, who now had a firm hold of Martin’s penis and could feel it throbbing in her hand.

‘How naughty is that?’ said Stella.

‘Naughty enough for punishment girls, don’t you think,’ announced Hannah.

Not waiting for a response Helen said:

‘I know exactly what she needs,’ then turning to the male waitress said: ‘Kneel down on the carpet and face Stella you naughty girl.’

Turning to the seated Stella, Helen said ‘Pull her head into your lap and hold it, Stell.’

Stella did just that.

Helen took her hairbrush from her bag and smacked the wooden back against her hand menacingly and announced:

‘We’ll just have to show this young lady that her behaviour is not acceptable won’t we?’ and smacked Martin’s bottom with the brush, which was followed by a muffled squeal in Stella’s lap.

‘Wait,’ said Hannah as she knelt to lower the waitress’s knickers, only to feel the resistance of the erect penis impeding her action.

‘The dirty little slut is getting off on this,’ said Hannah irately.

‘Is she now?’ said Helen pulling the waitress up by the hair and forcing her head to the floor.

‘Head down there slut and lick Miss Stella’s shoes,’ said Helen as she took up a position from behind. Dragging the panties down and kicking the legs apart Helen once again took up her hair brush, as the waitress now totally vulnerable with penis, testicles and asshole all on display was about to feel the full force of Helen Benson’s hairbrush.

Twelve hard solid smacks landed on Martin’s bottom, all in that most sensitive spot between testicles and anus, exactly on the pressure point when seated.

Martin was still busy at Stella’s shoes when Madeline and Scarlett came in.

‘I think you had better clench your cheeks Martin, I can see the dark side of the moon,’ said Scarlett dryly.

Everyone roared, Stella laughed loudest and then whispered to Hannah:, ‘What’s the dark side of the moon?’

The girls left for town leaving the waitress to clear up.

Hannah spent most of the taxi ride laughing and joking with her new best friend Stella.

Scarlett complimented Maddy on Martin's waitressing skills and then added,

'I'm awfully jealous Maddy, he's got better legs than me,' complained Scarlett, but then added, 'But he's in dreadful need of a waxing,' which made her feel better.

'Let's ask the leg expert's opinion,' said Maddy looking across to Helen.

'They are too feminine for me, I like to see a good muscle definition on my man's legs,' said Helen.

Scarlett paid the taxi and the girls bounced along to their favourite bar.

Hannah, smiling at Stella insisted on getting the first round.

The usual topics of conversation came and went: men, makeup, men, soaps, men, and so it went on till closing time.

The taxi driver, probably in his early fifties had a distinguished look with a good head of silver hair. He was probably a real looker 20 years ago thought Scarlett, as she caught his eye checking her out in the rear view mirror. She crossed her legs and pulled her skirt up her thigh revealing the dark section of stocking that preceded the suspender clip. She didn't disappoint. The taxi driver licked his lips as the suspender and eventually the clip came into sight.
'That's all you're getting sweetheart' shouted Scarlett pulling her skirt down.

'Don't worry about tipping the driver girls, I've taken care of it' said Scarlett flipping the back of her skirt and flashing her knickered bottom at the taxi driver.

'Tipsy Scarlett waltzed in to find sober Grant sulking in the lounge.

'Don't worry darling, I won't tell you the score of the Premiership game as I know you'll be watching it tomorrow.'

'Anyway, you didn't miss much, it wasn't a very good game, there weren't even any goals!' said Scarlett in all innocence.

She poured herself a nightcap to the sound of the door slamming as a dejected and full of foreboding Grant sloped off to bed.

Her husband's foreboding connected to the fact he had been trying to call Helen all evening with the details of the netball match, but Helen, having such a good time with her friends had forgotten to turn on her mobile.

*****

The following evening in Cumming Close, Scarlett and Grant sat watching TV together, neither really taking in what was on, but for different reasons.

‘Scarlett,’ began Grant hesitantly, ‘Couldn’t we forget all this business that you and Maddy have concocted and get back to a normal existence.’

‘Don’t be ridiculous Grant, this *is* your normal existence from now on, just ask Martin,’ said Scarlett, knowing how weak Martin was when it came to Madeline.

Grant could do no more than admit Scarlett was right.. Martin wouldn’t want to upset his wife. And even if he did somehow found the courage to do so he certainly would not want to cross swords with the formidable Scarlett.

‘I’m sure I don’t need to remind you of your little affair with that slut LUCY,” Scarlett smirked as she surfed the channels for Desperate Housewives. ‘She was most upset, you know, no follow up phone call, no flowers, that’s no way to treat a lady sweetie.’

‘I was watching that, Scarlett!’ complained Grant, feeling he should assert himself and clueless as to how.

‘No you weren’t, you were about to get me a drink. Or would you rather see some photos of you and LUCY making out?’

‘Ice?’ asked Grant apologetically.

*****

As the husband of her friend made his way to the drinks cabinet, Madeline was sat not a million miles away in a bath of scented bubbles, a glass of red wine in her hand as Martin busied himself preparing dinner while wearing his wife’s apron, (a Christmas gift to Margaret to her daughter-in-law).

Growing as she was in assertiveness, Madeline thought wearing it might help Martin remember his new station in life.

The dinner was surprisingly good and Madeline made sure Martin knew how suited he was to his new role.

‘I think it’s only right; a man should help around the house,’ said Martin trying to neutralise the statement.

Maddy wasn’t having it.

‘I’m glad to hear you are accepting your new status with grace darling,’ said Madeline.

‘Grace Darling, do you get it,’ laughed Madeline.

‘Yes dear,’ sighed Martin, untying his apron.

‘Keep it on,’ said Madeline with a firmness that surprised not just Martin but her.

*****

It was the next evening that both Grant and Martin found the notes on their respective kitchen tables.

Grant had just finished packing his rod and tackle for the fishing trip. He always did it ahead of time and really enjoyed taking pains in the preparation for it. He’d decided to finish up in the garage for the evening and go back into the house for a nightcap when he saw the note.

Grant and Martin

This Sunday, take a morning bath and put on clean underpants.
Be ready to go out at 2pm.
Meet at my car.

Don’t worry, I’ve called the fishing club and apologised.
They accept your reasons for cancelling at such late notice.

Scarlett

The following morning Grant had no appetite for breakfast. Leaving for work on an empty stomach. Grant stopped at the newsagent to pick up a morning paper. Passing over the money, he saw the local free weekly paper and its banner headline:

‘Local footballer arrested for stealing underwear from London store.
Stella Hobson had already bought a copy and it was doing the rounds at the office. The photocopier getting more use that morning than it had all week.’

Sunday lunch for the two couples was spent at Margaret’s where she and Virginia had made lunch. The women enjoyed the meal, especially when Grant and Martin dressed only in clean underpants and a white bow tie (supplied by Margaret) waited on them.

Virginia delighted in smacking Martin on the bottom every time he passed her, having the grace to smile at Margaret for approval.

‘Be my guest, Ginny,’ Margaret had said.

Martin burned with humiliation at the ownership endorsement from his mother while Madeline and Scarlett just looked at each other, their eyes doing the talking.

Sometimes just a look can say it all.

*****

GOODBYE MR MANN

For once, the team's victory over their closest rivals was hardly discussed by the beer drinking fraternity of the local bars and though it was their star centre-forward who engaged their attention it was for reasons other than football; Justin Sweetley's resignation from the team and the reasons behind it was the main topic of conversation.

Justin Sweetley, you will not be surprised to learn, applied for a job transfer and shortly afterwards left town and Hannah got several calls from her friends who wanted to be the first to tell her.

Mr Sweetley, however, would not be the only person to transfer away from the town

*****

Madeline came into the office Monday morning to see the other girls gathered round the notice board reading the memo from Head Office.

HEAD OFFICE

Human Resources Dept.

Transfers:

Edward Mann's transfer to London branch has been approved by Head Office with immediate effect.

Appointments:

Helen Benson is promoted to branch manager also with immediate effect.

Mann had already cleared his desk and office when Helen came into work, probably the night before after everyone had gone home.

'Can I just have your attention please,' shouted Helen.

She got it.

'I don't intend changing anything around here, so just carry on as normal. Madeline, can I see you in my office for a moment please?' said Helen.

'Come in and sit,' said Helen pointing at the seat opposite.

'I'm creating a new job here, Assistant Manager, I'll come to that in a moment. Have you given any thought to my offer of taking my old job as PA to the manager?' asked Helen.

‘Now that you are the boss, I’d love to Ms Benson,’ said Madeline.

‘Great and drop the Ms Benson, it’s Helen, OK?’ said the new Manageress.

‘Now, do you think that Scarlett would join me as Assistant Manager, I could certainly use a forceful personality like hers in business,’ said Helen.

‘I’ll pop around and ask her after work,’ said Madeline.

‘If she’s up for it, bring her in tomorrow so we can have an informal chat,’ said Helen.
‘OK,’ said Madeline getting up and leaving.

The drive home for Madeline couldn’t pass quick enough.

She parked the car went straight around knocked and walked straight in.

‘Maddy, what’s all the panic?’ said Scarlett looking up from her sex book.
‘Scarlett, you won’t believe what’s happened at work,’ said a breathless Madeline. ‘BendsomeThensome has been promoted to Manager and I’ve been given her job *with* a pay-rise and, best of all, Helen wants *you* as her Assistant Manageress.’

‘Madeline, if I take that job, Grant will have to resign and stay home and do the cooking, washing, ironing, cleaning and best of all he will have to deal with the clients of my adult sex club, who, by the way are all female.’

She smirked:

‘Now wouldn’t *that* be just *too* terrible for him?’

Their peals of laughter could be heard roads away.

‘But how are we going to get the boys to go along with our plan, Scarlett,’ reasoned Maddy.

‘With all the photographic evidence we have of the two maids plus Grant’s show with LUCY, somehow I don’t think we’ll have too much trouble,’ explained Scarlett.

*****

Later that evening Scarlett and Maddy were engaged in deep discussion on the subject of girly clothes, or more specifically girly clothes for girly husbands.

Scarlett had asked Maddy to come around to look through some old clothes with her.
Grant was downstairs busy with the ironing.

Scarlett began taking things out of the wardrobe.

‘There are things in here I haven’t worn for ages, Maddy and I will need a new wardrobe of clothes when I start the new job, so I have to make space for the new outfits,’ said Scarlett.

‘You see, Maddy,’ said Scarlett, holding up the teal blue pleated mini dress, ‘I don’t like throwing things out, especially when they are expensive designer wear pieces like this,’ she said tilting her head, appraising the quality of the item.

‘You know how it is, you wear something a couple of times and that’s the end of its shelf life.’

‘I’m all for passing things on to the charities,’ she continued, ‘but letting numbers like this go,’ another tilt of the head, ‘it’s difficult, especially remembering what it cost me in the first place.’

‘That’s why I think we can recycle all our quality gear to our soon to be house husbands. Keep it in the family is what I always say.’ reasoned Scarlett.

‘You should do the same with Martin, Maddy,’ said Scarlett.

‘I’ve lots of stuff I don’t use anymore. I’ll put some to one side,’ agreed Madeline.

‘There are a few things here I can’t get into anymore, I think it might be fun squeezing *him* into one of these,’ Scarlett held up a couple of bright pink boob tubes.

‘But he hasn’t got boobs Scarlett,’ pointed out Madeline.

‘Where’s that box of tennis balls?’ said Scarlett with a smile to her friend adding: ‘Let’s go back downstairs, Grant should have finished the ironing by now.’

Scarlett walked around the ironing board ignoring her husband, who was struggling to fold one of Scarlett’s summer skirts.

Scarlett noticed, ‘*Don’t* fold it, hang it on a hanger. You should know what a hanger is darling, you’ve got two between your legs.’

Madeline shrieked with an apologetic look on her face.
‘We’re having wine in the lounge, don’t come in. Get a couple of glasses girl,’ said an excited Scarlett.

Scarlett filled Madeline’s glass saying, ’Maddy, you realise you’ll have to keep Martin home as well.’

‘Oh my God! we’ll have a couple of house husbands,’ howled Madeline.

‘Here’s to our new careers, Maddy.’ sang Scarlett.

Ching!! sang the glasses.

*****

Of course, once that Scarlett had received official confirmation of her new job and Madeline was in line for a pay-rise, it didn't take long for the girls to use the leverage they had over them to enforce the resignations of Grant and Martin.

Scarlett was addressing both hubbies before she and Madeline drove into work together for the first time:

'I've prepared you both a timetable to which you can refer. I expect it will take you a week or two to get into the swing of it. I hope you are looking forward to your new challenge as much as we are,' said Scarlett.

'Finally, keep those pinnies on. If I come home lunchtime and either of you is not wearing a pinnie, Mr Wooden Spoon will be coming out for both of you.'

The men were shamefaced.

'Clear!' snapped Scarlett.

Both boys nodded mutely.

As Scarlett drove off two Dysons could be heard humming away in Cumming Close.

THE NEW OFFICE JUNIOR

The vacant position of office junior was the first task Scarlett tackled during her first week on the job.

The rest of the girls were expecting another girl to join their ranks.

But Helen had other ideas.

*****

Scarlett was settling well in her new job. Being in management suited her and she liked working in admin. In common with Madeline's mother-in-law, telling people what to do was like the buzz of adrenalin to Scarlett's domineering personality.

'The job centre is quite clear on this Scarlett, we can't insist on a female applicant. The company has to be seen to be gender friendly, sex equality and all that,' pointed out Helen. 'They are sending him round at 10am.'

Scarlett acknowledged Helen with a nod but resolved to make the little bugger suffer for being male.

Michael Litmann's parents were German immigrants and, unfortunately for Michael, Frau and Herr Litmann's command of the English language was not quite as comprehensive as it might have been, especially when it came to playground toilet humour.

They did not foresee the name shortening connection and the deeply embarrassing sexual connotations it held for poor adolescent Michael during his latter school years.

To his schoolmates young Herr Litmann was known as Michael or just plain Mike.

But for the girls, especially the bigger, bullying types he was known as *My Clit Man*.
Variations on a theme abounded: *Pussy Features – Fanny Face – Cunt Lips*, just to name a few.

It was these formative years in a mixed secondary school that gave Michael his shy, girl fearing approach to life.

Cattle fodder to one Scarlett Leigh, who as we are all beginning to realise, can be a real cow.

The knock on Helen's door at 9.50am was answered by Scarlett:

'Yes Hannah, what is it?'

'There's a Michael Litmann at reception to see Ms Benson,' said Hannah.

'Send him in Hannah, please,' said Helen.

Scarlett looked him up and down as he came in.

Helen introduced herself as she extended her hand.

'Sit down please,' said Helen pointing and taking his letter of introduction.

Michael Litmann sat nervously, feeling the heat of Scarlett's eyes, as Helen read the letter.

Placing the letter on the desk Helen spoke.

'Ms Leigh will show you your duties here, you'll find we are a friendly family as long as you work hard and apply yourself. Any queries will be addressed to Ms Leigh in the first instance, is that clear?' asked Helen.

'Ye -Yes Miss,' stammered Litmann.

'You will address all female members as Ms. understood?'

‘Yes Miss,’ said the boy with a little more confidence.

‘Put him at Madeline’s old desk, Scarlett,’ said Helen.

‘Go with Ms Leigh, she’ll show you where you’ll work,’ said Helen picking up the phone.

As Scarlett took the boy to the outer office all the chatter stopped, she smiled at the boy’s self – consciousness, looking forward to keeping him in line. The room was still hushed as she went back into Helen’s office.

Michael Litmann’s classical Germanic features of blond hair and blues made him look far younger than his 17 years.

Scarlett was already enjoying her position as assistant manageress and relished the thought of being the authority figure to which this young adolescent male would answer.

*****

Madeline and Scarlett had much to discuss regarding their two spouses - most importantly how they would accept the new lifestyle the girls had planned for them, their domestic outfits (perhaps a uniform) and how Grant would deal with the female clientele of Scarlett's adult mail order club.
Grant on the other hand was more concerned with how many more scenarios his wife and neighbour could contrive.

Let's just say that Scarlett had more variations planned than Elgar's Enigma.

Although Scarlett was looking forward to Grant’s next stage of development, she was wildly excited about the control she intended to exert over the new tea boy.

Even if he did work hard and apply himself, she was determined to find mistakes.

Mistakes that would require correcting.

Correcting that would require Scarlett to take a *very* hand with him.

She loved to enforce her authority on those who were slow on the uptake and the new *tea-boy* gave her a challenge to look forward to and work upon.

Secretly she hoped the boy would be a *very* slow learner when it came to correction.
The palm of her right hand began to itch as she conjured up a picture of the blond adolescent across her knee with his trousers and pants around his ankles.

His face so close to the carpet that his hot breath misted the sheen of Helen Benson’s shiny black courts.

*****

PART-THREE

GRANT"S SEX TOY CLUB

It was the Saturday afternoon following Scarlett's first week in her new job and it occurred to her with no small satisfaction that not many young wives got to train their husbands in the role of adult party host.

Scarlett had already explained to Grant the dos and don'ts of dealing with clients when it came to selling sex toys and could see her husband was none too thrilled at her lecturing him as if she were a high ranking official briefing a junior minister on the finer points of protocol and etiquette.

There was also the matter of the new office junior whom Scarlett had seen as an unwanted distraction from her main task of overseeing the training of Grant and Martin.

But now the prospect of controlling a male – even one so many years her junior - carried an erotic promise that Scarlett was eager to fulfil as it gave her the chance to indulge herself in a favourite pastime.

Manipulation.

The devious young wife also wanted the low down on leder hosen, but resented the fact it was a man – a young man - who held the knowledge she needed and, though he would give it if she asked, Scarlett was not the asking type.

As she finished schooling her husband in the duties his diminished role required of him, Scarlett Leigh decided that if she was to possess the knowledge she required without lowering herself to actually ask, then another trap was required for young Master Litmann.

*****

Scarlett Leigh had worked hard on her sex toy club and the building of her female client base and was not going to stand by and watch it crumble at the hands of an insensitive and inefficient male.

The able, if amoral, young woman looked on her adult sex toy business as a well oiled machine capable of returning a healthy profit.

Grant on the other hand, from once seeing it as a diversion for the *"little woman"* now saw it as a mountain to climb - the magnitude of which induced a feeling of vertigo and a fear of failing to fill his suddenly dominant wife's substantial shoes..

Scarlett had convinced her suppliers that it would be good for sales if she kept on hand a sample of each product, giving the client the option to *"Try before you buy"*.

Unfortunately for Grant, in some cases it would be he who would be doing the trying before the customer did the buying; though Scarlett decided to keep this to herself and preferred to put hubby's problem solving to the test on his debut party day.

"These are the vibrators, Grant, you'll find spare batteries in the zip pocket of the hold all. Don't forget that as the items are all opened, you'll have to refer to the catalogue for the prices. You'll find that some of my clients know more about sex toys than Anne Summers, but others will need you to explain how and why they work, and more specifically what they do for a woman," explained Scarlett.

Grant sat silently listening.

"You'll find all the relevant literature in this folder," said Scarlett holding up a pink ring binder bulging with brochures and adding: "I do hope you aren't going to be embarrassed demonstrating these."
She said took out a large flesh coloured dildo and offered it to a hesitant Grant.

"Here," she said, intentionally presenting the latex penis, bell end first, to her husband as he continued to prevaricate.

"Well, take it then, they don't bite you know. Well the small ones don't," added Scarlett recounting experience.

Grant nervously held the dildo with a deliberate delicacy, the homosexual overtones scolding his face like a hot poker; coincidentally Scarlett liked to think of this little beauty as a hot poker too, but with a different meaning.

Scarlett, like a female Santa Claus reached into the bag and pulled out more toys.

"Get used to these, honey, because I know one or two girls in my club really look forward to a little gratuitous bottom smacking when they come over, you won't disappoint them will you, sweetheart?" said Scarlett, making it clear it was more of a demand than a request.

Grant shrugged and sighed and Scarlett acknowledged his silent acquiescence with a sanctimonious smile.

"Quite a few of my clients ask about these, they have become very popular on the femdom scene; in fact no dominant wife would be without one," said Scarlett, laying a selection of butt plugs on the carpet.

Grant's eyes widened proportionately as the sizes of the selected butt plugs got larger and larger, unaware of his buttocks tightening, in a reflex protective clench.

"For those buying for the first time you will need to demonstrate how a butt plug works. I suggest, you use your mouth, but of course if you're not comfortable putting something in your mouth that is destined for another man's asshole you can always put it in your other hole," said Scarlett.

Grant's silence said it all.

Scarlett's wicked reverse psychology had temporarily stalled Grant's thought process.

With her back to her hubby, Scarlett allowed herself a little smile as she continued reviewing the hardware collection, the growing sense of power she knew she was gaining over her husband covering her smooth skin with goose-bumps such was the delight it inspired in her.

"Looking at the sizes of some of those larger ones, honey, you might want to do a few appropriate stretching exercises before your first party," suggested Scarlett.

At first, Grant thought Scarlett was trying to be helpful, suggesting a workout. Then had a rethink. It was not exactly Scarlett's way, he knew.

"I think I'll be OK on that one sweetheart," he said with a reasonableness he didn't feel, missing the point completely, "as you know, I go to the gym once a week."

"I wasn't thinking of *that* type of stretching," sighed Scarlett as she packed the things back into the holdall.

Grant waited with foreboding, knowing she wasn't finished.

"Anyway, I'll have to leave you to read up on the merchandise, dear. Maddy and I are going into town shopping. We'll be back at six for tea though, so make sure to have something ready when we return."

There was a twinkle in her eye as she added:

"We'll need to eat before going out partying tonight."

As Scarlett turned to leave it occurred to her once more that simply giving her husband orders was almost as satisfying as sex itself..

"Got to rush, Maddy will be waiting."

As she swept out of the room a disconsolate Grant was left with his - yes *his* - adult sex toy merchandise.

Standing alone, he struggled to comprehend the magnitude of the task ahead of him.

How was he going to cope with a room full of sex hungry women and more importantly how was he going to get them to part with their money?

Would they hold him to ransom over sales?

“Would they ask for a forfeit before buying?” he asked himself as he suddenly became aware of the radio playing.

It rang out poignantly to the sounds of the Fab Four:

“HELP!”

*****

RETAIL THERAPY TIME

Saturday afternoons are a sacred time for women of a certain mindset, and Scarlett Leigh and Madeline Novak were no exceptions.

On this particular Saturday, however, retail therapy was but one of the considerations making the mood of the two young housewives so ecstatic.

And the others were not for the ears of polite society

*****

Saturday afternoon and Scarlett and Madeline were in town, deciding to have some refreshment at the coffee house before getting down to some serious shopping. So carefree were their respective moods as they chatted that as they walked past Martin’s former work place the sign in the window went unseen.

DUE TO RETIREMENT A VACANCY HAS ARISEN WITH OUR TEAM

SENIOR NEGOTIATOR UGENTLY NEEDED

PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE ESSENTIAL

APPY WITHIN OR ONLINE AT OUR WEBSITE

www.estateagentssoutheast.com

Finally reaching their favourite coffee shop they were soon settled at their usual table, so engrossed in their coffee and gossip they didn't see the Lady Mayor approaching,

"I"m so sad to hear that Grant has chosen to resign from office, Mrs Leigh. He was the one voice on which I could always rely; we shared so many views on local politics you know. His presence will be greatly missed," gushed the Lady Mayor.

"Oh, we both know what my husband is capable of, don't we Madeline?" smiled Scarlett.

Madeline, knew Scarlett was obviously referring to Grant's sexual escapades, coughed and nearly choked on her coffee as she thought of LUCY.

"Ill health I"m afraid, Lady Mayor," said Scarlett, with a finality, trying to wind up the conversation, a tad irritated she was missing prime gossip time with her best friend.

"Give him my best won't you?" said the Mayor backing away.

"Of course," said Scarlett, then whispering to Maddy, "together with six of *my* best from Mr Wooden Spoon if he plays up."

Madeline walked to the counter laughing, paid for the coffee and the girls proceeded to the shopping mall armed with the hubby's credit cards and a healthy appetite for retail.

Their mood was light.

*****

The girls returned from their shopping trip in good spirits, Scarlett had bought a new top for the night out and Maddy had treated herself to a new set of heels. Grant had been busy preparing dinner and it was ready to serve.

"See you later, Scarlett," said Maddy, leaving.

"Here at eight, Maddy," said Scarlett, confirming the taxi time.

Then, returning her attention to her husband, Scarlett had to admit that the meal Grant prepared wasn't at all bad.

She didn't, however, praise him for his efforts, she instead congratulated herself on her excellent training skills.

Grant waited in vain for a favourable comment after the meal, after consideration he decided to take Scarlett's silence as a complement.

He was learning.

*****

IT"S THAT GIRLY NIGHT AGAIN

If Saturday afternoons were sacred to Scarlett and Maddy then the same could be said of Saturday evenings for their husbands. But, as one wise woman was fond of saying: "Nothing stays the same forever".

For Grant and Martin though, it wasn't just their working status that had changed but the very nature of their everyday lives.

And their wives were determined this was something that would stay the same forever.

*****

Grant used to look forward to his Saturday nights on the town. But tonight it was Scarlett and not him who was doing all the anticipating. Though at least he could console himself with the thought that the girls were going to town and he could at least have the house to himself.

With this in mind, he'd asked Martin to come over so the two of them could *'go to town'* on a case of beer.

The husband's were each finishing their day's chores as the girl's prepared for going out.

Grant had just finished washing up when Maddy came in.

"Go on up," said Grant implying that Scarlett was upstairs.

Smiling smugly, the newly empowered Maddy did just that.

"He's getting into the swing of things quite nicely," said Scarlett, referring to Grant, as she put final touches to her face in the dressing table mirror.

"Martin still whines occasionally, but on the whole he's getting use to his new status," added Madeline re- touching the rouge on her lips.

"Grant's been so busy with his sex club recently that *on the hole* is somewhere he hasn't been lately," said Scarlett, being serious, not intending to make a pun.

Madeline laughed anyway.

The minibus taxi horn sounding outside was the signal for the girls to make their way downstairs.

Madeline followed Scarlett out the door and joined Hannah, Helen and Stella in the taxi, who were already joking and laughing loudly.

With plenty to gab about the taxi ride to town passed quickly.

Anticipating yet another night of fun and frolicking the bundle of babes breezed off to the boozer.

Just as Martin was about to shoot into Grant's for a few cans, the doorbell rang.

A few moments later Grant's house phone rang.

"Yes mate?" said Grant seeing his neighbour's number on the phone's display.

"Can't make it, I've got a visitor," moaned Martin.

"Who?" said Grant irritated.

"Mother," said Martin with enough venom to let Grant know their conversation was not being overheard. "Apparently, Maddy called her and asked her if she would mind doing a spot of babysitting."

The two thwarted and fuming men could have no idea that Madeline's call to Martin's mother had been Scarlett's idea.

*****

On The Town

When a bar is busier than usual it normally means men have to work harder to be served and fight their way to the bar.

For women, however, no such exertions are required and they think nothing of pushing in front of those of the opposite sex ahead of them in the line; while men, being men, are quite happy to forego their position in the queue just for a girly smile.

This is a lesson they never learn.

*****

Having managed to find a table, the girls got down to some serious scandal chatter and were deep in debate when the very subject of their discussion walked into the bar.

"Clit Man."

It was Stella who noticed him first, waiting at the bar to be served when out of the corner of her eye she thought someone was checking her out. Just another drooling man she thought, until she looked in the mirror behind the bar and recognised Michael Litmann.

Stella hurried back with the drinks.

“You won’t believe this ladies, the clitman’s here,” said Stella.

“Quick, let’s move to the other bar, girls, before he sees us,” said Madeline.

“Too late, Maddy, he saw me at the bar,” said Stella.

“Let’s invite him over,” said Scarlett.

The girls looked at each other, unsure.

Had it been anyone else suggesting it, the girls would have definitely moved, but with Scarlett Leigh taking control they knew they were in safe hands.

“Leave this to me, ladies,” said Scarlett grabbing a swig of lager and swaggering to the bar.

She went straight to where Debbie was serving.

“See that blond haired boy over there by the door,” said Scarlett pointing at Clit Man.

Debbie nodded.

“When you serve him next, can you tell him that me and the girls (Scarlett pointed to their table) have invited him over for a drink?” explained Scarlett.

“No problem,” said Debbie pulling a pint of draught Guinness.

Scarlett had just finished telling everyone the plan when a timid voice chimed in,

“Hello girls,” Michael Litmann’s chat up lines were at best concise and at worst one word sentences.

“Yes?” queried Scarlett with a stare that shouted, *who the fuck invited you?*

Litmann trying to justify his presence, offered, “The girl at the bar said that you invited me,”

“*I* certainly didn’t invite you, toilet boy,” said Scarlett, twisting the verbal knife.

“How about you Stella?” asked Hannah shaking her head.

Stella looked him up and down, and added, with a scowl, “don’t be ridiculous.”

Litmann started to turn away.

“Michael?” said Scarlett in a syrupy voice, that encouraged a false sense of security.

“Yes, Ms Leigh?” answered the boy hopefully.

“You see that door over there?” Scarlett pointed toward the men’s toilets.

Litmann nodded with a confident smile.

“There’s lots of toilet seats in there for you to piss on, so why don’t you fuck off and leave us alone, there’s a good little toilet boy,” typically Scarlett didn’t flinch in her delivery.
Heads from neighbouring tables turned at the screams of girlish laughter.

Michael Litmann retreated and melted into the melee at the bar cowering in the crowd trying to cover his crimson cheeks.

*****

Hannah had gone for a round of drinks and the girls huddled round the table as Madeline recalled the time, before they started dating, that Martin had a girlfriend called Sharon Hughes.

“Oh yes, that relationship soon came to an end, once Martin heard Sharon’s friends referring to them as Novak “n” Hughes because they were *no fuckin” use* to anyone,” said Madeline.

Everyone roared with laughter.

Madeline's face had a rosy glow, which was either embarrassment at saying the “f” word or the effects of the white wine, no one really knew and Madeline wasn’t sure herself.

“I”m afraid Martin isn’t very good when it comes to taking criticism,” explained Madeline.

The girls nodded in sympathy with Madeline, as if they all thought she deserved a better husband.

Hannah came back from the bar with the tray of drinks.

“What did I miss, was there a joke Stella?” asked Hannah.

“Well, Martin was going out with this girl called Hughes and all their friends would call them Hughes and Novak,” said Stella laughing.

“Get it? - Hughes and Novak.”

Hannah still standing, stared at Stella blankly, her train of thought having been shunted up a siding.

As Scarlett took the change for the last round of drinks from Debbie, she asked the young blond, “Hope you don’t mind me asking, but where do you buy your sex toys?”

“I use the Internet, Scarlett, you can browse on your laptop in private, know what I mean?” explained Debbie.

“Yes, but you can’t handle the things or sample them for that matter, can you? said Scarlett smiling.
“Where do you go then?” asked Debbie inquisitively.

“I run a club, Debbie,” said Scarlett, handing Debbie her phone number.

“Brilliant,” called Debbie, as Scarlett took the drinks back to the table with a devious little smile on her lips at the reason behind her invitation.

‘Will the boys want to remain customers at this bar, one of their favourite bars, once Debbie becomes a regular customer of Grant’s adult sex toy club?’ she asked herself, already in receipt of the answer.

Given Debbie’s job at the bar and all the people she meets is it likely she will be introducing new clients to Grant’s club?

Scarlett’s smile turned to a fully-fledged laugh.

*****

Leaving the nightclub the girls decided to get a takeaway before calling the taxi and decided on a kebab.

The eastern European immigrant serving Scarlett was, she thought a bit dishy, but that accent was a real turn off.

Scarlett couldn’t decide between chicken or lamb.

“Perhaps you’d like to try a combi, madam?” suggested the kebab vendor.

“Do you have a favourite combination, madam?” said another appearing from behind the counter.

“Yes, actually I do, wet testicles, shaved and separated, served with hot wax,” sneered Scarlett dryly, whose pet hate was people talking to her when she was trying to think.

The kebab man, whose English wasn't the best, turned to his colleague and asked with complete innocence:

"We don't do that combi, do we?"

"Chicken, plenty of salad and garlic mayonnaise," said Scarlett, rescuing the situation.

*****

WHO PEED ON THE TOILET SEAT?

Ever since the toilet seat had been invented men had been angering women with their inability to put it down after them, but now it had been noted that the toilet seat in the staff cloakroom had somehow become stuck so firmly to the toilet bowl itself there was no possibility of lifting it.

No one actually knew how it happened, but it did coincide with Scarlett's arrival at the office last Monday.

And, besides, with an office full of women who needed to lift the seat to pee anyway?

Who indeed?

*****

Michael Litmann was busy alphabetically filing a pile of documents, his thoughts miles away, safe from any girls.

Scarlett leaned in silently behind him and breathed in his ear:

"Ms Benson's office, now."

The understated whisper of his supervisor sent an electric shiver down Michael Litmann's back.

Scarlett followed the boy into Ms Benson's office, closed the door and stood beside him. She was out of his eye line but close enough for her perfume to be an intimidating presence.

Helen Benson looked up from her desk over horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Ms Leigh tells me that when Stella went to the cloakroom this morning after coffee, she found that the toilet seat had been fouled."

Helen waited a moment gauging the boy's reaction.

"You realise that this being a small office has just the one toilet, so when did you last use the toilet, young man?" asked Ms Benson.

“This morning Miss, before coffee break,” replied the boy.

“I see; did you sit down on the toilet, when you used it, because as you may know there is a problem with the seat at the moment?” enquired Helen Benson.

“Em yes, I mean no, I didn’t mean to... I was really careful, Ms Benson,” stuttered the boy.
“You didn’t mean to *what***,** exactly?” drilled Scarlett.

“I must have dribbled,” whined the boy, mortified to be speaking of such a thing in front of these attractive women. “I couldn’t help it Miss,” he finished.

“It appears you weren’t careful enough,” deduced Ms Benson.

Helen looked at Scarlett and shook her head. Scarlett turned her head and stared at the boy.

The boy’s features reddened under Scarlett’s laser gaze.

“You realise, of course, the implications of health and safety issues, I could release you right here and now,” said Ms Benson using her best managerial manner.

“Please Miss, I’ll do anything, I don’t want to lose this job,” pleaded the boy, being suddenly aware of how long he’d waited for this job opportunity.

Helen Benson pondered, reviewing the pathetic specimen in front of her, thinking to herself, *this could all have been avoided if they’d sent us a girl.*

Then coming to a decision, she let Litmann off with a stern warning:

“Ms Leigh will deal with you, don’t let it happen again.”

Scarlett showed the relieved boy back to his desk, where he immersed himself in document shuffling in an attempt to avoid eye contact with any of the office girls, whose curiosity was bubbling over.

“I will deal with you at lunchtime,” said Scarlett, just loud enough to turn the heads of the girls.

“Yes Ms Leigh,” came a timid reply from behind a clutch of A4.

Scarlett poured herself a glass of water and mused how easy it had been to get the little twerp by the bollocks. It was simple to just wait for *clitman* to come out of the cloak room, pop in, pee on the toilet seat and wait for the fireworks to start.

She knew he’d make mistakes, he just needed a helping hand, that’s all. All that was needed was a little sneaky scheming, applied to a young office boy who was about as stiff and unbending as plasticine.

Putty, in fact, in the hands to one Scarlett Leigh.

*****

As the hands of the office clock came together at 12 noon the office girls wasted no time in gathering their things and heading off to lunch. Scarlett was already closing in on Michael Litmann's desk and as she swooped by snapped, "follow me, boy."

Hannah, leaving with Stella, overheard Scarlett's barking command and gave an investigative glance over her shoulder, nudging her friend as she did so.

Litmann walked into the cloakroom with Scarlett closing the door behind him, locking it.

"You will notice the evidence of your disgusting action has been cleaned up, you have Hannah to thank for that, which you will do when she returns from lunch.

That is not the end of the matter, though. Ms Benson has been extremely generous in allowing you to stay on here; if it was up to me I would have dismissed you on the spot.

Nevertheless, you have been given a second chance that I hope you will appreciate.

It has been left to me to decide your punishment, so I thought it wholly appropriate that as you performed such a childish act this morning, a childish punishment would be in order".

Michael Litmann chewed his lip nervously.

"You can, of course, refuse to accept it…" she told him.

His expression became hopeful.

"…But that would mean your employment here would be at an end the moment I informed Ms Benson."

His face fell as Scarlett seated herself on the toilet and smoothed her skirt in preparation; her intention in his regard becoming, *terrifyingly*, plain to him.

"I"m going to take down your trousers and pants and put you across my knee and smack your bottom. I"m going to treat you like the naughty boy you are. Come here."

He hesitated, expression a mixture of disbelief and terror as Scarlett pointed to her thighs.

"*Now*!" she demanded.

Still he hesitated.

“Then I shall go and tell Ms Benson you…”

Her threat did not require a suffix.

In an instant the boy was pushing his trousers down and positioning himself face down over Scarlett’s knee, nose inches from the cold shiny white floor while his bare bottom, the highest point of his anatomy was poised and perfectly presented for the impending spanking.

The dizziness and sheer humiliation Michael Litmann felt in his head from his upturned position was soon forgotten, when, he first heard the smack and then felt the fire of the onslaught as it penetrated the cheeks of his behind.

The smacks to the boy’s bare bottom echoed around the tiled walls of the bathroom like an insane slow handclap in a surreal dream.

Michael Litmann’s sweaty palms could find no purchase on the shiny white tiles as Scarlett’s firm grip around his waist made sure each smack met fleshy resistance.

It was not only Michael’s bottom that was burning.

To have the bare hand of his female supervisor laid on this most private part of his anatomy, in such a formal location as the office workplace cloakroom made Michael Litmann’s face burn with humiliation.

At the back of the young man’s mind a voice told him that what was being done to him was illegal and he could report it. But who would believe him? And at the end of it he would still be without the job he needed so badly.

When he was allowed to stand, he was a snivelling mess, trousers and pants heaped around his ankles and striking a sorry pose as he wiped tears from his eyes.

“Dress yourself and go to lunch,” said Scarlett dismissively, adjusting her tight skirt and marching out, her stiletto heels chattering in staccato on the porcelain tile floor.

“Tiny pecker, too,” said Scarlett to herself, striding through the empty office.

*****

Following lunch, Madeline, Scarlett, Stella and Hannah were all stood together talking as Michael Litmann came back into the office.

The conversation faded to silence like the end of a 1960”s pop record.

“Haven’t you got something to say to Hannah, Clit Man?” said Stella, her stunning stare setting Litmann’s heartbeat thumping.

“Could we, perhaps, go over there please, Miss Sanderson?” pleaded the boy.

“No, I have nothing to hide from my friends,” replied Hannah.
Smiles all round.

“Well,” began Litmann, “I”m really sorry about the toilet this morning, I.....”

“You *pissed* on the seat, you *fucking* animal,” said Hannah, cutting in, accenting the expletives for impact.

Laughs all round.

“You’re a fucking animal Clit Man, tell me, what are you?” said Hannah.

He hesitated and Hannah stormed in, loving both his anguish and her empowerment:

“*Tell me!***”**

“I”m a fucking animal, Miss,” shouted the boy, blushing, unaccustomed to swearing.

Helen Benson walking back from lunch heard the remark and snarled:

“We do not allow that language in the office Litmann, I *will* be informing Ms Leigh.”

“Oh shit,” mumbled Clit Man.

*****

THAT CHRISTMAS PARTY

It always comes as a surprise to men to find that not only has the bad behaviour of the past been remembered by the woman in their life but that they had yet to be forgiven for it.

Scarlett Leigh had harboured just such a resentment for her husband for a number of years now, ever since an embarrassing episode at their first office Christmas party.

It was a resentment Grant Leigh had convinced himself she was over.

Grant Leigh was wrong.

******

The annual Christmas party thrown by Madeline’s company was an occasion to which all the staff looked forward.

Scarlett and Grant had been given guest invitations through their association with Madeline.
The evening was progressing nicely, when an incident occurred that would shape the future relationship of Grant and Scarlett Leigh.

Grant Leigh was already into the fifth pint of his favourite potent real ale and it was only half way through the evening.

Grant wasn't one to pass up a good time especially when there was a free bar.

Martin struggled to keep pace with his pal while Madeline, made a point of steering her husband away from what she saw as potential trouble.

Everybody else in the room, it appeared to Scarlett were pacing themselves, unlike her spouse who was on a chain drinking binge.

Waiting at the bar to be served, Grant got chatting to an employee from accounts, who as it turned out, happened to be the company's practical joker.

Grant didn't know this of course.

The girl standing between the two of them, a stunning blond, Grant took to be the employee's wife.

Her jeans were so tight; they looked like a second skin.

In a futile attempt to impress her, Grant downed the last of his ale in a succession of hasty swallows, before delivering his macho message:

"That woman over there, (pointing at Scarlett), is my wife and when we get home she is going to give me a blow job and then I"m going to smack her ass and send her off to bed."

"Oh really," said the practical joker, "now that's a coincidence, because my wife really enjoys having her bottom smacked too, she especially gets turned on by having her ass smacked in public," he said looking down and behind at the beautiful blonde's backside.

"You're kidding me on, aren't you?" queried Grant, unable to believe his good fortune, sneaking a look at the tight blue denim bottom.

"Gospel," said the stranger holding up one hand, testimony like.

Grant looked again at the girl's inviting tight bottom and felt a stirring, which to him was the *groin* light for go.

With a belly full of ale giving him confidence he swung his hand.

Smack! no sooner had his hand landed square on the blue denim buttocks than the girl swivelled on a sixpence.

Slap!

Grant saw stars as the indignant girl's swing from the shoulder connected to both mouth and cheek sending Grant reeling.

"What the fuck do you think you are fucking playing at, you fucking pervert!" shouted the girl, her consummate command of Anglo Saxon summing up her feelings perfectly.

A bewildered Grant had turned to the practical joker:

Grant said, "I thought your wife *liked* having her ass smacked?"

"That's not my wife," laughed the joker, walking away with his drinks.

Unfortunately, it had been left to Scarlett to apologise to friends and acquaintances, saying that her husband wasn't feeling too well and needed to go home and, while everyone sympathised with Scarlett as Grant Leigh snuck out and left without even saying goodnight, their sympathy was not enough.

Scarlett would not forget this evening and was determined her husband wouldn't either in the years to come.

*****

HELEN COMES TO CUMMING CLOSE

If there is one thing about men women are agreed upon it's their facility to adapt.

Scarlett Leigh may have humiliated her husband by forcing him to take over her role at the sex club but it would not be long before he found "compensations"

When Scarlett's friend Helen buys one of his vibrators she just can't wait to get home to try out her new toy and home alone Grant can't wait either.

As Grant Leigh stroked himself to a mental image of a naked Helen Benson at play with one of his toys, he consoled himself with the prospect Scarlett's ex club thing may not be such a bad thing after all

*****

Grant was in the middle of ironing when he heard Scarlett's car pull up.

The two doors slamming he took to be Scarlett and Madeline returning home.

Grant didn't realise there was a third person in the car.

Helen had come back with Scarlett to look over some business documents.

Grant was stood at the ironing board in his black trousers and slippers (Scarlett's concession), his white shirt and bow tie was in complete contrast to the flowery apron that hung around his neck and fastened in a tidy bow at the back.

As Scarlett opened the kitchen door, in walked Helen Benson her statuesque 5" 10"" figure majestic in a charcoal grey, business trouser suit and sporting her best 4 inch black court shoes.

Doctor Scarlett did not miss the opportunity of prescribing some domestic medicine for Grant in front of her new boss.

Strict, humiliating domestic medicine, she would make sure he took.

"How many times have I told you, (smack!) not to iron knickers, they go straight to the airing cupboard from the washing machine," reprimanded Scarlett.

The slap on Grant's bottom was not intended to be hard, it was the humiliation of getting it in front of Helen that Scarlet knew her husband would hate.

"Oh Scarlett, don't be too hard on him, I think it's really sweet that he irons your personal things," said Helen with a smile to Grant, that he'd rather not have had.

"I"m sorry Helen, but he has to learn. You don't know the dirty little sod, his tiny pecker starts twitching any time he gets near knickers. Believe me, he was ironing those panties for his benefit not mine. Isn't that right, hubby, dear?" pressed Scarlett, arms folded, one foot tapping on the kitchen floor, waiting for an answer.

"Yes dear," said Grant, bile surging in his throat.

Grant knew Helen was looking at him, so he kept his red face bowed to the ironing board, away from her penetrating gaze.

"Apologise to Helen, for wasting her time then Grant," ordered Scarlett.

"I"m sorry for wasting your time Ms Benson," said Grant, through gritted teeth, wanting only to get back to ironing.

"We're going in the other room, we'll have two coffee's, Helen has two sugars," said Scarlett, as both girls proceeded to the lounge.

"His training is coming along nicely Scarlett," said Helen.

“Yes, I think so, too, but there’s along way to go yet,” said Scarlett.

Helen raised her eyebrows and just nodded.

*****

Grant knocked, bought in the coffees and put the tray on the coffee table.

Scarlett was pleased to see that her house husband had not added the milk but served it in a jug and, as she added her own milk then handed the jug to her husband with a false smile, she pointed to Helen’s cup:

“Say when Helen,” said Scarlett.

Grant played tea maid.

“When you’ve washed up the coffee cups, dear, we would like to have a look at your selection of vibrators. So be a darling and get your toys out, baby, just for Helen,” said Scarlett enjoying the nursery implications of the words she chose.

Grant came back in with the holdall thinking she might want to buy something else.

Scarlett sat back an interested spectator as Grant outlined the individual features of the portable exciters in his bag of tricks.

Scarlett was pleasantly surprised at what he knew without referring to the brochures.
Helen eventually chose a top of the range model, which Scarlett endorsed by saying,

“I’ve tried one of those Helen, they’re wicked and you won’t be disappointed. Grant, give Helen a free set of batteries,” said Scarlett.

Grant resented doing this, the batteries would have to be replaced at his expense; which would take the shine off his sale.

He was glad to pack away and get back to the kitchen, away from Scarlett while Helen was here. He didn’t want to give Scarlett the slightest excuse to humiliate him further.

Helen did pop out to the kitchen to thank Grant for the coffee and vibrator, before being drove home by Scarlett.

After they’d gone Grant sat down in his favourite chair and basked in the erotic vision of the leggy office girl masturbating with one of his products.

This image was enough for Grant, he unzipped, pulled out his cock and leisurely wanked with the image of Helen on his mind.

Which was a coincidence because no sooner had Helen got inside her door than she was naked on her bed, with vibrator humming. She teased her clitoris with legs clamped over her free hand, the fingers of which played concerto like on the sensitive lips of her love piece. Helen, her new vibrator, and her vagina *all* combined in a crescendo of symphonic sexual harmony.

Afterwards, feeling liberated from her orgasmic sex-play, Helen decided to send an email.

Mr Mann,

My assistant manageress needs a new laptop. I know you are in touch with central stores dept. on a daily basis so you won't have a problem with my request.

Make sure it's a Sony or Dell, not one of those trashy recycled things that usually get farmed out to branch and, in case you're wondering I"m keeping my own laptop; after all I wouldn't want to lose all my personal photos, now would I?

Don't drag your feet on this one,

Helen Benson
(manageress at branch)

*****

TWO NEW ARRIVALS AT THE CLOSE

As in all tight-knit community, new arrivals bring with them a hint of the unknown and, possibly, the dangerous.

Sometimes, though, it's the tight knit community itself that proves the more dangerous of the two and for one young couple new to Cumming Close that was about to prove itself the case.

And especially for the male half of this particular union.

*****

It was a quiet Sunday afternoon, when Scarlett glanced out of her bay window and noticed a young couple moving into number-six.

Hurrying straight next door and into Madeline's kitchen where Martin (apron on) was preparing the veg for Sunday lunch she gave him a quizzical look, no words required.
"She's upstairs," said Martin, busy at the sink and fazed by the presence of his friend's wife who seemed to become more demanding and forceful each time he laid eyes upon her.

Scarlett went straight up.

Madeline was sorting through some of her unwanted items, looking for things that might be suitable for Martin the next time the girls dressed the boys.

“Have you seen the couple moving into number-six, Maddy?” asked Scarlett.

“Yes, very young aren’t they?” said Madeline, still rummaging.

“I didn’t see any agent’s signs up, but I think they’re renting, there’s no way they could afford the mortgage at their age, they can’t be anymore than early twenties, if that,” summarised Scarlett.

“They seem nice enough,” said Madeline, more interested in her jumbling.

“Come on, let’s go and say hello,” said Scarlett, grabbing the item Madeline was holding and tossing it on to the bed.

The couple were busy carrying cardboard boxes into the house as the girls approached.

Scarlett did the honours.

“Hello, I”m Scarlett and this is Maddy we’re just across the road in 2 and 3, if you need to know anything just pop over. You’ll find this Close a very quiet and friendly place to live, we love it, don’t we Maddy?”

“Oh yes,” agreed Madeline with her usual brevity.

“I”m Jasmine, just call me Jazz, and that’s my partner Jamal,” said the young girl pointing to the Asian looking boy carrying another box.

“Do you both work, Jazz?” asked Scarlett, somewhat artlessly, wanting to learn as much as she could about her new neighbours and also hoping to establish that they weren’t on benefit.

“Yes we have to, to afford the rent on this place, it’s ideal for my business,” said Jazz. “I”m a self employed hairdresser and Jamal works as a sales assistant in “Sheila’s Heels”, you know that shoe and leather boutique in the mall?” explained Jazz.

“I’ve never been in there,” said Scarlett, “but I know where you mean.”

“Maddy and I usually get our hair done in town, but with you here in the Close, I think you’ve just found yourself two new clients Jazz, don’t you Maddy,” said Scarlett, turning to her friend and hoping that perhaps she might have two new clients in Jazz and Jamal for Grant’s club as well.

“That’s brill, I still have my client base from the other side of town, some will call here and some I’ll house visit, but I”m always looking for new clients,” said Jazz.

Scarlett's first impression of her new neighbour was positive and she was pleased with the young girl's work ethic.

"I'll have a word with the girls at the office for you if you like, oh and there's one boy," said Scarlett seeing the potential for some humiliation. "If you don't mind a bit of unisex styling?"

"The more the merrier," said Jazz with a smile, reaching into one of the boxes on the floor and handing Scarlett a small cheaply produced, home made black and white flier.

"Fantastic," said Scarlett taking the flier, "anytime you fancy a coffee or a chat just give us a ring, that's what Maddy and I do. We both work, full time, but the boys are in the house throughout the week and will answer the phone," said Scarlett casually.

"Oh," said Jazz, surprised, "Are they sick or something?" wondering why they weren't working.

"No, no, they're domestic house husbands," explained Scarlett with a contented smile to each person in turn.
Jazz and Jamal just looked at each other feeling like two pieces of jigsaw in the wrong box.

"Welcome to Cumming Close," called Scarlett as, arm in arm. she and Maddy crossed the road .

*****

MONDAY, MONDAY

Sometimes, no matter how hard a man tries, he still gets it all wrong.

Sometimes, even when it's not his fault.

On this particular occasion, Scarlett was at boiling point and poor Michael Litmann was in the wrong place at the wrong time and in danger of receiving a severe scolding.

*****

It started out a typical Monday morning in the office, Michael Litmann had collected and sorted the post and delivered it to the various stations, the last of which was the Manageress's office.

"Just a minute, Litmann," said Scarlett, halting the boy in his tracks as he was about to leave Helen's office.

"When allocating the morning post, the first call you make is to the office of the Manageress, then to the other stations, clear?" said Scarlett, keeping tabs on the boy.

Mistake number one.

"Yes, Ms Leigh," replied Litmann.

“One more thing, boy, we are expecting a delivery sometime this morning, it will be your responsibility to sign for it, so when it arrives bring it straight in,” ordered Scarlett.

“Yes, Ms Leigh,” replied Litmann again.

Helen had already told Scarlett about the new laptop, she didn’t anticipate any delays from Head Office and the company despatched to branch on a daily basis, so it could arrive anytime.

Scarlett was eagerly looking forward to her new toy.

Litmann was busy preparing coffee when the laptop arrived.

Mistake number two.

The receptionist buzzed Litmann’s desk, as she was told to, but got no answer, so the delivery man left the laptop with the receptionist who signed it off, so that the driver could be on his way.

It was at lunch in the staff canteen that April bumped into Scarlett, the receptionist mentioned that she was holding a parcel for her department.

“How long have you had it down there?” asked Scarlett.

“Since coffee time, I remember having to move my coffee mug to find my pen,” said April.

“Didn’t anyone ever call down to check if it had arrived?” asked Scarlett.

“Nobody did,” said April, shaking her head.

Mistake number three.
“I’ll pick it up after lunch,” said Scarlett seething.

In this instance the three strikes and out rule was certain to apply, but then Scarlett would have seen enough to cry foul with the previous two and the growingly sadistic woman has a number of punishments to choose from to correct the poor young Clit Man.

*****

Scarlett had the whole lunch hour to come up with a suitable punishment for her young fall-guy.

Inspired by the frustration she felt at his lack of initiative, his punishment was a stroke of genius.

Scarlett laid in wait for Litmann as he came back from lunch.

“Michael, I”m sure you’re aware that you have disappointed me by missing that delivery this morning,” she began, immediately weighing into the lad,. “You have wasted a lot of company time with your incompetence, I had work to finish and I needed that laptop to complete it.”

“I”m sorry Ms Leigh I was making the coffee and.....”

“Shut up and listen,” said Scarlett.”

“I’ve already cleared this with Ms Benson. You are going out to do a little shopping for us girls here in the office, here’s your list,” said Scarlett, handing it to Clit Man.

Scarlett, together with the rest of the girls in the office had all contributed to the shopping list as well as pooling as much small change as they could muster.

1 eye liner pen. black / fine.
1 cherry red lipstick
1 box of tampons
1 packet of false nails
1 nail varnish pink

“Go to the Pound Shop which is down past the traffic lights opposite the pub, get every item on this list,” said Scarlett.

“Can’t one of the girls go, Ms Leigh?” whinged Litmann.

“Firstly, Litmann, the girls are all far too busy to leave the office, secondly and most importantly, it was you who piddled on the toilet seat, correct?” said Scarlett fixing him with a stare, eyebrows raised, waiting for confirmation.

“Yes, Ms Leigh,” said Litmann defeated.

Scarlett handed the boy a sealed small bubble wrap envelope containing the assorted coins.

“The money is in this envelope,” said Scarlett.

Michael Litmann knew better than to disobey a direct order from Ms Leigh. He knew she could check up on him afterwards and probably would so he knew what he had to do.

He walked down the street with these thoughts hanging over him and as he entered the Pound Shop his worst fears were confirmed.

“Oh no, two young girls sat at the checkout *and* there was a long queue,” Michael said to himself.

Michael Litmann took his time going up and down the aisles carefully avoiding girls as he went about his shopping chore.

It took a while but the boy managed to get all the items on the list before standing in the queue, most of which were women.

Eventually, Michael reached the check out and the young girl started ringing up the items.

“That’ll be four pounds seventy five pence, please,” said the counter assistant.

Michael started to count out the loose change, laying it on the counter.

The check out girl watched, keeping count.

People in the queue started to become impatient.

“There’s such a thing as a Bank you know, mate,” said one.

“Give him a break, he’s probably desperate for those tampons,” said the girl behind him, seeing the items he’d selected..

“I”m not gay, you know,” said Michael getting heated.

“Your closet door is open, sweetie, why don’t you come out and play with the rest of them?” said a man’s voice further down the queue.

The queue laughed.

Michael stormed out of the shop.
Everyone put it down to a gay tantrum.

On his return to the office, Scarlett was far too busy setting up her new laptop to be bothered with him so Michael Litmann asked Madeline to check the items, which she did before releasing him back to the comparative sanctuary of his desk.

*****

GRANT”S OPENING NIGHT

Scarlett, like most helpful wives at the start of a new venture for the husband, had made a few calls ahead of Grant’s first outing to gather support for his new enterprise.

She had also decided to move the session from its usual afternoon slot to the evening so she could be in attendance for her husband’s debut.

Like any concerned wife she hovered like a mother swan waiting for a signet to leave the nest.

But she needn't have worried, for though Grant took to his new responsibilities like a duck to water she knew this was one nest he would never vacate for very long.

*****

Scarlett was giving Grant a last minute briefing before the ladies arrived.

"I used to lay a few items on the coffee table, sweetie, ahead of the clients arriving, just to get the ball rolling. That way you don't have that awkward moment, thinking *what shall I get out first,"* said Scarlett.

"Thanks honey, good idea, what shall I put out on display?" asked Grant looking to Scarlett for support.

"This is *your* evening Grant, *you* have to decide, don't worry it gets easier the more you do it," assured Scarlett.

"That's what I"m afraid of," said Grant relaxing a little.

"I"m surprised you didn't ask Martin to come over for a little moral support," said Scarlett.

"Oh, I asked him alright, the little bugger chickened out," said Grant.

"Really, perhaps the next time Maddy wants something from the catalogue, she could send Martin over," said Scarlett.
"Do you think she would?" asked Grant.

"Leave it to me," said Scarlett, not seeing it as a favour to her hubby so much as a way of helping her husband settle in to his new role as adult party host.

She wanted a smooth transition so she could get on with her new lifestyle.

Although Scarlett was all for piling more misery on her hubby, it didn't stop her from reaching out to other deserving souls whom she felt needed correcting, and Martin Novak was very handily located, right next door.

*****

As Grant presided over the sales, Scarlett brought in the six cups of coffee for the ladies.

A bottle of white wine with glasses was available in the kitchen for the non-driving clients.

White with one sugar for Glenda and Georgina; the two single mums who were neighbours of the Leigh's at their previous address.

One black with one sugar for April the receptionist from the office.

Two white with no sugar for Jazz and Jamal from across the road.

Jazz had agreed to come over, just for a look but feeling a little shy bought Jamal along for company.

Scarlett had some telephone numbers from work for Jazz's hairdressing business.

Finally one black coffee for Virginia, who had come looking for a paddle, her solicitor boyfriend had expressed an interest in some S & M and he usually booked his holiday in the Seychelles about this time.

So she wanted to keep him sweet, the Indian Ocean seemed an attractive proposition at this time of year.

Margaret had called Scarlett yesterday to explain exactly what Virginia was looking for.

"I've heard the legal profession is rife with bondage and discipline parties," said Scarlett, handing Virginia her coffee.

"He'll get a sore bottom and I'll get a free holiday. Everyone wins, happy days," said Virginia.

"I think he's a very lucky man, you'll make a perfect dom, Ginny," said Scarlett.
"You're not bad yourself, you young hussy," said Virginia.

Grant handed Virginia a small spanker in pink leather.

"This is perfect, small enough to fit in my handbag and with enough weight to deliver a sound smack," said Virginia, smacking the paddle on to her palm and eying Scarlett's husband with a predatory glint. "Will Grant demonstrate?" she asked, patting her lap and smiling.

"Of course he will Ginny, Grant, darling," called Scarlett pointing at Virginia's lap.

Grant looked at Virginia as she beckoned him with the paddle, then shot a pleading glance to Scarlett who looked the other way.

"Go on dear, you *do* want to close the deal, don't you?" urged Scarlett.

"It's called, taking care of business," said Grant apologetically, to the new young couple who were eager spectators.

"Not too hard, please, Virginia," he implored as he adopted the classic over the knee position.

"Don't worry, sweetie, I'll be gentle," replied Virginia winking at Scarlett.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

Virginia delivered four firm whacks.

The loud smacks instantly arrested the conversation in the room.

Jazz watched intently, her hand clasped over her mouth in disbelief.

“Ow!” yelped Grant.

“Damn it Virginia, you said you’d be gentle,” whined Grant.

“So, I lied, I’ve got to test the little beauty haven’t I?” said Virginia, adding “I’ll take it.”

The tension released, the conversation resumed and a selection of smiles greeted Grant as he got up and ruefully rubbed his behind.

As Grant was completing the sale to Virginia, Jazz took the opportunity of having a quiet word with Scarlett, away from Jamal.

Jazz wanted some advice from an older more worldly woman, she had already had a couple of glasses of wine and given the sexual overtones of the evening was feeling loose enough to chat to the woman who fitted that bill most closely.

“You see Scarlett, my problem is that Jamal seems pre-occupied with my feet, he keeps wanting to suck my toes. Is that normal?” she asked.

“When it comes to men, dear, you’ll find nothing is normal. You’d be surprised at the depths of deviation they are willing to reach just to appease their pathetic penises.”

“Then when we do have sex, Scarlett, it’s all over so quick,” explained Jazz.

“Oh dear, an early squirter too, is he?” said Scarlett, confirming, rather than asking.

“He works in a ladies shoe shop too doesn’t he? She quizzed, implying relevance.

“Yes, but I don’t see the connection,” replied Jazz.

“Jazz, if he’s into ladies shoes – and your toes - he’s probably a submissive."
A light appeared in the young wife’s eyes.

“What I suggest is this. Buy yourself a spanking paddle and explain to him that you’re happy to go along with his fetish as long as you get a little fun as well. Show him the paddle and tell him you’ll be controlling his next foot play session."

“Smack his ass while he’s sucking your toes, give him orders, tell him there’s a pussy that needs licking too. That way, you control his attentions by applying the spanker to his ass-cheeks while you get some quality tongue time down below,” explained Scarlett.

Jazz gave this some serious consideration for a few seconds until, finally:

“Thanks, Scarlett, can you keep a paddle for me? I’ll get it when Jamal is at work.”

“Of course dear,” said Scarlett.

Scarlett walked over to where Grant was clumsily trying to demonstrate the combination of ball gag and butt plug to Glenda, Georgina and April.

Scarlett smiled to herself at the idea that had just occurred to her.

“Grant, I think it’s clear that you need an assistant to help with your demonstrations, don’t you?” asked Scarlett.

“Yes, honey, I could use some help, were you thinking of Martin?” asked Grant deliberately naming Martin to get back at his neighbour for not helping him out.

“No dear, not Martin, I was thinking of LUCY,” said Scarlett, watching as her husband’s face became a mixture of bemusement and horror.

“Well, if you are all done, I”m shutting up shop,” said Grant abruptly, recovering enough to zip up the holdall and leave the room.

“Did I say something wrong?” asked Scarlett innocently.

*****

NINE TO FIVE OR 24 / 7

After their time as housewives it’s no surprise that Scarlett and Madeline would come to relish their new nine to five office lifestyles.

But are Grant and Martin becoming too domesticated now that what used to be 9 to 5 is now 24 / 7.

And, more to the point: Who cares?

*****

Grant had popped around to Martin's for some lunch, they just finished eating and were enjoying a beer together.

“This is one thing we couldn’t do when we were driving to work and back,” said Martin raising his can of beer.

“Yes, I suppose this gig does have its upsides,” concurred Grant, studying Martin’s pinnie.

“Where did you get that apron Martin?” asked Grant.

“It’s one of my mother’s, Maddy likes me to wear it,” answered Martin.

“It’s a nicer pattern than the one Scarlett got me,” moaned Grant.

“I’ll ask mum if she’s got another, if you like,” offered Martin.

“OK,” said Grant taking a large swallow from his can.

“Jeez Martin, just listen to us, we’re discussing fucking aprons for Christ sake,” said Grant.

Martin swallowed the last of the can.

“Another?” asked Grant.

“Why not,” said Martin, “we’re not driving home.”

And so another mother’s day at Cumming Close neared its end.

Bit it was not a Mother’s Day as we know it.

More like *“Martin’s mother’s day*”.

*****

Grant had gone home and Martin was busy hoovering as Margaret’s Lexus quietly snuck onto the Novak’s driveway.

The car door slamming got Martin’s attention, when a second door slammed, Martin went to the window, curious to know who the visitors were.

Margaret had already walked around to the back of the house, followed by Virginia.

Margaret walked straight into the kitchen and put the kettle on.

“It’s only me sweetie; Maddy asked me to look in on you,” she called.

Martin pondered his mother’s remark as he finished hoovering, oblivious to Virginia’s presence.

Margaret had called Maddy to arrange the time of their next coffee morning and Madeline had asked her mother in law to do a spot check on Martin.

Martin had switched off the Hoover and came through to the kitchen, still unaware of Virginia's presence,

"Hello mum… Oh!" exclaimed Martin when he saw Virginia.

Martin was comfortable wearing his mother's apron in her presence, but felt self - conscious in front of Virginia. Especially as Virginia picked up on it.

"Isn't that one of *your* pinnies Margaret?" Virginia asked, smiling at Martin.

"Yes, I found it a little flowery for my taste and Martin wanted an apron for his new lifestyle so I let him have this one," explained Margaret.

Which wasn't strictly true of course, Martin didn't *want* an apron, he needed one to comply with Scarlett's mandate.

"Martin, come here please," said his mother.

"Turn around dear," she said.

Slipping a hand down the back of his trousers she grabbed his knickers and gave a tug.

Martin winced.

"Very good, Martin," said Margaret then explained her actions to Virginia.

"Maddy asked me to stop by and check that he was still wearing the panties she'd given him this morning, I"m pleased to say he's been a good boy," said Margaret proudly.

Martin was grateful to see the kettle spewing steam.

"Will you make us two coffees dear, Ginny will have it black," said Margaret, turning a question into a demand, something she did without thinking.

As Martin bought the coffees to the breakfast bar, Virginia acknowledged him,

"Good boy," she said, and gave his bottom a pat at the same time.

Martin blinked nervously, for him this was always a prelude to flushing, his face felt hot.

"He's always had a trim little bottom," boasted Margaret, adding, "I used to think, when changing his nappy, he'll grow up with a nice firm botty."

“Mmm,” drooled Virginia.
Martin stood there like a naughty schoolboy waiting to be dismissed.

“Off you go then, haven’t you got work to get on with?” said Margaret.

Martin took some wet wipes from a kitchen drawer and disappeared into the lounge.

Margaret had some news for Virginia.

“My friends from the bridge club are planning another Caribbean holiday next month, so I’ll be contacting friends and acquaintances for another little get together. I do hope you’ll be free for that one, Ginny,” said Margaret.

“I wouldn’t miss it for the world, sis,” said Virginia.

“Maddy and Scarlett will be back shortly, we’ll let them know about it and then I’ll drop you home,” said Margaret.

“Will this party have any kind of theme, Margaret?” asked Virginia.
“Oh yes, I thought we might have a school reunion night,” said Margaret.

“I think I can guess who the Headmistress will be,” said Virginia smiling.

“Bring a cane,” said Margaret, refilling the kettle.

*****

As the girls made their way out of the office for lunch, Scarlett took the opportunity of approaching the Clit Man.

She had to adopt the right approach in her request; she didn’t want to undermine all her groundwork and time she had invested in training him.

But she also needed a favour.

Scarlett realised it was important to get the balance right.

“Michael, do you happen to know where I can buy leder hosen?” asked Scarlett.

Litmann was only too pleased to be of help to his superior.

“Yes Ms. Leigh I do, friends of my parents have a leather shop. They too came from Germany, from Cologne, on the Rhine. They import a lot of leather goods from there. It’s a lovely city, have you been?” said Litmann eager to prolong the conversation.

“I”m sure it’s very nice, Michael, but can you get me a discount?” asked Scarlett, with a calculated smile.

“I don’t know but I’ll try,” said Litmann eagerly.

“Here’s what I want,” said Scarlett handing Litmann a list.

“I’ll ask mother to call them tonight, Ms. Leigh,” said a delighted Litmann for the first time sensing a feeling of belonging.

“Thank you Litmann,” said Scarlett keeping the arrangement formal.

*****

Grant answered the house phone and walked through to the living room, the noise from the washing machine was competing with Jazz for his ear.

“Yes, Jazz, I’ve got your item here, Scarlett selected a paddle called “Bottom Hand”. It’s a medium weight spanker in the shape of a flat palm. Scarlett thought it a good idea to keep a sense of humour, as it’s your first experience with S & M,” said Grant.
“Can I collect now?” asked Jazz.

“Yes, come on over, I’ll be in the kitchen,” said Grant putting down the phone.

Jazz tapped on the kitchen door, Grant opened it and let the young girl in.

She thought it best not to mention Grant’s apron, she thought it might embarrass him.

In fact Grant had become so accustomed to wearing his apron, he didn’t give it a second thought as he handed Jazz her new toy.

Which – as Scarlett had told him - is really how it should be.

“It’s probably best to start off on the gentle side, but be firm, you do want him to feel something, that’s the whole point of S & M,” explained Grant.

Jazz had a few questions but did not feel comfortable asking Grant.

“What time does Scarlett get home?”

“Around 5.30 to 6 o’clock,” said Grant.

“Thanks,” said Jazz opening the kitchen door and leaving.

Grant went over to the machine to check on the washing, glancing out the kitchen window looking for the threat of rain as he wanted to get it out to dry.

Luckily for Grant, his neighbours were the Novak's and they – for obvious reasons – weren't likely to ridicule him playing housewife hanging washing on the line in a flowery apron.

Which, in reverse, was a stroke of good fortune for Martin too.

Grant's routine reaction to the garment a testament to Scarlett's rigorous training regime and the domestic discipline her husband was becoming accustomed to seeing as routine.

*****

Scarlett and Madeline returned home to see Margaret's Lexus on the drive.

Scarlett went in with Madeline to say hi to Margaret.

Margaret told the girls about next month's party and Scarlett told Margaret and Virginia about the newly arrived couple at Cumming Close, Jazz and Jamal.

"Perhaps they'd like to come along, too" suggested Margaret.
"Great idea, I'll ask them," enthused Scarlett.

*****

STELLA"S BIRTHDAY BASH

Girl's just want to have fun, so the saying goes.

What that saying neglects to point out is that not all girls are teenagers and age is no barrier to the desire in some women to simply have a good time.

Whatever that "good time" may consist of.

*****

This was a special girly night out, everyone had turned up for Stella's birthday party.
Hannah, Helen and Maddy, Scarlett had invited Jazz as well.

The girls had decided to pool some money and hire a karaoke act for Stella's night.

When it came to "girly night out," the girls didn't usually need an excuse to get pissed, but tonight with the added momentum of Stella's birthday they wasted no time getting into a serious partying mood.

By the time the karaoke started the girls were happily merry and enjoying the celebrations.

It didn't take long for the girls to join in, taking to the stage in pairs in a show of mutual confidence.

It was Stella who was the first to sing solo, finishing to cheers from her friends.

As she left the stage and returned to her friends, someone spoke:

"That was rubbish, slut,"

Stella turned.

"Justin Sweetley, you fuckin' loser," said Stella.

"Slut!" shouted Sweetley.

Scarlett was over like a shot.

.

Scarlett's parents were from London's East End and growing up in a tough neighbourhood Scarlett soon learned how to take care of herself.

A young yuppy from Kent was not about to phase her.

Scarlett's steely mental strength combined with an imposing physical presence was a combination Sweetley the footballer knew he did not want to tackle.

Scarlett got into Sweetley's face, "That's alright darlin", I remember when I had my first drink."

His mates laughed.

At him.

The 19-year-old resented the suggestion that he was a novice drinker and foolishly squared up to Scarlett Leigh.

It wasn't Scarlett's unflinching stare that backed the cowardly Sweetley down, but the swift vice like grip of her fist, which was strangling the life out of his testicles and cock.

Scarlett pushed Sweetley back into his seat leaving him buckled and aching.

Birthday girl Stella deciding to have the last word leaned in and delivered a mixed metaphor Martin Novak would have been proud of,

"Stick that up your ass and smoke it!"

Madeline, Helen, Hannah and Jazz all fell about laughing, realising the outrageous implications of what Stella had said.

Sweetley didn't, he thought the laughter was directed at him.

Stella thought so too, as she joined in with the girls.

*****

Domesticity

With a firm hand and loving supervision most men can be trained to take on tasks they would previously have thought beyond them.

Or at least beneath them.

In this respect, Grant and Martin are no exception and are settling into their new domestic lifestyles well.

But with Margaret planning another one of her special evenings, and Jazz and Jamal invited, how will the two emasculated husbands perceive the party antics of the increasingly depraved women and will Grant find himself capable of maintaining the clientele base of his sex toy club?

As Virginia observed to Margaret: "Could this be a new term for two adult schoolboys?"

With the girls in their skimpy skooly uniforms, the boys get to try out the leder hosen but will the "Boy" who would feel most at home in leder hosen be invited and, if he is, will the Clit Man pluck up the courage to attend?

The girls were looking at the coming entertainment as the hellcats of St Trinians against the Billy Bunters of Grey Friars and, to quote a famous teatime quiz show:

There can only be one winner.

Worse than that, if Grant thought things couldn't get any worse he was about to discover his wife intended to take herself a lover.

Worse still, it would be someone he knew.

Never having believed his loving wife would go so far, Grant Leigh was about to learn the meaning of a new word.

Cuckold.

*****

PART-FOUR

HELEN COMES OUT

There was no question that Helen Benson had an array of impressive managerial qualities in her armour.

But the one thing she lacked was the one thing she desired most and was the very thing that Scarlett Leigh possessed in spades.

A forceful, dominating personality.

It was an abstract attribute that manifested itself within Helen's vision as power.

A power, Helen found, not only sensual, but also sexually irresistible.

She wasn't sure when or why her admiration and subsequent attraction to Scarlett had acquired a sexual identity but Helen Benson suspected the unsavory episode with her former boss Edward Mann could have forged a gender crossroads for her. Or maybe it was the masterful way Scarlett had dealt with Stella's boyfriend at the club. But whatever it was Helen didn't care, all she knew, was what she felt when in Scarlett's presence, a positive sexual charge and a feeling of peace and belonging.

It was an epiphany that Helen Benson, like so many others before her, could not keep to herself.

She had to let Scarlett know.

*****

Grant saw two cars pull up on the driveway yet again, Helen's red Peugeot convertible was tucked in behind (what had now become) Scarlett's VW.

It occurred to Grant that Helen was spending more and more time at his home with his wife.

‘Helen was a driven, career woman; that's how she got to be Manageress,’ Grant told himself, ‘which is why she spends so much time working, out of office hours.’

Helen was a driven career woman alright, but it was her former boss’s career that she had manipulated to further her own ambitions.

That's how she got to be Manageress and the recent home visits, engineered by Helen had little to do with office work.

Helen's frequent visits to the Leigh's home was perceived by Grant to be work related, but Helen had another agenda entirely and had put it into operation only a short time before.

*****

Helen had arrived early at the office *that* Monday morning, in plenty of time to check her appearance and compose herself before Scarlett arrived.

Scarlett breezed through the outer office saying good morning to the girls, ignoring Clit Man as he held the door to Helen's office open for her; having just taken in the morning mail.

'Morning boss,' said Scarlett.

'Morning Scarlett,' Helen had resolved to come straight to the point, so they could get on with the day's work.

'Scarlett, can I ask you something, it's rather delicate,' said Helen, checking her fingernails, avoiding eye contact.

Scarlett scanned Helen's face for a clue, but saw nothing.

'You know me Helen, I don't do delicate, but don't be shy, girl, fire away,' said Scarlett.

Helen felt a little easier at Scarlett's down to earth admission.

'Have you ever had feelings for a girl, Scarlett?' said Helen, nonchalantly glancing out the office window.

'Oh yes,' said Scarlett dispassionately, 'I had the hots for my Gym Mistress at school, I never told anyone of course, but once my hormones settled down and I started fucking guys, that was the end of it.'

She gave Helen an inquisitive look.

'Why?'

Helen thought for a moment, she would have quickly concocted a lie for anyone else, but felt at ease sharing her secret with Scarlett.

Scarlett Leigh may be a brash and hardened soul, she told herself, but a telltale she was not - ever loyal to her friends, Scarlett did not trade in malicious gossip.

Helen’s first tentative step to disclosure was like someone crossing a stream on stepping stones, trying not to get wet.

'I think I'm gay,' she said, balancing on the first stone, clutching her faith like a staff, fearful of falling.

'Helen darling if you've found yourself a nice girl, just go with your feelings sweetheart, don't let anybody tell you any different. I'm not going to judge you, that's for sure,' said Scarlett. 'Anybody we know?' she added, coaxing gently.

Helen decided to stay at first base.
'I'd rather not say at the moment,' said Helen, feeling a small sense of achievement at having established that Scarlett's schoolgirl crush had at least been a gay one

'OK Helen, but if you need to talk about it, I'm always here,' said Scarlett.

'Yes Scarlett, I know, I'm so thrilled to have you as my assistant,' said Helen.

Scarlett paused to ponder Helen’s choice of adjective.

'Thrilled?' she thought, instantly putting two and two together, her boss’s answer presenting her with an equation.

Helen had the hots for her, of that she was now sure, but she was also her boss and Scarlett loved her new job.

Solution?

Simple.

Keep the boss happy.

Smiling to herself, Scarlett decided that resolving this problem would be a priority.

*****

Grant put down the iron with one hand and picked up the phone with the other, he didn't recognise the voice asking for Scarlett.

He was also unaware that he’d just performed that most feminine of skills:

Multi tasking.

'No, she's at work can I take a message,' he said.

'This is Debbie from the bar; Scarlett gave me her number. I want to buy something from her club,' she said.

'It's Grant here, I'm running the club now, what was it you were after Debbie?' he asked.

After a short pause, Debbie decided she'd rather not talk sex over the phone to a strange man.

If only Debbie knew she could earn $1. 50 per minute doing just that working for certain phone sex lines, she might have a change of heart, he thought.

'If you don't mind Grant I'd rather talk with Scarlett, can you ask her to give me a call, she's got my number, thanks.'

Debbie rang off.

Grant jotted a *'Call Debbie'* note for Scarlett and went back to the ironing.

He was indulging in his favourite domestic pastime, ironing knickers.

It's amazing how quickly time can pas when your having fun.

It was coming up to 5.30pm and Grant had been ironing the same pair of knickers for the last ten minutes, (a pair of Madeline's provided reluctantly by Martin).

He stopped ironing when he heard Scarlett's car pull up and popped the knickers in his pocket – he had, after all, already been warned once.

Scarlett walked in followed by Helen.

Grant handed Scarlett the *Debbie* note.

'I've invited Helen to dinner,' said Scarlett opening the fridge and taking out a bottle of white wine and picking up two glasses from the worktop.

'The lasagne is ready when you are, sweetie,' said Grant, trying unsuccessfully to ingratiate himself to Scarlett in front of Helen.

'Not just yet Grant, we're having a glass of wine in the lounge,' said Scarlett. 'Oh, by the way, Debbie wants a strap-on, she called me at the office, let her have the same model I use on you sweetie,' cracked Scarlett, ushering a grinning Helen into the lounge.

The door closed on shrieking female laughter.

Grant muttered to himself in X-rated expletives as he went to check on the lasagne.

In the lounge Scarlett filled both glasses to the top.

‘Come on, bottoms up, Helen, why don’t you stay here tonight, I can always get the *maid* to make up the spare room,’ said Scarlett, lightening what she felt was a charged atmosphere.

Scarlett needed some time alone with Helen and the overnight stay would be the perfect opportunity, if she could only somehow get rid of Grant..

Helen thought for a moment and decided that maybe a few glasses of wine would be the release valve needed to communicate her feelings.
‘Thanks Scarlett, if it’s not too much trouble that would be great,’ said Helen.

‘No trouble, I’ll just inform the help,’ said Scarlett, going out to the kitchen.

‘Make up the spare room would you honey, Helen’s staying over. By the way, Grant, when was the last time you went out for a drink with Marty?' asked Scarlett casually.

'Must be a couple of weeks, why?' asked Grant.

'How's that lasagne coming?' said Scarlett changing tack and returning to the lounge.

Helen, feeling more relaxed was grateful for the alcohol; it took the edge off the nervousness she felt being in the home of the woman she secretly desired.

Scarlett closed the lounge door behind her and finished her glass of wine, encouraging Helen to do the same.

Opening the subject from earlier, Scarlett began:

'This girl Helen, is it anyone I know?' she asked, running a scarlet fingernail around the rim of her glass.

She was getting warm.

And so was Helen.

'Well as a matter of fact, em, yes it is,' stuttered Helen stumbling for words, staring at Scarlett and rigid as a rustic roadway rabbit .

Scarlett took the preoccupied Helen’s glass and refilled it.

As she handed it back, she placed a hand on Helen’s knee.

‘It’s me, isn’t it?’ breathed Scarlett, her face closer to Helen's than it had ever been before.

In that moment, as Helen looked into Scarlett’s eyes she felt as though she were a diver tumbling from a high board, falling, floating, tension suspended in space and time, anticipating the ripples

and tickles of the warm water entry of Scarlett's reciprocation that would wash away all her reservations and fear of rejection.

Then, suddenly surfacing for air:

‘Excuse me?’ gasped Helen, incredulous at such a forthright approach, but secretly excited at Scarlett’s candidness.

‘Look, I may not be the brightest bulb on the carnival float, but sex, is one subject I do know a bit about,’ said Scarlett, landing Helen from her lofty reverie. ‘I'm actually very flattered that someone so young and sexy as you would show any interest in a thirty something like me, it’s been a while since I’ve pulled,’ said Scarlett with a laugh.

‘I don’t know what to say,’ confessed Helen, unsure whether to stick or twist.

‘Don’t say anything, we’ll keep this to ourselves,’ said Scarlett leaning in and planting a kiss on Helen’s open mouth.

Helen responded with interest.

Scarlett finished the kiss first, Helen watched wide eyed as Scarlett moved away.

‘Here, let’s finish the bottle,’ said Scarlett refilling both glasses. ‘ I’ll send *maid* out to the off licence for another two after dinner,’ she added.

Helen felt light headed and a little confused, unsure if it was the wine or the romance, and drawing the conclusion it was probably a bit of both.

*****

After dinner, as Grant was busy clearing away, Scarlett took Helen upstairs, closed her bedroom door, took out her mobile and called next door.

‘Maddy, it’s me can you talk?’

Maddy knew, immediately, Scarlett was scheming and went into the lounge closing the door.

‘What is it?’ she asked.

‘Get Martin to call Grant to invite him out for a drink, I need some space, I’ll explain tomorrow,’ said Scarlett.

‘OK Scarlett, give me a few minutes,’ said Maddy.

‘Thanks Maddy, I owe you,’ said a grateful Scarlett.

Scarlett didn't want Grant knowing anything about Helen's confession and with Grant going down the pub she didn't want it all over town.

Martin called Grant who put down the tea towel and picked up the phone.

'Grant, Maddy has suggested you and I go out for a pint, you up for it?' asked Martin.

'I'll have to check with *breadwinner* Marty, you know how contrary the cow can be,' said Grant. 'Just hold for sec,' he added.

Scarlett was still upstairs with Helen.

'Scarlett,' called Grant, ' Martin wants me to go out for a drink, Maddy's OK about it,' he added, hoping that next-door's verification would help his case.

'I don't know honey, you're not doing too well with your sex club at the moment, can you afford it?' said Scarlett, underlining that *she* was the breadwinner.

Scarlett giggled with Helen as she allowed Grant a few seconds sulking time, before answering.

'Alright sweetie, but I want a new pair of shoes, Saturday,' she called.

'Deal,' shouted Grant heading back to the phone, feeling like a prisoner having been given parole.

'Marty?' he asked.

'I heard,' said Marty, ' my place, 10 minutes?'

'I'll be there,' said Grant hanging up.

Scarlett had been listening from the top of the stairs.

'Helen darling, we now have the house to ourselves for the evening,' she said with a smile.

Helen kissed Scarlett on the cheek, her lips slightly parted, tongue touching skin in a secret lick, stealing a taste. Breathing a deep sigh of sensual contentment Helen's heartbeat pulsed stronger and slower as she savoured the stolen moment.

Scarlett felt the wet kiss and perceived it as a metaphorical official seal on the document that was her job security as assistant manageress to Helen Benson.

*****

Grant, returning from the pub peeped around the lounge doorway, his wife was naked on the sofa, with Helen, kneeling, giving a vigorous tongue job.

He couldn’t believe what he was seeing, it took him a few moments to come to terms with the scene playing out in front of him.

Scarlett looked up, and peered through dreamy eyes over her lover’s luscious bottom at Grant.

Both husband and wife looking at each other, no words were exchanged, both parties content to let proceedings continue.

Helen’s ass danced in syncopation with her head movements as she devoured Scarlett's gaping pussy with her hot tongue.

Her ponytail played like a cat ‘o’ nine tails licking and stroking the olive skin of her back, the simulated whipping action stimulating a wetness and creaming on the gusset of her brand new silk panties.

Grant could smell the sex.

So could his cock.

Scarlett watched unmoved as her husband played with himself, working his cock to a climax, she waited until he reached the point of no return,

'Grant dear, you might like to know, that the mere touch of Helen's tongue to my clit can generate more sexual energy in my pussy than you can muster in a whole week with your little fuse wire.'

Scarlett, instantly cut off Grant's sexual power supply like a thrown trip switch.

'So why don't you take your little willy, disappear upstairs for a good wank and leave Helen to finish me off,' she said.

Grant decided one last look at Helen's pantied ass might be an image worthy of a good wank.

Helen, coming up for air looked round at Grant and said to Scarlett:

‘Has he ever made your whole week Scarlett?’

‘Unfortunately for dear hubby, Helen, the only thing that makes my hole weak these days is my big black friend Mandingo.’

Helen put her head back down, her ass resuming the same dancing motion, as her mouth and tongue got back to work on Scarlett's sex.

*****

VIRGINIA'S SOLICITOR

Edwin Case led a successful and lucrative law firm in the cut throat legal profession. And as the senior partner in the company, Case and Winner, specialising in Corporate Law, he made very good money.

In this, he was very fortunate, for it enabled him to keep his demanding girlfriend, Virginia, in the lifestyle she felt she deserved for having bestowed upon him the honour of being in her presence on a regular basis.

*****

'I've got a surprise for you Ginny,' said Edwin, as they got out of the solicitor's BMW outside Virginia's Flat.

'You better come in then,' said Virginia seductively, suspecting a prezzie may be forthcoming.

Once inside Edwin Case took an envelope from his pocket and gave it to Virginia.

She opened it eagerly, like a kid on Christmas morning.

'Miami! fantastic Eddie darling,' said Virginia.

Virginia called him Eddie, her pet name for her boyfriend.

He had acquired the nickname following his winning of a high profile litigation case in London where Fleet Street had tagged him Eddie the Legal.

'Actually we are only in Miami for one night, because we're taking a week's cruise in the Caribbean,' said Eddie seeking more praise.

'Oh darling, I shall have to be extra nice to you, won't I?' said Virginia hugging and kissing her sugar daddy.

'I do have a little surprise for you too, darling,' said Virginia.
She was going to save the paddle for a special occasion, but a Caribbean cruise seemed pretty special to her right now.

'If you'd like to come into the bedroom and confess to me what a naughty boy you've been, I'll might just let you have your prezzie right here and now.

Perhaps a little bare bottomed discipline session across my knee with my new paddle would be just the thing to introduce you to the delights of S and M,' said Virginia seductively.

Eddie’s eyes lit up, he knew when Virginia had sex on her mind she meant business.

*****

LEDER HOSEN AUS DEUTCHLAND

Leder-hosen is not for everybody, but when it arrived from Cologne and the office junior known as Clit Man bought the parcel into the office Scarlett paid him in cash on the spot.

She didn’t, after all, want the little termite dwelling on the deal as she needed him at the Skool Daze party to make up the numbers.

That he was in possession of his own leder hosen made his presence there a must and ensured she had to ask him.

*****

‘Michael?’

Scarlett always used his first name when she wanted something; he hadn’t worked that one out yet.

‘We’re having a party next week; I was wondering whether you would like to come along. My husband Grant and Mrs Novak's husband, Martin, will be there and they'll both be wearing the leder hosen you kindly obtained for us , perhaps you’d like to come in yours too,’ said Scarlett, strangling a smile, tickled at the thought of Clit Man spunking in his leder hosen.

‘Yes I’d like that, thank you for inviting me Ms Leigh,’ said Clit Man politely.

‘I didn’t invite you, I just asked you if you’d like to come along. There is a difference you know,’ said Scarlett detaching herself from the gesture.

Clit Man looked blankly at Scarlett, evidently not comprehending the distinction she had made.

‘Oh never mind, it’s next Saturday, be at Cumming Close at 8 o’clock. It's number 2,’ she said, adding, ‘don’t forget to come in your leder hosen.'

Walking away, aware the infatuated and intimidated young man was staring at her, Scarlett cracked a smile again at the spunk joke.

*****

HAIR DAY

One to one time for women is very important and when Scarlett gets some with Jazz we see just why that is.

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Jamal, it seems, is not too interested in attending Margaret's party.

But, Scarlett being Scarlett, an idea that will force him to change his mind is never likely to be too long arriving.

*****

It was Friday lunchtime and Scarlett had arranged a hair appointment with Jazz, ahead of the night out with the girls.

Scarlett had been a client of Jazz now for some weeks and the girls felt comfortable talking sex especially as Jamal was at work.

Jazz took a stool from the breakfast bar for Scarlett, who seated herself and Jazz began teasing her mop of red hair with a comb.

'So, how is our little foot freak Jamal, progressing in his training Jazz?' asked Scarlett.

'He's coming along fine, Scarlett, I don't know how I managed before I met you,' said Jazz.

'Don't slacken off with that paddle girl, they'll go back to their old ways, trust me, I'm speaking from experience,' said Scarlett.

Jazz, selecting a different comb, said, 'Sometimes I question myself about spanking him so much, but then, if Jamal's thinking more of my shoes than me, he deserves a little reminder to let him know I'm around and need attention, don't you think,' she asked, seeking Scarlett's approval.

'Quite right Jazz, all they're interested in, is getting their rocks off, whether you cum or not, doesn't really bother them,' said Scarlett.

'I take your point,' said Jazz, scissors busily snipping, displaying the skill that underlines the sexist multitask theory.

'Jamal's very good around the house, helping out whenever he can, but as soon as we're in the bedroom he can't wait to get down and start kissin' my feet,' said Jazz.

'Look at it this way Jazz, while he's down there, he's not chasing some slut to fuck is he?' reasoned Scarlett.

'No, I suppose not,' agreed Jazz.
'Just keep him at your feet, honey, and don't let up with that ass smacker,' said Scarlett.

‘Thanks Scarlett, I’ll bear that in mind,’ said Jazz, taking the cash for the hair do.

‘Don’t forget that party Martin’s mother is hosting, I know you haven’t met Margaret Novak yet, but I know you’ll like her, everyone does, do try and come, won’t you, all the girls are going to be there,’ said Scarlett.

‘Jamal’s not sure at the moment, but I’m working on him,’ said Jazz.

‘Just tell him your feet are going,’ said Scarlett, heading for the door.

‘That’ll do it Scarlett,’ said Jazz with a laugh.

‘Thanks for the hair, see you,’ said Scarlett, letting herself out.

*****

THE BOYS’ NIGHT OUT

Of course, socialising means a lot of work for the female of the species, so it was hardly surprising that Madeline would be over with Jazz having her hair done for the Saturday night party.

Scarlett was there too and, scheming as always, suggested the boys’ go for a drink, as they were doing so well in their new roles and she felt they deserved a night out

*****

Martin was in the kitchen when Grant came in.

‘Fancy a can before we leave?’ said Martin pointing to the fridge.

‘Why not?’ replied Grant.

‘Would you mind if we didn’t sit near the bar at the club, Marty?’ asked Grant.

‘Sure, any particular reason why we shouldn’t mate?’ asked Marty.

‘It’s just that Scarlett only rung that bar girl Debbie about the strap on I sold her. Scarlett told her it was the same model she used on me,’ explained Grant.

‘I see your point Grant, yes, don’t worry I’ll get the drinks,’ said Martin handing Grant a can of lager.

‘What’s it like Grant?’ asked Martin.

‘What’s what like?’ queried Grant.

‘You know that thing in the ass?’ asked Marty.

‘The strap on, it’s OK but sometimes it can be a bit like Scarlett,’ said Grant.

‘What do you mean, mate?’ asked Marty.

‘A real pain in the ass.’

The boys finished their drinks and headed off to the bar.

*****

In a small suburban town a social grapevine that’s starved of gossip comes to life very quickly at the slightest hint o*f scandal*; which explained why, as the boys entered the bar, Grant went to seek out a quiet table and Marty went for the drinks.

‘Hi Martin,’ said Debbie. ‘Usual?’

‘Yes please, Debs,’ said Martin taking out his wallet.

‘I had a chat with Scarlett in the week,’ said Debbie, casually, trying to ascertain if Grant had shared his strap on secret with Martin.

‘Oh really,’ said Martin, clamming up, pretending indifference.

‘I didn’t realise Grant and I were the same size,’ said Debbie, cryptically.

Martin knew Debbie was referring to the strap on and chose to ignore it.

‘Oh really,’ he said Martin again showing disinterest.

Debbie handed Martin his change and turning to the next customer thought to herself, *‘he knows.’*

The boys soon got into their drinking and weren’t aware of the heads that were directed toward them, mostly female, or the gossip that was being exchanged at their expense.

‘Oh yes, I heard that Leigh bloke poses for photos shagging a blow up doll for internet sex sites,’ said one girl at a nearby table.
‘That’s nothing,’ said another. ‘I heard his wife does him in the ass with a strap on.’

The table of five girls all laughed.

‘Do you think they are both gay,’ said another girl.

‘Probably, or at the very least, bi, I shouldn’t wonder,’ said another.

Grant and Martin, of course, continued to enjoy their brief and hard-earned freedom and the drinks that went with it, blissfully unaware of the entertainment value they were providing for the girls and it was only when Martin was at the bar waiting to be served that things got a tiny bit uncomfortable.

‘Martin, haven’t seen you at the fishing club for months, why is that?’ said a voice from behind him.

‘Oh hi Jim, no, been a bit busy actually, no time I’m afraid,’ hedged Martin.

‘Why don’t you and Grant come along to the 5th Anniversary Dinner at the end of the month, perhaps we can get you to renew your subscription,’ said Jim.

‘I’ll ask Grant,’ replied Martin.

‘I’d heard you’d finished with South East Estate Agents too,’ added Jim.

‘Yes that’s right, I fancied a change of career. Got to go, catch you later Jim,’ said Martin.

Martin scurried back to the table.

‘What did Jim want?’ asked Grant.

Martin explained about the dinner invitation.

‘We’d have to get the OK from you-know-who,’ said Grant.

‘Yeah, I know,’ said Martin in resignation.

‘I think it might be a good idea if we changed our regular drinking place,’ said Martin.

‘I was going to suggest that myself Marty,’ said Grant.

Low profile, anonymity, call it what you like, but the kitchen was getting too hot for Grant and Martin and they needed somewhere to drink that was a good deal cooler.

*****

SHEILA’S HEELS

A woman’s work is never done.

And especially not a woman like Scarlett Leigh.

She might have left the office at 4.30pm but she certainly didn't go straight home and told Maddy she needed to stop off in town.

That stop being a visit to a certain shop

*****

Scarlett parked in the High Street, 'This won't take long Maddy.'

Scarlett walked into Sheila's Heels.

Sheila the owner, a tall middle-aged lady with short boyish blond hair greeted Scarlett:

'Good afternoon' she said politely, looking across the store for one of her employees.

She called:

'Jamal?'

Scarlett noticed that Sheila was wearing immaculate black high heels.

'Why am I not surprised at that', Scarlett thought to herself.

'Hi Jamal, I'd like to try those red stilettos you have in the window please, size 6 dear,' said Scarlett.

A somewhat disconcerted Jamal went out to the storeroom to get them.

Scarlett had no intention of buying, she just wanted to confront Jamal with his fetish, face to face.

Seating herself, Scarlett eased her skirt to mid thigh crossing her legs at the knee.

Jamal returned, offering the shoes to Scarlett.

'Be a darling and slip one on for me Jamal, I've had a busy day at the office and I'm whacked,' acted Scarlett.

'Yes, of course Mrs Leigh, eh... I mean madam,' stuttered Jamal, who was becoming flustered already.
Being down on one knee at such close proximity to Scarlett's feet, he could smell the sweaty warm leather of her shoes, a heady combination for any foot fetishist.

‘You like working in ladies shoes, don’t you Jamal?’ Scarlett’s intentional double meaning challenged Jamal's composure.

‘It’s just a job,’ answered Jamal, avoiding the trap, drawing a smile from Scarlett.

Jamal slipped off Scarlett’s court and eased on the red stiletto.

‘I hope the leather on these is as soft as my courts,’ said Scarlett trying again.
‘What do you think, Jamal, you’re the expert,’ she persisted.

‘They will soften as you wear them,’ replied Jamal, again fending off Scarlett's attempt.

‘That isn’t what I asked you, was it?’ reprimanded Scarlett, holding the boy's attention with just a stare.

‘Pick up my shoe Jamal, there’s a good boy,’ said Scarlett quietly but firmly.

Jamal picked up the black court shoe, the soft pliable leather, still warm, as a memory of Scarlett's long day.

Jamal held the shoe a little too long, Scarlett noticed.

‘Feels nice doesn’t it?’ said Scarlett pre empting Jamal’s reaction.

‘Yes Mrs Leigh,’ whispered Jamal, furtively.

'Kiss it for me, Jamal,' whispered Scarlett.

Jamal glanced around and with no one watching he planted a kiss on the toe of Scarlett's shoe

‘Good boy,’ said Scarlett.

'We both know why you took this job, don't we Jamal?' said Scarlett slipping her shoe back on.

'Yes Mrs Leigh, I've just got this thing about women's shoes,' confessed Jamal, realising the futility of trying to fool Scarlett, now that she had discovered his secret.

‘Good, as long as we’re both on the same page, Jamal,' said Scarlett.

Scarlett also knew Jamal would challenge Jazz about this as soon as he got home, so she was quick to cover her tracks.
Handing the red stiletto back, she said, ‘Jamal, Jazz knows nothing about our little secret, so let’s keep it that way shall we?’

‘Yes Mrs Leigh,’ said a relieved Jamal.

'Shall I wrap the shoes for you, Mrs Leigh,' asked Jamal.

'Don't be ridiculous, I didn't come in here to buy shoes.' said Scarlett.

Upon leaving, Scarlett went back to the car and called Jazz to tell her about the chat with Jamal.

Jazz was grateful to Scarlett for the update.

*****

MELANIE AND NATASHA'S MATERNITY CLASS

For ladies Saturday morning at the shops is magic time, but when one or other of those ladies is unable to go the next best thing for the lady missing out is coffee and a gossip with friend fortunate enough to have had the time to go.

And so it was that Madeline returned from her shopping trip into town and dashed next door to find Scarlett in her kitchen already filling two coffee cups.

*****

'I saw you coming up the path' said Scarlett anticipating her friend's question.

'Scarlett, I was in the supermarket this morning, picking up a few things and I ran into Mrs Rumpton,' said Maddy

'How is her young niece by the…?'

'I was coming to that,' interrupted Madeline and continued, 'Mrs Rumpton told me that Melanie and Natasha will be going to the local hospital for some work experience.'

Scarlett nodded and waited, wondering where her friend was going with this.

'But, what I thought interesting, was that she asked me if I still had any dolls as she was intending to give her niece and friend a few lessons in baby care, nappy changing and that sort of thing, she thought she could use the dolls for the girls to practice on. I don't have any dolls, do you still have any, Scarlett?' asked Madeline.

'No' said Scarlett thoughtfully, already wickedly hatching a plan. 'But we do have two husbands who I'm sure would be happy to help out.'

'But how would you ever get them to agree,' reasoned Madeline through a fit of giggles.

‘Grant asked me yesterday if I had any objections to him and Marty going to the Fishing Club’s anniversary dinner,’ explained Scarlett.

‘What did you say?’ asked Maddy.

‘I said I’d think about it,’ said Scarlett.

‘So you think a little trade off is what might be required, is that it?’ asked Maddy.

‘Yes, Maddy, that’s it,’ confirmed Scarlett.

A quick search of the phone book found Rosie Rumpton’s number.

‘Hello Rosie… Yes we are all fine, thank you… Now has Margaret given you the date of the party?… Yes, Saturday into Sunday, that’s right… Maddy told me you were looking for a pair of dolls for the baby care lessons you were planning for the girls.'

Scarlett switched to speaker-phone and the voice of Rosie Rumpton was heard as if by magic:

'That's right Scarlett, when I did my training that's what we used to do,' she explained.

'Well Rosie, it got me thinking, why don’t you and your girls provide us all with a little baby care entertainment at Margaret's party, I’ve got the perfect pair of dollies for your girls to work on,' said Scarlett.

‘You don’t mean Grant and Martin,’ guessed Mrs Rumpton correctly, her amused tones telling Scarlett she had no problem with what she was about to suggest.

'Yes, that’s right, the hubbies, they’d be delighted, I’ll see to it and I may even be able to bring along another, shall we say *novice* dolly. What do you say?’ asked Scarlett.

'We could kill two birds with one stone in fact, the girls would get their lesson in baby care and we'd be providing a little entertainment value along the way,' surmised Rosie Rumpton.

'Exactly,' replied Scarlett.

‘It all sounds intriguing Scarlett, I’m sure the girls will be up for a bit of fun,’ said Rosie before double-checking: ‘You’re sure Grant and Martin won’t mind though?’

‘Oh no’ lied Scarlett, ‘they would be delighted to help out, goodbye Rosie,’ said Scarlett putting down the house phone.

‘Scarlett, weren’t the boys going to the football match that Saturday afternoon,’ prompted Madeline.

‘Quite right Maddy dear, they *were* going to the football match that Saturday afternoon,’ said Scarlett

Both girls laughed.

*****

THE GIRL’S ARE BACK IN TOWN

There are certain invitations no girl in her right mind would turn down, and nobody could say that Scarlett and Madeline’s new neighbour, Jazz, was not in hers.

In fact, none of those invited by Scarlett were of a mind to refuse her invitation and when Natasha and Melanie also join the throng the girls are ready to paint their faces and head for town.

*****

Scarlett had invited Melanie and Natasha to meet them in town at the bar for the girls’ weekly pub bash.

The Cumming Close clan were already ensconced at their usual table when Melanie and Natasha came in.

They went straight to the bar.

‘These are already in,’ said Debbie pointing to Scarlett’s table.

The girls made room for the two new arrivals, Madeline stayed next to Scarlett, as did Helen.

‘Thanks for the drinks,’ said Melanie, Natasha raised her glass in acknowledgement.

‘That’s OK, welcome to the club,’ replied Scarlett.

‘You are coming to Margaret’s party next week?’ asked Maddy.

‘Yes, Aunt Rosie told me about it, we’re looking forward to it, aren’t we Natty,’ replied Melanie.

Natasha nodded.

Once seated, Hannah explained in great detail to Melanie and Natasha the saga of Clit Man and the toilet seat that had the two student nurses laughing.

Natasha reciprocated by telling the story of her ex boyfriend, Mike who was motorbike mad.

So much so that he insisted on being called Mike the Bike.

Now that she had dumped him, Natasha didn't mind divulging some of her ex's quirks to her friend.

'Poor Mike the Bike, bless him, suffered from premature ejaculation,' said Natasha. 'Mel thinks he had a nurse uniform fetish,' she added.

'I don't know why Natty stayed with him so long. Mike the Bike, *shite,* I used to call him 2-stroke,' sneered Melanie.

The girls' laughter was long, some tempered with pity for Natasha's tepid sex experience.

Stella the pretender laughed along as usual.

*****

Madeline and Hannah were in the loo when a couple of lager ladettes walked in, cursing a mobile, which seemingly, was on the blink. In a rage the girl threw the phone into the sink, shattering it, seeing the result of her action let fly a salvo of alliterated expletives.

'Fuck me, the fuckin' fucker's fucked, fuck it!'

How versatile our English Language is, thought Maddy, when one word can be used in so many contexts in the same sentence.

Verb, adjective, noun.

Simply amazing.

Maddy and Hannah, ignoring the tantrum though and nonchalantly waltzed out to the rhythm of the rant.

Scarlett waited until Madeline returned from the loo before asking her,

'Remember the French classes at school Maddy, that boy called Ahmed?' asked Scarlett,

'Oh yes, we christened him *jambon tet* didn't we? ' replied Maddy.

'What does that mean Maddy?' asked Hannah.

'It's French for ham head Hannah,' replied Scarlett.

'What's ham head?' asked Stella.

‘I think it’s a type of shark Stella, one more for the road, anyone?’ asked Scarlett.

*****

THE DEAL

Scarlett Leigh was a born deal-maker. And she was about to strike one with her husband Grant and his friend, Martin.

They will, it appears, be going to the anniversary dinner alright but it seems a small part of them will be left behind.

…in Jazz’s trash can.

*****

‘Grant you know Margaret’s party is coming up this weekend, don’t you?’ said Scarlett

‘Yes,’ said Grant with a sense of foreboding.

‘Well, honey, Melanie and Natasha want to show off some of their hospital skills that night and Rosie asked specifically if you and Martin would volunteer to be their patients,’ explained Scarlett.

‘What did you say?’ asked Grant.

‘I said you would be only too pleased to help the girls out,’ said Scarlett.

‘Oh did you, well you can just call her back and tell her we’ve changed our minds,’ said Grant angrily.

‘Of course I will darling, but that will mean no anniversary dinner for you and Martin, who by the way you haven’t consulted over this matter yet. I will of course be taking LUCY instead and will apologise on your behalf for your absence and explain to all the ladies that you hope your favourite wanking toy will do instead,’ said Scarlett with venom.
‘What have we got to do?’ said a vanquished Grant.

‘I’ll call the fishing club for you so you can book your tickets for the dinner,’ said a victorious Scarlett.

*****

SKOOL DAZE

It looks like the boys are going to meet up again with Melanie and Natasha.

Under normal circumstances the prospect of a date with two pretty young nurses would be an attractive proposition, but seeing Melanie and Natasha again promised to be an ordeal for Grant and Martin they would remember for a long time.

A certain person would see to that and the last certain person Grant and Martin would want to see was Mrs Rosie Rumpton.

*****

It was the Saturday morning of Margaret's party, there were just a few things left to do before the big night.

'Grant can you get Martin and meet me over at Jazz's place please,' said Scarlett.

Grant and Martin walked in to the kitchen at Jazz's and through to the lounge where the girls were standing around a large table with white towels laid out across it.

'Right honey, whip your trousers and pants off and hop up on the table, this won't take a minute,' said Scarlett.

'What's going on?' asked Martin.

'Jazz is going to shave a little hair off your legs for tonight's party,' said Scarlett.

'I thought we were wax....' started Jazz.

'Come on boys,' interrupted Scarlett, preventing Jazz from letting the cat out of the bag.

'Lay flat on your front, on the table Grant,' instructed Scarlett.

'Right Martin, if you get on the table beside Grant but facing the other way,' said Jazz.

Neither man had ever been waxed before and had no idea about the process.

Jazz applied the wax strips to both men's legs and also laid some on their buttocks and their crotch.

Scarlett agreed with Jazz beforehand that it might be a good idea to engage the boys in conversation as a diversionary tactic to take their minds off their discomfort.

Jazz gave a nod to Scarlett to indicate that she was ready to start stripping.

'So how many people are expected at the dinner Grant?' asked Scarlett.

‘’About two hund.. Aghh...!’ Grant let out a high-pitched scream as the wax strip between his legs were ripped away from his body taking a bunch of pubic hair with it.

‘Come on Grant, us girls go through this procedure on a regular basis, surely you can handle it?’ said Scarlett.

Jazz ripped off Martin’s pubic pad to a muffled cry of pain.

Hurrying through the rest Jazz then applied some soothing cold cream to the fire on the boys’ skin.

When Jazz had finished, Scarlett inspected the work, ‘smooth as a baby’s bum,’ she commented.

*****

Scarlett and Grant were loading the car for the trip to Margaret’s party.

Clit Man had arrived by taxi and was sitting quietly in the centre of the back seat.
Grant and Martin having pulled rank for the window positions.

Grant had forgotten the holdall (deliberately), Scarlett sent him back in the house to get it. She sat at the wheel of the VW waiting for his return.

‘Come along Grant, we don’t want to be late for the party,’ said Scarlett.

Madeline sat in the front with Scarlett with the boys in the back.

‘I’m sure you’re both looking forward to meeting up with Melanie and Natasha again,’ said Scarlett glancing in her rear-view mirror for reaction.

Grant and Martin’s reticence at the impending rendezvous was reflected in their demeanour as they sat silently sulking.

Maddy and Scarlett, on the other hand, chatted all the way.
Clit Man sat resplendent in his black leder hosen looking like a busker from a Bavarian Beer-Keller.

*****

Margaret and Virginia had gone to great lengths to ensure the party's success, she even had a sign made up which hung over the front door complete with a Latin school motto concocted by Margaret:

ST. MARGARET'S FINISHING SCHOOL



(SEMPER BREVIS)

Strictly translated this said:

'Always short'

Margaret felt this represented woman's feelings toward their male counterpart's cocks and more often than not the length of their sexual performance.

Or as Virginia so succinctly put it:

'Their short cummings dear, their short cummings.'

*****

Laid out on the bed were a selection of grey pleated mini skirts with white blouses together with red and blue striped ties.

Margaret had requested that each girl wear white ankle socks to complete their outfits.

In the next bedroom were three boys' uniforms.

Three white shirts.

Three red and blue striped ties.

Three pairs of leder hosen shorts with shoulder straps.

As Scarlett pointed out earlier:

‘Clit Man would come in his own pants.’

*****

Margaret answered the door to Scarlett who handed her the holdall.

‘Come on in ladies and gentlemen, so good of you to want to help out,’ said Mrs Rumpton, who had arrived early at Margaret’s request to help with preparations.

‘Go on through to the lounge, I’m just popping upstairs with this,’ said Margaret climbing the stairs carrying the holdall.

Grant and Martin were pleased to see that no one else had arrived yet.

‘I wouldn’t mind betting that young Natasha’s seen a few cocks, with looks like that,’ said Martin.

‘And sucked a few of them,’ said Grant.

‘What about that Melanie, I don’t think she’s as innocent as she makes out,’ said Martin.

‘Probably likes to take it in the ass, these nurses are real ravers I’ve heard,’ said Grant.

‘No way those two are virgins,’ said Martin.

‘Couple of sluts, I shouldn’t wonder,’ said Grant.

‘Actually, no. You two are the sluts. Natasha and I have been sitting in the kitchen for the last 10 minutes and we heard every word,’ said Melanie.

Natasha’s beautiful young face belied the cruel intentions she now harboured for the two foul-mouthed bigots and how she planned to make them pay for their sexist remarks.

Oh dear, how unfortunate for the boys that Melanie and Natasha should be in the kitchen to overhear those insults and the vulnerability the two men felt certainly showed on their faces.

Hardly surprising that the two young nurses noticed and looked forward to making them pay dearly for their indiscretions.

*****

As the other guests began arriving Virginia directed them upstairs to their changing rooms.

Grant and Martin joined the procession upstairs.

‘Up you go,’ said Virginia to Martin patting his bottom affectionately.

Once upstairs, the girls immediately began putting on their uniforms, the boys, as usual needed a little encouragement from Mrs Rumpton to overcome their reticence.

Grant and Martin helped new boys Jamal and Clit Man along, this being their first time at one of Margaret's parties.

Eventually, suitably attired, everyone gathered in the lounge for what the girls described to themselves as a game of slap and tickle.

The boys would get tickled and the girls would do the slapping.

The tapping of Margaret's cane on the table got everyone's attention.

'The first activity this evening is called Slap and Tickle, a little game of mine that encourages pupil participation. We need the boys to line up facing the coffee table,' she said.

The coffee table had been placed in the centre of the room, on which Mrs Rumpton rolled out the rubber mat.

'Come along boys, in a line, facing the table, and trousers down please,' directed Margaret.

Virginia chivvied the boys along, dropping the leather straps off their shoulders and allowing the shorts fall to their ankles.

Virginia ensured their underpants followed.

She gave Martin a little squeeze on his bottom cheek as she did so.

When the boys were assembled to Margaret's satisfaction she explained the rules.
Everyone listened intently.

'This is an exercise in cum control, a lesson from which, every male should learn.

The skooly girls will be applying their hand job skills to the naughty boys' cocks who must not ejaculate onto the mat. Other girls will be behind with their paddles offering the boys support, taking their minds off the things in hand, so to speak,' said Margaret.

Speaking to the boys collectively Margaret began,

'Let me explain. On my command a girl will begin masturbating you, if you feel you are too close to the edge and about to come, you shout *stop!* the girl will do so, however that will be the signal for the girl behind you with the paddle to commence smacking your bottom. You can stop her at any time by again shouting your *stop* word, at which point the girl in front resumes masturbating you.

'This will go on until the first boy loses control and shoots his cum on to the rubber mat,' said Margaret.

'A case of first past the post loses,' said Virginia.

'Precisely,' replied Margaret.

‘The groupings have been allocated by Scarlett,’ said Margaret.

'One more thing, to make things more interesting, the boys will be blindfolded, to prevent them knowing the identity of the girl,' explained Margaret.

Virginia produced 4 headscarves and proceeded to apply the blindfolds to each boy in turn.

After the boys' eyes had been covered, Scarlett placed on to the coffee table a colour coded diagram showing everyone's position in the game.

YANKING GIRLS	**HELEN**	**HANNAH**	**MADELINE**	**STELLA**
WANKING BOYS	**GRANT**	**MARTIN**	**JAMAL**	**CLIT MAN**
SPANKING GIRLS	**MELANIE**	**NATASHA**	**JAZZ**	**SCARLETT**

Scarlett had arranged it so the office girls were all working together on the *yanking* side.

Giving Helen, her boss, such intimate contact with her husband was a double whammy for Scarlett. It wasn't just Grant's humiliation; Scarlett knew that Helen would enjoy getting a piece of him.

Anything that touched Scarlett, touched her.

The thing in question, of course, being Grant.

She assigned shy Hannah to Martin and Maddy, who Scarlett had noticed been showing a little more than a passing interest in, Jamal.

We'll come to ‘Clit Man’ in a moment.

She then had Melanie and Natasha, (at their request) attending Grant and Martin, where a score settling scenario seemed a certainty with the two nurses on the spanking shift.

When Scarlett was told of the girls’ motives she had to smile at the symmetry of the poetic justice.

With Jazz getting a little ass smacking practice, that only left Scarlett.

What a coincidence that at the helm of Clit Man's erotic cruise was his dreamboat Stella; but steering the ship with a firm grip on her leather faced spanker was Scarlett Leigh.

Scarlett smiled to herself as she saw Clit Man's dream cruise heading for rocky waters.

Margaret then produced 4 paddles and 4 pairs of pink latex gloves, supplied by Scarlett from the stock of Grant's adult club.

'Alright boys and girls, begin the activities on Virginia's whistle,' said Margaret.

Virginia blew her whistle.

The girls set about milking their men with enthusiasm.

Stop! was invariably followed by *smack!* and *smack!* by *stop!*

Whether it was the embarrassment or the humiliation wasn't clear but the boys weren't quite as forthcoming as Margaret had hoped.

Until Scarlett, seeing some precum on Clit Man's penis leaned over his shoulder and whispered, 'Steady Stella, I think Clit Man is starting to dribble.'

Scarlett knew the thought of Stella Hobson handling his little penis would be too much for Clit Man. She was right, it sent him into the orgasm of his life, spewing sperm into the air, the more Stella pumped the more he came.

Scarlett attracted Margaret's attention.

'We have a loser,' called out Margaret.
The others feeling the pressure was off them, suddenly started ejaculating too, creating a terrible mess of semen on the rubber mat.

'OK Grant, Martin and Jamal get dressed and get yourself a drink,' said Margaret.

Martin gently felt his sore backside as he struggled to pull up his leather shorts.

Virginia zoomed in on her nephew:

'Ah, has little Marty got a sore botty, would he like auntie Ginny to rub it better?' she said, giving his bottom a token stroke.

'No thank you Auntie Ginny,' said Martin irately.

'What happens to the loser, Margaret?' asked Stella.

‘He licks up his own cum, doesn’t he, Clit Man?’ said Scarlett, prodding him in the back.

Although this wasn’t a work environment Clit Man found it difficult going against his superior.

‘Yes Ms Leigh,’ he said reluctantly.

‘You might find it easier if you licked your mess off Stella’s fingers,’ said Scarlett deviously.

‘Oh yes,’ said Clit Man eagerly.

Scarlett attracted Stella’s attention and pointed to each pile of cum in turn, then nodded at Clit Man.

Stella smiled, she got the message and scooped up the first glob of spunk on to her fore finger.

'Open wide,' said Scarlett.

Everyone watched as Stella wiped her finger on Clit Man's tongue.

'I didn't realise your little pecker was so potent, look at all his cum ladies,' said Scarlett indicating the whole table.

Clit Man was so hot for Stella's latex finger he gladly gobbled the remaining globules of goo.

He was not only physically blinded by the scarf around his eyes, but psychologically too.

A vision of stunning Stella Hobson to loser Clit Man was like bright light to a midsummer moth, being attracted by a magnetic light beam to an inevitable doom.

Scarlett's naming of Stella provided the magnetic force.

Clit Man's doom was the consumption of the cum puddle collective that was splattered on the mat before him.

*****

After the latest round of excitement, everyone retired to the kitchen where Virginia had prepared cocktails with the litre bottle of Cuban rum she had bought back from her Caribbean cruise with Eddie the legal.

Margaret mingled making sure everyone had a drink, while Virginia indulged herself in a little gratuitous leder hosen bottom patting, singling out, of course, Martin.

Scarlett caught up with Jamal.
‘Seen any shoes you fancy, Jamal?’ she said.

‘Please, Mrs Leigh,’ pleaded Jamal.

‘Don’t worry sweetheart your secret’s safe with me,’ said Scarlett lifting her shoe.

‘Like my heels?’ she said with a wicked smile.

Jamal hurried back to Jazz.

The sound of Virginia’s whistle got everyone’s attention,

‘The cold buffet is now served,’ announced Margaret.

Everyone collected their drinks and progressed to the drawing room.

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Mrs Rumpton came in with the holdall, unzipped it took out the two bath mats and laid them on the carpet side by side. She unpacked some of the other items she had packed, baby powder, baby oil, two white baby bonnets and two dummies together with a bundle of towelling nappies and carefully set them out on the coffee table, close at hand.

Then turning her attention to the seated ladies, her audience, she began,

‘Girls, this afternoon we are going to learn a little bit about how we care for baby, and the two boys have offered to help. Isn’t that good of them?’ Said Mrs R.
‘Oh yes, we can hardly wait,’ sneered Melanie at the two reluctant volunteers.

‘Who would you like to work with who?’ said Mrs R to Melanie and Natasha.

‘I’ll take slut one and you can have slut two,’ said Melanie grabbing Grant’s arm.

‘Melanie!’ scolded Mrs R, unable to prevent herself smiling.

‘Right, gentlemen’ said Mrs Rumpton when she had collected herself. ‘Clothes off and down on the mats please, and gentlemen, Scarlett has assured me there’ll be no tantrums from her babies.

‘I think you know what I’m getting at, don’t you boys?’ prompted Mrs R glancing across at Scarlett who was gently tapping one of Grant’s paddles on to her open palm.

‘Well?’ said Mrs Rumpton, waiting for a response from the boys.

‘Yes, we do,’ conceded Grant.

‘Yes, Mrs Rumpton,’ echoed Martin.

‘Auntie,’ asked Melanie, ‘Don’t you think it would be more realistic if the babies called you nanny?’

Natasha grinned as Grant grimaced.

‘Jolly good idea Mel, did you hear that boys?’ said Nanny to the babies.

‘Yes Nanny,’ came the joint mumble, as they finished shedding their clothes.

‘Excellent,’ said Nanny, ‘and you won’t be needing these,’ said Nanny handing the boys’ leder hosen to Natasha.

‘Put them upstairs in the bedroom Natty, they’ll be safe there,’ said Melanie.

She really meant safely away from the boys, where they couldn’t get them.

The two ladies smiled smugly as the boys’ horror showed in their faces, seeing there last hope of modesty leave the room under Natasha’s arm.

‘On the mats boys, please, on your backs, hands behind heads,’ ordered Nanny.

The two boys obeyed without question.

When Natasha came back she asked the two girls to put some water into the baby baths.

The girls were experienced enough to know that they should run a mixture of hot and cold water, then test the temperature using the sensitive skin on the inside of their wrist.

Nanny meanwhile explained to the boys that they would be having their privates washed and not to make a fuss or there would be consequences.

The girls came back with their baths and placed them beside their charges.

‘Right, girls, let me see how you would wash baby’s penis,’ said Nanny, having no regard for the boys modesty in the presence of the congregated females as Scarlett had informed her the boys had happily volunteered.

Melanie and Natasha soaped and wrung their sponges and squeezed the water out and onto the penis and testicles of their adult babies. Both men screamed out at the shock of the ice-cold water on their genitals. Melanie had deliberately run the cold tap for as long as possible before filling the bath.

Nanny, of course, was not aware of this.

‘Just a minute girls,’ said Nanny, rolling Grant on to his stomach and delivering a hard slap to his bare bottom, ‘I told you no tantrums, you naughty baby.’

Turning to Martin, ‘Roll over and show me your bottom,’ said Nanny.

She delivered another stinger to his wet bottom cheeks.

Mrs Rumpton’s next command conjured up some saucy images for the naked men on the bath mats.

‘Carry on nurse.’

‘As they are on their tummies you might as well wash their bottoms, keep still now,’ said Nanny.

‘Stay on your fronts please,’ ordered Melanie.

Reinforcing Matron Rumpton’s remark gave Melanie a power buzz she’d learn to remember.

The two nurses carried on applying the cold-water wash as they stroked the ice-cold soapy water sponge between the boys’ ass cheeks.

Natasha pulled Martin’s ass cheeks apart and callously dripped the freezing water form her sponge directly on to his anus and watched amused, as his little pink rosebud shrank tightening the surrounding skin like a drum. She watched as his testicles tightened under the contraction looking more like one small plum than two separate orbs.
Nanny gave a further instruction:

‘Stay where you are babies. Nurses, please apply some baby oil to baby’s bottom.’

‘Melanie dear, you must rub the oil all the way in, like this,’ said Nanny, dripping a line of oil down Grant’s crack and briskly massaging his anus with her middle finger until the rosebud opened and swallowed Nanny’s finger up to the first knuckle.

‘Natasha, be a dear and fetch me a couple of ice cubes,’ said Nanny.

‘What are those for,’ Nanny, asked Melanie.

‘Four!?’ exclaimed Nanny.

Melanie laughed with her aunt.

The babies didn’t.

‘I need the ice because I think my middle finger is giving our naughty little baby here an erection. Is that right baby? Do you like this?’ Nanny gently finger fucked Grant’s ass, checking the progress of his erection at the same time.

He would never admit it, but Grant was loving the sensation.

Mrs Rumpton was a mature woman and she had years of experience to call on, she knew how to get a penis erected and furthermore she knew when the ‘erectee’ was enjoying it.

‘Does Scarlett ever finger your ass and jerk you off at the same time. If she doesn’t I think you should ask her, because you are definitely enjoying this aren’t you? You dirty little thing. Natasha pop the ice cubes under his testicles please,’ said Nanny.

‘My pleasure,’ said Natasha.

Adult baby Grant gasped at the contact and scowled as his erection died and his penis retracted to the size of a cherry.

‘What are you grinning at boy?’ said Nanny chastising Clit Man.

‘Talking of which, we need to perform a temperature check,’ said Nanny.

Seating herself on the settee she patted the seat beside her for Melanie.

She then asked Natasha to bring baby Clit Man to her.

Addressing the young nurses Nanny began, ‘It’s important to have baby on your lap, with baby on his back, with legs in the air.’
Natasha helped Clit Man off with his leder hosen and on to Nanny’s lap.

Melanie supported his head.

‘Natasha, can you lift and separate baby’s legs please,’ requested Nanny.

Clit Man was now in the humiliating position of lying across Nanny’s knee with his head being held by Melanie and Natasha holding his legs apart.

'Ah, so this is the little devil that dribbled on the office toilet seat,' said Mrs Rumpton.

Her eyes affixed themselves on his and couldn’t meet her stare.

'Oh yes young man, Mrs Leigh has told me all about you and your filthy little act,' she said.

Clit Man cringed.

Nanny then took the rectal thermometer from her pocket and dipped it in the jar of petroleum jelly on the coffee table.

She held and pushed it against baby Clit Man’s anus.

It slipped in easily.

‘Now you hold it in there, young man while the thermometer does its work,’ said Nanny.

Poor baby Clit Man was held in this humiliating position while Melanie and Natasha discussed the pros and cons of the rectal thermometer.

Nanny had to give him a slap on his bottom for trying to move before she was ready.

He was eventually released when Nanny retrieved the thermometer from his bottom.

She didn’t even look at it before putting it away.

Once Grant and Martin had been powdered and Nanny helped the two nurses nappy them, the babies sat quietly on the rug.

It was time for the *grown ups* to enjoy a well-deserved drink.

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VIRGINIA AND MARGARET’S SECRET

As usual, and like all close sisters, Margaret and Virginia were talking, but the subject of their discussion could not be said to be usual.

How could it be when the sisters were discussing, amongst other things, how Virginia loved to pat Martin’s bottom.

Not that Margaret minded, you understand; Virginia was her sister, after all.

But that did not stop Margaret from suspecting there was more to it than meets the eye.

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‘Margaret, have you ever told Martin anything about it?’ asked Virginia.

‘No, I thought it best for him if I didn’t and I didn’t want him losing his respect for me,’ replied Margaret.

‘I suppose not,’ concurred Virginia.

‘He’s never suspected then,’ she added.

‘No, not at all, he's always referred to me as mum,’ replied Margaret.

In her teens Virginia's first serious relationship ended acrimoniously in an unwanted pregnancy and to save her sister's embarrassment Margaret and her husband adopted the baby Martin.

From that point on the two sisters had little regard for the male species.

Not that there had been a huge amount of it to begin with.

Martin never knew he had been adopted.

Furthermore he never knew that his natural mother was Virginia.

Margaret’s sister and, as far as he knew, his aunt.

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ACCEPTANCE, ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AND ACQUIESCENCE.

As all women know, when a man says he can’t do something he really isn’t the best person to judge and his wife knows his limits better than he knows them himself.

Why else would two red-blooded, manly men, such as Grant and Martin, find themselves in a situation they would have laughed off as absurd not weeks before?

Why indeed!

*****

Grant, wearing only an apron (Scarlett’s condition for allowing him access to the *ladies room)*, was sat at the foot of the bed playing with himself.

His wife and the lovely Helen on the bed, appearing as one gleaming body of sweat and sex.

Grant watched as Helen worked his willing wife; with lips and tongue she edged Scarlett to the peak of a fevered precipice, pausing, suspending her lover in a yearning void of helpless wanting.

Grant had never seen his wife so hot, so fervent for an orgasmic release.

Helen sensing Scarlett’s destination approaching went to meet her.

Helen’s hot breath, spit and tongue tickling her lover’s clit tossed Scarlett over the edge into orgasm, gripping Helen’s finger and knuckle with her pussy, holding on for dear life lest she lose one second, Scarlett Leigh submitted to sublime lesbian sex.

As Scarlett came to fruition, Helen did too, she spat, spat and spat again hot cum onto the clean white gusset of her silk panties.

Grant watched enthralled as the damp patch on Helen’s crotch grew, he stroked himself to the most gratifying cum he’d had for months.

‘I could get used to this arrangement,’ he thought to himself as he crept back to his room.

Scarlett’s smile of satisfaction was as much for Grant’s first cuckold orgasm as it was for the virgin union of herself and her lover, unaware that her own thought were concurring exactly with those of her enslaved husband’s.

‘I could get used to this arrangement,’ she thought.

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Martin, (also resplendent in an apron) was fiddling with his winkle too while Maddy toyed with Jamal's erection.

Madeline, you see, had decided she liked having her feet worshipped and Jamal was only too happy to oblige as he snaked his tongue round his neighbour's toes.

Jazz, having made contact at the club, was taking advantage of Jamal’s foot frenzy opposite and otherwise occupied herself working on Justin Sweetley’s hair, his pubic hair to be precise.

It turned out, she discovered, that Justin Sweetley thought it might be cool to have a bleach job and who better to perform the task for him than Jazz as she maximised her expertise in hairdressing and worked around Justin’s erection like a seasoned pole dancer.

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It seemed to Grant Leigh that the name sign at the entrance to the cul-de-sac had now become a symbol representative of his submission.

A statement that destiny and fate had determined this was as near to sex as he was ever likely to get again.

Of course, and though he was not to know it at the time, Scarlett Leigh had seen it that way from the start.

From the very beginning of their relationship she had seen the possibilities thrown up by his weaknesses and planned and schemed toward achieving her own independence at the expense of her husband's.

It was an autonomy not confined to their respective domestic roles alone, but to the bedroom too, where the nearest thing to sex Grant Leigh would get, from now on, would be watching his wife and her lesbian lover cumming close to each other behind the closed bedroom doors

The closed bedroom doors of '2 Cumming Close'.

END



IT ISN'T DIFFICULT TO PICTURE THEM DOMINATING THEIR HUSBANDS IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT WAYS...



JUST FIGURE HER WITH A WHIP IN HER HAND...