# A Cuckold Husband… and Less

**A wife discovers her dominance…**
**And her husband submits to it**

**By**
**Rebecca Sharp**

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# “A Cuckold Husband… and Less”

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# Prologue

It was magnificent!

Had Elaine Fordham known what she had been missing all the wasted years of her marriage to this point, her husband would have been forced into sharing her long before now.

Though even as her eyes rolled up and backwards, seemingly intent upon making contact with the roof of her cranium itself, she made a correction:

Despite her current condition of thoroughly filled bliss she knew that, when it came to the physical at least, the husband she still managed to love on some obstinate emotional level would not be *"sharing"* so much as *"accepting"* the kind of sex she decided he should have - and just how much - from now on.

A husband who would, she felt sure, hate his own weakness even as he bent his unwilling neck and accepted theirs was no longer a marriage of equals if he expected to remain a part of it.

As the superlative black cock of Yvonne's husband pounded away at the pussy that contrived to expand to accommodate its superior length and girth, this while still managing to cling to it and provide necessary friction as the black god maintained his relentless piston-like rhythm, she even found space in her beleaguered thoughts to become angry with the man waiting at home for her return.

Had it not been for him, after all, she would not have spent the past thirteen years in a condition of sexual frustration.

As per the instructions of the man's wife who also happened to be her friend and boss, no words had been shared by either the on-loan husband or the grateful thirty-something housewife and Elaine was more than happy to accept Yvonne's edict if it meant

having such a wondrous piece of male equipment fill her woefully under-exercised cunt.

Just the same, she couldn't help the moan of loss and frustration that escaped her as the powerfully built black man in his mid-thirties with a scalp utterly devoid of hair suddenly allowed his cock to plop from her gushing pussy.

Only, though, to begin to use the plum sized dark head that had just been exploring her to tease the wet and swollen lips of her slit.

A teasing that was, while enjoyable, no substitute for the sensation of being filled by his all-conquering manhood.

That, after all, had been what had led her to this point in the first place.

Along with Yvonne, the wife and work colleague of the man currently filling her so…

…*Completely*.

Yvonne or not, however, friend and boss notwithstanding, she was actually on the verge of speaking to him when – loyal to his wife and superior's instructions - he must have sensed her intention and slid his pole back inside her, eyes below the completely hairless scalp beaming into her own with an intensity that spoke volumes for the level of satisfaction he was taking from dismantling her in such a way.

Despite the enforced silence.

For that was exactly what he was doing.

He was tearing her up!

Reducing both her senses and her pussy itself to mush.

Making her, she knew, totally unavailable for future use to her own husband and his tiny in comparison cock as she stretched to accommodate the partner of another woman.

All the above under strict orders and with accompanying instructions from his own wife.

The man she was meeting for only the second time, no more than a week after their first meeting in the presence of his wife, closed the gap between his hairless chest and her impressive breasts with equally notable nipples and continued to piston her slippery and needy hole, the pink cunt that had been relatively tight when she arrived tight no more as she felt her euphoria build.

She felt his hands go to her hips to gain still more leverage and heard the breath leave her lungs as he drove himself into her even more… *forcefully*… to reach territory she was certain her own her husband had no idea existed.

And would *never* have found himself in possession of the kind of *lengthy* visa necessary for him to take a tour.

The coal-black African skin next to her still flawless epidermis of the creamy white variety only served to heighten her sense of excitement for what was both exotic and illicit.

The *"illicit"*, of course, being on her part alone; given the man who was fucking her so beautifully did so with the full knowledge of his better half.

Deeper and deeper he went, thrusting the thick head of his cock past her clenching wet slit and onwards and upwards into her most intimate and unexplored femininity.

She, Elaine Fordham, wife of Brian these past thirteen years, was fucking another man – or, to be more factual, was being *absolutely* fucked by one.

A black man.

And a black man who was himself the husband of a friend and work superior who had actually given permission for him – correction: *ordered him!* – to place his beautiful cock at her disposal.

She was, she told herself for the umpteenth time, in a world she had not had the slightest suspicion existed.

A world where the usual rules of male-female and husband-wife had been turned on their head and the wife herself was the blissful recipient of the turnaround.

And those with whom she chose to share her own good fortune, of course.

This was a world even the vivid fantasy life that had kept her sane the years of her own sexually dull marriage had not pictured and, had it managed to do so, would have found itself laughed out-of-skull had it suggested the possibility she could ever find herself introduced to such an incredible way of life.

That former would-be cynicism and disbelief, she told herself, and understandably so given what she was currently experiencing, was no longer a factor.

For this, her thoughts gave a huge mental thank you to Yvonne for having effected an introduction.

As she screamed her release to the ceiling above so loudly it would not have surprised her to hear the sirens of rushing

emergency-vehicles in the distance as they came to her aid, she knew she had *never* felt so alive.

And she also knew she would be accepting Yvonne's offer to explain more of the lifestyle she and her married friends – the wives anyway – had put in place.

As she continued to scream and the black love-god above her continued to thrust, she knew she would do anything to experience such a cock and such an empowering experience again.

Whatever the consequences for her own husband.

# One

Life is not cruel.

But it's certainly indifferent.

So had run the thinking of Gordon Fordham, the divorced and no longer extant father of Brian, the son and heir to nothing spectacular in terms of either land or the monetary who was finding those fatherly words of wisdom hard to find common ground with at this particular moment.

If it wasn't cruel then why did his head thump as if a power-tool had just been inserted between his ears?

Elaine, his wife of thirteen years, had just dropped a completely unexpected bombshell in his lap and it struck him over his sense of desolation and the hammering at his skull that if, given the number of the anniversary in question, his much-missed old man had been right and life wasn't cruel then what it *did* have was a warped sense of humour.

Even the mundane and nightly situation into which it had lowered its marital wrecking-ball could not have made his wife's words any more repellent and shocking.

Forget heart-breaking.

Watching television together after dinner, as per their usual routine, had been guaranteed to make what Elaine seemed intent on saying to him seem all the more…

*Incredible!*

What with its unrelenting parade of weather-reports, bog-basic soaps, more weather-reports, and Simon Cowell productions aspiring to mediocrity only to fail in ways beyond the dismal as

they made their progenitor still more wealthy, the nightly ritual of the TV, this after dinner was done and dishes rinsed dried and put away, served only to highlight the shocking nature of the decidedly *not* "bog-basic" words exiting the words of his loving wife.

The weather girl that wife interrupted as she was in the process of warning him to expect severe storms in the North-East of Scotland, the same storms that were about to be transported in metaphysical form to the South-Coast of England, would seem to him later as symbolic of what was about to befall him. Yet another example of life's warped sense of humour, in fact. Humour that bore out the fact his late-father had been a few light-years off the pace in regard of its non-persecutory indifference.

Hell!

There were stars yet to be discovered by the advances of modern-day astronomy that were closer.

If a lot less disturbing.

Before, however, we get to this revelation that was to change the marriage of Brian Fordham – and in ways that would have once seemed to his somewhat prosaic outlook on life impossible to accept - it would help those of you reading this to be given a fuller picture of the two individuals involved and their life to this point.

They had married those *unlucky* thirteen years ago when Elaine had been twenty-five and he three years older. Not childhood sweethearts exactly, they had, just the same, known each other through their respective parents and frequent gatherings at each other's homes and got on well enough. Even if Brian's youthful good-looks and his precocious gifts as a footballer, along with the age difference that was more exaggerated at such an age, ensured she barely registered on the radar of his adolescent and still forming sexuality.

A registration already made by the younger Elaine who, as is nearly always the case with boys and girls, was way ahead of her future husband in terms of both sexual knowledge and maturity.

An attraction on her part that was to last into their teens and beyond – even if Brian's footballing prowess was destined not to progress upwards to the heightened altitude of professional football those around him, not to mention Brian himself, saw as a given.

Those *"frequent gatherings"*, you understand, having come to a full-stop after his mother had divorced his devastated father and taken herself off to Australia with his replacement – a replacement who, to this day, Brian Fordham had not met and had no idea how he had found a way into his mother's life.

A mother with whom there had been no contact since and none wanted – at least on his part.

Understandably, given his devastated and humiliated father's decision to up sticks from the scene of his wife's desertion - this to move him and his only son away from all the knowing eyes in their neck of the South London suburbs to live near his brother in Northamptonshire - the social connection between the Fordham's and the Pierce family had been ended apart from the inevitable Christmas and birthday cards.

It was not until Brian Fordham had accepted a new placing at the Department of the Environment in London after being promoted to HEO level, and an intervening period of some eleven years, that they were to meet again.

Life, whether cruel, indifferent, or just plain mischievous, had set Elaine down as a legal secretary in an upmarket chambers in Westminster's Eccleston Square that was a cough-and-a-spit from the massive and monolithic offices in Horseferry Road of

the Ministry employing the former footballer who had been the unknowing recipient of her teenaged desires.

Working in such close proximity, it was inevitable that they would meet at some time and this they did. Both by chance deciding to take a solitary lunch in the catacombs cafeteria of the famous church of St John in Smith Square, renowned for the classical concerts and recitals, amateur and professional, held in the place of worship above.

The square itself equally as famous – or infamous, depending on one's voting inclinations – for being the long-time headquarters of the Conservative Party.

The twenty-four-year-old who recognised him instantly and came rushing over to his table was no longer the gushing and somewhat toothy twelve-year-old he remembered from his time in Carshalton and was, instead, a full-bodied twenty-something with a *very* definite sex appeal to a young man who, while not unsuccessful with women – most of them from the DoE where he worked – was not exactly tearing up the bedsheets either.

On that autumn day when indifferent life decided to get involved and play cupid, Elaine had been wearing a correct navy shirt in cotton that could do nothing to hide the shape and firmness of the full breasts it struggled to contain and a tight gun-metal grey skirt that hugged her curvy hips and left enough space between black spiky heels and the knees where it ended to show something of a pair of shapely legs - legs with exaggerated calf muscles that were somehow made to seem even more powerful by the opaque tights, also in navy, clinging to them.

The overall effect coming across as a mix of the efficient and the voluptuous.

No catwalk model, for sure, her former neighbour and one-time golden-boy had told himself when they were seated with their lunches prior to catching up.

Then again, he was compelled to admit also, if the erection already tenting his suit trousers beneath the table as they set about reacquainting over their risotto's and lasagne's was an indicator, there was a far more *womanly* magic at work than that possessed by the stick-insect clothes horses so loved by the lens and coming up short in terms of sex appeal.

For him, anyway.

Though there appeared to be no shortage of ageing and ludicrous rock-stars, unable or unwilling to let go of their more vital early years, who had a different take on the phenomena.

At 5'8" and weighing in at just under eleven stones, she was hardly anorexia material and her weight would prove to be an issue for her throughout their married life, but to the instantly smitten Brian Fordham there was so little separating her from the voluptuous goddess that was his ideal as to make no difference.

None whatsoever.

Her hair was so black he couldn't help wonder if an artificial aid of some kind had been called in to create the effect. And he would go on doing so until their relationship firmed up enough for them to move in with each other prior to marrying. After which their sharing of a bathroom, together with the absence of tell-tale roots and over frequent salon appointments, along with no sign of Clairol, John Frieda, or any other like colouring agent, put paid to his suspicions for good.

She was not forward, but neither was she shy. Although she had seemed content to leave all major decisions to him. This despite out-earning his Civil Service salary quite comfortably.

In fact, perhaps because of the age difference and the former golden-boy status conferred upon him by his youthful footballing prowess, she seemed quite in awe of him still.

A response common to most women who finally land themselves the adoration and commitment of their one-time love and fantasy object.

Even if it was equally common that such awe and deference seldom lasted.

The two only children were married a year on from having moved in with each other and their respective families were delighted – a recently widowed mother along with two aunts and a couple of seldom seen cousins on her side, and Brian's father and bachelor uncle in the Northamptonshire village of Wootton on his; the renegade mother still, and as she would remain, out of the picture in her aussie idyll.

There was no desire for children on either part and this proved a blessing when tests connected with a totally unrelated illness came back with the revelation of Brian's low-sperm-count.

*Low* as in being almost non-existent.

A lack, despite both their avowals of it making no difference anyhow, she knew hit him hard. For despite his less than macho occupation, his earlier days as a star of the football-pitch had left him with a certain locker-room view of masculinity. A view in which sperm that could actually swim played a huge part.

This aside, and by the time Elaine was head hunted by a prestigious Sussex law-firm to become their chamber's office-manager while he took a voluntary redundancy rather than travel back to London each day from their new Pevensey Bay home, they were already settled into a comfortable domesticity - so

comfortable, in fact, that Brian saw no problem being the one who looked after the home.

Quite the opposite.

He found he actually enjoyed being able to go at his own pace and *not* have to meet nonsensical government-set targets in an environment where such things made nil visible impact anyway – save that of allowing venal politicians to present them to a gullible public as a triumph of their own brand of party tub-thumping.

The biggest change as they grew with each other in their different ways did not prove to be the change of occupation and address, however.

*That* particular marital metamorphosis – and explaining the greater and more far-reaching change to come – was undoubtedly physical.

Not between the sheets, you understand – the action taking place there had always been decidedly average and remained so, much to the growing frustration of a disappointed Elaine who had expected far more from her golden-boy, even if he did seem to think he pressed all of her buttons *all* of the time.

No.

The physical changes in question were his thinning hair and expanding waist-line that seemed to her in keeping with the unadventurous nature going hand in hand with a career in the Civil Service and his undeniable sweet-tooth.

The latter explaining the waist-line, at least, and something she tried time and time again to get him to do something about.

The thinning hair - save for expensive hair-replacement treatment not guaranteed to take - the fault of nature and genetics and not something for which he could justifiably be blamed.

Even if she had suggested on more than one occasion that he simply have it cropped as close to the scalp as possible, forgoing in the process the strategic styling in front of a distinctly unimpressed mirror no more likely to be fooled than anyone else with functioning eyes.

Other, that is, than her delusional husband himself.

The physical changes in her partner of thirteen years were made all the more noticeable by the fact she remained the voluptuous and desirable woman he had married thirteen years before. Only now was she beginning to find the rare grey hair above and, more disconcertingly, below. The latter easily taken care of by a necessary, if painful, visit to the local beauty salon on a regular basis - the agony of hot wax being ripped from the flesh avec pubic-hair necessary to ensure her pussy would never be given the opportunity again to remind her of the passing years.

Pain undergone despite his oft stated preference – mostly on those rare occasions when he cut loose enough to get inebriated and his conversation became more lewd - for a *"natural and womanly bush"* on his woman.

A caveman approach that did not sit well with either his looks or his temperament and lasted only as long as the effect of the particular tipple he was drinking at the time.

Since the move to Pevensey and a deceleration in a social life that had hardly been hectic to begin with, they had mostly spent their time, this when Elaine was not working at the Cooden Beach chambers a short drive from them, in each other's company. Outings, such as they were, consisted mainly of long drives to

take in nearby villages and hostelries for lunch. Either that or the odd evening meal out in their local Pevensey Bistro.

To her growing sexual frustration she could now add *boredom*.

At least when she was out of chambers.

Her life there was far too busy and interesting for boredom to prove a factor in her current frustration and her sense of life – married life at least – passing her by.

Tonight, though, was *not* a Pevensey Bistro night and Brian Fordham immediately sensed a change in in her mood when she reached across him for the remote-control that was usually under his control to switch-off a weather-report to which he had *actually* been listening.

His first thought as she turned a serious expression on him and he was deprived of more crucial and extensive knowledge concerning low pressure over the Shetlands and the prospect of drizzle in the West, was that there was another problem at chambers and she wanted to run it by him.

He was, however, not to be so lucky on this occasion.

And not by a long shot…

…"Brian," she began, making a steeple of her hands across thighs that were, unusually but unsurprisingly, given she had yet to take the shower she usually took upon arriving home from chambers, still covered in the tan pantyhose she had worn to work that day, expression terribly serious and enough on its own to worry him, "what I'm about to say is going to shock you and you will certainly find it upsetting."

A cold hand seemed to grip at his vitals along with a sense of impending disaster that rendered him quite incapable of speech.

An encouraging opening, she thought.

At least for her.

She pressed on:

“But, if you allow me to finish what I have to say without interrupting and keep an open-mind, I am sure we can work our way through what I’m about to say to you and remain happily married.”

As his stomach plummeted towards the carpet, his immediate fear that she was about to tell him she had been diagnosed with a terminal illness of some kind was soothed somewhat but left him certain she was about to confess to an affair with one of the partners or other men working out of her chambers.

He also realised her somewhat school-mistressy request for his silence was quite unnecessary and that his sudden apprehension made it unlikely he could have spoken to interrupt anyway.

Apprehension that was about to be turned into outright devastation.

Even if it began almost encouragingly.

“Brian,” she began with an assertive voice and manner he had only heard her use with the secretaries and admin staff she supervised on the odd occasions they called her at home, “you know that you are the only man I have ever loved and I fully intend it to remain that way if I can.”

Her words had not been couched as a question and this was just as well seeing as he was finding it difficult to breathe let alone speak after her addition of the *“if I can”*; in fact, as she paused for some kind of response on his part he felt ready even at this early stage to throw up.

She looked expectant, just the same, and he forced from himself a somewhat jerky nod.

“Good,” she went on, as if she had just resolved some trivial office dispute between members of her admin staff and was now free to move on to more pressing matters. “Because I dearly want us to grow old together.”

A small – very small – sense of relief calmed him and he began to breathe a little easier.

“I also want you to know,” she went on, “that knowing how badly your mother hurt you when she left you and your father and to be with another man in Australia is not something I will ever put you through.”

*“At least not on the other side of the world,”* she added in unspoken and amused afterthought.

As he waited with growing unease for her to tell him exactly what was on her mind she took that unease and turned it into horror:

“Not,” she finished, “if I don’t have to.”

“Oh, my god!” he cried, his fear of the worst despite her words unlocking recalcitrant vocal-chords. “You… You’ve found… You’re going to leave me for someone else!”

As she shook her head vehemently at this he could not work out if he was more relieved at her disavowal or shocked at the sudden turn their evening was taking and where it might lead.

Though he would be in no doubt shortly.

“Absolutely not, Brian. I asked you to listen and you haven’t. Did I, or did I not, just finish telling you that I would never put you through the same kind of ordeal your mother put you through?”

Her tone towards him, he might have noticed had he not been so predictably preoccupied, was sounding almost…

*Authoritative*.

But then he did have more pressing matters on his mind at that point.

"You also said *'if I don't have to'*," he reminded her.

She ignored this and took his hand in hers.

"Brian, believe me when I tell you that I love you very much."

Sensing he was the recipient of the usual female flattery as part of being softened up for something he would not find… *pleasant*… he made no response and she went on with her train of thought:

"It's because of that love that I'm still with you…"

He looked thoroughly at sea and green-around-the-gills for his presence upon it as she finished:

"...As well as being the reason why I intend to always be with you…"

"But…?" he supplied the word over which he guessed she was hesitating.

He saw a moment of indecision cross her strong and defined features before she drew herself up and answered:

"But I've not been happy with certain aspects of our life for some time now and I've decided to do something about it."

“Wh-What aspects?” he stammered, feeling as frightened as he could ever recall feeling.

“My doing something about it, Brian,” she told him, ignoring his question – for now, anyway, “does not mean we can’t remain as man and wife.”

He waited, knowing she was not finished.

“But, if we do, then it is only fair to tell you that there will be major changes in our marriage…”

# Two

Yvonne having been called away to the North of England on urgent chambers business, the lunch she had scheduled with Elaine in order that they might mull over her husband's response to his wife's first softening up of him had been put back until her return and it was only now, over a week on from Elaine and Brian's initial skirmish that they had finally got the chance to meet and discuss it at length.

Both apologising to each other for not having bothered with either land-line or Cell-Phone during that time but agreeing conversations of such a kind were best held face-to-face.

Even if such a one-on-one, in this instance, necessitated the presence of others.

The Bexhill trattoria, not a couple of miles or so distant from the Cooden Beach chambers employing the two women, was a regular lunch-time haunt and perfect for what they had in mind, however.

As usual it was abuzz with the atmosphere unique to all decent Italian feeding and watering holes and allowed a certain privacy of speech beneath the sounds of animated diners as Elaine considered the question Yvonne had just put to her.

The growingly empowered wife and office-manager recalling, this as she mulled over her reply, the advice of her friend and associate partner for Bennett & Braintree who had first suggested she cuckold her husband and started her along that very path.

This after they had become more friendly and realised there was more to their bond than a simple contract-of-employment with the same company.

More importantly, for the younger black woman and the new head of Bennett & Braintree's Computer and IT Crime department, had been the fact her advice had not been offered until she knew more of her new friend's marital situation and felt comfortable enough to enlarge upon the initial, half-jokey, suggestion she had made in regard of her marriage.

The *"half-jokey"* element at least providing her with an escape clause should her suggestion meet with outrage.

Though they were way past that stage now.

The African woman both comfortable and confident enough to proceed now after Elaine had finally professed her interest in the kind of marriage she had described.

Enough for Yvonne to disclose the intimate details of her own marriage, anyway.

The picture Yvonne Obote had drawn of her relationship with the African husband who, like Elaine's, had taken on the upkeep of their home, was one that utterly fascinated the older woman she could tell.

Even if the domestic aspects of their relationship were where all similarities between the husband of the African associate-partner and that of the English office-manager ended.

And emphatically.

The male partner in the *"marriage"* Yvonne described, a man the frustrated office-manager had now experienced for herself could not have been more different.

An *"experience"* that had left the office-manager's friend and boss a little relieved she had not misjudged either the woman or, more crucially, the extent of her need.

Just the same, it had, she considered after having allowed the *meeting* to take place – and in *such* a way - not been like her to open herself up to such a risk. Not like her at all. There had been something about the voluptuous white wife, however, that had assured her she would be preaching to a soul both praying and begging for conversion and pre-empted her usual caution.

Even if she had rebuked herself afterwards for the out-of-character behaviour that had left her open and vulnerable.

Had the woman responded differently and found what she had to say offensive rather than life-affirming, it might just have created a problem for her at the chambers where she was fast becoming something of a rising-star.

More importantly still, it could have annoyed the other ladies of their *very* select and private group that she had drawn attention to herself so carelessly and without consultation.

It hadn't happened, however, and for this Yvonne had felt both relieved and grateful enough to take the older woman under her wing and go even further with a subject which obviously had her fascinated.

Her first piece of advice being for Elaine *not* to go at what she had proposed like a bull in a china-shop.

The *"bull"* element of the attractive black woman's warning having made both of them laugh.

And now she had a suspicion the eager wife and office-manager had made just that mistake.

Even if her carefree manner over lunch suggested it might not have turned out too badly for her.

Reserving judgment, Yvonne asked:

“So, how were your opening salvoes, as it were, received?”

The older woman looked up from her fettuccine al forno and snatched a look at the tables around her, knowing there was little danger of them being overheard amidst the buzz and clatter of animated conversation, clinking glasses and cutlery, but lowering her voice just the same as she answered; the subject matter rather than her less than scandalous language ensuring she became somewhat… *covert*:

“All in all, I don’t think it could have gone too much better.”

She broke off to look around her again, unaware of the amusement her caution inspired in her lunch companion, before, satisfied she was not suddenly the latest object of south-coast scandal and ridicule, she continued:

“Not when you consider what a bombshell it must have been for him.”

The soberly dressed black woman opposite, wearing a black Jaeger shirt and a tasteful and sharply cut suit and trousers ending in low and black spiked-heels with pointed toes, speared a piece of salad and nodded, eager to hear of her older *pupil’s* first experience – with the husband she had married at least – of the empowering world of cuckoldry and female power.

“So,” she urged, raising the salad laden fork to her mouth, “tell me all about it.”

Yvonne Obote was younger than Elaine by some three years but had somehow become – and not *just* because of her higher position in chambers – something of a mentor, as well as a boss and a friend, to the older wife.

She was also powerfully built with a deep skin-tone and physiognomy that reflected her African origins and hinted at the

fact her people had either not been uprooted to England long enough for any major dilution of her genetic and cultural roots to have taken hold or were simply not of a mind to mix in such a way.

The latter, Elaine now knew, *not* a factor when it came to Yvonne herself.

And if it was not a problem for Yvonne then she would certainly not allow it to become one for her husband.

Not for nothing had *he* been the one to take *her* surname.

Suddenly distracted, Elaine allowed her thoughts to go back a fortnight.

Back to the first visit she had paid to Yvonne's lovely beach-side home. A home set equidistantly on the road joining Bexhill and Cooden Beach itself and within walking distance of both the chambers of Bennett & Braintree and the three-storey town-house she shared with her own husband. If not yet in the way she wanted.

A visit that had only been made after many lunch-time discussions upon the twin subjects of male acceptance and wifely authority and made not a week prior to a thoroughly and understandably nervous Elaine returning to that same location to be even more thoroughly fucked.

And by the woman's own partner.

A visit in its own right that was at least the equal of her return and for which Yvonne had warned her to keep an open mind and *not* judge…

*****

*…"The steps you take in turning Brian into a cuckold, Elaine, will be the most exciting things you will have done in your life to now and will become even more… incredible!... as you grow into your respective roles."*

*Only half of her friend and colleague's words registered with the older office-manager and would-be faithless wife at that point.*

*Understandably so, given the other half was busy trying to take in the incredible and pussy-moistening sight of Yvonne Obote seated opposite in a tee-shirt and a pair of Lycra leisure bottoms; both of which seemed to exaggerate a figure that seemed even more incredible and imposing in the informal setting.*

*But it was not her shape, incredible and imposing as it was, that occupied the other half of Elaine's thoughts in such an ordinary and unremarkable domestic situation.*

*This particular diversion was explained by the presence of the powerful black man, also dressed casually in pale denims and a white shirt that hung over them.*

*His presence at Yvonne's feet making the "unremarkable" noteworthy.*

*And especially when his back came to rest upon the chair in which his wife was seated and she draped a leg over his shoulder; totally unconcerned, it seemed, about doing so in front of a woman who was a stranger.*

*Or at least a woman who was a stranger to the husband at this point.*

*The African woman's lack of self-consciousness all the more remarkable for the fact the powerful man who made Elaine's own husband and his lack of virility and slide into middle-years all the*

*more noticeable was supplying her friend with the most thorough – and utterly obsequious - of foot-rubs.*

*This with eyes lowered and fixed upon the objects requiring his attention as he went about it and appeared to concentrate on nothing more than pleasing his wife's feet via the intermittent application of a lotion that wafted across to their guest from a tiny and open bottle at his side to give off a faint hint of strawberry.*

*The older woman recalled Yvonne had told her to keep an open-mind before going on to warn that she would see things which would…*

*"Surprise."*

*If she hadn't believed her before, Elaine was swiftly becoming converted.*

*As well as highly aroused!*

*"A husband who knows his place in the scheme of things," the black woman continued, uncaring of the man at her feet hearing her or of his voicing an opinion, it seemed, "is a thing to be cherished by all strong women who wish for fulfilment in both their working and private lives."*

*To Elaine's amazement – and considerable arousal – her friend ran a hand over her husband's shaven black dome before actually chucking him under the ears as if he were no more than a household pet who was being particularly pleasing.*

*What amazed her more being the fact this powerful brute of a man not only accepted the derogation, but actually leaned into her demeaning caresses as if he were actually grateful for the attention she had deigned to give him!*

*“Is that not right, Solomon?” she asked the man Elaine knew to be a year senior to her, continuing to caress his ear-lobe almost absentmindedly as she went on. “Has your acceptance of me as the ruler of our marriage not made your life far simpler and stress free than it was from that early time when you tried to assert yourself as the master of our relationship? Are you not happier being of service to me than you ever thought it was possible to be in this life?”*

*Elaine watched with astonishment and much envy – along with a kind of arousal that seemed almost delirious - as, rather than answer these three equally outrageous questions with words of his own, the powerhouse of a man at her friend’s feet simply cupped the heel of the foot he had been massaging with the foot lotion and placed a reverent kiss upon his wife’s coal black toes and blood coloured nails.*

*“That is my lovely obedient boy,” she praised him as he continued to peck out his answer in about as emphatic and submissive a fashion as Elaine could visualise.*

*It being only later that she would learn of other, far more demeaning forms of assent.*

*For now though, the scene in front of her and the words of the African woman guiding her into this wondrous new world were the only things upon which she could concentrate.*

*“Is this not what you really wish for, Elaine?” Yvonne was asking, knowing eyes telling her friend she already knew the answer to her inquiry and would not have considered asking had there been the slightest doubt in her mind. “To have a man who is so relieved and grateful you include him in your life he will endeavour to become just what you want him to be that he may be allowed to stay in it?”*

*Elaine pressed her already crossed legs together as she felt her pussy begin to weep into and past her panties and wished she had worn jeans instead of the short dress with bare legs that made her feel…*

*Viewable!*

*Her self-consciousness not preventing her from supplying a nod of assent to her friend's inquiry.*

*A nod that won her a smile as Yvonne enlarged upon her theme:*

*"The more successfully you cuckold Brian the more submissive and obedient to you he will become. The fulfilment of all your sexual needs and cravings - those desires that go so wastefully unfulfilled at this time - will come to seem not only natural to you but to him also.*

*"Hard as you find it to believe of the man you married, he will eventually take a pride in playing his own small part in seeing that you are satisfied. This despite the fact his own cock will play no part in that satisfaction other than the enjoyment you take from keeping it under your complete control and allowing it the odd reward when its owner has been especially… pleasing."*

*Elaine Fordham almost gasped out loud at such a prospect.*

*In fact, it was only with an effort that she managed not to do so.*

*Even if she could exert no corresponding control over the response growing ever more… moist… between her legs.*

*A response not about to lessen any as her African mentor went on:*

*"And it is not just sexual satisfaction that will make your new life so wonderful to you, Elaine. As well as your cuckold accepting it*

*is your right as the head-of-the-household to fuck with men other than him, he will also manage all the mundane chores of your life."*

*A wonderful as Elaine found the preceding prospect, this latter outline seemed to her pretty much what Brian had been doing since he took voluntary redundancy and she had taken up her new position.*

*No change there.*

*Or so she thought, as her younger black mentor read her mind:*

*"Yes, I know what you are thinking, Elaine," she began, "that Brian picks up around the house for you as it is and that he will only be continuing to do that which he does already."*

*"It's true enough though, isn't it?" Elaine asked, already beginning to forget the presence of the man at her friend's feet that had inhibited her conversation only a few minutes before. "Not only does he do the housework but he actually seems to enjoy it."*

*"As it stands, Yvonne corrected her as she slid a foot from her husband's grasp and draped her other leg over his shoulder to present him with its sister.*

*"How do you mean?"*

*"I mean that there is more to personal household service than shopping, laundry and hoovering."*

*"He cooks and washes up too," Elaine reminded her, unsure where she was going. "And takes care of the garden, washes the car and any other odd jobs that need doing around the house."*

*“And how about this?” the suddenly smug and triumphant African woman asked, inclining her head to the domesticated and obedient male below whose marriage to her made him no less a flunky and dogsbody.*

*HER flunky and dogsbody.*

*And a lover too, of course.*

*When she permitted, that is.*

*“Does Brian sit at your feet because he is no longer allowed to share the same furniture as the wife he worships? Does he rub the feet aching and tired from a day at the office before placing his lips upon the nails of the same toes you have had him pamper and paint?... Does he think nothing of obeying your slightest command – no matter how demeaning that command feels to his manhood?”*

*Yvonne seemed about to say more when she thought better of it and dismissed the man at her feet. She ordered – actually ORDERED – him to his room; totally oblivious to the hurt and thwarted look he threw her for his banishment. Not to mention the fact he had barely started on her other foot.*

*The banishment at least provided the near delirious with desire Elaine with a welcome respite during which to collect her thoughts. The older woman knowing, as Yvonne, knew that Brian did none of the things described above and that there was no response she could possibly supply her younger friend and mentor that went anywhere near to describing just how badly she yearned to be in just such a position of power and complete domestic and sexual authority. And in her own household and with her own husband.*

*It was not until a door was heard closing upstairs and Yvonne was certain her own partner was in seclusion and safely out of earshot that she smiled and re-focussed her attention on Elaine:*

*"My apologies, but what I wish to tell you is best not said within earshot of one of the creatures," Yvonne told her with an inclusive tone.*

*A tone that was also disparaging and dehumanising, thought Elaine.*

*Though she held the thought without judging in any way.*

*Yvonne's smile grew broader:*

*"We must think of ourselves as members of the magic-circle, Elaine. Magicians know from long experience, after all, that once the trick becomes common-knowledge then so does the law-of-diminishing-returns kick in. For once the sleight-of-hand involved is known it can no longer be as effective again."*

*Yvonne swallowed the last of her wine before finishing this particular train of thought:*

*"Given that their livelihoods are at stake it's hardly surprising they are so close-lipped. And we too, given it is our sexual pleasure and domestic leisure that is at risk, should be no less circumspect in concern of our own… tricks."*

*Elaine smiled her own understanding, even as she felt herself growing impatient to know the workings of that "sleight-of-hand" and the "tricks" employed to cuckold and control, as against the comparatively dull production of a rabbit from a top-hat.*

*"That is why I wished my husband out of earshot. The fact he knows he has been manipulated into his current dependency is unavoidable. How could it be otherwise? But allowing him to*

*know how the feat has been managed is another matter entirely and one to be sidestepped at all costs."*

*Smiling, flunky absent, she reached across for the bottle of Campo Viejo resting upon the table between them herself before topping both their glasses with a Rioja that was not top-of-the-range but was certainly acceptable. It was not the first bottle they had consumed between them in front of the excluded and banished husband and a tipsy Elaine began to understand her friend and boss's request that she leave her car at home and make the twenty-five minute walk from the Cooden Beach home she shared with Brian to hers a little better.*

*A sip later and Yvonne was ready to continue:*

*"Would it surprise you to learn, Elaine, that my beautifully trained and obedient husband was once so full of his own manly conceits that he refused to place his tongue at the shrine of his superior wife's cunt?"*

*What actually surprised Elaine – robbed her of breath, in point of fact – was that her friend felt comfortable enough to speak to her in such a way. And on such a subject. She was no prude but the "C" word was not exactly common usage during her past conversations with other women.*

*"I know," Yvonne went on. "It is incredible. Not once until I was shown how to bring him to heel did Solomon assent – let alone offer – to place his tongue at the disposal of his wife's pussy."*

*Elaine nodded understandingly, more preoccupied with the imagery of Solomon's shaven head between the legs of Yvonne's silky black thighs as he went about worshipping her and the mess such a picture was making of her own "cunt" than outrage for the African husband's previous unwillingness.*

*“I am sure I have no need to ask,” Yvonne was continuing, “if Brian performs his husbandly duties in such a way.”*
*Elaine’s forlorn expression told her she didn’t.*

*“Do not worry, Elaine. He will soon be making up for his past neglect in this area. More than making up for it, you will be pleased to hear.*

*Elaine was and felt a little disappointed when her friend veered the discussion away a subject long dear to her.*

*“The world of cuckolding, Elaine,” Yvonne told her, “is a world of complete sexual freedom for a woman and comes with the added bonus – if applied correctly – of making one’s insignificant other still more insignificant. It is the gateway to a true female-led relationship of the marital kind and will be – forgive me if I sound like a zealot because that is exactly what my own experience has made me – the most amazing thing you will do in this life or any other.”*

*Her bright and vivacious eyes were wide with animation and Elaine could only take her at her word – especially as she herself had now experienced some small part of those sensations that had led the African woman to her zealotry.*

*If only as an observer.*

*“The owner of a cuckold husband,” she said, description alone thrilling the white woman opposite, “must immerse herself in the hows-and-whys of her new calling.”*

*Elaine pressed her thighs in tighter.*

*“She must learn,” Yvonne continued, “how to forever keep her man on the backfoot and vulnerable. The cuckold can NEVER be allowed to feel secure in his marriage and everything you do will have at least an undertone of that manipulation guaranteed to*

*keep you at the forefront of his thoughts - whether those thoughts be romantic or sexual."*

*"And how exactly do I set about doing that?" asked an excited but somewhat challenged Elaine, knowing that what had worked for her friend was not guaranteed to provide the same results for her; despite the level of weakness she had already uncovered in her own husband since he had taken on the more 'womanly' role in their relationship after their re-location.*

*"You can start by trusting me," Yvonne told her with a hint of reproach for what she perceived as a lack of faith.*

*Elaine, held up her hands by way of a guilty apology and gained herself another smile.*

*"I promise you, Elaine, that what you have witnessed between me and my husband is not a fluke and that you will – should you decide to follow my example – meet some friends of mine who have also found success along the same lines."*

*Elaine felt a mild discomfort at this.*

*It was the first time Yvonne had mentioned the involvement of "friends".*

*Yvonne was way ahead of her thoughts, however, and sought to ease her concerns:*

*"There is no need to worry, Elaine. The friends I speak of are all in relationships such as mine and Solomon's and, believe me, have much more to lose from having their intimate details made public than either you or me. They are also very supportive and I truly believe I could not have achieved what I have with my marriage without their help and guidance."*

*“I, hmm…” Elaine wavered, unconvinced by this latest turn. “I’m not sure I’m comfortable with other people knowing about… You know?”*

*“Nonsense, Elaine!” Yvonne came in a little more forcibly, sensing her friend needed the kind of nudge only another’s certainty could provide. “If you are going to have what I now have- and from the way you have been sitting with your legs so tightly one to the other I would say what you have already seen is incredibly exciting to you – then you will need not only my help but that of my friends. Just, in fact, as I myself needed it at one time.”*

*Still blushing from Yvonne’s recognition of the disturbance between her legs, Elaine could only nod as her friend went on:*

*“As it happens, I have told them of you and your circumstances with your husband and they are convinced that Brian is ripe for what you have in mind for him.”*

*Elaine professed shock:*

*“You…? You’ve told other people about…?”*

*Yvonne held up a hand and spoke over her:*

*“Your name has not been mentioned and neither will it be until you feel both yourself and your cuck are ready to join our little set and obey all its rules to the letter.”*

*Again she smiled, realising she may have sounded a little too correct and intimidating:*

*“Though I hasten to add that - apart from one or two minor provisos, mostly in respect of privacy and secrecy – ninety-five percent of those rules are intended to be observed by the cuckolds themselves.”*

*“Thank god, for that,” breathed a relived Elaine, her following wink providing some needed levity and reassurance to her friend and boss. “I have to observe enough rules and regulations at chambers.”*

*“You need not worry on that score, Elaine,” Yvonne laughed. “The club has been designed so that all the burdens of responsibility fall upon the men and all of the pleasures upon its women.”*

*“Am I right in assuming this ‘club’ has a clubhouse to go with it?” Elaine teased.*

*“Yes. You would,” she was informed straightfaced.*

*“You’re joking?”*

*Yvonne said nothing.*

*“Aren’t you?”*

*“We have regular… get-togethers… at the house of the wife who started it all,” Yvonne explained. “Apart from being well-known to influential local circles and married to a wealthy and powerful man, she is also a force in her own right and, believe me, her name would be known to you.”*

*“This is incredible,” Elaine told her.*

*“Yes, I suppose it is,” Yvonne agreed. “You will soon find, however, that your incredulity in no way makes it less real.”*

*“What do I have to do to get an invite?” asked Elaine with total seriousness, enchanted by the new world that was opening up to her and putting aside her misgivings on the score of other people being involved – especially when she considered what it could*

*mean for her life in general and, more specifically, her marriage to Brian.*

*Yvonne laughed, "You have a little way to go before that happens, Elaine. But, if you will accept a little guidance and advice from someone who was once in the same position as yourself – namely, me – then I feel sure the wait will not prove long of duration."*

*"Advise away, honourable sensei!" the eager white office-manager and wife urged.*

*When they had both stopped laughing, Yvonne brought the visit to a close:*

*"When you return home you will find an email awaiting you," she said. "There will be an attachment containing a story titled 'The Cuckold's Circle'. It is, I guarantee, a story you will enjoy."*

*Slightly puzzled that Yvonne would be sending her an erotic story via email, Elaine waited, knowing her friend was not quite finished.*

*"Our… 'Club'… does not run along exactly the lines described in the story, but – when you do eventually get to visit – you will certainly notice some similarities. The biggest difference being the pecking order differentiating one kind of cuckold from another."*
*"I… I'm not with you?"*

*"We cannot alter nature, Elaine," Yvonne told her cryptically before becoming more transparent. "Even the lowest form of life known to us will be feeding off a form of existence inferior to itself, and so it goes with men and cuckolds. In our group you will find there are those cuckolds whose cock size or sexual prowess makes them eligible to be used for sex by any of the females presiding over the running of the club."*

*“I like the sound of that.”*

*Yvonne allowed her an indulgent smile before continuing:*

*“Then there are those men – such as your Brian – whose cocks, aside from their tongues, will never feel the inside of a pussy again once they are forced to accept who they are and the station allocated them in both your life and the club.”*

*Much as she had seen her husband’s do the same when she had first mentioned his shortcomings, Elaine’s mouth dropped open at this revelation.*

*Making Brian a cuckold and virtual domestic-servant was one thing.*

*But to actually forbid him to ever place his dick in her again?*

*How could such a thing be achieved with certainty anyway?*

*“I am sure you have questions relating to how your husband’s penetrative chastity, so to speak, can be guaranteed,” Yvonne said, reading her thoughts. “But it will save us time at this point if you just take my word on the subject until we return to it at a more relevant time in your… journey.”*

*Eager to hear just how she could be certain her husband could never penetrate a pussy again, Elaine forced herself to patience just the same and gave her friend and mentor a nod.*

*“Cuckolds of the type I sense your husband to be,” Yvonne continued with a smile of gratitude for her pupil’s forbearance, “occupy the lowest positions in our world within a world and are answerable to not just us but their more… sexually potent and useful… fellow cuckolds.*

*“It is because they are so useful that we reward these particular cuckolds by insisting those of their number unable to provide us with pleasures of such a kind treat them with the utmost respect.”*

*Had she not known already, then Elaine would have certainly guessed just why Yvonne Obote was the chamber’s rising-star.*

*The sure-footed argument, along with its delivery the woman herself had just presented, was all the evidence required.*

*All the EXCITING evidence.*

*It was also a presentation her African friend and mentor had decided to bring to an end:*

*“For now, however, just return home to your…” she smiled, “…cuck-in-waiting, read the story and enjoy.”*

*She smiled teasingly.*

*“Then, if you are still of the same mind in regard of both his and your futures, you might wish to pay me another visit here soon.”*

*Elaine had nodded, extremely happy to be allowed another chance to see more of the fantastic world of which she had just seen a little.*

*Happier still when Yvonne added, in words the frustrated wife and office-manager hoped meant what she thought they meant:*

*“That being the case, I feel sure Solomon can be persuaded to show you some of his other…”*

*The African woman paused for a few beats then, with a smile that was both knowing and animated, finished:*

*“…talents.”*

# Three

"*As I say*, I am interested to hear just how he did take it?" reminded the rich velvet tones of Yvonne Obote's perfectly articulated English with the faint but unmistakable trace of her Ugandan origins.

Along with no small impatience.

Reminder made after Elaine came back to earth from her brief recap of that first eye-opening visit to the Obote home.

The salad the African woman had speared just after voicing her inquiry the first time around had been well and truly masticated by now and she was ready for a sip of the chilled almost to ice Gavi that was a lunch-time favourite - whenever her afternoon schedule as an associate-partner was not *too* onerous, that is.

"Sorry," came the reply. "Things on my mind."

"I have no doubt of it," came the reply that was both chiding and teasing and drew a laugh from the older woman for her own transparency as she returned to her fettuccine.

Still unforthcoming on the subject her friend had raised and of which was so eager to hear.

"So," Yvonne Obote pressed yet again, "are you going to tell me of your husband's reaction to your bombshell any time soon or should I engage the services of a fairground psychic?"

Seldom without an onerous post-lunch schedule herself, Elaine Fordham laughed and sipped at her sparkling water with ice and a dash of lime before responding, her own non-alcoholic drink necessitated also by the fact she was the designated driver for this particular lunch-date.

Then, drawing herself up and lowering her voice yet again as she gazed at the tables around them, she proceeded to tell her friend and mentor exactly what is was she was so eager to hear…

*****

*…"What is it you're telling me here, Elaine?" asked her husband of thirteen years, already looking about as demoralised and worried as she could ever recall seeing him.*

*Not forgetting:*

*"Outraged."*

*He had, she told herself with a small twinge of guilt that would not prove enduring, experienced nothing yet.*

*"That I'm useless in bed?" he interrogated further when she remained silent. "That all your screams of appreciation over the years have been faked?"*

*She drew out her silence to give him time to calm down and, also, to unsettle him just a little more that her response gain maximum effect.*

*Then:*

*"If you could control your temper and think for a moment, Brian," she replied, her calm matter-of-fact manner stoking the fire of his rage – the inner variety, at least - to an ever more molten intensity, "you'd realise that's exactly what I'm telling you."*

*Expecting a denial and having his faults confirmed instead, his jaw dropped open.*

*“Brian, you're taking this all wrong,” she said in the same tone of voice but with an expression she might have used to mollify a petulant child. “Do be a grown-up for once and listen.”*

*“G-Grown-up?” he spluttered at the rebuke.*

*“I still love you. I told you that. I also told you that you're the only man I'll ever love. But sex with you has been, and still remains, a complete disappointment for me. I know this is crushing for you to hear but, other than us splitting up, I can see no way through this except to point out your… shortcomings… and hope to somehow find a solution.”*

*“M-My shortcomings?” he marvelled, utterly wrong-footed to discover their union had not been the celestial joining he had taken it to be.*

*By far the worst aspect of that discovery being her assertion he was the one responsible for their marriage being less than the paradise he had seen it as being.*

*He was close to tears she could see and knew that once-upon-a-time she would have hated herself for being the cause and rushed to console him.*

*And would have now had it not been for the fact she found the control so incredibly exciting.*

*That, and the complimentary fact she felt an entirely different person since her second visit to Yvonne’s and the best sex she had known in her life.*

*To this point, that is.*

*If that control meant she could experience more cocks such as those of Yvonne’s well-trained husband, she knew her own partner could expect it to grow even more… claustrophobic… for*

*him in the very near future as she went about training him to exactly the same standard of deference and obedience.*

*Though without the penetrative sex.*

*If the manner in which she was speaking to him was any guide, she also knew she had picked up certain speech patterns and verbal mannerisms from her precise and articulate African mentor.*

*Moreover, and much as they did for Yvonne herself, they seemed to be working!*

*"What are you saying?" he asked flippantly – or at least as flippantly as a man bordering on hysteria can be. "You're going to enrol me at the local Evening Institute for lessons in how to fuck my wife?"*

*"Don't be so ridiculous, Brian!" she actually snapped, as if she were the one having her sexual prowess rubbished, the out-of-character swear word exiting his lips all the evidence she needed to know how disturbed he was becoming.*

*A disturbance she decided to keep in check with some spleen and discontent of her own.*

*"Even if there was a course of the kind, do you think I'd want the whole world to know my husband doesn't have what it takes to satisfy me?"*

*His face all but crumpled and she could see the rebuke shattered him.*

*"That, despite not being able to please her with his cock, not once in the whole of our marriage has he even offered to use his tongue to satisfy his wife?"*

*“Elaine!” he gasped, simply flabbergasted to hear such talk coming from his wife and feeling more and more… ineffectual in front of her.*

*She was cutting him to pieces, she knew, and though a part of her hated the fact she was doing it another was exulting in the freedom that going hand-in-hand with throwing off long hated shackles and exercising what Yvonne had described as her “womanly power”.*

*Good and faithful husband that he had been, she decided, from now on – and with Yvonne’s help – he would be HER husband and in a way completely of her own choosing.*

*“Are you…? Are you saying I’ve… I’ve never… satisfied you, Elaine?” he asked in a voice she thought sounded near beaten already, even at this early stage.*

*Hiding the encouragement this gave her, Elaine’s nod was regretful and insincere and again she had to ask herself why the misery she could see written across that once handsome face, and for which she was responsible, made her pussy come alive in ways the man himself had been unable to provoke.*

*“Not once?”*

*“I’m sorry, Brian. But no. Not once. My feelings for you have always been more emotional than sexual and even more so since you…”*

*“Since what?” he demanded.*

*Again her expression was regretful – and again insincere as she proceeded to dismantle the self-respect of a man she genuinely loved and from whom she wanted more.*

*Far more.*

*“Look at you Brian. Your hair is thinning and your belly can hardly be described as washboard.”*

*“I’m getting older,” he protested with understandable anger at having the person closest to him in the world take a chainsaw to his ego. “And so are you, in case you give mirrors a wide-berth these days.*

*It was a blatant lie and they both knew it.*

*If anything, and in all ways except for the date on her birth certificate, she was still the desirable and sexy young woman he had married.*

*Perhaps more so.*

*“Brian, I think we both know that I could get a man for sex tomorrow if I wanted one.”*

*The way she clicked her fingers left him in no doubt of her complete confidence in being able to do such a thing.*

*As did the three words accompanying those snapping fingers that deliberately paraphrased the catch-phrase of one of the long-deceased comedians he so revered:*

*“Just like that!”*

*She triumphed at the way he turned his head to the side rather than meet her gaze.*

*Already, so soon into proceedings, he had a hang-dog and beaten look to him.*

*Just the effect she had been hoping to achieve.*

*“But you…” she went on, deliberately leaving the sentence unfinished in the hope the insecurity she had triggered in him might fetch a reaction.*

*Hope that was not misplaced as head and eyes snapped back in her direction:*

*“But ‘I’ what?” he asked, wary, appalled and outraged in equal measures.*

*Elaine did her best to make her expression seem regretful and was not entirely sure she succeeded:*

*“Let’s be honest Brian, what woman other than me would want you these days?”*

*Appalled, he rose to his feet and stared down at her, no doubt recalling, she thought, the days when he had been the golden-boy football prodigy with any number of local Carshalton girls queuing up for his attentions – her included.*

*Only to find himself being described as a baldy in waiting with a beer-belly and an undesirable facility to disappoint in the marital bed.*

*And by his own wife into the bargain.*

*“What are you telling me, Elaine?” he tried to blaze, attempt at intimidation not helped by the fact he felt close to unmanly tears. “Because I’m getting mixed fucking signals here.”*

*It did not escape her that he had reverted to the language of the dressing-rooms he hadn’t frequented for almost twenty-years; absence made when it became obvious it wasn’t in the bedroom alone where he couldn’t hack it and he wasn’t going to cut the mustard at the top end of the sporting scale either.*

*Or even at the lower, but still remunerated, levels.*

*Realising this and sensing for almost the first time that the husband she had married and looked up to was a lot weaker than the manly man she had taken him for, Elaine Fordham – nee: Pierce – ignored the advice of her colleague on the subject of going too quickly and decided to leave him in no doubt of her intentions.*

*"I have a date tomorrow," she told him, deliberately being misleading and knowing he would be relieved when she got around to explaining just who that date was with.*

*"You…? You have…?"*

*"A date. You heard correctly."*

*The terror and pure and unmistakable pain such a prospect invoked in him was impossible to miss and would, she knew, rather than make her rethink her cruelty towards him, be the key to bringing him to his knees.*

*"But…?" he choked out. "For god's sakes, Elaine! Slap me awake and tell me I'm having a bad dream. You…? You're going out for the evening with another man?"*

*She remained silent and allowed his anger to boil over.*

*"Who is the bastard? I'll fucking kill him."*

*Elaine almost laughed at his denial, the demand made as if his knowing the identity of the man chosen to fuck his wife in ways quite beyond him could possibly change anything.*

*Though she did find his animation arousing.*

*She also considered it a waste that he couldn't summon up that "animation" when it came time to fuck her.*

*Even if that summoning up would be far too late in the day now she had experienced through Solomon what a man could actually do to a woman with his cock.*

*Too late for him, anyway.*

*"Oh, don't be so silly, Brian," she sighed, as if he were being tiresome over some domestic triviality. "You won't be killing anyone with that scary temper of yours as it's not a man I'm meeting."*

*Almost sinking to the floor with relief, her sarcasm ignored, Brian Fordham also failed to hear the words she added under her breath:*

*"Not yet."*

*"Who are you seeing then?" he asked, curious just the same, the cosy world of not more than thirty minutes prior to their discussion no more than a fond memory as he gazed down at the stranger in his front-room to whom he just happened to be married.*

*"Her name's Yvonne. You met her at last year's Christmas party. We're going to lunch together."*

*"Yvonne?" he questioned himself, grateful it seemed to at least be on less threatening conversational ground – at least for as long as it lasted.*

*"The African lady you seemed so taken with after a few glasses of Merlot," Elaine reminded him. "Remember? One of the associates and, consequently, one of my bosses as well as a friend."*

*He searched his memory.*

*"The same Yvonne you described after three or four red-wines as, and I quote, 'a Nubian Amazon'. A description, you'll be flattered to know she loved hearing. Though she wasn't entirely sure such a combination ever existed."*

*"You told her I said that?" he marvelled, appalled – even in the face of more pressing and urgent worries - that an inebriated and off-the-cuff comment had been relayed back.*

*"Yvonne and I have become very close," she told him.*

*"First I've heard of it."*

*"That could be because it's the first time I've mentioned it. Besides, I wouldn't want you bothering me with a load of silly questions about what we get up to and talk about."*

*Her smile was almost outright mockery:*

*"I know how gossipy you househusbands are."*

*As intended the barb hit home instantly and Elaine congratulated herself on how masterfully she was leading and manipulating him – even if she was going a little further and faster than Yvonne had advised she go.*

*A lot faster actually.*

*"Househusband?"*

*She waited innocently, as if she couldn't understand why he was making the repetition.*

*"Is…? Is that how you see me?"*

*Her arms went wide:*

*"How else should I see you, Brian? I go out to work and make the money and you stay at home. Let's be fair, someone has to. I know the house is paid for but the last of your Civil Service redundancy package went almost a year ago and if it wasn't for my salary we'd be living on air."*

*"That's unfair, Elaine. Everything you're saying is unfair. I agreed to take voluntary redundancy and help out around the house because you said what a wonderful opportunity the offer from Bennett & Braintree was for you. And now you're throwing it back at me!"*

*She made no response to what was no more than the simple truth and, believing himself on a roll, he went with it:*

*"What? You think I actually enjoy staying at home to do housework rather than having a career of my own?"*

*"Yes," came her answer, bold and instant. "I think that's exactly what you enjoy."*

*The look he gave her at this told Elaine he was asking himself just who this stranger was who had commandeered the body of his beloved wife.*

*"And do you know what else?" asked the bodysnatcher.*

*He waited, not knowing and not wanting to hear but transfixed anyhow.*

*"You're very good at it."*

*A compliment, at last, and one she could see he was affronted to receive when placed against the list of his sexual shortcomings she had suffered in silence.*

*Until now.*

*"In fact, I think we've found your true calling in life," she told him, wondering as she did so when he would call time on his hurt feelings and dented pride to man-up and take her to task. A part of her, in fact, wishing he would do just that and show her the kind of man she had once thought him to be until his premature slide, physically and mentally, into the sedentary middle-age that had led to her embracing the life Yvonne had not only described but offered to help make a reality also.*

*"Don't get me wrong, Brian," she added, "I'm grateful for what you do for me around the house and, as I've said a few times already, I do love you. But it's time we took the uncertainty out of our marriage and placed it on a realistic footing. There are, after all, so many more things you should be doing for me."*

*Shaking his head as if to clear it, he stared at the front-room carpet as if its answer were about to supply him with an explanation for the sudden change in the wife he adored so much.*

*"Look at me, Brian," she almost ordered, rising to her feet opposite him, determined to bring things to a head between them that they might begin the transition into the female-led lifestyle she wanted for herself with him as her cuckold and household-servant.*

*Still trying to assimilate and understand the nature of the bomb she had detonated under him, Brian Fordham slowly raised his head from the uncommunicative carpet and stared at his wife of thirteen years.*

*What he saw appeared to be a stranger.*

*"If you wish to remain married to me," she began, "this is how things will be from now on…"*

# Four

Yvonne Obote was more than a little annoyed.

“I recall expressly warning you *not* to go at him like a bull in a china shop.”

“Calm down, Yvonne, please,” urged a discomfited Elaine Fordham after finishing her account of that first confrontation with her husband, a tad taken aback by the depth of venom and recrimination beaming across the table towards her and aware that one or two curious heads had turned in their direction despite the buzz of conversation and hubbub in general.

“I am, to say the least, disappointed, Elaine,” her mentor informed her with a stony expression that spoke volumes for the steely determination and tenacity that made her so good at what she did. “When we first sat down to order I had a feeling that you had taken things with Brian further than you should have at such an early stage. My hope, however, was that it had not turned out as badly as we have known such premature approaches to turn out up to now. I was, it appears, far too optimistic.”

“Yvonne, if you’ll just listen I…”

“And now he has packed his things and left,” the African woman went on over her, fury, if anything, increasing.

Shaking her head from side to side with barely restrained fury to add:

“Stupidity!”

As her friend and mentor gulped rather than sipped at her Gavi, Elaine tried again:

“But that’s just the point, Yvonne,” she began. “Yes. You’re right. He did pack some things and he did leave.”

Yvonne’s arms went wide, as if to say:

*“So?”*

“And yesterday evening,” Elaine continued, “he came back.”

The sun banished by a furious moon made an instant comeback from its eclipse and, along with delight, relief could be detected above the brilliant white teeth dazzling an equally relieved Elaine.

Another sip – rather than a gulp – later and the African woman was her usual efficient and logical self again.

Ready to converse once more to *without* the white-heat of anger contaminating her thought processes.

“Excuse my… *irritation*… Elaine,” she began, briefly laying a hand over that of her friend’s before removing it. “It is only because you are a friend as well as a colleague and I dearly want yo to experience that which you desire so badly that I react in such a way.”

Her friend and colleague smiled, knowing she was sincere in what she said.

“No matter that he has returned, you were wrong to take such a foolish risk at this stage and you must understand my disappointment that you would ignore my advice in such a way.”

“I’m truly sorry, Yvonne,” Elaine told her, meaning it. “The truth is I had never felt as empowered and excited in my life as I felt when I began pointing out his faults and my own dissatisfaction and, rather than come back at me like a real man, he almost burst into tears.”

“It is done,” Yvonne said with a magnanimity that told the older woman she was forgiven, “and our position, if anything, has not only been made clearer and more speedily, but will have strengthened it into the bargain now that he has returned. And *returned* with full knowledge of your intent. You were rash but…”

Yvonne raised her glass and waited for Elaine to bring up her sparkling water for a one-sided – in alcoholic terms – clink before finishing:

“Let us just say that you have jumped the process forward a few stages.”

They clinked again before, still smiling, Yvonne shook her head:

“Though I do confess myself surprised there was no anger on his part or at least an attempt to bully and shame you into feeling guilty for what you wanted from him. Surely, if he was outraged enough to leave home he must have…”

“He did, Yvonne,” Elaine cut in. “Believe me, his reaction was positively volcanic – at least by his own standards. He even used foul language. But all the time I knew it was only cosmetic.”

“You will soon have him at such a point he will never dare use such language in front of you and will even think twice about voicing it in his thoughts. That is when you know your control is reaching optimum, though you must never let up and continually place yourself on a higher level to him. Even when you are not with him it is wise to leave him with a task or a duty that reminds him of who has the control.

“It is why I insisted upon Solomon remaining totally silent as he placed his cock at your disposal and for you to help in this by having no interaction with him – at least of a verbal kind.”

Again, Elaine shot a look around them, sure the whole world could hear their conversation and grateful when it appeared not even the tables closest appeared to have noticed anything untoward.

"By insisting upon this," Yvonne continued, "I gave him a reminder of my control even as I remained absent and he used his manhood upon another woman. And used it *only* after having been given my permission. This, my dear, we call the 'maintenance-of-the-cuckold'. That he might remain in the headspace we require of him."

"It makes sense now," Elaine admitted, "though I do have to say I was a bit puzzled at the time."

Her arms went wide.

I'm amazed at just how easy some men are to manage and a bit disappointed with myself for not realising earlier. Had I done so, the life I've had with Brian up to now could have been so much more… *interesting*."

"All is well though," Yvonne smiled, "as you have realised now and will soon reap the rewards."

Elaine's nod was eager and anticipatory and her words reflected her thoughts:

"I don't doubt it now, Yvonne. Not after the way he came back home with his tail between his legs." She shook her head, unable, even if she wasn't at pains to try, to hide her contempt for the man she knew a part of her – despite everything – still loved. "I'm amazed he found the strength to stay away as long as he did. Not to mention the money."

Yvonne's eyes narrowed, "Surely he still has access to your joint-accounts?"

“Oh, he has access alright,” Elaine smiled. “But what use is there in being able to access an account if there’s no money in it?”

Yvonne giggled, earlier irritation entirely forgotten as Elaine continued:

“The moment he packed a bag and took off in the little runaround we bought him, I went online to go into our accounts and transferred the cash from them into the savings account I have in my name alone. My salary from the firm is paid directly into my current account – also in my name only – so that leaves him with a total sum of…”

The African woman formed a zero with her fingers and they both laughed delightedly.

Both of them totally oblivious to their cruelty towards a man who – ineffectual bedroom performance aside – had done absolutely nothing to deserve it.

“My, my, Elaine. You have been quick-off-the-mark, as they say”

“I’ve a lot of wasted time to make good on,” came the reply.

Then:

“He was unshaven and dishevelled when he finally returned,” Elaine continued when their merriment subsided, “and I knew he’d been sleeping in his car. I mean, it’s not as if he knows anyone in the area or has family or close friends elsewhere.

“I don’t know if he was expecting me to burst into tears with relief when he came through the door but I do know he looked absolutely devastated when, rather than lay out the welcome-mat, I began to tear strips out of him for being so selfish.”

Going on to joke then:

“Really, I think if I’d pushed hard enough and pressed the right buttons, I could have had him blubbering like an infant after a tongue-lashing from mummy.”

Yvonne gave her a nod that was at once sage and humorous:

“That will happen soon enough, my dear.”

Elaine laughed at a prospect she found appealing for some reason; even as her thoughts described it as sadly unlikely.

The prospect of treating her husband as if he were the child he hadn’t given her and she hadn’t wanted was pleasing.

No.

More than that.

It was intoxicating!

Still, she thought, one can’t have everything; though the African woman opposite who appeared to be again reading her thoughts had a different take on the subject:

“You think I jest,” Yvonne said, minus the high-rise-terminal that would have turned her words into a question.

“Come on, Yvonne!” Elaine chided. “There’s a limit, surely!!”

A shaking head said otherwise.

# Five

Churches, of whatever belief, had it all wrong, Brian Fordham told himself as he placed the sparkling-water his wife had asked for on the dressing-table before whose mirror she was making-up her face.

“Thank you, sweetie,” she told him, careful to use the demeaning new form of address she had hit upon for him. “Now go back downstairs and make sure everything is nice and tidy for our guests while mummy makes herself look presentable.”

Hell, he told himself as he writhed inwardly at her childish treatment of him and the fact he was unable to prevent her doing just that if she so wished, was not some subterranean furnace only open for a stay after life was given the lights-out.

Not by a longshot.

From the moment he had returned home, cold, tired, and with nowhere else to turn but back to the person who had given him no choice but to leave in the first place, the downward spiral she had put in place on the fateful night he found so repugnant and painful to think of showed no sign of reaching bottom. That he had been weak enough to return at all in the face of the words forcing him to leave was as shaming to him as it had seemed totally expected to her. To go back, knowing what she wanted for herself and, worse, expected from her husband could only have confirmed her in the new and sudden belief that he was a weak man who would accept such treatment from a wife he had loved and adored – and couldn’t seem to help himself from doing so still.

And still he had returned to her.

A few nights in the car, after he realised she had cleared out their joint-accounts and a hotel or bed & breakfast was out of the

question, and with no other soul he could turn to – at least in this world – the weakness she had suddenly seen beneath his surface was becoming more and more obvious to him also.

Even if, as was the way of most people confronted by uncomfortable self-knowledge, he tried to dress it in another, more palatable, way.

She was going through the change.

Her hormones were raging.

It was just a phase she was going through.

All the usual excuses males applied to female behaviour they considered illogical and unfair, Brian Fordham applied to the behaviour of his wife.

None of which, explained why her treatment of him – not to mention her expectations – seemed to become more… *emasculating*… with each day that had passed since his return.

Just the same, the woman who came downstairs to him some thirty minutes later and strolled into an immaculate and tidy front-room tidied by his own hand took his breath away.

Hating what she was putting him through – a part of him even hating her – he could not help but admit she looked fabulous.

Even if she had gone to all the effort to come across in such a way for someone else.

Ravishing, was an understatement he told himself, conscious of the paunch at his midriff and the thinning hair she had ridiculed on that first night when she had pooh-poohed the possibility of any other woman wanting him. The jet hair she had recently had cut after the page-boy style took years off her, had such help been

needed, and she was wearing a figure-hugging black dress that ended just above knees that were covered in the sheerest black hose. The effect should have been funereal but wasn't. On the contrary, it was about the sexiest he could ever recall her having looked and to make his heart break just that little more, she hadn't gone to all the trouble for him.

Adding insult to deep and lasting injury was the thin and expensive silver-chain that dangled from her neck and over the neck of the dress that began at her collarbone.

The same thin and expensive silver-chain he had bought for her on their tenth anniversary.

Pecking her way over to him on the high but not outrageous heels of a pair of maroon shoes with pointed toes he couldn't recall having seen before and which only served to make already shapely legs still more so, she placed her hands behind his head and looked into his eyes intensely.

For a moment his heart leapt as he thought she was about to kiss him before laughing and going on to tell him it was all a joke and that she had really dressed in such a way for him, this before shooing him upstairs to get changed for the restaurant she had booked. Her perfume was intoxicating and he couldn't recall her having worn the fragrance before. Explaining why, perhaps, his erection was about as urgent as he could remember it being since their early days together.

Neither change of mind nor restaurant were in his immediate future.

Though she did kiss him.

Pulling his head forward to place her lips on his thinning hair in a way he could only describe to himself as…

*“Motherly.”*

“I’ve been so pleased with since you decided to stop being silly and come back,” she told him.

“Elaine, I…”

“Now, don’t spoil things and go talking out of turn to mummy,” she chided him, still marvelling at being able to speak to him in such a way and for him to allow her to get away with it. “You’ve been so good up to now and I know in your heart you want to go on pleasing me to make up for all those years you were such a disappointment.”

“Please, Elaine,” he began, ignoring her admonition to silence and snatching one of her hands in his, “all I want to do is make it up to you. I had no idea that when it came to… to sex… I was so… so…”

“Useless?” she offered helpfully, loving the way she led him so effortlessly these days as she recalled their youth together and how he had always been the focus through his looks and sporting ability of the other local girls, this while barely giving her a glance and seeming to grudgingly tolerate her at the get togethers of their two families before his mother upped sticks for the other side of the world.

“Elaine, you know I adore you. I’ll do anything to make you happy and see that you… you’re not… not frustrated in bed anymore… But…”

Snatching her hand from his she placed it over his mouth and prevented him from finishing a train of thought that had already completed its journey.

At least for her.

“You gave me your word there would be no more trying to talk me out of this,” she reminded him.

A muffled response came from behind her hand and she shook her head.

“No. I don’t want to hear another word from you. Our guests will be arriving soon and if you don’t want to keep your word and prefer to leave, that’s your choice.”

Something like hope surfaced in his eyes at what appeared a way to avoid something he had been dreading with every fibre of his being.

Other people witnessing what was going on in his marriage.

It wasn’t, of course, anything like hope at all and his wife was not slow to let him know just that.

“If you decide to do that, Brian,” she said, using his first name for the first time in days, “then I’ll consider our marriage over and their will no turning or coming back.”

The hope of a few moments before was extinguished from his eyes instantly and, to her joy, replaced by what she felt sure was a numbed and unwilling acceptance.

“*That*,” she went on, “is *my* choice.”

After allowing him a few moments to mull upon it, she said:

“Now, when I take my hand away, you can either run along upstairs to pack your things, or you can say sorry to mummy for being so silly and promise to do just as she says when her guests arrive.”

When she removed her hand as promised, he could only look at her helplessly.

She placed impatient hands upon equally expectant hips and allowed her eyes to rake him over, "Don't test me on this, Brian. I love you and I want you to remain my husband. But if I don't hear what I want to hear – and right *now* – it's over between us."

Not for the first time since the night of his return, tears had formed in his eyes and she knew there would be plenty more where they came from if he caved in again as she fully expected him to and supplied her with the answer that would take him a step further towards his own emasculation.

Not, she thought, that he looked to her like any kind of a man now.

A demotion that, surprisingly, made him more attractive to her than at any time since they had met.

Though, given a second thought, was her reaction really so surprising?

That *emasculation*, after all, was about to prove both her calling-card and her entrance-fee into a world that would allow her to receive all the cock she could handle.

How could she not love her little man for providing her with such a gift?

"Very well," she said when he remained silent, determined to call his sudden obstinacy as tears continued to travel his cheeks. "You've made your decision."

She turned on her heel.

“Come on, I’ll help you pack and give you a few pounds to see you on your way before my guests arrive. You can tell me where to reach you later and I’ll have my lawyer contact you there.”

She had actually gotten further than she had thought she would – the foot of the stairs, in fact – when he caught up with her and a hand on her arm told her he had caved.

“Please, Elaine. I don’t want to leave.”

“Then stay.”

“How can I?” he almost sobbed. “I’m a man. Your husband. Someone you say you love. Let you’re treating me like a… like a…”

“Child?”

“Why Elaine? Have I really been such a bad husband that you’d humiliate me in such a way?”

“Humiliate you?” she hissed, forcing herself to an anger she didn’t really feel in order to cow him further. “How humiliating do you think it’s been for me? To have to listen to my staff at work talking about all the glorious sex they have with their men while all I could offer – had it not been to utterly mortifying to admit to it – was your three pumps and a squirt when you could find the energy to manage it. Did you ever once after all those times I took your pitiful cock in my mouth offer my pussy the same in return? Did you hell!”

“Elaine I…”

“Shut up! You’re pitiful. Despite how much you’ve let me down over the years I give you a chance to stay in my life. And all you can do is whine because your feelings are hurt. Yes, I love you, Brian. But not sexually. You have never satisfied me and you

never will. The only hope you have of staying in my life is to accept that and the fact bigger and better endowed men – real men – will be fucking me from now on."

Had someone slowly inserted an ice-pick into his left ventricle, Brian Fordham could not have looked more agonised as heard the love of his life say she wanted other men and *not* him.

"I know how hard this is for you to accept," she went on, scaling her anger back and sounding almost sympathetic, "but I am assured you will soon see it's the only way for you to stay in my life. Show your love for me this way and I'll always look after you. There will even be sex. Though it will be on my terms from now on and in a manner of my choosing. That's something for later. In the meantime, nothing major will have changed. I'll still be the breadwinner and you will remain my househusband. I have no intention of getting a reputation as a local-bike so any men I see will be seen *only* at the *'club'* I told you of and which you don't believe exists."

He was almost swaying before now, so traumatised had she got him; in fact, if it hadn't been for him still clinging to her arm, she felt sure he would have sunk to the floor as his legs refused to support him.

"All that is for later though," she went on, "and our guests will be able to explain things a little more clearly to you – if, that is, you decide to stay."

He couldn't meet her eyes and neither could he summon up the courage to tell her he was leaving, jubilant and victorious eyes told her.

Just as Yvonne had told her it would be, so it was.

She had him.

All that remained was to drum it home to him.

Sweetly.

Motherly.

“Oh, come here, sweetie,” she said suddenly, pulling him into her and feeling him almost collapse under the sudden and unexpected kindness. “Mummy loves you and doesn’t want you hurt. But you have to do as she says from now on. It really is the only way forward for us if we’re to stay together.”

Brian Fordham’s hell took another turn and he actually felt himself melting into his mummy’s embrace; even if the mother figure in question was the wife who had just told him she intended to fuck other men with his full knowledge.

His consent as thoroughly redundant as his former career with the Civil-Service.

To his eternal shame, he began to cry into her shoulder, as if he were for all the world the small boy she insisted he was.

“That’s it, sweetie,” he heard her coo as she stroked his thinning locks with a hand that was as strangely soothing to him as it was undeniably emasculating. “Let it all out for mummy. Mummy promises you’ll feel better once you stop trying to act like a big man and know your proper place.”

He was actually wailing now, great heaving sobs making him shake from head-to-toe as she systematically took him apart under the guise of supplying him with reassurance.

“You’re not the only husband to have let his wife down, sweetie,” she cooed, “and I know you didn’t mean to hurt me. But now you have a chance to make it up to me I know you’ll want to make the

most of it. That's why Yvonne and Solomon are stopping by. To explain things better."

The sobs had subsided somewhat now though his arms remained around her waist hugging her tight, making the most of his first real contact with her for some time now that she had him on the single mattress in the spare-room upstairs while she took her ease on the king-size in the main bedroom they had once shared.

And *never* would again.

"Solomon does his best to please Yvonne and I want him to be your role-model," she said as she eased herself away from him, gratified that he seemed unable to meet her eye.

"You…? You mean he doesn't…?"

"No. That's not what I mean at all. Solomon pleases Yvonne very nicely in bed, thank you very much. Though he does accept it's the right of his wife to sleep with other men if that's her choice. Only fair, don't you think, given she allows him to provide so many other women with pleasure."

Delusional as ever, Brian Fordham seemed to perk up at this, humiliation of a few seconds ago put to one side as his inwardly amused wife divined his thoughts.

And just as instantly crushed them.

"No, sweetie. Mummy knows what you're thinking and it isn't going to happen."

"I don't understand," he told her, anguish as unmistakable as his honesty.

"Unlike you, sweetie, Solomon has a large cock and knows how to use it…

“So Yvonne tells me,” she added quickly when he gave a start, worried that premature knowledge of her first black dick might just push him over the edge – even if she was swiftly coming to realise she could handle him if it did.

“But you don’t have a big cock, sweetie, and don’t even know how to use that little thing you’ve got properly.”

“Elaine,” he almost wept, on the verge of another emotional collapse. “How can you treat me this way?”

“Oh, dear, here we go again,” she said with a huge and false sigh of the put-upon variety before fixing him with a no-nonsense stare from which she was delighted to see him flinch. “Are you trying to tell me you have a big cock then?”

“No, Elaine, of course I’m not, but…”

“Who knows? Perhaps I’ve got it wrong and you really are a stallion.”

“Elaine…”

“Why don’t we get Yvonne to have a look when she gets here?” she asked, knowing full well that if the night went the way it was intended to go then her friend and colleague would not only be getting a look at her husband’s inferior equipment but would be adding some improvements of her own.

When there was no reply and she considered him ripe after the latest of a number of mini-rebellions that grew steadily weaker with each failed effort, Elaine took their conversation back to where it started, confident that this time she would receive the desired response.

“Now, either you give your mummy the answer she wanted the first time of asking, or we go upstairs and get your things together.”

The look he threw her was pitiful and spoke volumes for just how far down she had taken him since that initial discussion concerning his shortcomings and her needs.

But still no answer was forthcoming.

“I am going to start counting,” she told him. “If I reach beyond the count of three it is all over between us and I will see my lawyer the first thing Monday morning and you can see yours – if you can afford one.”

“Elaine! Please” begged her stricken husband.

“One…”

“You can’t mean this… insanity!” he cried.

“Two…”

“Elaine, I’m… I’m begging you…”

“Three…”

*****

It was an hour later when the doorbell announced Elaine’s guests and the door opened to reveal Yvonne, clad in skin-tight pale denims and a clingy pink tee-shirt from which her breasts seemed ready to explode.

Rising above her from behind was Solomon, unlike his wife and mistress, dressed formally in a grey suit with black shirt and tie

and highly polished black brogues, flowers in one arm and a plastic bag in the other.

Yvonne looked expectant, strong black features with the most minimal of make-up beneath the stylishly short-hair upon which Elaine appeared to have modelled her own, staring unblinkingly past the door and into the interior as if looking for somebody who was of interest to her.

From behind her, Solomon gave a diplomatic cough intended to set the ball rolling and trigger a response.

It did.

“Good Evening. You must be Ms Yvonne,” said Brian Fordham, cheeks flushed with humiliation.

# Six

When Brian, Timothy, Fordham's alarm woke him at 6am and he roused himself to go about the ablutions and chores that would consume the next hour of his time before he served his still sleeping wife her breakfast; this prior to laying out her clothes for the working day ahead as she showered; he was amazed at just how detailed and factually correct the dream had been,

All save its ending.

At no time did he verbally excoriate the black woman attempting to lock shut a cock-ring and attached cage intended to place any sexual pleasure he might receive beyond his own reach.

Neither did he order the woman from the home he had once considered his and, in the absence of his wife, still did.

A *"wife"* who at that moment was on route to the home of the black woman herself, there to be right royally rogered by the powerful black man who had not twenty minutes before been reading him, Brian Fordham, his future in his own kitchen.

A *"reading"* that had been far friendlier and understanding than that delivered by his own wife the moment her husband had left with Elaine…

*…"This, in case you are wondering," said the self-confident young woman of African descent, dangling a metal contraption before him she had just retrieved from a bag at her feet, "is a cock cage."*

*Brian Fordham was horrified. Solomon had told him he was going to have to make sacrifices to remain in Elaine's life. But this?*

*He had heard of the things, of course, but had always considered them no more than the paraphernalia of the sexually perverted. And, not being sexually inclined that way himself, would have laughed at the prospect of ever having such a contraption affixed to his own manhood. At least not until now!*

*"It is a chastity device that denies a man's cock the ability to become erect," the black woman he had found attractive when first spying her at a cocktail evening thrown by Elaine's chambers told him. A black woman whose appearance in his front-room as she adopted the attitude of a school-mistress imparting a simple lesson to a dunce – and an older dunce at that – he found both repulsive and horrifying; his one-time attraction to the Amazonian woman with the stygian black skin and the body of a Venus no more than a memory.*

*For now, anyway.*

*"He can, of course, still urinate and bathe and the device is quite undetectable under normal clothing. Unless, that is, it's necessary to travel by plane; which could be rather embarrassing."*

*Brian Fordham could tell the younger woman was enjoying being able to talk down to him in such a way and, not for the first time recently, he marvelled at the levels of weakness that kept him in place to be treated in such a way.*

*"This is not something you need worry either of your little heads over, however," she went on haughtily. "From what I know of Elaine's plans, foreign travel, or any kind of travel involving a journey by air, is not in your future – though I feel sure it will be in hers at some time not too distant.*

*With the device dangling before his eyes, Fordham was finding it hard to concentrate on her words, but what was penetrating was not encouraging.*

*“It’s one of the reasons we prefer the metal to the plastic,” she went on. “That and the fact it will require extremely sophisticated cutting tools in order for it to be removed without the keys.”*

*Fordham swallowed, unable to believe he was so weak as to allow his pride and joy to be placed in such a thing.*

*And by a young black woman his junior by some years.*

*“Yes,” she said, noticing his discomfort and sounding about as near to empathetic as she would become during their encounter, “I can well imagine how daunting such a prospect must seem. To know that your cock – no matter how unimpressive – is about to be placed beyond your own sexual use given over to the discretion of your wife.”*

*Her imagination, Fordham told himself, went nowhere near to picturing just how daunting such a prospect was to him; though if she cared it not immediately obvious to him.*

*“There are good reasons for this,” she went on, “and, though you will have trouble believing it,” most of them are for your own benefit.”*

*It was too much.*

*“My own benefit! Are you fucking serious?”*

*His anger, understandable as it was, could not have been less important to her than if he had been a four-year-old throwing a hissy fit in front of an aunty refusing him more sweets – Anglo-Saxon obscenity or otherwise.*

*“By locking you away,” she began in an even voice, “we remove any question your thoughts might hold of you being able to compete with the men who will be pleasing your wife sexually from now on.*

*Fordham stared at her as if she were a Klingon beamed into his front-room as a practical joke by a drunk Scotty.*

*He was in an alien world and hearing alien thoughts.*

*And from the lips of a woman who seemed no less… other worldly.*

*"I am guessing that my Solomon revealed himself to you in the kitchen," she said, unable to quite hide a smirk. "So you must already be aware of the… discrepancy… in your sizes."*

*His faltering gaze and diluted anger told her he was.*

*"That is the cock, and with my permission, that will be pleasuring your wife's unsatisfied pussy the moment they reach my home."*

*His eyes watered over at this and she knew he was close to real tears.*

*Exactly the reaction she wanted and one she ran with:*

*"Be truthful, Brian," she began, using his first-name for the first time, "even if she could feel your little penis inside her after having experienced Solomon's, and gave you permission to place it there, would it not be even more crushing for you to know that she would not be the only one feeling nothing?"*

*Any fight left to the white husband standing in front of her was swiftly deserting him now and, though she knew it would reassert itself a little down the line until resignation finally became total, any small doubts she had entertained about getting him into the cage vanished.*

*"The other reason for placing your cock under Elaine's control is to prevent you from masturbating. Men, even types such as you, will masturbate constantly when left to their own devices and*

*denied a female partner. And that is unacceptable. Disrespectful, in fact."*

*Beaten eyes came up at this and Yvonne read the message in them exactly and correctly.*

*"You are asking yourself how the simple act of playing with your little cock because your wife no longer wishes to play with it for you can be disrespectful to her when she is using the cocks of other men to find satisfaction."*

*It was not couched as a question but the look he gave her was.*

*"You have let Elaine down, Brian. And have been doing so for many years now. She has suffered this in silence simply because of her love for you and a desire not to hurt your male pride. But it is a state of affairs she cannot permit any longer. Because of your inability to satisfy her fully she has been forced to seek satisfaction from other men and myself and my friends are determined she should do so."*

*"And what about me?" she could see his thoughts asking.*

*"She still loves you and your presence her still despite everything tells me you feel the same. Nothing will change in respect of these emotions but there will be changes. One of those changes being that you will no longer masturbate without express permission and will hand over complete control of your sexuality to Elaine.*

*"I am going to lock this metal ring around your testicles in a few moments and the moment it clicks shut and the cage is attached you will be dependent upon Elaine for any release you may receive. Any sexual pleasure you receive will have to be deemed to have been earned and you can go about doing so by putting your silly male pride aside and treating your wife with the respect and attention that has been sadly lacking to this point."*

*“That’s nonsense,” he told her, even if his voice did sound more whiny child than assertive adult. “I’ve never treated Elaine with anything other than respect and attention.”*

*“Really? Then I am to believe that you actually asked her if your lovemaking satisfied?”*

*“Well… no, but… I just thought…”*

*“You took it for granted that she was totally fulfilled by that little cock I am shortly to lock away?”*

*“Well…”*

*“And what would you have done had you asked and she replied in the negative? Would you have – finally – offered to have placed your tongue at her disposal that she may at least know a completion not brought about by her own hand in the secrecy of the bathroom or downstairs toilet?”*

*Cheeks that were already scarlet intensified in colour.*

*“No. Elaine told me as much. Well, as of now, that changes.”*

*She dangled the ring she intended to lock around his scrotum.*

*“The sooner we have you locked away in this the sooner you can begin to re-channel your thoughts and make your wife’s pussy and its pleasure the new center of your universe. Your life, along with your other duties in the home, will around pleasuring it, mostly with the tongue you have denied her until now, or in any other way rather than actual intercourse she decides upon.”*

*The way his shoulders slumped and his lack of a verbal response convinced her the moment was right.*

*“Now, let’s get this over with. I want you to lower your trousers and underpants and place your balls in the palm of my hand.”*

*With one hand holding the device intended to control him, she extended the other, palm upwards and expectant.*
*The eye-contact and battle of wills that ensued was not long in duration.*

*No more than five seconds, in fact, before a beaten and still marvelling Brian Fordham did exactly as he had been told and rested his balls in the warm palm of a black woman some fifteen years his junior…*

…As Brian Fordham towelled himself down after finishing his shower and began to dress in the clothes his increasingly dominant wife had chosen for him, prior to going down to the kitchen to prepare her cereal and juice, his mind again raced over recent events that became no explicable or believable to him from frequent repletion.

And certainly no less shameful…

# Seven

The house was prime.

Palatial.

Luxurious.

And Brian Fordham hated it with every fibre of his being. The mere fact it existed let alone the more pressing consideration of being forced to spend time inside it on a regular if, thankfully, not daily basis adding a bricks and mortar location to the more ethereal and metaphysical nature of his emasculation. The sense of self-loathing he felt for the weakness and sense of powerlessness that ensured he *chauffeured* Elaine to it twice monthly was always with him. Chauffeuring made that she might enjoy the thrill of experiencing the more substantial cocks of one or other of the eight husbands who, unlike him and the two other husbands forced to share more *menial* duties about the house.

The above humiliation in no way reduced or mitigated by the pleasure his wife took from their visits and the fact she always seemed more loving towards him and like the old Elaine afterwards.

The above an understandable reaction when the duties he was expected to take on whilst there were so… *killingly*… dispiriting.

His first appearance at one of the *"gatherings"* had been made no easier for him to bear for being forewarned of what was to come after Elaine had forced him to read a positively revolting story. A story involving just such a house with a similar breakdown of occupants. The same story that had put in place the footings of the *club's"* existence – even if, apart from the fucking of the wives as a select few of their husband's waited on like servants with set duties of their own, all similarities ended after that.

Brian Fordham was executing one of those *core* duties at this moment.

Seated on a low stool at the end of the upstairs hallway, he waited for one of the bedrooms to become vacant that he may enter and replace the sheets recently soiled by another man and a woman likely as not to prove to be his wife. With eyes studiously, and as required, kept lowered until the departing couple had passed him to return downstairs, his one hope would be that, Elaine or otherwise, the freshly pleasured woman would not speak to him that he be required to show her the respect also required of him when spoken to by a *"wife"*. A hope, more often than not, that proved futile as these women, his own wife included, seemed to love making the more menial of the club's cuckolds squirm in such a way.

And others.

His new duties and new life - unthinkable from his days as a golden-boy football prodigy and even the years of Civil Service paper-clip counting that followed at the Department of the Environment - something he had been forced to perform right from the very beginning.

Not long after, in fact, the visit of the hateful black woman to the home he shared with his wife.

A visit made with her own equally black – if not *quite* as equally hateful – husband in tow…

*****

"…I know it must all seem incredible to you," the man his wife had addressed as Solomon and insisted he call *'Sir"*, said, reiterating the obvious. "If it helps, it seemed the same way to me when my wife first suggested such an arrangement."

They were in the kitchen of the home Brian Fordham had once felt he shared with his wife and in which he now felt near-as-make-no-difference a stranger. Elaine had sent him there to make drinks for her *'guests'*. The powerful African some ten or more years younger than him following at his heels to *'get acquainted'* after delivering the women their refreshments and returning to the kitchen.

"Then why did you consent to it?" asked the somewhat intimidated white-husband, finding it hard to warm to the man despite his friendly demeanour and assuring himself he never would when faced with the knowledge that their African *'guest'* would soon be fucking his wife – if he hadn't already – and that he, her husband, would not.

"The same reason as you, my man," Solomon told him in the thickly accented English that betrayed both his roots and the fact his presence in the country had not been long in duration – another factor adding to the white man's already considerable chagrin. "Either I left for England to be with her in the way she required when she had completed her law-degree here, or I would lose her."

Brian's thoughts on the subject as he took ice from the freezer were obvious and only the fact he had tried to leave himself under the same ultimatum, and had returned with his tail between his legs – this when he had been forced to admit life without Elaine in it and the security she supplied was unthinkable to him - made his thoughts on the black man in his kitchen more charitable.

"I am a proud man, Brian," Solomon went on, sensing his host's thoughts, "and it was not easy for me. I was studying Animal Husbandry in my own land at the time and had a career in that line planned. Also, in our country far more than your own, it does not go well for the man who is seen to be ruled by his woman and I would not wish to be there under such circumstances – though

Yvonne does treat me as an equal partner when we return to visit and we are not in private."

"Do you think it's any easier for me?" Brian asked with a little heat, though not too much, given the other man's youth and far more powerful physique. "That I'm any less proud?"

"No," Solomon answered flatly and without heat of his own.

Totally calm, in fact.

As if he was hearing nothing he had not expected and *certainly* nothing he could not handle.

"I do not think that at all. I have been in exactly the same position as you, Brian, and I know how difficult it can be to accept that you must take a… *different*… role in the life of your beloved from now on."

Now, more powerful physique or not, Brian did display heat of a more advanced kind:

"You make it sound as if I'm expected to share the washing of the dishes and help with the shopping. Not…"

He broke off, unable to utter the shaming words in the presence of a stranger – even if he did profess to be in a similar situation.

"Not to be her household servant and be present as other men pleasure her?" Solomon offered helpfully in a way that brought a deep red of shame to the cheeks of his host.

As the white host turned away to prepare their own drinks, unable to face his African guest, a smile that was both knowing and *mildly* sympathetic creased the, none too handsome, features of the powerful black man. It must, he knew, be incredibly hard to be told by the love of one's life that your presence in neither her

bed nor her pussy – save for an obedient and respectful tongue – was not required any longer and that other, better-equipped, men would be pleasuring her in the future. For him, of course, it was at least slightly different. Not that he wasn't required to perform the same household duties as Brian Fordham. That was something Yvonne insisted he do. But, then, he was not denied her body when she desired him to experience it again rather than one of the other husbands who shared his higher cuckold status.

And neither did he wear one of the accursed cages the man with his back to him was, unbeknownst to him, about to have his manhood locked inside that very afternoon.

And by Yvonne herself.

It was something that did not sit well with Solomon himself and both he and Yvonne knew it would have proved a tipping point for their relationship.

Had, that is, he not been man enough in that department for such a reminder of his inferior status to prove unnecessary and to be considered worthy of providing mattress service to the other wives of *"The Club"*.

"I did not take kindly to the prospect of household chores to begin with, Brian," he told the man's back as he finished pouring the drinks. "In point of fact, there were many arguments between Yvonne and myself on the subject. I considered myself – and still do – a man and such a perversion of the usual roles was not pleasing to me."

The white-man's nodding head said that on this at least they had common-ground.

"So I understand how you must feel," Solomon continued. "Even though Yvonne assures me you have been performing these chores for your wife for some time now."

It was too much for Brian and he turned, eyes blazing:

“Not as her fucking manservant!” he cried, fists clenched at his side and looking ready to take on the world despite the knowledge he would come out of the encounter a very poor second. “She was offered a job she really wanted and, like a complete fool, I agreed to give up my own career to support hers. And this… *this*… is the thanks I get!”

Solomon shrugged, unperturbed by the outburst, recognising it for the defiance of a sapling before a hurricane that it was and knowing that once his anger cooled the white-man would again bow his head to the fate his own weakness told him was inevitable.

A bowing that took place with more swiftness than the African man had expected as his host turned back to the sink and supported himself against the drainer upon his hands to gaze out of the window onto the garden lawn he had only that day mowed.

A normal activity that only served to outline the abnormality of the situation his wife had thrust upon him.

“It is a huge compliment to your wife that Yvonne recognised her potential and suggested her to the women who run the Club. It is a very select grouping and they are not of a mind for it to become much larger, so the invitation extended to Elaine is no small thing.”

“I’m delighted for her,” was Brian Fordham’s sarcastic retort as he stared into the garden and longed for its peace – minus the shit being heaped upon his head he seemed unable to prevent.

“You are right to be, Brian,” an unperturbed Solomon responded.

Adding:

“And should be for yourself also.”

The slow turn the white husband made to face his wife’s guest at these words was indicative of sheer disbelief.

“It can only be good for Elaine’s future prospects to be held in such high regard by people of quality and position. And if Elaine benefits then so will you as her husband also.”

“Benefit? By becoming a fucking manservant? By being denied sex with my own wife as she…?”

Unable to finish his train of thought, Fordham again turned back to the sink and the view into the garden.

“Then my friend,” Solomon told the turned back after a pause, “the only advice I can offer to you is to leave now if you feel so strongly about what is required of you.”

No response.

“I realise you have little in the way of options if you do leave,” Solomon continued, “but at least you will still have the pride that appears so important to you.”

He waited a few moments before continuing:

“That is no small thing, my friend,” he went on. “Even if it does come at the expense of losing the home in which you live and the wife you still love in spite of everything. Believe me, I am fully conversant with such thoughts.”

An *“Hmmph!”* came from the older white man’s lips and Solomon went on:

“And yet here I am,” he said, almost as if he were amazed himself. “Attempting to persuade you that staying is in your best interests as well as Elaine’s.”

There was no response.

“You must ask yourself why that would be, Brian.”

And then there was:

“Being allowed sex with your own wife helps a little, wouldn’t you say?” observed a somewhat mocking Brian Fordham. “Even if you’re not her only lover.”

“Brian,” Solomon began with the first signs of impatience entering his voice and manner, “you have not been listening to me. At no time have I said that you would not be allowed sex with your wife. In fact, you will find yourself becoming highly desirable to your wife the more you commit yourself to her happiness. Believe me, I have seen this happen with the husbands of the other Club wives. Just because you will not be penetrating Elaine ever again…”

Solomon broke off as he saw the shoulders at the sink tense and berated himself for his insensitive use of words – even if there was no taking them back now and damage limitation was the order of the day.

“I am sorry to be so blunt, Brian, but this is no more than the simple truth. Your relationship with Elaine has changed and, while there is no question that she loves you just as dearly as she did when you married, there is also no question of your penis ever inserting itself into her vagina again.”

Solomon waited, hoping his aforementioned *bluntness* had been softened by his truthful assertion of the feelings the man’s wife still had for him.

Albeit those feelings were necessarily… *altered.*

When no response was forthcoming, he continued:
"However, and as I was about to tell you, it does not mean you will not experience a… *different*… form of lovemaking with your wife."

Now a response *was* forthcoming:

"You mean: *'sloppy seconds?' 'Cream-pies?'* That sort of thing?"

Solomon was unfazed.

"If that is what Elaine wishes, then yes," he answered matter-of-factly, as if he were urging Brian Fordham to accede to his wife's choice on the subject of the front-room drapes.

"Believe me, when you put away the less productive aspects of your understandable male pride and begin to treat your wife with the reverence and respect she deserves, then you will see how unimportant in the greater scheme of your relationship with each other is the small matter of how and with whom she chooses to find her own sexual fulfilment."

The white husband's head was shaking to-and-thro at what it recognised as a totally one-sided and unjust – not to mention perverted and repulsive – raison d'etre and Solomon pressed on in the same precise, if a little ante-diluvian, English:

"From now on, Brian, the success of your marriage will depend entirely upon your willingness to place Elaine's needs and desires first. This is what Yvonne expects from me and is what I now see as her right to demand. You must think of your wife from this point on as not only your soul-partner but a commanding officer whose orders and requirements it is your duty to both obey and anticipate."

The head was still shaking as Solomon waited for his host to think it over.

The reaction on the other side of the back facing him not too encouraging.

“Fuck it,” he heard the white-man tell himself, obviously trying to work up courage enough to just up-sticks and walk away. “I can’t do this.”

It was, Solomon knew, no more than the dressing male pride saw fit to place upon the capitulation both he and the white man knew was forthcoming; something he could use later to convince himself he had not caved in without some kind of resistance.

No matter how transparent and futile.

“I understand,” Solomon told him. “There are times in life when our only option is to walk away – no matter how injurious to our own interests that departure will prove to be,” Solomon told him, buying in to the man’s need to feel he was at least trying to fight the inevitable and confident his words would not be heeded even as he couched them sympathetically. ”If it is all too much for your pride,”, “then you have no choice but to leave and take your chances.”

Allowing a few beats to pass, he added:

“Who knows, you may even be able to forge some kind of a life for yourself, despite these difficult times.”

“You think I haven’t thought of that?” Brian Fordham said over his shoulder, bitterness and - more encouragingly for his wife, Solomon thought – *demoralisation* dominating his tone.

Solomon shrugged, sensing with certainty that their game had been won and the weak man with his back to him in his own kitchen was about to capitulate:

“Then what is stopping you, my friend?”

The following silence was more eloquent than any words.

“I understand,” came Solomon’s voice from behind him, sympathetic again. “It is terrifying enough to be told you will never play a part in your partner’s life again, let alone to know that your life away from her will be… *uncomfortable*.”

He allowed what he considered his subtle words of commiseration and warning to sink in before finishing:

“At least this way you remain in the life of someone you love and who loves you in return and, also, retain a degree of security.”

“Love?” blazed Brian Fordham, turning back into the room with a face full of both anger and puzzlement, pride not allowing him to concede to what they both knew was the inevitable just yet. “Is that what you call it?”

“Yes. I do, Brian.”

Fordham threw up his hands with exasperation as if it were Solomon, and not he, who was in need of advice and guidance.

“I am totally convinced that my Yvonne loves me as much as she ever did,” the powerful black man went on, recalling his own doubts on the same subject and wondering just when he himself became so… *genuine*.

“Perhaps more so,” he added. “That she wishes to experience and be sexually fulfilled by cocks other than my own also is…”

The older white man's cheeks reddened to be discussing male genitalia with another man – and a stranger at that whose own genitals would soon be making an acquaintance with those belonging to his own wife.

"…is not a reflection on either my manhood or her feelings for me. And do not forget, that she is not the only one who gets to experience different partners sexually. Sexual possessiveness can play no part in our relationship and neither will it be allowed to soil your relationship with Elaine."

"How very accepting and civilised," observed Brian Fordham with heavy and unmissable sarcasm. "But, and correct me if wrong here, it will be Elaine and not me who gets to do all the *experiencing* in our relationship."

Then, with a flash of male bravado Solomon recognised instantly for the cardboard it was:

"Where's the fucking *'love'* in that?"

"Brian, my friend. You are wilfully misrepresenting my words. I have been trying to explain that you also will get to experience sex with different partners."

"That's not what my *loving* wife told me," came the instant reply, though a certain interest seemed to underpin the husband's dismissive tone.

"Sex, my friend, is not experienced by the cock alone," Solomon answered and instantly bemused Brian Fordham.

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that, though your cock is not considered worthy enough to enter the women of the Club, your tongue is."

“Not considered *‘worthy’?*”

By way of a reply, the huge black man unzipped his fly and, totally without self-consciousness, fished out a black penis that was almost as thick as Brian Fordham’s was long and, used to locker-rooms and communal showers as he was, the mortified white man knew he was in the presence of the biggest cock he had seen.

No words accompanied the presentation and when Brian managed to take his eyes from the sight to meet those of the man in possession of the monster he was frankly stunned.

Silence reigned in the kitchen for a few moments more, until Solomon broke it:

“Unless, my friend, you can remove something comparable from your trousers to show me, I suggest you listen very carefully to what I am about to tell you…”

# Eight

For their first visit, they had arrived at the house exactly on time and, though she looked excited, Brian could tell Elaine was nervous.

He knew exactly how she felt.

With interest.

The old seven-bedroom manor-house was in an affluent and desirable road in Herstmonceux that held only another three properties similar in type.

And it was a *long* road.

“How do I look?” the wife about to redefine their marriage asked him as she sat in the back seat of their mid-range saloon as if she were his employer and he no more than a chauffeur with whom she was on friendly, if patronising, terms.

“Very nice,” he told her with an unavoidable edge to his voice.

He was driving her to the home of some influential new friends where she was to be fucked, and *not* by him.

How could an *edge* possibly be absent?

Even if he hadn’t been wearing what was effectively the servant’s uniform of crisp white shirt and straight black trousers and shoes she had both chosen and supplied and hadn’t known what was expected of him when they arrived.

It did not help that Elaine had taken great pains with her appearance and he had never seen her looking so… *sexy.* The trouble she had gone to, after all, was not on his account and this went some way towards dampening any physical reaction on his

part. That and other more… *physical*… means of prevention, anyway.

She looked, he told himself with understandable resentment, sensational. And so she should. The whole day, in fact, had been nothing more than a preparation for the gathering they were about to attend in their different ways - she as guest and he as servant – so it was hardly surprising there was a marked difference in their attire other than that insisted upon by gender.

The still jet black hair had been crimped and teased in one of Brighton's finest salons that morning and, when he had driven them back to Pevensey just after lunch, they – she – had been visited by a young woman who had delivered a lengthy and giggly pedicure and manicure as he had remained on hand to deliver them coffee at their request. This had been followed by a lengthy soak and other mysteries of the female toilette before she had pronounced herself ready for the evening ahead. A low-cut dress that revealed the exciting valley between her breasts and was short enough for the emphasis to her calf muscles provided by spike heels not to be wasted.

A matching clutch bag completed the ensemble.

They had been parked in the driveway of the house for some moments before the angry and reflective husband realised his wife was giving him an expectant stare in the rear-view mirror.

Feeling sick at heart, Brian Fordham realised what she was waiting for and forced himself from the car and around to the passenger side to open her door as if he truly were her chauffeur and flunkey rather than her husband of thirteen years. Yet, despite the conflicting emotions threatening to overwhelm him, he could not help but be aroused at the sight of her shapely and strong legs, bare and tan, as they exited the interior. Aroused, that is, until a restrictive coldness at his groin turned his thoughts to less… *painful*… images.

“I hope this isn’t attitude I’m seeing and hearing, Brian,” she warned, eyes waiting to greet his as he closed the back-door and turned to face her. “You know how important this is to me and I need to know you are going to do your best to make me proud.”

“Make you fucking proud?” he hissed, unable to prevent himself. “You’re going in there to have yourself stuffed with cock that isn’t mine while I get to play the part of a menial. Make you proud!”

The slap that rocked his head to the side shocked both of them and Elaine took a hurried look around them.

The driveway was full of expensive vehicles and she seemed relieved that neither the owners nor their drivers were present.

“Firstly,” she began, emboldened by the privacy and regaining her equilibrium – even if the same could not be said for the husband she had just physically chastised for the first time, “the cocks I am about to be *‘stuffed’* with, as you so delightfully put it, are twice the size of yours and belong to men who know how to use them.”

The barb served its purpose and her angry husband averted his eyes, memories of their own kitchen and being shown the monster cock of Solomon still fresh enough to make him feel… *inferior*.

“And, secondly,” she continued, still new enough to it all to marvel at the wondrous sensations treating her husband in such a way produced, “you will not be *playing* the part of a menial but will be, and from the moment we go inside and return home, *exactly* that. A servant.”

Still coming to terms with the fact his wife had just added physical correction to the other growingly authoritative ways she so effortlessly conjured up to remind him of his new position in her life, Brian Fordham could do no more than stare at the woman

he loved and thought he had known as if a stranger had taken lodgings inside her skull.

“Given how much you whine about the fact I treat you as if you were a child at home,” she told him, “I would have thought you’d have welcomed the opportunity to show me you can act as a grown-up – even if it is only as a servant.”

Knowing nothing he said could change her mind and that the only course of action open to him if he wished to avoid the humiliations sure to be ahead of him was beyond his resolve to take, Brian remained silent, cursing the unmanly tears he felt welling at the back of his eyes as his wife virtually dared him to take her on.

“Make no mistake, Brian,” she assured him. “This is not some passing fad I’ve a hankering to try and we will *never* be returning to the lives we once led with each other. It is a lifestyle we are entering and, even if it is an unwilling entry on your part, I expect you to make me proud and show the other wives that you are determined to do what it takes to remain a part of my life. It is the only way you can ever hope to regain the respect I’ve lost for you. Accept who you are and what I want you to be from now on and we will remain happily married till death us do part.”

“Happy?” he questioned softly, stunned that she could even imagine he could adjust to such a state of affairs and be pleased about it.

“As happy as you can be, anyway,” she answered, temper receding a little and a smidgen of her former affection for him surfacing. “I know how difficult this all is for you and I’ve promised I won’t flaunt the men I sleep with in front of you at our home. A promise I intend to keep in the same way I *always* keep my promises. But when we are here you are not to think of me or act toward me as if we were married.”

She became thoughtful.

“In fact, I’ve been meaning to talk to you about your attitude when we are home alone with each other. It’s far too casual and could impact upon the way you behave here.

If cheeks can both redden and take on a sickly pallor then the cheeks of Brian Fordham did just that.

*“Casual?”*

“But that can wait until our first weekend here is under our belts successfully,” she told him, sensing another mini-rebellion and having more important and *larger* issues on her mind at that point.

Her eyes bore into his and he wondered how he had missed the signs of her self-determination back in their courting days and beyond into marriage.

He also asked himself what good it would have done him.

“We are going in now,” she said, holding his eyes with such single-minded intensity he felt his legs weaken before her and began another unspoken round of self-recrimination on the nature of his own weakness. “Leave the overnight bags in the boot for now. You can get them later. But make no mistake, Brian. Let me down this evening and you will *never* see me or share a home with me again. It’s your choice.”

With that she turned on her heel and made her way across the gravel to the imposing double-fronted oak doors that served as an entrance, shapely tan legs pecking their way over with what seemed a supreme confidence he would follow.

A confidence that was not misplaced.

After a wait of no more than a few seconds the door opened and a well-groomed man in his fifties appeared, dressed, Brian saw, in exactly the same outfit Elaine had chosen for him. Save that is for the presence of a shiny black waistcoat the new boy would soon discover denoted his superior status amongst the other servants.

"You must be Ms Pierce," he began, tones cultured and friendly without being familiar and remaining deferential, Brian Fordham remaining ignored as he waited on his wife's heels and told himself not to be shocked at hearing his wife addressed by her maiden name.

A forewarned Elaine nodded, taking the older man's deference in her stride and acting for all the world as if she were a lady used to dealing with… *flunkies*.

"My name is Morgan, Ma'am or *'Travis'*, if you prefer. If there is anything I can do to make your stay more enjoyable please don't hesitate to make your wishes known to me."

Elaine nodded again and Brian Fordham could see she was flourishing under the man's obsequious attentions – even as the older man's toadying sickened him.

"This way please, Ma'am," Morgan offered and stood to one side to let her pass; though his obsequiousness and friendly without being familiar tones vanished when the husband present in the role of flunky tried to enter behind her.

"The servant's entrance is at the rear," Brian Fordham was told with an authority he had not expected from the man – though he might have been less surprised had he been told the servitor in front of him had once been a Vice-president for a well-known Swiss pharmaceutical conglomerate and was the husband of the woman who now owned both him and the house Fordham was attempting to enter.

A woman, he would soon discover, who was even more successful in her own right.

As well as being a woman who loved nothing more than to control the men who fucked her.

And as for those men unfortunate enough to serve her in a more menial fashion!

But this was for later and for now the mortified husband could see that Elaine had turned back to witness what was going on and would be angry with him if he failed her at such an early stage – or *any* stage, come to that.

“Ms Bellingham’s housekeeper and head-of-staff, Miss Norcross, is waiting for you and will run you through your duties and the other protocols you are expected to observe,” the man went on in a very superior way that left Brian Fordham in no doubt of his position on the ladder – if he even had a position worth mentioning at this time.

Then the door closed in his face.

# Nine

"One..."

“And?” asked the woman he had only been introduced to as Miss Norcross not two hours before.

Brian Fordham was in an understandable condition of mortification and no small physical discomfort after only one stroke from the wooden paddle the fifty-something woman with the short-cropped grey hair had just brought down upon his… *naked*… behind.

*Naked!*

He, Brian Fordham, a grown man in his forties. Bent over with his fingertips touching his toes – or as near as the slight paunch at his midriff and the aching ligaments running the length of legs unused to such a position would allow. Bare-arse naked before a prematurely matronly looking woman he had only just met.

It all seemed so… so… unreal.

Even if the first impact of wooden paddle against the white skin of his behind did not.

“Thank you," he gasped.

Not good enough.

“Manners, Fordham,” the voice that would not have disgraced an SAS drill-sergeant came from behind him and shame joined the blood rushing to cheeks unused to his bent over position. It was as if she wanted to make him work for the correction she was intent on supplying.

His shame not preventing him from giving her what she wanted.

“Thank you, M-Miss Norcross,” he heard the words exit his lips, barely aware of making a conscious decision to voice them.

“Do not forget again,” warned the housekeeper who had been given the responsibility of familiarising him with his place in the scheme of things when present in the home of her mistress.
He was, she had informed him, a member of *her* staff.

As he braced himself for the next impact of wooden paddle upon virgin buttocks, Brian Fordham’s thoughts went back to the discussion – if something so one-sided could be described as such – after he had entered the house through the kitchen and been escorted by a man of his own years who introduced himself as Palmer and proceeded to show him into an office at the side of the house and the presence of the woman who was now in the process of reprimanding him so painfully.

Humiliatingly you must take as read…

*…The woman who showed him into the large kitchen at the back of the house was in her mid-thirties with an expression one was more like to see on an embittered fifty-something. Severity oozed from a face that put him more in mind of an indomitable and unbending Norman Warlord than a female housekeeper and, despite his intention to try and remain dignified and dismissive in the face of what was expected of him, he found himself feeling intimidated as her eyes ran him over appraisingly.*

*A long sharp nose seemed to travel straight down from her forehead and gave the impression of a helmet that might have been worn by a cross-channel invader of 1066, eyes to its side as sharp as a lightning bolt and equally unfriendly.*

*He fidgeted before her, emotions a mixture of shame, outrage, humiliation and, yes, fear.*

*“I’m Miss Norcross, Fordham,” she told him without nicety or preamble. “Just so you know, my first name is Grace, but you will address me formally at all times – even if we, by chance, run into each other away from the house. You are answerable to me in all things when you are here and it is left to my discretion to both train you in the ways of the house and supply correction when your behaviour does not meet my standards.”*

*“Correction?” he felt rather than heard himself mouth, praying it didn’t mean what he thought it meant and not about to be reassured on the subject by the severity oozing from the younger woman appraising him.*

*“Whenever I feel you are in need of it,” she nodded. “Verbally to begin with but, should you prove slow or recalcitrant with your lessons, physically too.”*

*His mouth dropped open, every new day, and every hour therein, seeming to fetch with it yet more surprise and still greater humiliation.*

*“How can this be happening?” he asked himself.*

*“And, more importantly, why am I letting it?”*

*“We will go through to my office in a moment and I’ll explain more of what I expect from you there. For now, however, get it into your head that you no longer live in a democracy and that whenever you enter these doors you are here to do as you are told and be completely pleasing to your superiors – even if one of those superiors still happens to be your wife.”*

*He was given no time to dwell on her words as she immediately turned on her heel and told him to follow.*

*As she led him to a light and pleasantly furnished office to the side of the kitchen, the lawns of the extensive and well-manicured*

*gardens rolling towards the distance and the outline of Herstmonceux Castle itself, he found he was now the one doing the appraising, humiliation and dread forgotten for the moment as he took in her rear-view.*

*It was, he confessed to himself, far preferable to the front.*

*In her immaculately tailored business suit, she looked shapely and womanly, more like a high-powered CEO than a housekeeper. Thick blond hair was cut short and pointed towards the nape of a strong but well-formed neck and he could not help but note that the hosed legs below the vee of her body and its jutting breasts were both powerful and well-shaped at one and the same time.*

*"Remain standing," she told him as she took a seat behind her desk and settled into a high-backed swivel, utterly confident he would obey as she crossed one powerful leg over the other and the hiss of nylon upon nylon reached his ears.*

*If his levels of mortification and shame were high before they were off the scale now.*

*This as he realised his cock was enlarging against the steel that confined it.*

*"What now?" he asked himself, coughing to disguise the groan of discomfort drawn from him and grateful the younger and prematurely matronly looking woman behind the desk had not appeared to notice.*

*"Am I beginning to get turned on by women who treat me like shit?"*

*If he was, he told himself, then he had certainly been moved some way from his original reaction to the possibility.*

*There had, after all, been no sign of any such reaction when the bitch Yvonne had taken his defensive white balls in the palm of her warm black hand and encircled it with the steel ring to which she would attach the cage now containing his hardening penis.*

*Or, to be more correct, a penis that was attempting to harden.*

*"Before we move on to your duties here," she began, not giving him a chance to answer his own unvoiced questions, eyes drilling into his in a way that unmanned him – as if he could be unmanned more, "I need to see that all is correct and above board below stairs."*

*Puzzled, he wondered if she was referring to some business that needed taking care of in the wine-cellar – it looked the kind of place that would have one, after all.*

*She spoke again and he was no longer puzzled.*

*Just outraged.*

*"Lower your trousers and we can get it over with."*

*Too stunned to even voice a protest, his jaw fell open.*

*"The sooner you do it and I can see the cage is attached correctly the sooner it will be over for you."*

*"You…? You're not serious?" he asked, finding his voice even as he told himself what her answer would be.*

*"I allow my staff to masturbate only under strict supervision."*

*His jaw felt as if it must soon reach his chest itself.*

*"M-Masturbate?"*

*She nodded and went on, the tone and cadence of her words seeming eerily similar to that of the African Solomon:*

*"Either under my scrutiny or that of one of the ladies – should they decide your service to them worthy of such an indulgence on their part."*

*Her eyes held his unflinchingly and the silence in the room was profound.*

*Until she broke it:*

*"You will be inspected by me in such a way each time you arrive here. And, if your wife has somehow neglected to lock your cage for whatever reason…"*

*She broke off to slide a hand inside the open collar of a crisp white shirt and produce a chain.*

*Brian Fordham let out a gasp as he saw there were three tiny keys hanging from it and prayed one of them was not the key to his own chastity the black bitch had only recently placed him in.*

*Prayers - along with so many others these days - that went unanswered.*

*"Yes," she told him. "Along with your fellow cuckolds I supervise, there are three keys to your cock-cage. "Ms Elaine is your main keyholder, of course, and then Ms Yvonne in her role as your designated sitter, should your wife need to be somewhere and requires you to be supervised."*

*"S-Sitter?" he asked, the sheer embarrassment such a prospect provoked allowing him to find his voice.*

*Miss Norcross nodded emphatically.*

*“I can’t believe this is happening?” he half whispered half mumbled to himself.*

*“You soon will,” she told him, picking up on his words. “In fact, it is my responsibility that you do.”*

*As his eyes came up to meet hers he felt his skin begin to goose-bump at the look she was throwing him.*

*Goose-bumps that were not lessened any by her next words:*

*“And I take my responsibilities here extremely seriously…*

…The next blow was a searing sting that took the breath from his lungs and it was all he could do grunt out the expected number and following and unwilling courtesy.

“Th-Thank you, M-Miss Norcross.”

“Better,” he heard from above and behind him, her powerful hosed legs with defined calf-muscles visible to him from between his own as he clasped his ankles rather than touch the toes his lack of condition placed beyond his reach these days.

Again the paddle landed on the tender white skin it was determined to make scarlet and again the breath left him and his knees almost gave out on him before he recovered enough to supply the words she expected to hear. He wanted nothing more than to put a stop to this and knew it was beyond his courage to do so. The banishment from his wife’s life and the roof above his head that would be sure to follow simply terrified him and, even though he knew that each time he capitulated to such treatment he made it certain that treatment would continue and intensify, he remained in place.

Doing so even though the pain was excruciating and he knew he was near to both pleading and unmanly blubbering – knowing, even as he acknowledged the twin possibilities that there was scarcely anything manly about him at all these days.

His intention to show her that at least he could take a beating with dignity did not last and he was unprepared when he heard the quick rush of the wind behind him and the paddle landed with what seemed double the force of the first three, as if she had merely been acclimatising him to the pain to come.

Brian Fordham screamed and straightened, hands going to battle-zone she was making of his buttocks.

The voice of Miss Norcross was calm but determined:

"If you do not get back into position immediately I'll double the strokes to ten."

Despite there being only one stroke left, Brian Fordham was unsure if he could take it.

He also knew he couldn't even think about taking *another* five and this supplied the motivation necessary to resume the position.

"Very well," she said. "I shall overlook it this once. You are new to being punished for your mistakes and that must be taken into account. But I give you fair warning, if it happens again I shall have no hesitation in having you strapped down and asking your wife to come and witness your chastisement."

Through his horror at such a prospect he could not help notice that her tone of voice and the language she used was more akin to something he would imagine a Victorian governess using and, for some reason, the recognition fuelled a humiliation that was already molten.

“Now, what did we forget?” his young supervisor and educator asked, tone letting him know that *she* had forgotten nothing.

Ashamed and disorientated, his thoughts thrashed around for her meaning.

Thankfully, on this occasion, she was of a mind to give him a clue:

“What is it you need to say after every stroke?”

Fearing more, his response was instant:

“Four… Th-Thank you, Miss Norcross.”

“Good boy,” she said with demeaning praise. “I think we are going to get along just fine and you will make your wife very proud of her obedient husband.”

Had he not been too afraid of the consequences, Brian Fordham would have voided his stomach over the plush carpet of the housekeeper’s office.

Instead, he listened as she finished with a flourish:

“Just one more extra hard stroke of the paddle to correct your infraction and we will be done.”

And the nature of that infraction, a bitter and emasculated Fordham thought to himself before the collision of wooden-paddle with tender arse drove all other thoughts from his mind?

No more than allowing his eyes to meet those of the lady of the house when she came to inspect her household’s latest acquisition.

# Ten

"Well I like it," Elaine had promised him after their return home the next evening from that first visit to the home of Magenta Travis – the same *'Magenta'* whose eyes had met with his and precipitated the tanning of his hide by the Norcross woman.

From what he had seen of her, this before being corrected by his new supervisor and educator, the woman in whose home he had laboured and been humiliated was a buxom forty-something with large conical breasts and hair as long and black as her housekeeper's was cropped and blonde.

Shapely feet in designer shoes with dagger heels met raised eyes, the same eyes the Norcross woman had barked at him to lower upon her employer's entrance to her office, while black hose of the sheerest denier clung to long and elegant legs. The face he had glimpsed above an hourglass body with conical breasts - this before the intervention of the housekeeper - was strong of features and, if his first impression was to be believed, weak on empathy. A woman, he had told himself, who was used to having her wishes complied with.

She was also, he would discover later, from a Pevensey family that went back many centuries and had inherited her wealth from a father who, though already comfortably off, had made himself still more so by some astute investment in the emerging technologies and his nurturing of various software creators – for a healthy percentage, of course.

Admittedly biased and ill-disposed to the daughter as he was, Brian Fordham had failed to notice anything remotely similar to *"nurturing"* in his first impression of the woman putting the Pater's wealth to such…*perverse*… use – even if his *"cock-hungry"* wife had a different take on the subject.

“It suits you,” she went on from her position in their bathroom and a tub full of invigorating and sudsy hot water she had told him to run upon their return; the body he had once considered his and was no longer seeming none the worse for wear after a weekend of various sexual partners he had not, thankfully, been forced to witness. “Let’s be honest, it’s so thin these days as to be barely worth keeping.”

She underpinned her words by reaching out to run a hand across his shining dome, action made in the playful manner one might adopt towards a cherished pet whose behaviour one found particularly pleasing.

The look of him brought a chuckle to her lips:

“You remind me of one of those awfully correct footmen of the Victorian era. It’s really too adorable.”

“And I get no say in the matter?” he asked, flashing her a look from his position at the side of the tub that had nothing in common with *‘footmen’* of any era, one of her shapely feet still in his hands as he applied fruit scented soap to ankle to toes and in between, feeling like little more than a body-servant from one of the decadent French short-stories he had so enjoyed reading in his late-teens.

But not now.

Definitely *not* now.

Reality had a somewhat persuasive way of showing one the drawbacks of fantasy, he often thought, no matter how lightly held those fantasies had been in the first place.

“Brian, do we have to keep going over this?” his wife asked with a mixture of rebuke and exasperation. “Of course you have no say

in what happens to you from now on. You agreed to that when you stayed instead of leaving."

"But…"

"No, Brian!" she interrupted him with a force he would not have believed her capable just a few months before. "There are no *'buts'* for you from now on. I've just come home from the most sensational weekend of my life and cocks that actually know how to satisfy a woman and I want to relax and savour the experience; not listen to your pathetic whining."

"But…"

She all but jacknifed out of the tub, creamy skin unblemished save for soap suds, and slapped him for the second time in two days.

"Are you deaf, Brian?" she blazed. "Or is grown-up language suddenly beyond you?"

"For god's sakes, Elaine, he began, spearing her with a look of reproach he could not sustain before the intent she beamed back at him. "What's happened to you?"

"This again!" she said exasperatedly, as if he were no more than a spoilt child making yet another doomed attempt to win himself a gift considered beyond his years. Tearing her foot from his grasp, she levered herself up and rose from the tub to stand above him, hands on hips imperiously as she took in the kneeling form below her; delighting, despite her part feigned anger, in the hairless and denuded scalp that met her scrutiny. "Instead of asking me what's different you might turn the lens of inspection upon yourself."

The eyes that had been holding hers could sustain the engagement no more and flickered down and away towards the floor tiles, adding still more fuel to the sense of wondrous domination she

felt over this man she had married and still, despite everything, loved in her own way.

A way that would *never* be anything other than controlling from now on.

“You were given ample opportunities to leave and take your chances away from me and at no time have I lied to you or cheated upon you,” she told him, giving a small internal wince at the last and *only* untruth as she recalled her first *‘fuck-session’* with Solomon at the home of Yvonne.

*Without* her own husband’s knowledge.

He looked up at this just the same and she read his accusing look perfectly.

“That’s right. I’ve never cheated on you and I never will,” she reminded him, sure the distinction would be lost on an anger and injustice he was feeling less and less able to show her.

“To cheat,” she went on, the fire in her own gaze causing him to lower his once more, “one has to go behind the back of one’s partner.

His eyes bobbed up to hers again, two corks in a sea of disquiet

“Can you honestly say I’ve cheated on you?” she asked, tone leaving him in no doubt that she expected an answer – and the correct one at that.

“I suppose,” he began in a voice that was as indicative of his defeat as his position beneath her, that… well… strictly speaking… you… you…”

“Listen to you!” she snapped. “No wonder I need real men with real cocks to make my cunt feel as if it belongs on a vibrant and

alive woman; rather than some timid and frigid nun terrified of them. You can't man-up enough to give a truthful answer to even that simple question."

She was working herself up into a fine old frenzy now, part feigned and part genuine.

Placing the sole of her foot on his shoulder she shoved him onto his back and stepped from the bath, uncaring of the sudsy water that fell from her freshly bathed body onto her newly bald husband's clothed body.

As he propped himself on his elbows, still disbelieving eyes unable to meet those of the wife in the process of dismantling his life, she pointed a forefinger at him, the hardened nipples of the breasts that still enthralled him evidence as much of her own arousal for being able to treat him in such a way as they were an accusation of his pusillanimity and inability to defend himself before her.

"I tell you I love you and want you at my side, and yet still you whine," she told him, eyes flashing a warning as he looked up at this and seemed about to interject with a dread *'but'*.

"I've been patient with you up to now, but that patience is reaching an end," she told his disbelieving ears, almost hearing the thoughts he felt to cowed and beaten to make known to her.

*He* was the one in a cock-cage.

*He* was the one whose head had been shaven against his wishes, simply because the housekeeper who was now his supervisor and educator had insisted he looked a more fitting servant with no unseemly and swiftly vanishing hair in constant need of grooming – and it had been *she* who had performed the saving.

*He* was the one forced to take on the role of a chastised servant in the very house where his wife was experiencing all the sex she could handle.

And yet *she* was the one being patient with *him*.

The cruel and perverse amusement she took from being able to speak to him in such an unjust way and *not* be contradicted threatened to make her laugh out loud, but she fought the impulse.

It was so much more enjoyable to pretend to be angry and watch her once equal husband quail before her.

"Just because I love you it doesn't mean I have to love you the way a woman physically loves a true man."

Her words, she knew, were lacerating this man she had once adored and now felt only the fondness one held for a possession that made one's life more… *interesting*… even if she did feel a certain responsibility for him.

"I've just spent the last two days being taken to places you can't even imagine by men who are men – even if they are cuckolds just like you. What's more, while I was upstairs having my pussy filled with virile and pulsating cock, my husband was below having his backside paddled for disobedience by the housekeeper who is some ten years younger than him."

He looked horrified.

"What?" she asked, straightening up and looking down at him with disbelief of her own. "You didn't think they'd tell me that my husband had been made to touch his toes while a young woman took a paddle to his arse to correct him? "

Suddenly, it was as if all spirit left him. Slumping further down upon his elbows, the chin of his once handsome face descended

to his chest. Almost, she told herself, as if he finally knew he had nothing he could use to fight his situation.

The sight that delighted her so much also made her back-off as she recalled Yvonne's words:

*"It is one thing to control his life, both sexually and domestically, but care must be taken to make him believe his existence on the planet has a meaning for you and makes your own that much more enriching. To do otherwise is to back him into a corner where he may see only one way out."*

Elaine had known exactly to what her friend and superior at chambers referred and the prospect was a frightening one – especially given the deep emotional feelings she had for Brian that went beyond the purely sexual.

Driving him to an emotional and physical impasse where he saw only *one* way of ending it was *not* her intention.

She had also seen the sense in her friend and mentor's next words:

*"Never forget, Elaine, that because his cock must not enter your pussy again – ever - it does not mean you must ignore it entirely. The key I gave you to his cock-cage makes any sexual relief he receives dependent upon you and those of your choosing. But it should not be withheld indefinitely. It is yet another source of your power over him and one you must use wisely. To allow him a cum when his behaviour has been servile and pleasing enough to warrant it will serve not only to make him revere you more but give him motivation. Though I will not lie to you. For even as he comes to revere you as his female master, a part of him will forever hate and resent the woman and wife who treats him in such a way."*

With a mental reminder to herself to thank Yvonne for her wise words, Elaine turned from her husband to grab a towel and dry herself before changing tack, back still turned to him.

"I know you find it hard to believe, Brian, and I'm sure I should in your position, but you are the one I want to spend the rest of my life married to. The men I will be allowing to fuck me are for sex and nothing more."

Was that a snivel she had heard from behind and below? Recalling her own childhood and how tears refused to flow at some minor hurt until an adult showed her sympathy, she was convinced it was. No matter it came from an adult a long, long way from adolescence.

Whether it made her a monster or not, the exercise of such power felt…

*Incredible!*

Adopting a loving expression – which was not so far from the way she felt towards him given the pleasure he was providing her – she turned and smiled down at him.

"Oh, sweetie, I so wish you wouldn't make me so angry with you. You're still the only man in my emotional life and nobody could ever take your place."

There was no answer from below her and she could see his breath was coming in by way of shallow little gasps, confirming her suspicion that he was near to those adolescent tears she had just finished describing to herself.

The perfect base for what she intended.

"Listen," she told him, lightening her tone as if they were still man and wife in the normal way – a way they had been only a

short time before. “Why don’t you go downstairs and open a nice bottle of that New Zealand Sauvignon for us both?”

No reply.

“I’ve a heavy day at chambers tomorrow but I wouldn’t mind some quality time with my best boy before I go to bed.”

A small wince greeted the *“best boy”* description but, other than that, there was no response.

She pressed on with the charm offensive, enjoying, she had to confess, the prospect of some small intimacy with the man she was in the process of emasculating.

“Tell you what, you pour the wine and select a movie for us to watch and I’ll be down in a bit cuddle up on the sofa with you in a few minutes. What do you say?”

The answer, initially, was nothing, until, in a small voice that thrilled her right to her newly perverse core, she heard:

“That… That would be nice…”

Her face as he raised himself from the floor and went to prepare for their *“quality time”* could only be described as a loving form of evil.

# Eleven

“Here is your Mojito, ma'am,” Brian told the disdainful looking twenty-something as he set down her drink on the table she shared with Magenta Travis and his own wife, “I’m sorry it took so long.”

From her seat next to the woman, Elaine Fordham gave him an approving nod for his courtesy, even if it’s admittedly attractive recipient ignored him completely.

A recipient he knew to go by the name of Johanna Endecott, the young wife of Michael Endecott who was *not* a fellow *‘menial’* cuckold and let him know it at every available opportunity.

He was also the head of the Chambers employing his own wife.

A man whose cock was now as familiar with Elaine’s pussy as Brian’s own tongue was familiar with that of the redheaded bitch regarding him so disdainfully over the rim of the Mojito.

“Will there be anything else?” he enquired, eager to get back behind the in-house bar to the relative anonymity the duty supplied – far preferable to the *‘sheet’* duty upstairs he would be expected to undertake later and, while doing so, have to hear the screams of satisfied women – his own wife included – as the more favoured cuckolds amongst the husbands of Magenta Travis’s – nee: Bellingham’s - matriarchy took them to places he never could.

Even if he were to be given the opportunity to try.

Of course, given that there were not enough husbands to go around when it came to sexual service, Magenta Travis had a number of clean, discreet, and *very* highly paid male escorts to make up the numbers when chosen or called upon.

Male escorts who varied in looks but all had one thing in common below decks, Fordham thought with no small chagrin.

There were only the three women present, the other four members and their cuckolds – including Yvonne and her husband - had yet to arrive, and Brian Fordham found that he liked the fact he, as the barman, was the only man allowed to be present.

With cucks considered worthy of sexual service, even with Solomon who he had come to like, there was an air of superiority towards him and the other two cucks who were considered worthy only of the more menial duties.

That those more menial duties sometimes consisted of using one's tongue to *"warm-up"* a wife – though *never* one's own, at least not at the club - for the entrance of a large cock did not make them any more acceptable. Especially when one's cock was under lock and key and the inevitable attempt at an erection compelled by the vaginal secretions of the wife in question met with nothing in the way of relief save for cold steel.

The three women were seated in comfortable chairs beneath a large bay-window looking out onto the driveway of the house, at the far end of the room from the bar itself, and as he returned to his duties he heard Magenta Travis compliment his wife.

"Grace tells me he is beginning to adapt to his new… *position*. She is very pleased with him…"

With cheeks burning, he returned behind the bar and busied himself with anything he could find, aware of their eyes upon him as he went about it. The *"Grace"* in question, he knew, was Miss Norcross, the housekeeper who was training him in to his new life of service at the *"Club"*. The same severe younger woman he now held in dread and, incredibly, growing esteem and the same woman who seemed to have taken a liking to him – if so

controlling and dominant an attitude from a woman of her age to an of his could be described in such a way.

Out of range of his hearing, the conversation continued:

“Is it as wonderful as you thought it could be when Yvonne first mentioned the possibility?” asked magenta Travis of the Club’s newest member when the barman was out of earshot.

“And then some, Magenta,” admitted Elaine. She was dressed in a clingy cream number that accentuated her curves wonderfully and left the flawless skin of her lightly tanned shoulders visible; bare legs crossed and revealing enough thigh to be sexy without bringing to mind the slut.

“It seems,” she continued, “that every day brings with it a fresh joy – for me.”

Laughter was shared.

“More and more he begins to look to me for everything, too unsure of himself to make unilateral decisions without ensuring I approve first.”

She looked thoughtful, before:

“Not only that but there’s something in his expression whenever he’s in my presence these days that I just can’t put my finger on.”

Her comrades in cuckoldry shared knowing smiles.

“He looks… looks…”

“Like a lowly private in the presence of a newly promoted General who has requested his services as a batman?” offered Magenta Travis.

“Yes!” cried Elaine. “That’s exactly it. “Almost as if he’s waiting for me to tell him to *‘stand-at-ease’*. As if he finds it impossible to be truly comfortable around unless I give him permission – and maybe not even then.”

“It’s just so fucking intoxicating,” offered Johanna Endecott, still young enough to find gratuitous swearing cool and winning a look of reproach from her mid-forty-something hostess in the process. “There’s nothing better than having a hot thick cock at in one’s pussy and knowing you’re in complete and utter control of it – whether the owner of that cock likes it or not.”

The disapproval of her hostess finally registered:

“I’m sorry, Magenta, but it is,” the twenty-something insisted, long and flaming red-hair startling against the black Lycra top and matching pants that showed off an incredible figure of which the other women – Yvonne aside – found themselves envying. “If it’s not, why have you gone to all the trouble to set this Club up?”

“Nobody here is about to disagree with you Johanna,” Magenta Travis told her with some majesty; enough anyway to let her know just who it was who decided on who stayed at the Club and who left. “But I’ve told you before, I dislike profane language and have no wish to hear it in my home.”

Unlike many well-born and educated women, Magenta Travis did not see swearing as *“cool”* and certainly had no need of it to lend her an ersatz street-cred she held in thoroughgoing contempt anyway.

As intended, the rebuke and its possible ramifications got through to the self-centred young redhead and Elaine found herself pleased to see her self-loving little balloon punctured just a little.

There was unease in her expression as she responded:

“Sorry, Magenta. But you’ve got to agree, it is a pretty amazing feeling to have your man jumping through hoops to please you.”

Magenta’s smile let her know she was forgiven – for now; and her own words reiterated the redhead’s sentiments:

“I think you know the answer to that already, Johanna,” the black-haired mistress of the house told her, looking elegant and svelte in a flaming red dress cut above the knee that revealed the flawless and pale skin of her arms, jewelry completely absent apart from a wedding ring and a statement in itself.

This was a woman secure enough in her own standing not to need the reassurance of expensive trinkets intended to proclaim her status to the world.

An observation that could have been made of Elaine with equal justification.

If not the redhead.

Of the three women, it was the youngest who was the most obvious in both her attraction and manner of dress and accoutrements.

“If I had to choose the most sensational moment of my life,” offered a hostess who had known her fair share of them, both socially and professionally, “it would be the moment Morgan finally submitted to my desires and allowed me to fit him with his cock-cage.”

Elaine and Johanna Endecott shared a look that, while not disagreeing, was certainly wistful, given that both had been persuaded it would expedite matters more swiftly to have their own husbands caged without them present.

Sensing their regret for having missed such a… *seminal*… moment in the reduction of their partners from husbands to something…. *Less – a* lot *less* – Magenta Travis supplied a palliative of sorts:

"I have to confess that this husbandly submission was made so much more… *exciting*… for the two of you by the fact your husbands had no desire for what you wanted from them and to an extent, at least as best as they were able, tried to fight the inevitable."

Absent disagreement was present now as Magenta could see the two women telling themselves they would have preferred to have been present at the caging of their own husbands.

"Of course, I am the only wife to have had the pleasure of caging her husband initially and was fortunate enough to have been able to persuade Gillian's husband that it was in his best interests to allow me to fit him for his wife – if, that is, he didn't want *certain* financial irregularities likely to ruin him to be made known."

Elaine and Johanna knew she referred to Donald Palmer, the third of the *"Menial"* cuckolds along with Morgan Travis and Brian Fordham himself. Johanna's handsome and equally conceited late-thirty-something husband, Michael, being favoured by nature enough physically to be considered worthy of *"bedroom duty"*. Even if he was not a particular favourite of the other wives and was treated with a certain disdain. Especially by Elaine herself, who detested her head of chambers and expert of Corporate Law even more than she disliked his young and stunning wife.

"With Morgan it was more a case of persuading him that reality would be far more exciting than fantasy. He had long been addicted to fiction of the sort and was both surprised and delighted to find me so… *supportive*."

She gave her companions a knowing smile.

“But then, why wouldn’t I have been? Especially when it made so much good sense for me to feed his desires?”

When she laughed, Elaine laughed along with her, more than willing to accept a minor disappointment if it meant being the recipient of so many other benefits. Liking the woman and her complete lack of pretension and side that revealed itself in her simple but effective choice of clothing and accoutrements. A woman who was stylish in both looks and manner - and in a way that would be forever beyond the younger and more obvious Johanna.

“Though I do understand your disappointment and won’t lie to you,” she went on. “Placing that cage on Gillian’s Donald when I knew it was the last thing on the planet he wanted to happen was right up there with putting Morgan’s little plaything out of commission – perhaps more so. The power rush was simply incredible.”

“You seem to enjoy rubbing it in, too,” observed a sour looking Johanna, pert features twisted with the look of entitlement-thwarted common to spoilt individuals of her kind.

Marjorie’s rebuke was mild but pertinent:

“It was explained to you from the beginning that this would be a requirement of the Club, Johanna. Of course, if you feel cheated in some way by not being present at Michael’s caging and find yourself unhappy with the way we do things…”

“No, no, Magenta,” a now worried redhead came in, sensing where the words of her hostess were leading and horrified that this new world of male attentiveness and wifely control she had only recently discovered might be denied to her. “I’m only teasing. You know how I am?”

The expression written across the strong and attractive face of Magenta Travis announced that she knew *exactly* what the young woman was like and begged the question of Elaine's thoughts as to why she entertained her at all.

A question answered for her by the recall of Yvonne's words to her on the subject of Magenta Travis's bisexuality.

Not to mention a passion for red-hair and accompanying pale-skin.

The body of a Venus below Johanna Endecott's spoilt and half-empty head not doing the younger woman's cause any harm either and going some way to explaining the forbearance of her more regal patroness.

"It's just – and I'm sure Elaine will agree with me," the redhead went on, trying to draw another to her side in the way of most weak people unable to fight a lone battle and feeling themselves threatened; "that I can't help being disappointed to have missed out on something so incredible."

The younger woman placed a hand over Magenta's and, in doing so, revealed the deep valley given scant protection by a flimsy and none too subtle dress.

An action, and for the reasons she had only just finished considering no doubt, Elaine could see had met with some success as Magenta's face creased into an indulgent smile.

"You know the rules, Johanna. When you introduce another couple to the Club and they are considered… *worthy*… then you'll be the one placing the husband in that relationship into the cage."

The eyes of their hostess found Elaine's then and there was, despite her indulgence, something long-suffering in them. As if,

along with Elaine herself, she found it hard to visualise the young redhead possessing enough skills of persuasion and the articulacy that went with such intelligence to ever persuade a woman in the way Yvonne had persuaded Elaine.

"I'm sure Elaine's as anxious to experience the joys of placing the equipment of a man other than her husband under lock and key and you would do well to show the same patience."

It was the mildest of rebukes and Johanna couldn't quite hide her petulance as she removed her hand from Magenta's.

"I don't think I'll be ready to do that for some time yet," Elaine said, lightening the mood. "Even if I could think of a likely couple."

Ignoring the redhead, it was now Magenta's hand that placed itself on Elaine's thigh reassuringly and, Elaine realised with a surprised start, *thrillingly*.

"Oh, I think you're far too modest," Magenta chided her under the petulant and disapproving glance of Johanna.

Allowing the contact, welcoming it in fact, Elaine chuckled and accepted the compliment.

"And you will be surprised at just how many women there are out in the great wide yonder who would snap your hand off to be a part of what we have here."

"I'm sure that's true, Magenta, but I wouldn't want to choose poorly. Besides, I'm pretty new to all this and need to be more… *comfortable in my skin*… with it."

"That will come, my dear – as Johanna here will bear me out; though I do believe there has not been a time when she *wasn't* comfortable with it."

The comment had been made with affection as well as banter and, finding attention welcome as she did, the redhead bloomed beneath it.

*"You got that right,"* her expression seemed to say.

"So long as you adopt the tried and tested methods we have found work best," Magenta Travis told her, "you will soon be not only comfortable but in possession of a submissive and obedient husband even your most vanilla of friends will envy you."

"Cheers to that," said Elaine as she lifted her Mojito high.

"You have already made good progress with him and now…"

Her hostess sneaked a look in the direction of Fordham before, content he was busying himself behind the bar and remained out of earshot:

"…Now that he has been designated, along with my husband and Gillian's, as a menial cuckold, you must start to strip him of all those aspects of your former life together that made him feel manly. Gillian took this approach and it has worked spectacularly for her. Where before Donald liked to be in control in all things, either at home or at work, he is now only allowed to reveal his forceful nature at the workplace. And not there for much longer either as Gillian has decided she wants him to move aside for…"

She caught herself and gave them a look of self-rebuke.

"Forgive me if I go no further on that subject. Gillian only told me in strictest confidence and it would be wrong of me to divulge her future… *plans*… for her cuckold."

Both women, Elaine *and* the less than sharp Johanna, neglected to tell her that the cat had already been released from the bag and there could now be no putting it back. Donald Palmer was about

to become, along with Magenta's own husband and Brian Fordham, no more than a household servant of his wife. A menial cuckold with no job other than seeing to her needs, be it at home or here at the Club.

"Anyhow, you can begin to maintain the sense of dislocation he is already feeling by undermining still further his sense of identity. The last thing your man ever thought of himself as was a person weak enough to stand by as men with larger cocks pleasured you. Let alone to do so while being forced into the role of a skivvy. This sense of wonder and shame for his own weakness is something you need to build upon."

At her side, the redhead was listening with scarcely disguised boredom, having no doubt been the recipient of such advice herself at some stage, but Elaine hung on the words of her hostess as if she was fresh from the summit of Sinai and reading her instructions from the tablets of stone themselves.

"This is simply enough done by refusing to acknowledge him on the old terms. You no longer take allow him to take it for granted that he can see friends whenever he wishes or go the golf-course as and when it pleases him. You may let him from time to time, of course, but this will increasingly come to be seen as a reward on your part for diligent and respectful behaviour upon his."

The redhead was dismissive:

"Its reward enough for my cuckold that he gets to have sex with the women here at the Club and place his tongue at the service of my warm little box when I want that need scratched too."

Elaine felt rather than saw Magenta wince at Johanna Endecott's vulgarity; though the same levels of recognition could not be aimed at the stunning if thought-free redhead.

“If Michael ever thinks he can spend time piss-balling about with his buddies on some silly golf-course when he has work to do at home he’ll be in for a rude awakening. He’s absolutely terrified that any of his family and so-called *‘pals’* might discover his wife is seeing other men with his knowledge while he’s not allowed to have her. He also knows I’d have no hesitation in telling them if he pisses me off.”

The snort with which she finished was derisive:

“And as for him being allowed to leave his job?”

“No,” Magenta began, overlooking the vulgarity while maintaining the pecking order in a more subtle way. “That would not make economic sense for you, given how dependent you are on Michael’s salary.”

By no means to be described as the bluntest, but certainly not at the cutting-edge end of kitchen-drawer implements, even Johanna could not miss the fact she was being put down, however mildly.

*“Good!”* thought Elaine, whose antipathy for both wife and husband grew with each Club meeting.

“Another highly effective way of undermining him is to no longer call him by his given name - or any other pet terms that might be lingering from your… *courting*… days,” Magenta offered, the word *‘courting’* offered with no small condescension.

“Is Morgan not your husband’s *‘given-name’* then?” Johanna came back at her, still annoyed at being put-down – even if she was being careful to dress her annoyance.

This was a reference to the fact Magenta Travis continued to call her husband by name; despite her advice to others.

“I’ve told you on a number of occasions,” said their hostess, “that the dynamic is a little different for myself and my own cuckold. How could it not be, when his desire to be one has been with him from day one of our marriage? There is absolutely nothing to be gained by foregoing the use of his name.”

She thought about it.

“And besides, *Morgan* is such a perfect name for a flunky.”

Her smile was aimed at Elaine and Elaine only now and the Club’s newest member found herself a little flattered to be the object of its attention.

“Wouldn’t you agree, Elaine?”

Elaine’s returning smile as she considered her decision to call her husband *“Sweetie”* didn’t go far enough and something more… apt... was required, even as the redhead seethed at her side, was genuine in its accord and amusement.

“It does have a kind of… *servile*… ring to it.”

There was laughter from at least two of the table’s occupants.

“Anyhow, my advice to you, Elaine – if you haven’t done so already – is to give your cuckold a new pet-name he can’t help but associate with his new position.”

Elaine was already nodding, having been thinking along the same lines herself since Yvonne had mentioned the same course of action to her.

“By the same token,” Magenta continued, “*never* allow him to call you by name. That’s for equals, and the moment Yvonne placed that ring around his balls and placed his cock in its cage before giving you the key was the moment he became something

far less. Remember, we may cherish those who serve us, love them in our own way even, but we do *not* allow them familiarities. For my own part, I detest the *'Mistress'* word and other stupid attention-seeking forms. But a simple, *'yes Ms'* or *'no Ms',* is very effective in maintaining a necessary and respectful distance on his side.

Elaine frowned as one of the twinges of guilt that were receding more and more lately made her feel uncomfortable.

Something Magenta spotted and her self-absorbed companion and supposed redhead lover missed entirely.

"You feel uneasy about this?"

"I suppose I do a little, Magenta. He's still my husband and we have a history that goes back to childhood. It just seems a little… cold… to be treating him in such a way and… and…"

"And enjoying it so much?" her hostess offered.

It was an ice-breaker and Elaine began to laugh before being joined by Magenta and even winning a faint smile form the self-absorbed one.

"Anyhow, to get back to your *supposed* slowness in adjusting to your new marriage," Magenta began, "I spoke to Yvonne last night and from what she tells me of your evening with your cuckold after our last Club weekend, you appear to be acclimatising with more rapidity than you give yourself credit."

Her eyes held Elaine's knowingly:

"She said that you had a *very* interesting evening with your new cuckold and servant."

Elaine could not prevent the giggle bubbling up from her throat to escape amused lips and was about to answer when two separate events prevented her reply.

The first was the scrunch of tyres on gravel outside as the sleek Lexus saloon in which the soon-to-be househusband, Donald Palmer, chauffeured his growingly regal and demanding wife, Gillian.

Second, was the entrance of the ever stern and no-nonsense Miss Norcross, Morgan Travis at her heels, with some orders for Brian Fordham.

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"Morgan," she began, referring to the man who had once been her employer in the same way as his wife, "is going to take over the bar duties for the evening. Palmer is to be preparing and serving food, and you are to be on sheets."

Elaine saw her husband's expression fall, knowing as she did how much he detested the dread *"sheets"* duty and hoping he might escape them.

"Before that, however," the martinet in female form told him, I want you in my office."

Needing only a few moments thought to guess why the woman needed to see her husband at that point, Elaine swiftly returned to the subject exercising her before the interruptions.

Yvonne had been right.

And so had Magenta.

The return home and subsequent evening after the last night at the Club had, after all, been just as her hostess had said.

A very *interestin*g evening indeed…

# Twelve

“There, my lovely boy. Doesn’t that feel lovely? Aren’t my feet lovely and gentle on your tiny cock?”

Between her bare legs, back to the sofa, television ignored, a naked Brian Fordham found himself unable to respond.

Unsurprisingly, given the difficulty he was having in breathing let alone attempting to form words.

Not thirty minutes prior to her telling him to slide off from the sofa where they were cuddling in the way of old, she had come downstairs in a thigh-high silk dressing gown and told him to lower his trousers before unlocking his manhood from its cage.

Looking about as desirable as he could ever recall her seeming in their years together, and recognising the irony even as he succumbed to his lust for her, she took him by the hand and drew him down onto the sofa before handing him a glass of the Marlborough he had opened in readiness.

“To us,” she had said, holding up her glass in expectation of a clink.

When he satisfied that expectation and actually supplied a smile to accompany it, the jury was out as to who was most surprised.

The husband demoted to cuckold and manservant.

Or the erstwhile loving wife responsible for the demotion.

Now, as the soles of her freshly bathed feet encircled an erection that was about as vibrant and pulsating as any she could ever recall him having, she couldn’t help but feel that – and exactly as Yvonne had once intimated – that the two of them were in the roles nature had intended for them to occupy all along and that

the small pangs of guilt she had felt for treating a man she loved in such a way were unnecessary.

Why else would his released and tiny cock be straining towards the ceiling if he himself were not recognising the… *rightness*… of what was happening between them?

"You see, sweetheart," she cooed down to him, aware he was doing his best not to cum that she may see that, though his cock wasn't as impressive as the ones she had sampled that weekend, he too had staying power.

That, and a desire to prolong the sensations of her tiny feet sliding the length, such as it was, of his cock.

His hands came up to stroke her legs and she rebuked him:

"Take your hands away this instant, Brian!"

His hands left her smooth tan legs as if they had suddenly become molten and she marvelled at the level of compliance she was already demanding from him.

"You've been a good boy up to now," she told him in a patronising voice she knew he would be too far gone to comment upon. "Don't spoil it now. In fact, it's probably a good idea for you to place your hands under your arse and sit on them. That way you won't be tempted."

He did just that and, so thrilled was she with the control she exercised she contemplated calling Yvonne on her mobile and chatting with her as her feet beat a tattoo on the demoted penis of her own husband.

Was about to do it, in fact, when she recalled Yvonne's penchant for having Solomon use the tongue she had trained to soothe her pussy after a weekend being pounded by the cocks of other men.

Something she had yet to demand from the man below her.

And wouldn't.

At least not until she had him at the point where he saw it as a reward rather than a duty.

Satisfied with his obedience, she ran a hand over the dome that had only been denuded that weekend and gave his erection a squeeze between her feet, toes with nails painted in fuchsia tapping out a tum-de-dum upon a cock about as hard as she could recall it being now it was free of its cage.

The power rush she felt at having her husband in such a position almost outweighed the pleasure of the cocks that had pounded her over the weekend. His shaven head was trapped between her thighs and he was sitting upon his own hands. Simply because she told him to. The sensation was intoxicating and was all that Yvonne had assured her it would be.

Already his released and needy cock was starting to leak precum and Elaine decided to add a soundtrack to his coming explosion.

"You see how lovely it can be for you when your wife's pleased," she told him, easing the pressure of her thighs about his ears that he might hear more clearly.

If he was not too far gone to understand and retain what was being said, she thought to herself with amusement.

"Be honest now, doesn't it feel right for you to find your pleasure at my feet – or, more accurately, for them to pleasure you?"

The desperate and thoroughly demoralised man's answer was to thrust upwards with more speed in an attempt to provide the friction likely to bring him his release.

An attempt she thwarted with ease simply by allowing her toes to go slack and removing her soles a fraction.

His sigh of frustration was music to ears becoming more attuned to signs of her dominance over him.

“Now, now, Brian. We’ll have none of that animal pumping from you. Neither my feet nor my pussy – or any other part of me – is yours to be fucked. Get that into your head. You do *not* fuck any longer and it is your wife who gets fucked.”
She waited.

Then, when no response was forthcoming from below:

“Understand?”

A sigh greeted her request and she was about to get angry with him when:

“Yes, Elaine,” he said in a beaten voice not so total it could hide his need.

“That seems a bit too casual for me,” she said. “I remember telling you that we needed to address that problem.”

Below her she could almost hear him think, *“What the fuck now?”* and decided to leave it for another time and simply go with what she had.

Namely, a cowed and obedient husband desperate to feel the return of her feet to his just uncaged cock.

“As we’re having such a nice time together,” she began, voice full of a largesse that seemed as incredible to her in the circumstances as it must surely seem to him, “we’ll leave that discussion for another time.”

She felt his relief and gave his denuded head a warning slap:

“Just remember though: I don’t want you thrusting against me or showing me any other behaviour that’s disrespectful. You’re simply to sit nice and quietly and let my feet give you your pleasure in their own time. Understand?”

There was no hesitation to his *“Yes, Elaine,”* this time and her subsequent *“Good boy”* seemed to send a shiver through him.

Progress was being made!

“Now,” she said, applying pressure to his erection once again, “the feet of your loving wife are going to make your little cockle spurt all its useless seed.

His sigh at their return was almost a shout.

“Then,” she said, “when your little balls are empty and you’ve cleaned up…”

She allowed a few breaths as the manipulation of soles and feet took him closer to the edge.

“…then you can show me how grateful you are to  my feet for giving you so much pleasure by licking them and sucking my toes until I tell you to…”

The interruption to her commentary was supplied this time by an emission from her husband that was the most powerful and long lasting since she had known him and arced so high it almost landed upon his denuded scalp before coming to rest on his naked thighs and splattering her left-foot.

“…stop,” she finished.

# Thirteen

Brian Fordham was amazed.

And not unpleasantly so.

Mood sour – *more* sour – after having been informed by Grace Norcross that he was to be on *"Sheets"* that evening – he had left the bar to Morgan Travis and reported to the young woman who was his boss in her office.

She was standing by the window and looking out onto the extensive grounds when he had entered on her *"Come"*. She seemed in a contemplative mood and, recalling the last time they had been alone in her office and his inability to sit for a few days, he prayed he wasn't the cause of her disquiet. If disquiet was what she was feeling at that point.

As was usual, she was dressed soberly in a charcoal-grey two-piece, skirt cut to a point some five inches or so above a pair of shapely knees.

What was not so usual was the fact she had foregone her usual black hose and her somewhat matronly if not unattractive legs were bare to the eye.

When she turned to face him as he all but stood to attention on the other side of her desk, he was surprised to see a smile aimed his way.

And still more surprised to note the transformation such a lightening made to her features as he lowered his eyes from them that he may not transgress.

"No," she told him. "It's okay. You have my permission to look at me."

Permission or not, the older man raised his eyes with no small trepidation.

He was becoming unused to both familiarity and kindness.

And especially when here.

“I’m very pleased with you,” she told him, the smile transfiguring her *Norman Warlord”* face not quite as successful in diluting the authoritative personality beneath it that kept her in such good standing with the hostess of the Club employing her.

A surge of weakness the older man was becoming more and more familiar with recently when confronted by female authority threatened to buckle his legs and he couldn’t help but note how delicious the sensation felt.

That he was experiencing such feelings in the presence of a woman many years his junior, a young woman who not only ruled a part of his life but had already supplied a paddle to his arse and reduced him to a sobbing wreck, diluted his response not one whit.

Even if it did increase his feelings of weakness and guilt.

“I’m very pleased with you, Brian,” the younger woman praised, fair taking his breath away with her use of his first-name. “You’ve really taken your lessons to heart and, after our first falling out, haven’t given me a moment’s cause for concern.”

Amazingly, Brian Fordham felt himself blush.

A young woman had just complimented him for being an obedient and willing to learn flunky.

And his cheeks were reddening as if he were a callow maiden being complimented for the first time by a would-be suitor.

“I like men who can swallow their male-pride and take direction from a woman they know to be superior to them,” she told him, mitigating her preceding compliment somewhat but doing nothing to diminish those feeling of delicious weakness he felt in her presence and, also, that of Elaine’s.

“That’s why I made my request to Ms Elaine.”

*“What request?”* his thoughts queried, not having been granted the housekeeper’s permission to speak.

As it turned out, such permission of the kind was unnecessary as she went straight on.

“Unlike the lady of the house and the other female members of her Club, I’ve never had much use for the male penis.”

For some reason, despite her forbidding appearance – transfiguring smile or otherwise – Fordham had been trying to come erect in his cage almost from when he first entered, but this news from her lips did not fuel his desire.

Though her next words and those following did.

“But I’ve always had a soft spot for a well-trained and obedient man with a willingness to put his tongue at the disposal of the superior sex – or at least one of them.”

Something like an electric shock coursed through Brian, Timothy, Fordham’s body at this point and he marvelled at the completeness of the rewiring job that had been done on him.

From finding the prospect of placing his mouth on the same female orifice used to eject urine and other monthly excretions, he had come to positively hanker after those times when his Elaine would *reward* his behaviour by allowing him to lick, suck

and vacuum at her pussy until she could take no more of his improved – and completely willing – technique.

“I asked Ms Elaine if I could make use of your tongue and place it exclusively at my use whenever you are on duty here.”

Fordham’s mouth opened and he almost spoke, so great was his surprise and anticipation as he imagined himself between the powerful legs of the woman who effectively ruled him when in this environment.

“It is something Ms Bellingham has long promised me for my work here and a privilege I have yet to exercise… Until now… But I will not force this service upon you. I would far rather know that you consent to serve my pussy because you respect me as your superior and wish to please me rather than simply order you to do it.”

She appeared to be waiting for a reply from him, having forgotten her own training of her would-be pussy-servant and neglected to have given him permission to respond.

Taking his lack of an answer as indecision, she went on:

“I promise you that, whatever your answer may be, I will treat you no differently afterwards and there will be no harsh treatment of you from me.

“By becoming my pussy-servant while you are here,” she said, pronouncing the humbling title as if it were the most normal job-description in the world, you will also earn concessions that might be pleasing to you.”

Fordham waited, fighting the urge to let out a groan of pain and discomfort as his caged penis fought a losing battle with the metal of his cage.

“You have yet to be used in the way Morgan and Palmer have been used. By that, I mean you have yet to be forced to fluff the cocks of your wife’s lovers prior to their entry into her.”

Fordham looked horrified and his erection waned.

He had never heard Elaine mention such a thing.

“If you agree to become my PS,” she told him, “you will never be called upon to perform such a duty and, as proof of her abiding love for you still, Ms Elaine is happy to have you forego a duty she knows would shame you to the core.”

Incredibly, and instead of thinking: *“big deal!”* Fordham found himself having warm thoughts on behalf of the wife who had placed him in his current position but who loved him enough still not to wish to force an act upon him he would find utterly repugnant and from which his pride would find itself totally obliterated.

“You seem either unwilling or unable to answer,” Grace Norcross observed, forgetful of not having given him permission to do so, “so let me move things forward.”

As Fordham watched, still feeling a little numbed by it all, a part of him convinced it was no more than a trick to torment him further, the severe younger woman who had requested his services slid her swivel chair to the side of her desk and placed herself down in it.

“If you can’t answer with words then actions will have to do,” she said, drawing back her skirt to reveal a bare and totally hairless pussy that deprived the older man of air – so glorious did it look. “Either turn away and take yourself upstairs to begin Sheet-duty… Or…”

Further words were not required and neither would Grace Norcross have had the time to enunciate them before Fordham virtually threw himself at her feet and, hands clasped behind his back in the way his own wife insisted upon when he worshipped her, began to slobber at the fragrant and hairless snatch of his housekeeper and teacher as if he had just stumbled from a thousand mile stretch of desert without water and she was the first available oasis.

Miss Grace, Violet, Norcross had just found her pussy-servant.

And his name was Brian, Timothy, Fordham.

# Epilogue

Had anyone told him when he was a golden-boy football prodigy, held in demand by most of the local girls and others besides, that he would not only marry the admiring younger daughter of his family's neighbours but would one day kneel before her after the powerful black husband of a work-colleague and friend had placed what seemed an endless amount of African semen in the pussy he had once believed belonged to him, there would not only have been disbelief but violence.

Had the person doing the telling gone on to insist that not only would he suffer this indignity but would then use his tongue to remove the intruder's emissions from the marital shrine, that violence would as likely become psychopathic in nature.

Yet here he was. Kneeling in his own bedroom after his beloved wife had returned from an evening with Solomon while his own wife, Yvonne, had *'sat'* for him. The Amazonian solicitor content to watch him perform his chores as she relaxed in front of the TV and have him massage her feet in the absence of being able to command his tongue in a more intimate way now that he was the PS of Miss Grace Norcross and allowed access to only the pussies of her and his own wife.

And not only was he kneeling before the woman he now knew as *"Ms Elaine"* after the black woman had taken her leave - no doubt to make use of the sexually overworked Solomon's own tongue – but felt grateful to be doing so.

If the cleaning up of another man's semen from the cunt of his beloved was the price he paid to be so loved and well cared for, then so be it.

Wanting to show his reverence to the wife who now owned him beyond simply *"cleaning"* her, Brian, Timothy, Fordham vacuumed her clit into his mouth gently and fluttered at it with

his tongue in a way he knew she adored, wanting to do more than simply soothe and clean and provide her with… *pleasure*.

The look and smell of a pussy that would not have been out of place on a woman half her years inspired only reverence in him now and all his former distaste at the prospect of placing his tongue at its disposal had been consigned to history.

His job now was to please and, when her thighs tightened about his head and she screamed her release to a ceiling for the latest time that evening, he felt only pride for being its originator.

He was the pussy-servant of Miss Grace, Violet, Norcross and the cuckold and manservant of his own wife.

Acceptance finally total.

As the object of his love and adoration came down from her latest high, legs still clamped about his uncomplaining and shaven head, the eyes raised to hers held nothing but adoration and a desire to please.

And yet his words to her still thrilled and took her breath away.

“I love you, Ms Elaine.”

Astounded that he could hold such feelings for her after all she had put him through, Elaine was equally as amazed by the words leaving her own lips.

And all the more so for their being totally genuine:

“I love you too, Timmy.”

**THE END**