A Female-Led Marriage

One Woman's Path… to Marital Supremacy

The Complete Three Parts

By
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FOREWORD FROM THE AUTHOR

If being the undisputed Queen of your own domestic castle and having a husband answerable to you in all things has always been, or suddenly become, something of a fixation to that area of the imagination we as women keep carefully hidden from the world then I will probably be preaching to the sexually perverted and my story should hold a not inconsiderable appeal.

The opposite being the case, and you are the type of woman or man who finds instances of the female reigning supreme over the male both offensive and unnatural, then I suggest you stop reading now and seek a refund and a book less likely to offend and outrage.

For the *"Female-Led Marriage"* trumpeted by the title is not of the variety moaned about in the local pub, locker-room or clubhouse by men who profess to bend the neck to the *"little woman"* in matters of the home. Normally that their put-upon spouse may continue to perform the lion's share of those duties that make a home a home and keep it functioning.

No.

My *"under the thumb"* husband knows better and if he ever entertained – and I'm quite sure he did – the idea that he was somehow *"managing"* his

wife's bursts of illogic and impracticality he knows better now.

Though I would not deny I can be both of those things.

Illogical *and* impractical.

And, on many occasions, at one and the same time.

This is not some vanilla, *"Make your man more attentive",* How-To-Manual; though, if followed through on, will certainly make the male in your life more attuned to your moods and needs.

It is the nature of my own private needs that lead me to supply my more obliging and more taken advantage of sisters with this caution that they cut off now without running the risk of that aforementioned outrage and a sense of this author as a monster.

Those *"private"* needs, I warn you now, include male-chastity, foot-worship, pussy-worship, arse-worship, underarm worship, toilet-duties, and any other activity likely to make me feel the supreme sexual and domestic goddess I've always seen myself as being.

While leaving my significant other in no doubt as to the pecking-order and his humble if appreciated role within it.

A role he had not seen coming when he married me and was none too happy about as it evolved.

This is the story of that evolution and I will be telling it *exactly* as it happened.

So, if you are a submissive man looking to use my tale as *"wrist fodder"*, I suggest either you learn some patience or take the refund route immediately and invest the returned funds in a piece of fiction more likely to satisfy your needs from the one-dimensional get-go.

If you are a woman after my own heart then, and obviously, you require from me no further words of caution.

Gillian Ormendroyd
London
2014

Chapter One

Who Am I?

As you may have guessed, Gillian Ormendroyd is not my given name and is simply a pseudonym to protect myself and those I love from the usual sneers and jibes likely to come their way were I to place my real identity to the fore.

These *"usual sneers and jibes"*, it must be said, emanating from those poor souls who will always seek the comfort of the herd while feeling only resentment for those not content to follow *all* the norms as stipulated by the moral ground-swell holding sway at any given time.

That such norms are talked up by those in power as the desired status quo for all who wish to be a useful and *"aspirational"* addition to the *"big society"* - even as those espousing the blanket normality that makes a people so much easier to govern and more willing to buy goods and services follow a more individual path of their own - should not surprise us. For if a sometimes cold and ruthless pragmatism is the defining component of both the politician, the oligarch, and the self-interested of any colour or creed, then hypocrisy is seldom very far from the decision making process likely to enrich them further in either power or income.

But enough of that.

Suffice it to say, that if you feel there is a lack of personal disclosure regarding your author in this foreword, you need only read the above to know the reason why.

The less information that might lead someone to my identity, the better I like it.

And the safer I feel.

What I will divulge is that I am English by birth and have seen enough of my fellow countrymen and - it has to be confessed - women to know that the Gallic passion for revolution and the barricades is not a constant in our natures.

Tame concession to either monarchy or president is not intrinsic to the French way but seems endemic on our island, with its one civil-war and various swiftly quashed rebellions supplying eloquent testimony on the subject of the English desire for a quiet, sometimes bovine, life.

And yet, take a step outside the norm of what is considered acceptable English behaviour (I deliberately exclude the rest of the Union from my generalizing) and the vengeful wrath of a Robespierre or Danton will seem as nothing to the opprobrium and misery brought down upon one’s head by that aforementioned herd and those

hypocrites who fuel their base prejudice from no more pressing a moral imperative than venal self-advancement.

Wrath fetched down upon an undeserving head simply because of that head's harmless and *private* wish to live life in a way of its own desire and choosing.

Though, in this case it must be said, it is a life of *my* choosing and mine alone.

My husband would, I am certain, hold a completely conflicting view upon the subject.

And certainly my description of it as *"harmless"*.

Yet for those of you about to read this part autobiographical and part fictional recreation (you must work out which is which for yourselves) of how I took control of the triad – my life, my marriage, and my husband himself – I must state, and with an emphasis that will no doubt make me seem as hypocritical as those described above, my love for my husband and the joy he provides me remains as bright and undimmed as it did when we first met and I cannot imagine my feeling in his regard *ever* changing.

It is as well to state this now as the pages you are about to flick through with varying degrees of distaste, desire and, yes, boredom perhaps, are

unlikely to make you take any other part on the subject than that of my long-suffering and, now, thoroughly obedient, partner.

So be it.

I would never deny that the choices I have insisted upon if we are to stay together are more favourable to me than my husband.

How could I?

But I also believe that he is a better man for having conceded to his weakness and allowed me to take the reins both socially, financially and sexually.

You will have guessed, and if you haven't I confess, that this is no more than an attempt to pre-empt opprobrium on your parts and I am more than aware you will have your own views on the levels of my ruthlessness, desire to control, and sheer sexual perversity.

But there it is, I can say no more on the subject in my own defence and must now let you judge for yourselves.

Chapter Two

What I wanted

My earliest memories of childhood do not include any examples of naturally dominant behaviour, with either boys or girls, and yet the base metal must have been there to some degree.

What else, after all, would explain the sight of the still handsome middle-aged man kneeling silently with his nose to the wall in a corner of the study where I type these words?

My husband.

Ordered there for his latest, *minor*, flouting of the rules set for his behaviour.

Rules set by *me*.

The sight of him there, kneeling schoolboy-like in the presence of some Victorian martinet of an educator as he waits for her permission to rise and repent of his wrongdoings, is a sight that would have been unthinkable no more than four years distant – and still is to even those friends and family who know us as intimates.

Now, though, it is no more than the norm in our household when we are alone together and a mild

way of showing him my displeasure for his behaviour.

The more excessive forms of my disapproval we will come to shortly and if it upsets you to read of a formerly proud man who is now forced to bend a supple neck to his imperious wife – many times to place a kiss of contrition upon the toe of a shoe it's his duty to keep polished – then I would urge you once again to go the refund route, close, delete or burn, now.

I promise you, the more… *drastic*… examples of the respect I have trained my husband to show me, be they symbolic or otherwise, are hardly likely to prove any the more palatable to you if a description of nothing more sadistic than an insistence upon the simple placement of male lips upon female footwear as a show of both respect and contrition is found offensive.

I must also say that, despite the above, I am not an active feminist nor am I a member of any Female Supremacist group.

But I am an avid reader on the subject of the dominant female and have an extensive collection of non-fiction and its erotic and more creative counterpart.

Housed in our loft away from the prying eyes of guests, you understand.

A lack of quality reads in respect of the latter kind having led me to write a book with elements of the slightly more readable former and, with fingers firmly crossed, hoping the mix will supply both author and reader pleasure in the so doing.

I make it plain right from the start that I have no interest in stories – real or otherwise concerning women who provide a service for submissive males simply to boost their finances or make ends meet.

Not even, I hasten to add, for those of my sex who enjoy acting in such a way as well as raking in the cash.

Let's face it, a paying customer calls the shots.

Whether he insists on having his buttocks lacerated with either cane or tawse *he* is the one in charge. As a paying customer it's his choice when it comes to what he wants to receive and, more importantly, when it stops and whether he decides to return. He has all the control and any boundaries (there should be none in my view) are his to set.

While I'm on the subject, I can't abide these so-called *"enlightened couples"* who partake of the usual tame, boring and unconvincing, role-play and trot the fact out to friends as if it's a badge-of-honour and they should be regarded as role-models for couples with a desire to keep their sex-lives

fresh and be seen to exist at some kind of cutting-edge level.

If I'm acting out a scenario then, ipso facto, it's not real and, again, I'd probably be adopting a role more likely to buy into a man's fantasies than anything approaching the *reality* that sets my own juices to flowing.

Leather?

Latex?

Rubber and cling-film?

Forget it.

Ditto: BDSM paraphernalia likely to heap ridicule upon the head of the woman wielding or wearing such kit while the man requesting it, and as per usual, gets off with the usual *nudge-nudge* and/or amused contempt.

This is and remains *not* what I wanted.

What I did want was simply put:

I wanted it all.

I wanted the comfort and reassurance of a lovely home, financial security, and the respect that goes along with it; but I also wanted a man in my life who accepted that his primary purpose was to both please me and take pride from my being pleased

with him. Someone to act upon my every need and desire – sometimes before I was aware of them myself; so well-trained and attuned to the needs of his superior would he be. A husband, in short, who would exert his every sinew to earn the praise and acceptance he would learn being obedient to my every whim could earn.

None of which means I wanted some submissive pantywaist who got off on my domination.

Of course, if my conditioning of him resulted in such an eventuality – and I would have preferred him to resent it even as his sexuality began to respond to my control – that would have been a quite different matter.

What I wanted was a man who is considered strong, at least by his fellow men, yet bent like a bulrush before a tornado in the face of my female authority.

And sprang back into position ready-to-serve after its passing without being so beaten and demoralised he was unrecognisable from the man to whom I'd first been attracted.

A husband not despised for the deference he showed to his wife but regarded in the wider world as someone worthy of respect – even as he donned an apron and went about his household chores behind the closed doors of the marital home.

A tall order and no doubt you think I was, like most dreamers, setting totally unattainable goals.

That being the case, then you might have some difficulty squaring your thoughts with the fact that, when I decide to take a rest from writing this and consider my husband suitably reprimanded, I will call him from his corner where he currently kneels with nose to recess and have him crawl to the feet still enclosed in my work shoes and have him kiss them, unavoidably sweaty aroma through my hose or not, until I am certain he has learned his lesson.

For this is what I always wanted and this is what I now have.

A man strong enough to place my needs before those of his own in both a domestic and a sexual setting while, at the same time, weak enough to know he is nothing without my guidance and the firm hand that now leads him through life.

A *loving* hand despite the many sacrifices and, yes, indignities, he must accept to be its beneficiary.

Be patient now.

I intend to overlook nothing of the quick and pay as little attention to the dead as possible; so you may be sure we will soon come to his experiences at my hands, feet, and any other part of my anatomy that takes my fancy at a given time.

The above said, and with complete honesty and conviction, there is something else I also wanted along with that unlimited control over my partner.

Something I knew from my Web correspondence thousands of women out there just like me wanted and no doubt still do.

Something that, from my experience, is what's wanted by all self-determining and take-charge women who wish to live at least a semi-normal life but find control a sexual turn-on desire equally as much.

Namely?

Respect.

And not just from the husband or partner trained to accept one's superiority over him but from those every day contacts we both share, be they family, friends, colleagues, employees, or simply envious onlookers.

A tough ask, given my desires?

Perhaps.

If I were of a type to enjoy the more outlandish and attention-seeking aspects of BDSM – something it must seem obvious by now that I do not – then maybe so.

But believe me, just as there is more than one way to skin the proverbial tom-cat, so are there ways of dressing and acting *without* the use of the latex and whips that imply female authority.

And implying it just as effectively.

And certainly more satisfyingly.

Ways that ensure we remain in the mainstream, in terms of *'look'* anyhow, and place us under the radar of both herd and hypocrite alike.

The aim being to exercise complete and utter control over one's male partner without finding oneself excluded from the usual social whirl and finding oneself on the end of the dread and maddening pointed finger.

Metaphysical or otherwise.

Believe me, if it's done correctly and with intelligence, then the control you exercise with more severity and less inhibition indoors and away from outside eyes can be exercised just as effectively – if less extensively – when in the company of family, friends and colleagues.

Outdoors or in.

In my case, this has led to the envy of my female friends and family who find my husband's deference to me quite charming – though I'm sure

the husbands aren't so fulsome in their praise; even if they still seem to regard my man as just that still.

And yes, a few of those female friends and family have even whispered in my ear what a turn on it is to see a man:

"Minding his better half".

They have no idea!

Of course, when one thinks of all the multitudinous male fetishes and those tools in the form of couture at our disposal, one wonders why we haven't brought the male-beast to heel with more totality. Heels, hose, and everyday outfits being as effective in this respect as they are stereotypical. The severe headmistress and authoritative businesswoman look to name but two.

Make use of this.

If going with a stereotype achieves ones ends in making a man more biddable and brings him to his rightful position in one's life, then why not?

I for one enjoy dressing in such a way and can anyone truly say such a look is more stereotypical and obvious than the BDSM examples in latex and rubber offered above?

Without sounding pompous and self-satisfied, my aim with this book is to impart some real-life

experience and I intend what's to follow for those women who've always hankered for control over their man.

Wives, mothers and girlfriends who've been too clueless or conditioned up to this point – perhaps both – to act on their imaginations.

Those women trapped in relationships of 24/7 dissatisfaction with only long-held, and seemingly beyond their reach, fantasies to help make the vanilla lovemaking of their husbands and the overspill into a mundane married life at least *semi*-bearable.

That stated, don't take what I've already said the wrong way.

Sure, I don't want all the male-fantasy crap usually associated with *"Dominant Mistress"* syndrome.

But that doesn't mean I don't want my husband to be my slave and acknowledge the fact.

Even if it is in his head only and not a signed and sealed contract.

More's the pity.

Actually, when thinking about it, the proscription of *actual* slavery – and rightly so; I'm not a monster I'll have you know – make the actual

ownership of a fellow living and breathing human even more thrilling.

Tacit, rather than legally enforceable, or not.

I mean: what pleasure can even the most entrenched female member of the herd take from having what every other woman has?

Sacher Masoch had Wanda take *"Gregor"* to another country to begin his service to her; a country in which slavery was *illegal*, precisely for that reason.

"What value is there in possessing a slave in a country where it is considered no more than the norm?"

"Venus im Peltz", I have to admit, was not a novel that made much impact upon me; mainly for the hero's submission to his *idee fixe* being of the consensual and sought after variety.

Male wish-fulfilment again.

So please excuse the above quotation if it isn't an exact replica of its original.

Hopefully you will get my drift regardless.

Anyway, I realise this has been a somewhat lengthy preamble and that you are anxious to get to the *"Cash-prize"*, as it were, but it has been necessary

to make sure you know I'm committed to the lifestyle I've chosen for us both and not simply another game-player who sees a few ersatz and superficial experiences in the *"scene"* as something to be regurgitated into a money-making proposition.

Never that!

Shortly, I will introduce you to my husband and explain just how I reprogrammed him to become the most obedient and respectful servant a wife could possible want.

And can do no more than revere me as his owner.

Even as he hates me for having so successfully altered and conditioned his inner-wiring.

His name is *"Hugh"* and below is my motivation and how I went about achieving it.

Chapter Three

The Look's the Thing

Before we get to the beginnings leading to the heart of this story that is part fiction and part fact, allow me to describe myself that you may have a visual picture of your writer.

An image to accompany her words and save her the effort of further description while thrusting upon you an unwanted diversion from a read that – I pray – both engrosses and fascinates.

I've been told I have a sensuous face.

Full lips bordering on the over-plump offset a nose that is somewhat long and thin, with a curve intruding into the mix, and lend me a disapproving air.

Petulant too, I confess

Piercing blue eyes, *"as cold as unmined gems"*, I am told also, can be somewhat *"disconcerting"*.

During my childhood, by a South London Common that has since been gentrified – to my delight, if not that of those born there who could not afford to remain - I was plump verging towards fat, and even now I remain more fleshy than svelte.

All to the good.

Not for me the flirting at bulimia's edge considered collateral damage by the chain-smoking breadsticks of the catwalk.

Risk to constitution and lungs behind visible rib-cages run simply to satisfy the whim of a designer – normally male and, *sometimes*, heterosexual – whose clothes look best on a zero-size prototype.

That and the colossal sums paid to model the masterpieces, of course.

Plump or not, my figure is hourglass and my breasts full and shapely without the need of designer-bra support.

Though I'm not averse to the help when I want to look particularly… *fuckable*.

In fact, I normally wear tight-ish clothing that accentuates my feminine padding without resulting in unsightly *"lumps and bumps",* rather than making useless and self-defeating attempts to hide my womanly form with a succession of bifurcated tents likely to achieve entirely the opposite effect to the one desired.

As I type this at the computer in *my* home-office, I am wearing a tight navy top in lycra that seems almost organic, so tenaciously does it cling to my still conical breasts, and a severely cut charcoal-grey skirt that accentuates my plumpish curves.

My hair is deepest black, and usually falls to my shoulders.

And would today save for the fact it is pushed from my face and tied at the back to make me look every inch the authority figure I am and remain to the husband currently kneeling with his nose in the corner and afraid to move until I tell him he can.

But back to me.

The legs that have nothing in common with the long and slender appendages belonging to those models above so beloved of the Karl's, Calvin's and Donna's of the leading fashion-houses, are covered in sheer navy hose to match the top clinging to my upper body; while my size-five feet are squeezed into a pair of pointed shoes in dark grey to compliment my tight, to the knee, skirt.

Those legs may not be the pins of choice for budding Lagerfeld's, Klein's or Karan's, but – and forgive my self-congratulation – they are manna from heaven for both me and those men whose earliest fantasies was of a mother, teacher, or female authority figure.

An authority figure with pronounced calves usually to be found covered in hose similar to mine.

With all these weapons in our locker to utilize against the testosterone and muscle-mass of the

hunter-gatherers, it's hardly surprising I would eschew fad diets and unattainable body-shape and always saw Homer's tale of Achilles and the location of his famous *"heel"* as anatomically erroneous.

And, on the subject of *seeing*:

Though my eyesight remains twenty/twenty, I have a pair of black librarian type glasses with plain lenses to add still more definition to the efficient and commanding image I enjoy displaying.

These every-day and subliminal sex toys I trot out on those occasions when I enjoy looking as well as feeling the take-charge woman and wife that I am.

Occasions such as now.

Anyhow, so much for me.

We will come to my husband soon.

Before that, however, I presume that somewhere down the line you may have heard of *"Operant conditioning?"*

No?

Well for those of you who haven't allow me to explain.

Believe me, you will *not* be sorry that I did.

Unless, of course, you're a male who's stumbled across this read by accident and finds control of any kind wielded over him by a woman unthinkable.

Anyhow, the basic principal of this invaluable tool to assert control over the male mind is the assertion of a principle all these simple creatures, to whatever degree, understand; though, have no fear, their grasp of the concept in no way impairs its efficacy for their superiors.

Namely:

Me.

You.

Us.

The delivery of that above *"efficacy"* goes like this:

"If something is wanted, then something has to be given"

Yes, and sorry.

It really is that simple.

A quote from the long lost works of some ancient female mystic and dominant from pre-wall China would certainly sound grander.

I can do no more than agree.

It would be, I assure you, no more effective.

And the moment I realised just how effective such an approach could be?

Well, that was the moment I realised my longings for control over the man I'd married would no longer have to stay between my vibrator and the hidden desires it consoled.

It was a short piece of advice in a femdom letter, from a wife trumpeting her own success to the world, which brought the approach to my notice and turned my world upon its head.

Or, rather, turned my husband's world upon its head that I may sit upon it at my leisure.

Now there's a piece of imagery that never fails to…

Excite!

"If you want an obedient attentive husband like mine," the woman's line went, *"then you need to train him to accept that if he wants something from you then he has to give you something in return."*

Not following?

Then ask yourself this:

"What is it a vanilla and heterosexual man wants from a woman most?"

Still not following?

Here's a clue:

He leaves it kicking and screaming and will do exactly the same when refused permission to go back"

With me?

Thought so.

Just to be on the safe side though:

It also secretes Copulins which, if a man performs oral sex for his woman regularly enough, has – so I'm led to believe - the welcome side-effect of making him, as said earlier, more…

"Biddable".

Wonderful, is it not?

Nature is often described as indifferent, but it could just as easily be seen as incredibly *just* and compensatory.

For the female anyway.

"To you, my son, I bequeath superior physical strength and masculinity that you may protect and populate the world.

"And to you my darling daughter, I give you Copulins and femininity that you may harness your brother's aggression and make it useful to you."

So Genesis spake.

Or at least should have.

More of this later.

So, unless your man has grown either too old or too disinterested for sex to be a useful weapon for your personal use – in which case you may as well put this book down now, because in its absence I have no answers likely to help - you are in possession of the means by which he can be brought to heel and fashioned into just the kind of partner you always imagined him being.

And, for you self-defeatists out there, this holds true no matter how deep into a relationship you are and how ingrained his patterns of male behaviour towards you appear to be.

The undeniable truth is this:

Men truly *are* the simple creatures superior women have always insisted them to be.

You really can have no conception of how delightful you will find this to be true until you see it at first hand.

They remain, and always will remain, *primal*.

It is their attraction and their weakness and I promise you that even if he no longer desires you at this point in your relationship he will again with no more than your application of a few simply observed procedures.

And once he does?

As you will see, his whole world will become your domestic oyster.

And the nature of these *"simple"* procedures precisely?

Trust me, it's not nuclear physics.

More home-economics, actually.

He only gets sex when he's earned it.

Simple enough for you?

"Yes, and big deal," I hear your snorts of derision.

"Tell me something I didn't know already!"

Well, let me assure you, thinking you know something and actually using what you know in its most effective form can be two entirely different things.

Knowing the beast's main concern is to effect an entrance into your pussy – while expending as little

effort to make you actually want him there as possible – isn't enough on its own and is rarely seen or used as the female power-tool it really is.

When he wants sex he will be at his most winning and amenable to you – short of doing just what you really want him to do, of course – and afterwards you'll return to your role of domestic appliance.

Another *"no-brainer"*, as the sound-biters and followers of verbal fads would have it.

But have you ever really put this wonderful weapon in your possession to worthwhile use?

No.

Of course you haven't.

Some small gesture has normally done the trick for him.

Flowers?

Chocolates?

A meal out or *pretending* to actually listen to you and be interested for a few minutes?

You tell me, but I bet I'm not far off the mark in 90% of cases.

And this is what has to change.

What he gains easily he will never value and from this point on, if you're serious about having him under your control and at your beck and call, he needs to see access to your pussy – be it with cock or tongue; and preferably the latter – as a prize to be valued as much or more than his team winning the Premiership.

Though you might be wise not to keep him waiting that long before allowing him a *"sniff"*, so to speak.

Marginalise the cock and you diminish the man.

Only then can he be rewired in a way of your choosing and...

I run ahead of myself and for those of you more worldly wise than your sisters who guess I'm referring to the introduction of cuckoldry?

Let me tell you, you're right.

As said, though, that's for later.

Much later.

For now, however, and from now on if you're really serious about taking your place as head-of-the-household and supreme commander of your man's life, your best course is to only allow sex when he deserves it.

Think of him as your dog, in fact, and ask yourself where you would be in your training of the beast if you gave him treats after he's fouled the carpet or cocked his leg on the sofa?

Exactly.

It's an approach that worked wonders for me and you'll see this in the next chapter when you finally get a glimpse into our lives together.

That *"dog"*, moreover, one you only *"reward"* when he is particularly obedient and attentive.

Apart from producing the most incredible and barely believable results, it is also the greatest pussy-flooding rush of which I know.

A *"pussy-flooding"* rush that will become even more stupendous when you have him fitted in his cage.

"A cage?"

"Hold on a moment," I hear you protest.

"Didn't you say at the top of this piece that you had no time for the paraphernalia of BDSM?

You are correct and right to point this out.

I did say exactly that.

But for the cock-ring that fastens about husbandly balls; prior to his penis being squeezed into the cage about to be locked to that ring; I make an exception with *no* apologies.

"*Did you just say a "cock-ring?"*

Picture me nodding.

Yes, it's unbelievable I know, but that's what I said:

"A cock-ring attached to a cage?"

Affirmative again.

"And just how am I supposed to get one of those on him?" I hear you ask.

Ah!

The billion dollar question.

Now, I'm not going to lie and say this is easy – we're talking about his pride and joy here! And you will need to do some solid prep work first. But you simply must trust me when I tell you it's not as daunting a task as it sounds.

And, anyway, that's why you're still reading, isn't it?

To discover how I went about it and if the same approach will work for you?

You are about to find out.

Chapter Four

The Softening Up

As previously mentioned, it was reading of a woman's experiences online that tipped me over.

My marriage was in trouble – I knew it, even if he didn't have a clue - and, for once, it wasn't husbandly neglect at the core of my discontent.

More to blame was the fact that the attention I was getting wasn't the kind I wanted and if it went on I would have to find it elsewhere.

So great had my need and lust for marital control grown for it not being fulfilled in any way, shape or form.

That simply *had* to change.

Anyhow, this woman with desires to mine so similar the differences aren't worth mentioning had changed her marital situation and her life around by

getting her husband into the aforementioned male-chastity-belt.

The *"cock-cage"* from the previous chapter.

But it was how she went about achieving the feat in this instance that grabbed my full attention.

That and my subsequent research on the subject soon found me tipping towards action rather than settling for an ongoing and indefinite reliance on imagination and vibrator.

A reliance and attempt at palliation that, understandably given the frequency of use, was beginning to succumb to the law of diminishing returns.

Big time!

Anyhow, a Google search while my husband was at the squash-club - this with the barely evolved, if reasonably successful, pals I fully intended to proscribe him once he was under the wifely thumb, heel... *arse*… etc. - was a real eye-opener.

Frankly, and no stranger to free or pay sites with a preponderance of female-led fiction such as Literotica and Femdom Cave, I was amazed at the amount of information I found – much of it from females and appearing to be real-life experience.

After two hours that simply flew by – and just before my husband's return from his time with the *"lads"* – I was armed to the teeth with good solid advice and information and, to my own amazement, had actually purchased a clear plastic ring and cage after much agonizing as to size.

My unknowing Internet mentor had suggested steering clear of the more draconian models on the market that would seem unduly *"scary"* to begin with and I'd stuck with the advice of someone who appeared to know wherein of which she spoke.

Even if, plastic or not, and if I were a man, my *"cage"* of choice would have looked pretty *"scary"* to me.

I had only just finished ordering it and placed the last of my card-details on the cart form and hit *"Purchase"* when Hugh arrived home from the club, freshly showered and looking ridiculously boyish still for a man of forty-something.

Not wanting to risk my husband taking delivery of the package as he arrived home earlier than me most days, I had given the delivery address as my office in the high-street. I'd started my own temp agency for accountancy and administrative staff some years before and was soon outstripping his salary as an SEO with the Home Office at their London offices in Victoria Street. So pleased was I

with the agency's success, in fact, I was considering opening another branch closer to the City and keeping my options open on the subject of further expansion.

I had four employees in the office, two of them men, and thoroughly enjoyed being the *boss* they had to answer to when things weren't right.

A power-rush I had always known would prove addictive and one I wanted to experience in a more hands-on fashion in my own marriage.

This little… *taster*… of control explaining the feeling of elation I was experiencing at having kick-started a similar, if far more draconian, process at home.

An elation my husband did not miss while his own told me he'd had a good afternoon on the courts and probably had the acquisition of some puerile lads bragging rights he was just bursting to relate to me as I struggled to stay conscious.

Let alone appear interested:

"You're looking pleased with yourself," he observed

"I feel happy," I replied truthfully, optimism for my own success as high as my understandable nervousness at being about to put the footings underpinning it in place.

“Happy enough to fetch your husband a Peroni from the fridge?” he asked playfully, dressing his sense of male entitlement with what he chose to see as subtlety.

Buoyant at having taken a decision I’d allowed moral cowardice to put off too long, I was only too pleased to oblige the Lord and Master whose sense of unspoken superiority and paternalism towards me was about to undergo a severe make-over.

“Bottle or glass,” I asked, the absence of attitude usually present whenever he *“requested”* something from me puzzling him a tad.

But not too much.

“The bottle’s fine, sweetheart,” he assured me; then, with a chauvinistic smile of concern that had me revising my view of BDSM thumbscrews and lead-boots, “why make work for yourself?”

“Why indeed?” I told myself as a picture of him toiling at the kitchen sink sprang to mind and I forced a smile of my own; this before making my way to the fridge as he put his feet up in front of the TV and immediately took a familiar route to Sky Sports.

If the plans I was about to kick into action later were as successful for me as they were for the

woman who was my unknowing guide, then I would certainly be making a lot of work in future.

But it wouldn't be for me.

Chapter Five

Lowering the Boom

"You seem stressed?" he observed four nights later as we prepared for bed.

I shrugged.

"You've barely said a word since I got home from the office and you've been moody since the weekend."

I knew what he was referring to and smiled internally at the success of what had been the deliberate ploy of allowing the *"happy mood"* he had noted to take a route to its opposite Pole not long after having given him a taster of what he had been missing recently.

You see, the very night after I'd ordered the cock-cage I'd virtually taken him to bed and ravaged him.

The above accomplished with his *willing* consent, given I hadn't been showing much interest in him that way for a while; despite still being as attracted to him as ever.

At the time of writing my older husband by five years is in his mid-forties and remains, as said, in good shape with a full head of wavy-hair.

A *"head of wavy hair"* I intended he would always be allowed to keep - as opposed to the body-hair going hand-in-hand with his Mediterranean colouring for which I had something else in mind.

Consequently, with his still boyish features, he remained attractive to women young and old and knew it.

Much good it would do him!

Anyhow, this relief on his part that I was once again up for some *"hanky-panky"*, as he so quaintly and irritatingly described it, no doubt explained why he acceded to my request – *insistence* – that we do it in the *"woman-astride"* position.

This, you understand, being no small concession on his part and the first time we'd ever made love in such a position.

Don't misunderstand me, my husband is a handsome and virile man whose love for me I have

never doubted – despite the attention he gets from other women. But, like many handsome and virile men of intelligence who've been educated beyond their blue-collar beginnings, he retains much of that working-class and outdated attitude on the subject of men and women – paternalist and affectionate or not – that informs family relationships at the level and remain durable in the subconscious. Even as the exterior adopts a more… *liberal and sophisticated*… manner.

Making love in the *"female-superior"* position being one of the *"No-No's"* his less open-minded interior insisted upon.

Something that was about to change.

And for good.

"Why do you think that is?" I asked him, encouraged by what could only be a flicker of fear in his expression for the sternness he could see present in my own.

"It… It's not our anniversary, I know," he said, thoughts racing. "And your birthday's not until…"

My sigh of feigned exasperation cut him off and flicker became bush-fire:

"You…? You're not pregnant are you?"

“Don’t be ridiculous,” I told him, both of us having been of the same mind on the subject of children when we met.

The accord being that neither of us wanted them.

Selfish, you ask?

Certainly.

But then there’s hardly a shortage of the product and, more importantly, we had lives of our own we wanted to live.

Giving those lives over to the service of others, and simply terrified of ending up like many of the friend’s parenthood had turned into Shaw’s bores of *“simulated achievement”*, was not for us.

Dread infusing us at the prospect of becoming like those who seemed to think childbirth went hand-in-hand with the keys to the city and the right to push buggies and shopping-trolleys over the toes of innocent bystanders.

And *without* a sniff of, let alone an actual, apology.

With this terror uppermost, we had made the irrevocable decision not to go down such a route.

Ever.

A decision which, given we both enjoyed sex, had ensured our diligence on the *"precautions"* front was near exemplary.

And explained my dismissal of him on the subject now.

"I'm not happy, Hugh," I told him, and it has nothing to do with either being or not being with child."

"What is it, Gilly? Is the business in trouble? I'm sure we can…"

"We're the ones in trouble, Hugh. *Not* my business… That's doing as well as ever."

"I… I don't understand."

He looked worried now and, knowing I had him on the backfoot and wanting to keep him there, I changed tack:

"Lie down sweetheart," I urged him from my own position atop the mattress, wearing nothing but a clingy long tee-shirt I knew emphasised my breasts to grand effect while revealing my lightly tanned thighs and the legs below no less winningly.

"We need to talk," I said, four dread words that did nothing to lessen his growing apprehension and were at complete variance with my scantily clad body waiting for him on the mattress.

He was wearing a pair of boxers and a light brown tee-shirt of his own that picked out the green eyes which seemed puzzled at this moment and, delightfully, a little fearful.

No sooner had he lay next to me than I confused him further by inserting a warm hand into the fly of those boxers to take a hold on a cock that was still flaccid and, given his indecision, showing no signs of coming to life.
Yet.

“Gilly, I…”

The forefinger of my free hand went over his lips and compelled him to silence while the hand squeezing his cock moved lower to cradle his crown jewels.

Then, certain I had his attention and making sure to maintain eye-contact, I began to roll his balls from side to side.

Gently.

The tiny sigh leaving his lips told me he was getting the message.

Or at least one part of it.

Making sure to maintain to maintain eye-contact, I began to roll his balls in my hand before a tell-tale tautening told me I had his full *attention*.

That was when I did something he had often asked for and I had only rarely indulged.

Releasing his erection from the boxers I placed my plump and sensuous lips over the seven inches ending in the mushroom head of his, by now, fully engaged cock.

As you can imagine, eye-contact was out of the question in our current positions but the deep sigh of contentment I heard from slightly above and to the side assured me I was getting his other head into the right space for what I had in mind – though the chauvinistic and demanding way he placed his hand upon the back of my head to urge me on tested my commitment to the full.

After no more than around thirty seconds of an act I have never enjoyed and with the hand at the back of my head becoming more… *forceful*… I knew I could trust his restraint no longer and allowed him to plop from my mouth.

His groan of frustration and disgruntlement could hardly be missed and was totally sincere.

Propping my head on an elbow while using my free hand to soothe his disappointment by making feathering gestures the length of his girder hard, if not girder thick, cock, I endeavoured to ease the frustration written across his handsome features I was enjoying having caused.

“Sweetie,” I began, “you know I love you and that will never change, right?”
Silence greeted my question.

Between answering his wife and concentrating on the pleasure her hand was giving his cock after its rare entry into her mouth there was no contest.

Until I made it one.

“I mean it, sweetie, we’re about to have the most serious discussion of our married lives and you need to listen to me.”

His head ducked towards me and an arm reached for my breasts, but I released the cock he had started to thrust into my hand and brushed it aside.

“Come on, Gills,” he complained, shortening my name in a way I hated and would be one of the first things I proscribed him. “Why are you getting me all worked up if all you want to do is talk?”

Ignoring what was, after all, a reasonable observation, I brought my lips to his ear and whispered into it as I continued my feather-light caresses of an erection that was fairly throbbing fit to bust by now and fetched groans of anticipation from him for the fuck he thought we were about to have.

“Our marriage is in trouble and we need to sort it out if we’re to have any future together,” I whispered, loving the conflicting emotions I could sense rushing through him – not to mention the rush moistening my own pussy as I led him by the nose towards, hopefully, the cage already waiting secure in the bottom of my drawer and the enslavement I felt convinced it would set in motion.

“F-Future…?” he muttered, finding it hard to keep it together.

“Trouble?”

Saying nothing, I continued to feather his length.

“W-What trouble?”

“We’re not happy,” I told him, taking a firmer grip of his still thrusting cock to keep him off-balance.

“But I am…”

“Yes. I know you’re happy – or at least you think you are – but I’m not. And if I’m not…”

Even through the diversion I was supplying him below decks and his imperative of a male need that, once instigated, needed to be taken to its logical conclusion, I could see the beginnings of something approaching real concern in his eyes.

“I…? I thought…?”

“You thought wrong, sweetie,” I cut him off in words if not actions. “I’ve been giving it a lot of consideration and I really don’t think our marriage can last unless there are some pretty drastic changes made.”

Already I had him in a strange new place, I could see it in the conflicting expressions flitting across cheeks that were reddened with a mixture of excitement and anxiety. On the one hand I was supplying pleasure to a cock that was, satisfyingly, about as hard as I could remember it despite – *because of?* – my take-charge attitude. While on the other he was being told that the woman he loved – something he had never given me any reason to doubt despite his enjoyment of the female attention that came his way – was unhappy and

thinking of leaving the marriage if something didn't change.

Not having a clue as to what she could possibly be unhappy about, this in a relationship he thought was in tip-top shape, hardly likely to help him adjust to the unfamiliar position in which he found himself.

Correction:
In which *I* had placed him.

"I want to feel more secure in our love," I told him, knowing it was nonsense but knowing also that it would serve its purpose. "I don't want to be sitting at my desk at the office worrying about what my handsome husband does at work with all the pretty admin staff and afterwards, when his wife is working late to provide a better life for him."

It was a small and disingenuous speech to which I had given a lot of thought and felt sure would work on a number of levels.

First, it reassured him that there was no lessening of my feelings towards him.

Second, it puffed up his ego to hear me acknowledge he was attractive to other women – not that he was in much need of the boost – and

that I fretted about the possibility of him falling for one of them.

Which, having quite an ego of my own, I didn't.

And, third and most important, it was already obvious to him that, even if he hadn't pretty much reached the Civil Service ceiling most government employees not in possession of a degree or influential contacts reached sooner rather than later, his salary was never going to be appreciably different from what it was now.

The above a stone cold fact placing my assertion that I was the one *"creating a better life for him"* to the fore of his thinking and instilling within those thoughts, if only subliminally to begin with, the idea of me as the *man* of the relationship.

"That's nonsense, Gilly," he protested. "I've never cheated on you and never will."

"Which doesn't stop me fretting and worrying that you will," I told him.

"But…"

"It's not just that, anyway," I cut him off with a hand raised imperiously that he greeted with a mild look of resentment.

“I feel there is a potential in me… *and* you,” I added quickly, “that is going untapped and it’s making me unhappy and frustrated.”

“What do you…?”

“Will you please stop interrupting and listen to me for a change?” I rebuked him.

Rather than come back at me, he raised both arms in a gesture of mock capitulation we both knew was meant to humour me.

It would not be *“mock”* for too much longer if I had my way.

“We need to take our marriage to the next level and make ourselves happy,” I went on, the response he was about to make set back a few seconds by the simple expedient of my hand increasing its strokes upon the still rock-hard cock imprisoned in its grip.

A response in the form of a protest, however, so great must have been his concern, that could not be delayed forever:

“But we are happy,” he gasped, still in denial and torn between engaging in our conversation full-on and losing the pleasure of my hand upon his cock;

or going with the status quo of part pleasure part response.

I was already shaking my head emphatically, aforementioned blue eyes as *"cold as unmined gems"* holding his in a way that left him in no doubt I was completely serious.

"You've not been listening properly," I told him, an unfair criticism given my manipulation of his cock had been intended to ensure just that.

"But…"

"It's not your happiness I'm talking about."

I allowed some testiness into my tone and slowed the pace of my hand.

"Of course you're happy," I snapped. "Why wouldn't you be? I'd be happy if I had fulfilled expectations without accountability."

"What's that supposed to mean?" he snapped right back, hand on his cock forgotten as some heat of his own surfaced.

"Excuse me, but who is that man who leaves for work after me and gets home before me? And who is the woman with all the stress and responsibility

of managing her own business who comes home and has to cook?"

"Jeez, Gilly. What's going on? Is it your time of the month or…?"

"Don't you fucking dare!" I cut him off, the swear word from my lips shocking him as I had known it would.

"This has been a long time coming and has nothing to do with the misery I suffer each month and *you* don't."

I'm not sure if my anger allayed his suspicions but it certainly quieted him enough for me to continue as I gestured with a hand to the high-ceilinged bedroom, one of three, of the terraced house we had restored in a road that had become prime since the areas gentrification and the addition of wine-bars, upmarket restaurants and shops.

"Do you think we could keep this if it depended upon the salary you bring home?"

It cut him.

No man, unless he's a parasite beyond shame, likes to hear a woman tell him he is not pulling his weight financially.

And Hugh was a lot of things, but a parasite he wasn't.

"That's what this out-of-the-blue shit's about is it?" he asked, recovering enough to defend himself a little.

Or at least try.

"The fact that you earn more?"

"Yes!" I almost screamed, startling him with my intensity, his cock ignored now as I sat up and stared into his eyes.

"Of course it is. That and the fact you seem content to let me put in all the hard work necessary to earn it without doing anything to make my life easier."

"But…"

"Do you think it makes me feel appreciated to know that, while I'm at the office busting a gut to keep it all together and push my company and us further, you're having a nice game of squash with your moron *'Buds'*, followed by a leisurely shower and a few jars and a bit of a flirt with the barmaid in the bar afterwards?"

“You’ve never complai…”

“Then to come home and find I’m expected to either cook or call out for a takeaway?” I overrode him, not allowing him a foothold in what I intended to be a wrong-footing diatribe.

Deserved or not.

“When’s the last time you did something for me you knew I’d enjoy and appreciate?” I continued. “I’ve told you how stressed I can get at the office dealing with existing clients and trying to drum up more, and not once have you tried to ease the load for me by either cooking, cleaning or doing the laundry. Everything’s left to me and I’m about sick of it”

This was no more than the truth and the guilty green eyes that could not meet my own evidenced the fact.

And empowered me further.

“You want sex all the time and sulk when you don’t get it. And what do I get when I do let you have it?”

Now his eyes did meet mine and guilt was no longer present.

Anger, however, certainly was as he rolled off the bed and found his feet, leaving me to suppress laughter as his swiftly softening cock flopped free of his fly.

"*Let me have it?*" he paraphrased.
"That's what I said."

"So you're telling me sex is a chore I have to pester you into?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying."

"What?"

"Were you expecting me to deny it? Why would I? What is it you think you do to make me look forward to your by-the-numbers fucking?"

The double-whammy, of being told he was not the super-stud he had always deluded himself into thinking I saw him as and my second out-of-character usage of a good old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon obscenity, fair took what wind there was from his sails.

"I… I always thought…"

“Well you always thought wrong then, didn’t you?” I blazed at him, so into my role and enjoying it by now that it didn’t seem like a role at all and suggesting to me that I may have just missed my true vocation as a serious actress.

“How many times have I asked you to lick my pussy for me?” I demanded, loving the way my boldness of language seemed to diminish him and knowing now – if I hadn’t known already – that I was on a road from which there was no route back.

The point from which this conversation began, if something so one-sided can be described in such terms, was gone now and *never* to be regained.

Good riddance!

I loved Hugh and I didn’t want to lose him; but if keeping him meant a continuance of our married lives until now…?

“You… You know I’ve always found that a turn-off, Gilly,” he said by way of a lame defence that only supplied and fuelled my armoury and its fire.

“What? While I’ve loved the taste and feel of your sweaty eel in my mouth on all those occasions you’ve forced me to put it there?”

“Forced?”

“What a fucking hypocrite you are!” I blazed, as if I were truly seeing the kind of man he was for the first time; this while hoping he *was* exactly the man I took him to be.

Namely?
A man who would not simply upsticks and leave in the face of a previously loving wife’s vitriol and criticism of both his virtues as a husband and his attributes or lack of such as a lover.

“It’s acceptable for you to bring home a salary four times less than my own and still think you call the shots, is it? It’s perfectly normal and above board for you to work half the hours I work and spend time with those half-wits you call friends while I’m still making a future for us at the office? And it’s no more than your manly due to expect me to be ready for sex and the entrance of your cock into my mouth without you returning the compliment by sucking my cunt into yours?”

In the years we’d been together, not once had he heard such a word upon my lips and, if the jaw resting upon chest and brown tee-shirt spoke true, it was not something he had a desire to hear again.

Going with my anger and the sheer energy having started along this road had infused me with, I threw his pillow at him and gave him the full glare of my displeasure.

Part feigned, part real.

“Sleep somewhere else tonight. I can’t bear to have such a hypocrite anywhere near me.”
His expression as he caught the pillow was aghast.

“Sleep somewhere else?” I could hear him ask, my request ensuring it would be the first time since we bought this house that we hadn’t shared a bed.

“You…? You’re not serious, Gilly?”

“Do I look as if I’m joking?” I asked, underpinning my words by fairly leaping from the bed and pushing him towards the door; my husband so shocked by the turn of events his greater bulk and the strength that went with it were as nothing before the resolve of his younger wife.

“You need to have a long hard think about whether you want to stay married to me,” I told him as I shoved him over the threshold into the upstairs hall.

“Gilly,” he began, finding his voice and looking – delightfully, even at this early stage – crushed, “you don’t mean…”

I was already closing the door as I again overrode him:

“Because I refuse to spend the rest of my life with someone who sees me as nothing more than something to make his life pleasurable.”

When the bedroom door slammed in his face and I gave thanks to the period door with lock we had revamped rather than replace as I locked it shut, I leaned my back against it with a mixture of exhilaration and relief.

A start had been made.

Chapter Six

Caging and Maintenance

Cliches are cliches because they hold universal truths – overused or not.

But, just because we women often sprinkle our everyday conversation with these oft visited gems of verbal convenience there is no sensible reason to ignore their import.

For instance, I've lost track of the times I've heard or read the words *"control the cock and you control the man"* from either lips or console.

So?

Should we allow familiarity to devalue the essential truth of a statement that is both sage and obvious at one and the same time?

I certainly have no intention of doing so and neither did my unknowing and female Internet mentor who recognised this wonderful truth early and ran with it, learning from experience that a sexually fulfilled man is also a lazy man with a sense of entitlement.

Sound familiar?

She also learned that a sexually frustrated male animal soon becomes compliant and submissive if kept that way for any length of time.

No easy task if that husband is as handsome and admired as mine and his early rebellion agaainst having such control exercised over him is bolstered

by the knowledge he us unlikely to find opportunity forthcoming if he simply kicks wife and relationship into touch and moves on to another of a less… *disciplinary*… kind.

Not forgetting the fact that all men have hands and know how to use them.

This, for me, was the first and most crucial of the challenges I faced in cutting Hugh's self-respect out from under him and ending what *he* saw as a marriage of equals.

A marriage with all the *burdens* of that *"equality"* falling to me.

The cock-cage I had ready and waiting for my husband in the bottom of my underwear drawer – a location I saw as apt for reasons I'll leave you to work out – was absolutely crucial if I were to take my rightful place in both our household and his life.

And it was not enough to simply trick him into it by way of some role-play scenario.

An approach for which I have already made plain my contempt.

This was going to be real.

For that reason, I wanted Hugh to know what he was getting into – or, rather, what his cock and balls were about to - so there would,be no trickery on my part and he would know upfront what his wearing of the cage would entail; both symbolically and in reality.

More than this, I wanted my husband to actually ask me to cage him.

Better, I wanted him to *persuade* me he was serious about our marriage and that if my taking control of his cock was what it took for him to stay in my life then it was a sacrife and a commitment he was willing to make.

Yes.

I know.

Another tall order.

Well, I'm writing this and you're reading it so that should clue you in to the fact that, tall order or not, I was successful in my aims. As you will be. If you are patient and committed to the requisite degree.

Just the same, I do agree with your misgivings and shared them to an extent at the beginning of my journey in the female-led.

It was a gamble.

How could I tell you otherwise?

In order to get him into the right and desperate mind-set required for him to ask – nay: plead – for such a thing from me, I knew it would be necessary to adopt a form of the gamesmanship. That's right, the same gamesmanships of which I've been so scathing up to now. This being necessary in order to bring him to that point of desperation and anxiety for the survival of our relationship where he would see the caging of his cock and the key to his sexual freedom consigned to his wife as the lesser of two evils.

More of how I manoeveured my husband into such a headspace that he felt compelled to ask for the first step in what would be his enslavement to his wife later – even if he didn't see it in those terms to begin with.
For now though, and in keeping with the non-fiction and practical elements of this book, I'd like to outline a good way of going about things once the cage is on and the key safely around either

wifely neck or shapely ankle in obedience to *your* preference.

And, just so you know, my choice was for the higher extremity.

Anyhow, when I first placed Hugh in the soon to be updated and made more… *secure*… cage, I also made sure to allow him plenty of releases. This that he might come to see his captivity in at least a semi-positive light. A patient and incremental approach without which I'm convinced I would not be writing this and my handsome husband and I would be divorced.

I saw no value in taking an approach that would deprive him of his release in total to begin with.

Such an approach being completely unproductive when taken with what I was trying to achieve.

Namely?

Persuading my husband to see the captivity of his manhood and my control of it as a normal and unthreatening aspect of our married lives.
To take a more draconian and inflexible stance at such an early stage, a stage when I was trying to convince him that the placing of me in the driving seat would be positive for both our futures, could

only prove self-defeating. Know your husband (read: *"enemy"*, if you feel you must), as the saying goes. And I knew my handsome husband well enough to know dictatorial and bullying behaviour would not be the way to go.

That could come later.

He was, after all, skittish enough at this point. What purpose would terrifying him achieve? Though he certainly would have been just that if he'd had any idea of just how much control over his life I intended to wield from his *"locking"* onwards.

So, at least in my case, denying him *completely* was a non-starter and would have served no purpose whatsoever. Initially he was in a plastic-cage don't forget and, though not easy, could have freed himself with the right tools and their application. Until I had him in one of the more *permanent* steel models the removal of which minus key or combination would actually require cutting-tools in the hands of a skilled technician.

And even then would not leave genitals unscathed, scorched, or both.
No.

Until a cage of such a kind was imprisoning his cock and balls and I could see the beginning of… *acceptance*… my approach necessarily had to be softly, softly.

The above is not to say I intended to let him have sex whenever he asked for it – or even on a regular basis unless his behaviour was acceptable; but all stick and no carrot is an approach only likely to meet with success when applied to a dyed-in-the-wool and beyond redemption masochist and willing submissive.

Neither of which my husband happened to be and, had he been, would have led to our divorce anyway.

As said at the beginning of this journey, I have no intention of ever satisfying the base needs of a male; even if there is a superficial dovetailling with my own; and to do so would kill the sheer joy I might have expected such control to confer upon me.

If, however, that male – in this case a husband I love; albeit in my own unique way – finds himself sexually rewired by his denial to such a degree that he finds ways of taking pleasure from my control of him, that is another matter entirely and no more

than a testimony to my growing control of his mind and body.

A prospect I always found delicious and still do now it is a reality

So, to begin with, limit the amount of orgasms you allow your newly caged possession but fall some way short of proscribing them in total. My recommendation is not to go the prostate and finger route as this supplies release with no accompanying pleasure and deprives you of a major form of motivation. Believe me, there is no husband more attentive than a husband with a full set of balls and a cock unable to empty them without the application of a certain key or combination – in my case both.

Denial keeps him in a heightened submissive state and, though he will most certainly resent this to begin with, you will be amazed at how *normalised* your control of this basic male need will soon become.

From my rereading and correspondence via the Net of wives of a likemind, I know that orgasm denial and its frequency or lack varies from owner to owner to owner. Some wives allow their husbands one *cum* a week – regardles of whether his behaviour merits the largesse; while there are

others who think that one a month is sufficient to keep male plumbing functional and healthy and are willing to satisfy this need so long as their partner has been… *dutiful*… enough.

Personally, I subscribe to neither approach.

Why make something that should be exciting and spontaneous run-of-the-mill and routine?

How much greater the uncertainty and willingness to please of a husband with no idea at all when his next release will be?

And how much greater the pleasure for the wife availing herself of his willingness to go that extra yard in order to please with either recipe book, washing-machine or, delightfully, tongue, that he may know the joy of an unfettered erection and the feel of his wife's warm and loving hand around its throbbing girth again – or any other way you insist he receive his… *reward*. A particular favourite of mine is to have him hump my hosed leg after I have allowed him to sniff at a pussy covered with the same fabric – and usually after I have spent a day at the office and my womanhood is particularly… *fragrant*. Trust me, this humiliates the poor creatures as much as it excites and the orgasm you insist his tongue brings you to after he's had his fun will make Hiroshima and Nagasaki

combined seem like the detonation of a simple party-popper.
I recommend this approach wholeheartedly.

Keeping your man aroused but denied is incredibly effective but – in my experience with my own man – only if there is an endgame for the husband to aim for. We all of us need motivation and it is to the advantage of the female that what works most effectively with the majority of the male of the species – sex is normally the base metal informing all their activities and aspirations – is the enduring need for the prize of a woman to be waiting with welcoming arms after the completion of a well-performed and successful task.

And don't forget, with every orgasm he receives with your permission, be it from hand, foot or thigh, but *never* mouth or pussy (I'll explain the proscription later), he is reminded that his former life as a would-be womaniser is over and that his very manhood is the property of his loving wife.

Along with *everything* else he owns by this time, if things work as well for you as they have done for me.

And *always* rmember; because if you don't he will certainly follow suit:

It is *your* pleasure and not that of your partner and sexual and domestic servant that is prime.
Some wives I speak with are convinced that male orgasm denial is more effective if the husband is denied permanently.

The above reasoning being that he will be in a constant state of submission and subservience and it will soon become second-nature to him that pleasing his owner is his only chance of sexual release.

This, to me, is nonsensical.

To be *"denied permanently"* means just that. So what possible difference can it make to the husband whether he is pleasing his owner/wife or not? If his chastity is permanent he will know that no matter how attentive and subservient he is there is *nil* possibility of achieving the removal of his cage anyway.

As I say: *nonsensical*.

Worse than that, it deprives the wife with a massive source of possible pleasure from exercising the control over her partner she has worked so patiently to win.

Aside from my own orgasms – and they are made more superlative by it anyway – actually supervising my husband as he takes a pleasure that was once his to reward himself with and is no longer; and in ways of my own choosing; is just about the most incredible experience and sensation I can imagine.

Imagine, this once autonomous man who was also once your lover and husband in the traditional, sense, a man who saw himself as at *least* your equal, made so dependent and compliant that he will kneel on the floor below you with hands fastened behind his back and thrust his uncaged cocked against the hosed underside of your foot to gain his relief. No more the masterful husband who pounds at your pussy with so little regard for your own satisfation as you lay beneath him and knowing he will never be that again – for *any* woman. A man who, as you pretend to read a magazine or newspaper with feigned disinterest as your own sex breaches it's flood-barriers, has no choice but to reach completion in a way of your choice and will, afterwards, kiss the foot that has pleasured him as a thaank you before placing his mouth at the service of the flood-barriers his unwilling submission has rendered useless.

It is something that never fails to take my pleasure off-world and, even as I write, I am tempted to call

him from his corner that he might take the edge off my… *need*.

That, can wait, however.

Though not for too long, methinks.
The above said, I can hear you asking yourself questions on the sublect of his not being in the wifely pussy again.

"Why should I be denied a good fucking," I hear you ask, *"just to keep him nice and obedient?"*

Why indeed!

And who said you should?

Certainly not your writer.

Believe me, I had no intention of depriving my pussy of a long and thick cock that knows how to – *temporarily*, anyway – master a female.

And just because I had no intention of allowing my husband such freedoms with my body after I had him under did not mean I wasn't intending to sample delights of such a kind once he was.

Truly, it really is the greatest expression of one's maritaal dominance to insist your husband remain

at home and perform chores you've set him as you leave dressed to the nines for a date with a more maculine and self-autonomous man who is going to enter a place he is now denied.

We'll come to this later, but for now I would recommend you follow my route and not flaunt these lovers to your husband in the home you share – even if that husband is only a *visitor* to the main bedroom now belonging to his wife and goddess alone.

This, it seems to me, is unecessarily cruel.

Enough to make a man you love undergo the mental torture of knowing his wife is being penetrated by a superior cock as he sets about the laundry or cleaning you've set him without making his cuckolding up-close-and –personal.

Of course, if this is what rings your partiular female bell, it's your choice. For me, though, it is a step too far and the levels of contempt one feels that are unnavoidable when a man submits as fully as my husband has submitted are more than enough on my part for a man, and as stated, I still love. To see him bend his neck before another man and in his own home would, knowing me, be likely to remove what small restraint I have when applying my domination.

Also, and as I have already stated, my husband is no wimp and to invite a lover into the home under his eyes would be to provoke the possibility of a confrontation from which none of us might return. It is a risk too far and one I have no intention of taking.

Ever.

Besides, why would I anyway, when the perverse and delightful pleasure I take from picturing the mental anguish of my husband as he hand-washes my smalls or cleans the toilet – this as my masterful and *temporary* lover pounds my cunt to surrender – can surely not be improved upon?

More of the cuckolding aspects of your domination later, but for now I'd like to touch upon the kinds of devices you might find most effective for the confining of your soon to be househusband.

Do *NOT* shy away from this course as, without it, the likelihood of you achieving what you most want to achieve with your man is slim to non-existent and once you have it on him you will see all your efforts to get him to *"persuade"* you to let him wear it were well worth it.

To begin with, you should know that there are really only two types of male chastity devices.

The chastity tube (the *cage*), and the chastity belt.

The latter I'm not going to waste my time with as it really isn't to my taste – nor that of my husband; even if his opinion on the subject hasn't been sought, and never will. For me, and other than the "Prince Albert" route or similar piercing options, it's the former *"cage"* type chastity that is most effective and less *"visible"*. More *"effective"* and more *"practical"*.

A locking ring is placed around the scrotum – the sense of power when going about this is simply off-the-scale, I assure you – and a tube (cage) encases the penis before being secured to it.

Simple and empowering.

For the wife, that is.

Do make sure though to get the sizing of the spacer rings right. Too big and you will have an insecure husband. To small and he will be a constantly discomfited example. Bear in mind that the ring should be the smallest you can fit over hubby's balls – likewise the cage itself. I suggest you start off, like me, with one of the more non-threatening

plastic devices and then progress him to a more expensive and permanent steel model. He'll complain but sinply ignore him. If you're sensible, he will be restrained and in no position to prevent you doing just what you wish anyway.
Hugh is now kept in the most top-of-the-range and inescapable cage I could devise and one I spent a considerable amount of time and money having a leading company fashion for me. It is on the market now and I would tell you its name, but the company I allowed the rights in return for their supplying me with it insist our agreement, and the name of the model itself, remain confidential. Suffice it to say, my husband is now locked into it permanently – even if he is not *"denied"* in a similar way.

It must be said that cleaning is always a problem with the metal cages and I make it both a routine and a ritual to make sure Hugh is cleaned downstairs every other day. Ideally, it should be once a day but I have a business to run and coming home *every* night and having to restrain my husband before unlocking him and making his genitals more hygenic can be too much. Besides, his cage has drainage holes and our power shower is more thaan adequate on those days when I don't *"see to him"*.

So much for the cage.

Let us return to how I manipulated my husband into *persuading* me to let him wear it.

Chapter Seven

Wearing Him Down

“Gills, this can’t go on any longer.”

I ignored him.

“I mean it,” he went on in a tone I’m sure he thought I’d find menacing and would have found himself somewhat diminished to know I was totally unconcerned.

In the week since my telling him to sleep in the spare room after making him aware the marriage he found so convenient was something quite different to me, I had grown more and more confident I could bring this handsome man of mine to heel in a way of my choosing.

My closing off of *all* avenues of intimacy between us and my refusal to engage in the usual marital banter to which he was used had seen a distinct change in his attitude towards me.

A change culminating on this particular evening with my arrival home from the office and a dinner for two waiting on the table after I'd showered.

Candles an' all.

A meal, despite my euphoria, I managed to eat with a countenance pronouncing me unimpressed with his efforts (it was a quite acceptable lasagne, as it happens) and a silence save for monosyllables in the face of all his attempts to engage.

When I'd finished eating I simply rose from the table and went through to catch Sky News – I was too late for Jon Snow and Channel-Four and far too tired to wait up for Newsnight on BBC2 - leaving a disappointed and growingly angry husband to clear the table and, hopefully, wash the dishes and tidy up after him.

He did.

Now he was standing over me, still as angry and wanting a showdown.

A showdown I was more than inclined to give him.

"I've put up with your moods this past week and tried to understand them, but enough is enough."

Dressed in my normal post-shower attire of baggy tee-shirt and jogging bottoms, tired but perfectly pedicured feet tucked under me on the sofa as I pretended to concentrate on what yet another homogenous and heavy on the slap Sky newsreader, this one a man, was reading from an autocue, I barely deigned him a glance as I lied:

“I’m trying to listen to this.”

His response?

Snatching the remote control from the arm of the sofa, he consigned newsreader and autocue to temporary oblivion.

“Well, he began,” still trying to adopt the high ground of authority I had begun to cut away from under him that first night when I stroked his cock and, at the same time, told him I was unhappy, “if you want us to stay married, you had better listen to me instead.”

I sighed and gave him an *“I could care les*s,” look.

“I mean it, Gilly,” he persisted. “I don’t know where all this feminist bullshit has come from all of a sudden, but there’s only so much of it I’m prepared to take.”

Again, I chose silence as my medium of response, knowing how it both irritated and unnerved him in equal measures – much as it did most men.

"I've slept in the guest-room to give you your space and I've gone the extra yard to address these… *problems*… you've suddenly developed with our relationship, but now I've had about…"

"What makes you say *'suddenly developed'*?" I asked, both the question and the fact I'd spoken a full sentence taking him by surprise.

"Well, you…?"

"If you could bring yourself to actually listen to what I say to you once in a while," I began, keeping my tone a mix of cold and aloof, "you might have picked up on the fact I've been feeling unhappy and taken for granted for some time now."

The truth was that I had *never* felt unhappy with him and it was only the power of those needs and fantasies that had grown so much stronger recently – that and reading of another woman's success in achieving those self-same fantasies in her own marriage – which had led me to kick-starting a process I felt stood a chance of making me… *happier*.

“Okay, okay!” he said, holding up his arms in a gesture of surrender that was nothing of the sort and intended instead to placate the *‘little woman’* and let her get things off her chest while letting her know he had been listening and had seen the light.

“If that’s the way it’s seemed to you I apologise. I had no idea I was doing it and I just wished you’d told me sooner.”

“Do you really??” I asked, softening both tone and look and allowing him to think he was winning me over.

“Of course I do,” he protested, emboldened enough to plonk himself next to me on the sofa and actually take my hand in his.

I let him.

Small as it was, this was the first real contact he’d had with

“Do you really think I want the wife I love and adore to be unhappy? Why else do you think I cooked for us tonight? I know how hard you work to push the business on and I know I should be more supportive. I see that now.”

“Easy to say that,” I told him, allowing his hand to squeeze mine though careful not to return the pressure. “Now that I’ve pointed it out to you. But what happens if I just let the subject drop?”

“I don’t know what you mean, Gilly,” he said, appearing genuinely baffled.

“I mean that if were to say, *‘Thank you for a lovely meal sweetie,’* and take you upstairs for a night of lovemaking, what happens afterwards?”

“Pleasure, I hope,” he tried to make a joke of it, suggestive expression changing when my own told him I didn’t see the humour.

“My bet is that when we wake tomorrow morning things will have become exactly what they were before I told you I wasn’t happy.”

He seemed about to protest so I carried on over him.

“And I would be just as miserable as I was before.”

He looked as glum as he was irritated when I withdrew my hand from his.

“Yes, you did cook for me this evening and you have given me my space to think things through,” I

agreed, “and for that I thank you. But you might not like where that *‘space’* allowed my thoughts to roam.”

“Gilly, you really are beginning to worry me,” he admitted with an uncharacteristic show of vulnerability I felt sure was contrived and determined to ensure was not the next time it revealed itself. “Are we in trouble?”

I nodded and if his vulnerability hadn’t been kosher before it was now.

“But why, Gilly? We have a great marriage here. A lovely home and a great social life. What’s happened to…?”

“No!” I told him firmly. “*You* have a great marriage with a lovely home and social life. What *I* have are responsibilities.”

“Okay, that’s fair enough,” he said with arms raised unthreateningly. “I’ve already admitted I’ve taken you for granted. And I know I’ve got to take some of the slack up so you don’t feel so stressed. That’s why I cooked tonight and tried to make things nice for you.”

“And you think that’s enough, do you?”

“No, no,” he protested, getting the wrong end of the metaphysical stick I was already visualising beating him with. “I know I need to be doing it more often. But at least it’s a start.”
I shook my head at him as if he were a particularly dense student and I was an educator about ready to give up on him.

“What?” he asked.

“You really haven’t a clue what’s going on here, do you?”

The lack of a ready response on his part, not even some time gaining spluttering, supplied me with my answer.

“Let’s go through it,” I suggested before doing just that, ticking off the points I was about to make with my fingers.

“First: I work almost twice the hours a week you work and earn at least four times your salary and yet I’m the one who takes care of things like laundry and cleaning while the one with the leisure time to spare – *you* - sees his time better spent with his juvenile cronies at the squash club.”

“Not this again?” his lowering eyes seemed to ask.

“Second: without my salary we would have no chance of making the repayments on our mortgage; let alone the comfortable lifestyle it gives us with or without your own Civil Service salary.
Soon to be *without*, I told myself, if all went to plan.

His eyes remained lowered and, this time, an imperceptible shake of the head joined them.

“Thirdly, and though I know you love me and I return the sentiment to you, the sex we have just doesn’t satisfy me.”

It was as though I’d just cleaved his skull with a scimitar, so conflicted was his response.

On the one hand I’d told him that I loved him right back, while with the other I’d let him know that he was leaving me unsatisfied in the bedroom.

Forget the fact I out earned him and was the de facto head-of-the-household – had he acknowledged the fact, that is; it was the insinuation that his lovemaking wasn’t up to scratch that seemed to really devastate him.

“I… I don’t believe you, Gilly,” he began, no doubt hoping I was about to burst into laughter and assure

him it was a joke. “You… You always seem so… so…”

“Vocal?” I suggested helpfully.

He nodded.

“To the extent of screaming the house down and having the neighbours call the fire-brigade,” he added with a nod. “And now you try to tell me that… that…”

“I was faking it?”

He looked at me as if I were an alien, not to know that if my plans worked the way I expected them to work I would *not* be faking ever again.

Though his cock wouldn’t be the instrument of choice for my… *fulfilment*.

Chapter Eight

Making Him Ask For It

The best part of two months had passed since he had cooked for me and I'd laid out what it would take for our marriage to continue.

His reaction?

Pretty much what you'd expect.

We began with incredulity, progressed to laughter as he tried to convince himself it was all some big practical joke on my part; and on to anger and a verbal attack upon me before he had taken himself off to the pub.

The latter, of course, was not an unfamiliar setting for him but, this time, his presence there was for reasons more consolatory than social.

He had listened in silence as I outlined what I wanted our marriage to be but his outrage as the

words fell from my lips continued to grow until it reached the extent it could be contained no longer.

“What kind of a pervert did I fucking marry?” he snarled, rising to his feet to tower over me, perception of his own manhood and what I was expecting of it goading him to at least some kind of retaliation; even if I was reasonably confident it would not be of a physical kind.

He was stunned, hurt, and humiliated that I could suggest such things.

Let alone to him.

But physically abusive to a woman, and one he loved into the bargain?

Never!

Though there would be times during the following two months or so of what I described to myself as the *“wearing down process”*, when I would catch looks from him that seemed to promise all kinds of retribution upon my person – most of it permanent.

The above was only to be expected, of course. I was intruding upon some of the most cherished preserves of masculinity and by telling him I expected him to not only accept a queen of his

castle but a queen who would rule while his own crown jewels were locked away beyond his own reach – or at least his ability to play with them – I was, in effect, neutering him whilst leaving him intact, if you take my meaning.

What I had done, and quite deliberately, was burn my bridges that there could be no taking back what I'd started in case my resolve failed me with a resultant loss of nerve.

It didn't and there wasn't.

"Call it what you like – call *me* what you like," I responded to his *'pervert'* jibe with a calmness guaranteed to goad him further, "but this is how it has to be and how it will be if we're to remain together. I've given it a lot of thought and done a great deal of research on the subject, and it really isn't as uncommon – or *'perverted'* – as you seem to think."

"Listen to yourself. *'Isn't as uncommon?'* Which planet did you just beam down from?"

"From where I stand there are only three things preventing us from moving on the way I want," I told him, this particular *alien* not for turning. "Either you're lacking in the imagination department and afraid of anything that smacks, are

not as committed to me or our marriage as you say, or haven't the intelligence to put aside the usual pathetic male pride when it comes to having a superior woman call the shots."

"Superior woman? My! I'd say someone here has something of an ego on them. Either that or some insanity genes in their DNA."

I waited, allowing him to purge himself of some bile; knowing that if things went to my liking he would have precious little opportunity to do so in the future.

Unless he was prepared to face the inevitable repercussions for doing so, that is.

"Actually, I'm beginning to think you might just have some kind of mental disorder," he told me, not exactly unexpectedly, arms still wide with disbelief for the words that had left my lips not seconds before. "You think that putting my… my cock in some kind of sicko contraption is going to help our marriage? And that I'll accept it? *'Yes, good idea, my love. Let's give it a try. All sounds perfectly reasonable. Would you like to add some chains and a hobble too? I mean, what's to lose?"*

"Staying married to me?" I suggested unfazed.

“And what the fuck makes you think I would still want to after your bullshit?”

Now this one was easy to field and my calmness in the face of his growing agitation I could only see as encouraging.

Even as it added to his already considerable levels of anger and frustration.

“Because you love me?” I asked.

He averted his eyes dismissively and I pressed on:

“Because deep down you know I love you too and only want what’s best for us both?”

“Oh, yes, I forgot that. The best for us both. So tell me, does that mean I get to lock your pussy in some contraption that stops you having sex without my permission?”

“It doesn’t work that way.”

“I’m sure it fucking doesn’t.”

“This is about the weaker partner accepting their shortcomings and conceding control to…” I considered my words carefully, even though I’d

laid my cards on the table his ego still required careful management, "…to the one more organised and focused."

"Organi…? Weaker fucking partner!"

That *"careful management"* of mine was obviously a work-in-progress.

"Just because you're better at remembering birthdays and anniversaries it doesn't make you more organised. And it certainly *doesn't* make me the *'weaker partner'*."

He was growing hotter but I didn't care. An almost supernatural calm had come over me and the confidence that went with it ensured I wasn't to be deflected from my aim. The gloves were now off and they would stay that way until a verdict had been delivered.

"And, even if it was the case," he ploughed on, striking while his ire was hot, "do you seriously think I'd submit to letting you wear the trousers while wearing some… *'Cock-cage'*, as you described it, under my own?"

"Yes. That is exactly what I think. Interesting choice of word as well: *'Submit'*. Because for the

happiness and future success of our marriage that is exactly what I insist you do. Submit. To me."

A talking Wildebeest with three-heads could not have one the look he aimed down at me as I reclined upon the sofa at my ease, feeling more and more in control of both myself and the handsome husband I still loved as I went about dismantling his masculinity that it might be made more useful to me.

"I don't know who the fuck you are," he observed, arms going wide again, and on this I could only concur as nothing, other than my ambition and efficiency, could have given him any clue as to the desires residing under my loving and *normal* exterior.

"Where in the name of all that's shitty has all this crap come from?"

I shrugged the deterioration of his language and its return to his council-estate roots not lost upon me.

"I'm the same person I was when you married me," I assured him. "The only difference being that I'm no longer prepared to let the captain of this relationship drive it onto the rocks. I've let you drive this marriage and I'll tell you now, the

Sat/Nav you've been using seems to recognise only cul-de-sacs."

There was a high colour on his smooth if disturbed cheeks now and I could see his thoughts casting to-and-thro for a response likely to put me in my place and keep him in that figurative driving-seat at one and the same time.

He didn't seem to be having much success.

"And as for it being *'crap'*," I told him, "you'll find lots and lots of well-researched material, the majority of it from respected academic sources, which insists most marriages function better when all control is placed in the hands of the wife."

"Lots and lots, you say?" he asked with a mock expression designed to let me know he was impressed – *Not*. "Well, that puts a different slant on it. Why didn't you say that in the first place? I mean, it hasn't exactly been breaking news on twitter and Facebook, and I'm sure Al-Jazeera might have its own take on the phenomenon, but I'm sure you're right. Just saddle me up and let's get started, why don't you?"

I gave him a look of my own intended to let him know just how disappointing I found his attitude

and followed it up with some words to back that look up in case he had missed its import.

“I had no idea you were so basic and predictable,” I told him, shaking my head from side to side with mild contempt.

“Sorry,” he replied with heavy sarcasm. “I tend to become a tad defensive and conservative when my wife tells me she wants to put my cock and balls under lock and key. Silly, I know, but there it is.”

“Have you ever thought that you might enjoy me taking control?”

He pretended to mull this over, then:

“No.”

Emphatic.

“Many of the men who’ve agreed their wife should be in charge have said it’s galvanised their marriage and that they hadn’t known such a sexual turn-on until then.”

“Yeah, well, I can only imagine your *‘academic sources’* drew their subjects from perverts and other assorted kinksters. Sorry to disappoint you but this husband isn’t amongst their number.”

“Really?”

“Yes, *really*,” he came straight back at sharp response laced with puzzlement that I could even have asked such a question.

“Only you really seemed to get off the last time we had sex.”

He winced, though I can’t be sure if it was the nature – or at least the position – of that sex or the reminder that such interludes between us were no longer as frequent as they had once been and he would like.

“I thought you really enjoyed being on your back for once as tour wife rode you to orgasm,” I went on. “In fact, I was really pleased with the restraint you showed despite your own excitement to let me get off first for once.”

My words won yet another wince and eyes flickered towards the track-suit bottoms he had put on for comfort after finishing the dishes.

Was that an erection tenting towards me?

“Protest all you like, but I get the feeling you’d like some more of the same.”

“Gilly...” he stammered, finding it hard to frame a response in light of the reaction at his groin.

I allowed myself the tiniest and most seductive of smiles and pressed on:

“Do you know, I really think you would like it. Perhaps on a regular basis even.”

He was on the backfoot and I considered it an apposite moment to show him still more of that side of mine he hadn’t known existed until recently.

“Picture it, darling,” I began. “Your loving wife sitting on the edge of the bed waiting for you, dressed in just the way you like, full and creamy breasts...”

“Stop it, Gilly,” he protested, wanting me to do no such thing but not wanting me to know it.

“...breasts thrust upwards by a sexy black basque and her strong and shapely legs sheathed in the sheerest black stockings ending with feet shod in a pair of sexy black heels with a pointed toe.”

“I mean it, Gilly,” he told me, words undone by the track-suit bottoms that would soon become a big-top if they were *‘poled’* out any further.

“Picture yourself before me, darling,” I continued on as if he hadn’t spoken. “You’re naked in front of the wife you adore as she sits on the bed and waits for you to...” I gave a little coquettish giggle, “...to... *cum* to her. The cock I’ve just freed from its cage is even harder than it is right now and...”
“I won’t tell you again, Gilly,” he warned.

“And all you have to do to earn your release is kneel in front of your wife and eat her pussy until...”

“Enough! I won’t be treated like this,” he leaned in and all but screamed into my face, the most aggressive with me I had ever known him to be.

Much good it was going to do him.

Frozen in a pose of combat postponed, if only temporarily, we held each other’s eyes, neither one of us willing to be the one to break contact first.

For my part I wasn’t even blinking as I stared up at him and made sure he knew his aggression was winning him nothing; though my eyes were beginning to burn and I’m not sure how much

longer I could have kept them open had he not broken off first.

When he drew himself up finally with an air that was both self-righteous and contemptuous, I knew an ultimatum could not be long in coming.

Sure enough:

“Gilly, I need you to listen very carefully now,” he told me in a low and intent voice he obviously thought would let me know he meant business.

“Go on,” I urged him, unperturbed.

“I’m giving you a chance to tell me this is all some kind of joke, or at least some kind of misguided attempt on your part to spice up our sex lives a bit. But I’m warning you, if you keep this up then our marriage is going to be over.”

“You really mean that, don’t you?” I asked, confident he meant no such thing.

“You know me well enough by now, Gilly, to know I’m not the kind of man to be blackmailed or say something I don’t mean.”

Actually, I didn’t, but if that was the way he chose to see himself at this point so be it.

I mean, not as if I intended to allow self-perception of the kind from him to last very long, was it?

“Okay, Hugh,” I told him with a smile, rising from the sofa to lean in and give his surprised face a peck on the cheek I knew he would take as positive.

For a few seconds, anyway.
“Have it your way. I love you and can’t think of any other man I want to spend the rest of my life with.”

Relief washed over him.

Again, for just a *few* seconds.

“I’ll check out some solicitors who specialise in divorce tomorrow and I’d advise you to do the same.”

The handsome face that had looked so relieved a moment ago had transformed into a picture of horror.

“You…? You mean…?”

“It might also be a good idea if you found yourself somewhere else to stay as I’ll be keeping the house.”

He was speechless now, anger and outrage marginalised by the enormity of what was taking place.

“I’ll explain the situation to my parents and friends tomorrow and, presumably, I can leave you to take care of your own explaining for yourself.”

It took him a second or two to recover his equilibrium – sort of – and frame a retort.
“And… And what exactly will you explain to them, Gilly?” he asked, the question summoning up some spirit. “That our marriage is over because you’ve turned into some wannabe dominatrix who wants her husband to obey her while she keeps his cock locked in a cage?”

If he had thought playing the parent and friend card was going to faze me he was soon disabused.

“What I’ll tell them will be the truth,” I assured him.

“Really?”

“Yes. Really. I’ll tell them that I was fed up of being the main wage-earner and still having to cook and clean while my husband used his spare time to play squash and drink with his pals. I’ll tell them that I just wanted to save my marriage by taking a more pro-active role within it.”

I stared into the eyes that could still melt me and held them before adding:

“I’ll also tell them that I was so unfulfilled and frustrated with our sex life and your inability to satisfy me that I was prepared to take certain, unorthodox, steps to improve it rather than go looking for satisfaction outside of our marriage.”

The ensuing silence could not have lasted for more than a few seconds but, so charged were their passing, they seemed to last an eternity. I could see my words had penetrated and he was weighing them in his mind. Did he really want our family and friends to know I found his lovemaking… *unsatisfying?*

Making the most of having him wrongfooted, I changed tack.

A *little*.

“You probably find this hard to believe, Hugh, but I love you much now as I did when we first met. You are the only man in my emotional life and I’m not sure there will ever be another like you.”

Still weighing what I’d just laid upon him as he was, I could see my words were getting through and knew it was time to deliver an ultimatum of my own:

“But none of that matters,” I told him, “if I’m not fulfilled with you the way a woman and wife should be fulfilled – and I’m not referring to the sexual side alone.”

My words were cutting him to the quick and I could see how hurt he was to think that the wife he loved was satisfied with neither his performance as a husband nor that as a man.

“I’m going to bed now, Hugh,” I told him. “But if you haven’t come to me by the morning when I leave for the office and persuaded me you care enough for me to at least give putting me in the driving-seat of our relationship a try, then it’s all over between us and we’ll just have to do our best to get over each other and move on.”

Not waiting for an answer I left him standing and made for the door.

The last sight I had of my handsome older husband that evening was of him slumping down upon the sofa I'd just vacated looking dispirited and thoroughly bemused.

I also knew that I had achieved nothing yet and, as I made my way to the bedroom that had once been ours and would be *mine* from now on – whatever his decision, I knew a sleepless night awaited me.

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It was a hand stroking my hair that brought me awake.

"Wh-What time is it?" I managed to ask, forgetting the events of the night before for a few moments and thinking my husband was waking me to say we'd missed our alarm-call.

Except the bedside lamp was not on and the curtains were still pulled.

"It's just gone four, Gilly," he told me with something strange in his voice.

A *catch*, I realised through the fog of a hard-won sleep interrupted.

My husband, I realised, was close to tears.

“Why are you waking me?” I asked, praying his answer matched the answer I wanted him to give and had invested so much in receiving from him.

“Gilly, you...? You weren’t really serious earlier, were you?”

I switched on the bedside lamp and as my eyes adjusted I saw that his had made the transition before me and were already flickering towards my naked breast above the duvet.

Adjusted eyes I could see were puffed and reddened as if he had indeed been crying before coming to seek me out.

“You know the answer to that already, Hugh,” I rebuked him, feeling already as if I were a mother to his child.

A *mother* with benefits.

With the added bonus of not having to spoon-feed or potty-train him.

Though an image of me breast-feeding him did threaten to bring forth an untimely and delighted giggle.

“Make no mistake,” I went on. “Our marriage is on the line here. Either you accept that I’m in charge from this moment on or it ends. I refuse to simply drift along with nobody at the helm.”

“Gilly, I’m not only older than you, but I’m a man. Have you any idea what it is you’re asking of me? I... I’ll be a laughing stock. Is that how you want our friends and family to see me?”

“And why will you be a laughing stock, exactly?” I asked. “You think I want to make the man I love an object of ridicule?”
“But...”

“I’m not talking about walking you on the common with a collar around your neck attached to a lead, you know? Believe it or not, I have no desire to want my husband disrespected and I’ve no intention of becoming an object of ridicule either.”

“Yes, but...”

“What I *want* is a female-led marriage, Hugh. A marriage where you accept my authority because you know I love you and have your best interests at heart. *Not* because it’s a way of belittling or humiliating you, but simply to ensure you reach your full potential as my husband and a man.”

I paused to let my words sink in and also to come to terms with my own half-truths.

Belittling and humiliating him; even if I kept it in-house; were a power-rush I was not about to forgo.

“This won’t be easy for you, I know,” I went on, but I promise you this: I will never consciously embarrass you in the presence of family, friends or strangers by alluding to the kind of relationship we have – even if they will find it hard to miss that you pretty much do as I say.”

The concept, I could see, was still a repugnant one to him, and yet...

I knew my husband and there was something going on unde the surface of those handsome features other than revulsion for what I was outlining to him.

Unable to put my finger on it, I pressed on regardless:

“Believe me, Hugh, there are more men who accept their wives authority in the home and elsewhere than you’d think. I promise you, that no woman I know is going to be anything other than envious

and turned-on when she sees how attentive to my needs you are."

He was finding it hard to meet my gaze now and I knew just hearing me speak of that *"relationship"* was diminishing him. I was already speaking as if he had agreed to just such an arrangement between us and, to my utter joy, he wasn't correcting me. I was wide awake by now and absolutely brimming with excitement for what I sensed was about to happen.

"You are a good man, Hugh Ormendroyd, and I never want to lose you. But I also know that you are too loving and generous to want a woman you love to stay in a relationship that is making her unhappy."

"Gilly, I..."

"What is it, Sweetie?" I urged realising my tone towards him was becoming increasingly maternal and patronising.

An attitude towards him that would have been hard to imagine adopting – let alone actually doing – only weeks before.

It went unremarked upon.

“Gilly, I love you above everything but...”

“But...?” I prompted.

“I’ve never treated you as less than an equal and, by my book, that’s how a marriage between people who genuinely love each should be, but...”

“But you have treated me as less than your equal, haven’t you?”

“Never intentionally,” he protested.

“Intentional or not makes no difference. By allowing me to work longer hours and pick up the domestic slack while you enjoyed yourself, and whether you meant to or not, you were telling me you were *more* equal than me.”
“That’s not...”

“No!” I snapped, marvelling at my tone and even more surprised that he responded to it.

It was, in keeping with my Internet mentor’s advice to train him the way one would train a dog, almost as if I had said, *‘bad dog!’*

Incredible!

Please don't interrupt me when I'm speaking, Sweetie," I said in a kindly but firm voice. "It's not respectful and I don't like it."

His thoughts might just as well have been written in neon:

"Respectful?"

"I value honesty and loyalty above all else, my love," I went on, "and that's why I want to put our marriage on a footing where there is no confusion about our roles or any other misperceptions likely to come between us."

I smiled and actually placed a kiss upon his forehead.

"Isn't that what you want too, my love?" I asked.
It was the last thing he wanted, I knew, and his face was a misery of conflicting responses.

If he conceded to what he saw as my perverse demands he would be marginalised and humiliated – at least in his own eyes.

And if he didn't?

Hadn't I already made that plain?

If that were his choice, then he lost me.

Plain and simple and no second chances.

And as much it would pain me also.

“Gilly... I... I don’t want to lose you, but...”

“I’m sorry, Hugh. There can be no *‘buts’* between us on this. Either you give me an unconditional acceptance of us entering into a female-led marriage or we’re done.”

His shoulders sagged and though I wasn’t entirely sure what he had expected when he entered and woke me, I was pretty sure that what I’d just told him was *not* it.

I sensed he needed a tiny – and reassuring – nudge and was more than willing to supply it.

“You know me well enough to have learned I’m not a rash person and wouldn’t be taking this course without having given it much thought first,” I reminded him.

Whether it penetrated or not was another matter.

“Who knows?” I went on, dangling some hope in front of him I had no intention of making good on.

“Once our marriage is back on an even keel, and I feel as happy and fulfilled within it as you so obviously do, then we can work out a more egalitarian arrangement.”

I allowed a silence to fill the room and gave him time to think about it, certain he was about to capitulate now I had inferred the arrangement could be finite.

Certainty that was not unfounded;

“I... I suppose there’s no harm in giving it a try,” he said finally as my heart not only skipped a beat but threatened to stop completely at this first of what I intended to be many surrenders.

Throwing my arms around his neck as he knelt at the side of the bed, I pulled his face into my breasts and all but felt him melt with the contact and what I described to myself as his first *adult* experience of female authority.

“Up close and personal,” so to speak.

“Oh, my lovely boy,” I cooed into his ear, determined to persist with the motherly approach – when not acting like a particularly unrelenting dog-trainer, that is. “I’m so, so, relieved. I really thought we were going to lose each other. Now we

can put it all behind us and make our marriage so much stronger."

The masculine and handsome man I had married seemed to be robbed of all strength in my embrace and I recognised for the first time that Samson's hair had been no more than the metaphor of choice for a biblical writer wishing to highlight the power we females would always exercise over all men.

Should we choose to use it, that is.

And I so chose.

"That's it my lovely husband," I urged, praised and diminished, all three at the same time - even if I'm sure he did not pick up on the third of the triad; "snuggle into your wife's lovely firm tits and know that you'll never be denied them as long as you show her she's not taken for granted and that you respect her."

To my great joy and sense of triumph, he actually started placing kisses upon my breasts!

Soft, reverent, kisses, such as one might extend to a saviour and a goddess; leaving me to acknowledge that the course of action I'd chosen to take was the right one for me.

If the sensations turning my pussy into a forest-fire at this early stage were a guide, I told myself, it might become necessary to keep a fireman on tap or, more realistically, a brigade of them.

So aroused and pleased was I that he found his head mashed into my breasts with bullet-hard nipples and, thus encouraged, threw back the duvet. His hands encircled my waist and he applied pressure to force me to my back upon the bed. This as he manoeuvred himself up onto the mattress prior to having his way with me.

Something that was not going to happen.

At least not at this point.

And certainly *not* in the male dominant position he had in mind.
If it had escaped his memory, then it had not escaped mine.

There was something he needed to persuade me of first.

My voice took on a school-mistress tone and the desired effect was achieved instantly as I allowed my head to drop to the pillow and my eyes found his with intent.

“Hugh, I have no objection to having sex with you, even this early in the morning, but there is a small matter to be dealt with first.”

I could feel the length of his cock against my thigh and its urgency was reflected in his eyes.

“I have a present in the drawer for you,” I told him.

Urgency was soon replaced with puzzlement, then trepidation, and, lastly, *disgust*.

“Gilly, please. You weren’t really serious. Were you?”

“Think of it as a way of showing me your sincerity,” I told him, hoping he wasn’t about to baulk now I’d taken him so far down this first and crucial road.

“But...”

Firmness was required:

“Persuade me that you want to wear the cage for me as a sign of your commitment to our marriage, or...”

His expression was beyond miserable and the sentence I’d started truly needed no completing.

But, as I'd suspected before, there was something else behind it also.

And this time I recognised it for what it was.

Resignation.

"Ask me," I demanded.

And what do you know?

After no more than a few seconds, that's exactly what he did.

Chapter Nine

Caging and Maintenance

Cliches are cliches because they hold universal truths.

Overused or not.

But, just because we women often sprinkle our everyday conversation with these oft visited gems of verbal convenience there is no sensible reason to ignore their import.

For instance, I've lost track of the times I've heard or read the words "control the cock and you control the man" from either lips or console.

So?

Should we allow familiarity to devalue the essential truth of a statement that is both sage and obvious at one and the same time?

I certainly have no intention of doing so and neither did my, albeit unknowing, fellow female and Internet mentor who recognised this wonderful truth early and ran with it, learning from experience that a sexually fulfilled man is often – almost always - a lazy man with a sense of entitlement.

Sound familiar?

She also learned that a sexually frustrated male animal of a certain type soon becomes compliant and submissive if kept that way for any length of time.

No easy task if that husband is as handsome and admired as mine; even if he is of that required type.

Nor if his early rebellion against having such control exercised over him is bolstered by the knowledge he is unlikely to find opportunity unforthcoming if he simply kicks wife and relationship into touch and moves on to another or others of a less… disciplinary… kind.

Not forgetting also, of course, the fact that all men have hands and know how to use them.

This, for me, was the first and most crucial of the challenges I faced in cutting Hugh's self-respect and sense of individual autonomy out from under him and ending what he saw as a marriage of equals.

A marriage with all the burdens of that "equality" falling to me.

The cock-cage I had ready and waiting for my husband in the bottom of my underwear drawer – a location I saw as apt for reasons I'll leave you to work out – was absolutely crucial if I were to take my rightful place in both our household and his life.

And it was not enough to simply trick him into it by way of some role-play scenario.

An approach for which I have already made plain my contempt.

This was going to be real.

For that reason, I wanted Hugh to know what he was getting into – or, rather, what his cock and balls were about to be placed in - so there could be no accusations of trickery on my part down the line and he would know upfront what his wearing of the cage would entail.

Both symbolically and in reality.

More than this, I wanted my husband to actually ask me to cage him.

Better still, I wanted him to persuade me he was serious about our marriage and that if my taking control of his cock was what it took for him to stay

in my life then it was a sacrifice and a commitment he was willing to make.

Yes.

I know.

Another tall order.

Well, I'm writing this and you're reading it, so that should clue you in to the fact that, tall order or not, I was not exactly unsuccessful in my aims.

And neither will you be.

If, that is, you are patient and committed to the requisite degree.

Just the same, I do empathise with your misgivings and even shared them to an extent at the beginning of my journey in the female-led.

It was a gamble.

How could I tell you otherwise?

In order to get him into the right and desperate mind-set required for him to ask – nay: plead – for such a thing from me, I knew it would be necessary to adopt a form of gamesmanship.

That's right, the same gamesmanship of which I've been so scathing up to now.
This being necessary in order to bring him to that point of desperation and anxiety for the survival of our relationship where he would see the caging of his cock and the key to his sexual freedom consigned to his wife as the lesser of two evils.

You will already have read of how I manoeuvred my husband into such a headspace that he felt compelled to ask for the first step in what would be his enslavement to his wife – even if he didn't see it in those terms to begin with – and we'll come to my placing of the cage upon him shortly. Now though, and in keeping with the non-fiction and practical elements of this book, I'd like to outline a good way of going about things once the cage is on. Secured tightly and the key safely around either wifely neck or shapely ankle in obedience to your preference.

And, just so you know upfront, my choice was for the higher extremity.

Anyhow, when I first placed Hugh in the soon to be updated and made more… secure… cage, I also made sure to allow him plenty of releases – though prbably not as many as he would have liked, mind. Largesse on my part made that he might come to

see his captivity in at least a semi-positive light. A patient and incremental approach without which I'm convinced I would not be writing this and my handsome husband and I would now be divorced.
Despite overplaying my hand at the beginning and…

Soon.

Anyway, to begin with I saw no value in taking an approach that would deprive him of his release in total.

Such an approach being completely unproductive when taken with what I was trying to achieve.
Namely?

Persuading my husband to see the captivity of his manhood and my control of it as a normal and unthreatening aspect of our married lives.

To take a more draconian and inflexible stance at such an early stage, a stage when I was trying to convince him that the placing of me in the driving seat would be positive for both our futures, could only prove self-defeating. Know your husband (read: "enemy", if you feel you must), as the saying goes. And I knew my handsome life-partner well enough to know dictatorial and bullying behaviour would not be the way to go.

That could come later.

He was, after all, skittish enough at this point. What purpose would terrifying him achieve? Though he certainly would have been just that if he'd had any idea of just how much control over his life I intended to wield from his "locking" onwards.

So, at least in my case, denying him completely was a non-starter and would have served no purpose whatsoever. Initially he was in a plastic-cage don't forget and, though not easy, could have freed himself with the right tools and their application at any time of his own choosing. Until I had him in one of the more permanent steel models the removal of which, minus key or combination, would actually require cutting-tools in the hands of a skilled technician, my approach was necessarily…

…Diplomatic.

I knew I would certainly feel more comfident in handling him once he was in a cage that would would not leave genitals unscathed, scorched, or both, should he try to remove it.

Skilled technicians with cutting-tools or not.

No.

Until a cage of such a kind was imprisoning his cock and balls and I could see the beginning of… acceptance… my approach necessarily had to be softly, softly.
The above is not to say I intended to let him have sex whenever he asked for it – or even on a regular basis unless his behaviour was acceptable.

And, when it did take happen, it would be on my terms and be less and less about his getting to place his cock in my pussy and pump away until he, at least, was satisfied - though I did decide early on that all stick and no carrot is an approach only likely to meet with success when applied to a dyed-in-the-wool and beyond redemption masochist and willing submissive.

Neither of which my husband happened to be and, had he been, would have led to our divorce anyway.

As said at the beginning of this journey, I have no intention of ever satisfying the base needs of a submissive male; even if there is a superficial dovetailing with my own; and to do so would kill the sheer joy I might have expected such control to confer upon me.

If, however, that male – in this case a husband I love; albeit in my own unique way – finds himself sexually rewired by his denial to such a degree that he finds ways of taking pleasure from my control of him, that is another matter entirely and one I could look upon happily as no more than a testimony to my growing power over his mind and body.
A prospect I always found delicious and still do now it is a reality

So, to begin with, limit the amount of orgasms you allow your newly caged possession but fall some way short of proscribing them in total while, at the same time, lengthening the gap between them and taking advantage of his need to make him “earn” his discharges.

All of those “discharges” brought about in a manner of your own choosing.

Be it:

Satisftying him with your hand or by the use of your feet – the former my husband’s favourite, the latter not so.

Satisfying himself with his own hands as you look on – mortifying for him.

Humping your hose clad leg – this one a particular favourite of your writer.

Or, under exceptional circumstances of particularly pleasing behaviour, inside the pussy you have schooled him to see as nirvana itself and the ultimate reward for being... pleasing and obedient – this so rare for us now as to be a non-starter.
There are, as always, pitfalls to be avoided when rewarding him and my recommendation is not to go the prostate and finger route to ease his almost constant need. This supplies only release with no accompanying pleasure and deprives you of a major form of motivation. Believe me, there is no husband more attentive than a husband with a full set of blue-balls and a cock unable to empty them without the application of a certain key or combination.

In my case both.

Denial keeps him in a heightened submissive state and, though he will most certainly resent this to begin with, you will be amazed at how normalised your control of this basic male need will soon become to him.

From my re-reading and correspondence via the Net of wives sharing a likemind, I know that

orgasm denial and its frequency or lack varies from owner to owner to owner. Some wives allow their husbands one cum a week – regardless of whether his behaviour merits the largesse. But there are many others who think that one a month is sufficient to keep the male plumbing functional and healthy and are willing to satisfy this need so long as their partner has been… dutiful… enough.

Personally, I subscribe to neither approach.
Why make something that should be exciting and spontaneous run-of-the-mill and routine?

And just how much greater the insecurity and willingness to please is the husband with no idea at all when his next release will be?

As well as enhancing your sense of pride, dominion and excitement, for being the cause of his uncertainty.

Not to mention the pleasure a lucky wife receives from her husband's new willingness to go that extra yard in order to please with either recipe-book, washing-machine or, delightfully, tongue.

And all that he may know the joy of an unfettered erection and the feel of his wife's warm and loving hand around its throbbing girth again, or any of the other ways you insist he receive his…

…reward.

As mentioned, a particular favourite of mine is to have him hump my hosed leg after I have allowed him to sniff at a pussy covered with the same fabric – and usually after I have spent a day at the office and my womanhood is particularly… fragrant.

Trust me, this humiliates the poor creatures as much as it excites and apart from being the ultimate power rush ensures the orgasm you insist his tongue brings you to after he's had his fun will make Hiroshima and Nagasaki combined seem like the detonation of a simple party-popper.

I recommend this approach wholeheartedly.

Keeping your man aroused but denied is incredibly effective but – in my experience with my own man – only if there is an endgame for the husband to aim for. We all of us need motivation and it is to the advantage of the female that what works most effectively with the majority of the males of the species is geared to be to our advantage. Sex normally being the base metal informing all the activities and aspirations of these simple creatures.

Together with an enduring need for the prize of an impressed and appreciative woman to be waiting

with welcoming arms – if not always legs - after the completion of a well-performed and successful task.

And don't forget, with every orgasm he receives with your permission, be it from hand, foot or thigh, but never mouth and rarely pussy (I'll explain the proscription later), he is reminded that his former life as a would-be womaniser is over and that his very manhood is the property of his loving wife.
Along with everything else he owns by this time, if things work as well for you as they have done for me.

And always remember; because if you don't he will certainly follow suit:

It is your pleasure and not that of your partner and sexual and domestic servant that is prime.

As mentioned, some wives I Skype with are convinced that male orgasm denial is more effective if the husband is denied permanently.

The above reasoning being that he will be in a constant state of submission and subservience and it will soon become second-nature to him that pleasing his owner is his only chance of sexual release.

This, to me, is nonsensical.

To be “denied permanently” means just that.

So what possible difference can it make to the husband whether he is pleasing his owner/wife or not? If his chastity is permanent he will know that no matter how attentive and subservient he is there is nil possibility of achieving the removal of his cage anyway.

As I say: nonsensical.

Worse than that, it deprives the wife of a massive source of possible pleasure from exercising the control over her partner she has worked so patiently to win.

Aside from my own orgasms – and they are made more superlative by it anyway – actually supervising my husband as he takes a pleasure that was once his to reward himself and is no longer, and in ways of my own choosing, is just about the most incredible erotic experience I can imagine.

Imagine if you will:

This previously autonomous man who was also once your lover and husband in the traditional,

sense, a man who saw himself as at least your equal, made so dependent and compliant that he will kneel on the floor below you with hands clasped behind his back and thrust his uncaged cock against the hosed underside of your foot to gain his relief.

The imagery is wonderful, is it not?

No more is he the masterful husband who pounds at your pussy with so little regard for your own satisfaction as you lay beneath him and he knows now that he will never be that again.
For any woman.

A man and once masterful husband who, as you pretend to read a magazine or newspaper with feigned disinterest as your own sex breaches increasingly obsolete flood-barriers, has no choice but to reach completion in a way of your choice and will, afterwards, kiss the foot that has pleasured him as a thank you before placing his mouth at the service of the aforementioned flood-barriers his unwilling submission has rendered useless.

It is something that never fails to take my pleasure off-world and, even as I write, I am tempted to call him from his corner that he might take the edge off my… need.

That, can wait, however.

Though not for too long, methinks.

The above said, I can hear you asking yourself questions on the subject of his not being in the wifely pussy again.

“Why should I be denied a good fucking,” I hear you ask, “just to keep him nice and obedient?”

Why indeed!

And who said you should?

Certainly not your writer.

Believe me, I had no intention of depriving my pussy of a long and thick cock that knows how to – temporarily, anyway – master a female.

And just because I had no intention of allowing my husband such freedoms with my body after I had him under did not mean I wasn’t intending to sample delights of such a kind once he was.

I’m sure you know in which direction I’m headed.

Truly, it really is the greatest expression of one's marital dominance to insist your husband remain at home and perform chores you've set him as you leave dressed to the nines for a date with a more masculine and self-autonomous man who is going to enter a place he is now denied.

Though, and as I believe I have already mentioned, I take pains not to rub Hugh's nose in the fact another man is allowed what he isn't by having these liaisons at, or anywhere near, our marital home.

It is enough for me that he accepts I have the power to do as I wish – fucking another man or otherwise – and he has no power at all. He has yet to see me with another man and never will. Despite appearances, he is still my husband and I'm absolutely crazy about him, so why would would I insist on taking his humiliation to bursting point by soiling our own home and marital bed?

Even if it is a bed he seldom gets to sleep in and can, more often or not, be found curled up on the carpet at its foot after the fashion of the canine I sometimes treat him as being.

Also, it worries me that having him watch or stand by would lessen the respect – yes I do have some –

I feel for the handsome and slightly older man I married.

That is a risk I see no point in taking.

We'll come to taking partners outside of the marriage later, but for now I would recommend you follow my route and not flaunt these lovers to your husband in the home you share – even if that husband is only a visitor to the main bedroom now belonging to his wife and goddess alone.

This, it seems to me, is uneccessarily cruel.

Enough to make a man you love undergo the mental torture of knowing his wife is being penetrated by a superior cock as he sets about the laundry or cleaning you've set him without making his cuckolding up-close-and –personal.

Of course, if this is what rings your particular female bell, it's your choice. For me, though, it is a step too far and, as I said above, the levels of contempt one feels that are unavoidable when a man submits as fully as my husband has submitted are more than enough on my part for a man and husband I still happen to love, without seeing him bend his neck to another man before a wife he loves.

And in his own home.

It would, knowing me, be likely to remove what small restraint I have when applying my domination.

Also, and as I have already stated, my husband is no wimp and to invite a lover into the home under his eyes would be to provoke the possibility of a confrontation from which none of us might return.

It is a risk too far and one I have no intention of taking.

Ever.

Besides, why would I anyway, when the perverse and delightful pleasure I take from picturing the mental anguish of my husband as he hand-washes my smalls or cleans the toilet – this as my masterful and temporary lover pounds my cunt to surrender – can surely not be improved upon?

As I said, more of the cuckolding aspects of your domination later, but for now I'd like to touch upon the kinds of devices you might find most effective for the confining of your soon to be househusband.

Do NOT shy away from this course as, without it, the likelihood of you achieving what you most

want to achieve with your man is slim to non-existent and once you have it on him you will see all your efforts to get him to “persuade” you to let him wear it were well worth it.

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To begin with, you should know that there are really only two types of male chastity devices.

The chastity tube (the cage), and the chastity belt.

The latter I’m not going to waste my time with as it really isn’t to my taste – nor that of my husband; even if his opinion on the subject hasn’t been sought, and never will. For me, and other than the “Prince Albert” route or similar piercing options, it’s the former “cage” type chastity that is most effective and less “visible”; as well as more “effective” and more “practical”.

Simple to attach also.

A locking ring is placed around the scrotum – the sense of power when going about this is simply off-the-scale, I assure you – and a tube (cage) encases the penis before being secured to it.

Simple and empowering.

For the wife, that is.

Do make sure though to get the sizing of the spacer rings right, however. Too big and you will have an insecure husband. To small and he will be a constantly discomfited example. Bear in mind also that the ring should be the smallest you can fit over hubby's balls – likewise the cage itself.

I suggest you start off, like me, with one of the more non-threatening plastic devices and then progress him to a more expensive and permanent steel model. He'll complain at this "unnecessary" change but simply ignore him. If you're sensible, he will be restrained and in no position to prevent you doing just what you wish anyway.

Hugh is now kept in the most top-of-the-range and inescapable cage I could devise and one I spent a considerable amount of time and money having a leading company fashion for me. Fitted with both a key-lock and a lock with a combination for added security, it is on the market now and I would tell you its name, but the company I also allowed the rights in return for its engineering, and their supplying me with it, insist our agreement, and the name of the model itself, remain confidential. Suffice it to say, my husband is now locked into it permanently – even if he is not "denied" in a similar way.

It must be said that cleaning is always a problem with the metal cages and I make it both a routine and a ritual to make sure Hugh is cleaned downstairs every other day. Ideally, it should be once a day but I have a business to run and coming home every night and having to restrain my husband before unlocking him and making his genitals more hygenic can be too much. Besides, his cage has drainage holes and our power shower is more thaan adequate on those days when I don't "see to him".

So much for the cage.

Let us return to how I manipulated my husband into the device itself after having him persuade me to let him wear it as a token of his wish to make our marriage work.
That and my near delirium as I locked his cock and balls into the plastic cage I had ready and waiting for his capitulation.

Chapter Ten

Application and Reinforcement

“I want you to be comfortable,” I told him as the thin plastic ring clicked shut at the base of swollen-balls and scrotum and a sorry-for-itself cock protruded from the other side. “You’re going to be wearing this until I decide it’s time to take it off, so if it’s tight now’s the time to tell me.”

It was the evening following on from his capitulation of the morning and I'd decided to let him have the day to mull over and fret about what was to come.

Yes. I know. It was a gamble on my part and I was staking a lot on the look of pure fear and horror I'd seen on his face when I'd said it was all over between us if he didn't go along with what I had in mind.

I had been sitting on the edge of our bed when he entered from the en-suite after his nightly shower.

At my feet was a full ice-bucket that fetched a quizzical look from him.

Though I assure you it was a quite different expression that greeted the plactic cock-cage I was dangling from my hand.

Now, not ten minutes of minimal coaxing later, I was on the verge of having my beloved husband totally… restrained.

"Gilly," he began, looking about as miserable as I could recall seeing him – unsurprisingly given his cock was still frozen and diminished from the attentions of an ice-bucket and was about to lose its

freedom, “I… I can’t believe you want to do this to me.”

The power-rush was simply incredible.

Here was this man, an adult and fully grown, man, my husband, about to have his manhood locked away and placed beyond his own control by his wife.

And the best he could summon up in the way of a protest was a small and whiny criticism of my intention to do so.

If I’d had any doubts – and there had been some small qualms on my part – about my ability to achieve what I wanted from him they vanished at that very moment.

It felt, I must tell you, simply incredible!

Even if he was not aware of my excitement and continued to whine:

Surely…”

“Are you saying you don’t want to go though with it?” I snapped, not missing the way he winced as I cut him off.

He didn't have a reply to that and I pressed on:

"Are you saying you didn't mean it when you came into this very room earlier and asked to prove yourself to me?"

The handsome face below me was one of almost pure misery now, any anger he might have felt for having his balls cradled in the hand of his wife as she locked a plastic restraining-ring around them back-benched in the face of the intent I was beaming his way.

"Or was that someone else who persuaded me not to give up on our marriage and give him a chance to show he was serious about making things work?"

"N-No, Gilly. I meant every word I said but…"

"But…?" I repeated before waiting expectantly, face a mask of dissapproval.

"Gilly, please. Surely you can see how… unnatural… this is? I'm your husband. A man. It's not right to… to…"

"Put your cock and balls under lock and key as a symbol of your devotion to your wife and intention

to remain faithful to her? Is that what you're trying to say?"

"For god's sakes, Gilly," he all but screeched, inclining his head to the be-ringed scrotum resting in the palm of my hand and the frozen and shrivelled cock above it. "Does that look natural to you?"

My eyes took the same direction as his and I almost giggled at cold, shrivelled and defensive worm protruding from the balls nesting upon my palm.

"Truthfully? No," I told him, winning what appeared to be a mixture of surprise and hope from his expression.

"It's plastic," I smirked. "How could it."

Irritation joined the mixture and I could sense anger and a flash of temper would not be long in joining it if I didn't handle his last-gasp attempt to make me think again correctly.

"That's not what I meant and you know it. Come on, Gilly! Isn't it enough that I've come this far for you to know how much you mean to me? Can you think of even one husband married to your friends who would even have listened to such stuff, let alone…?"

“No, I can’t,” I interrupted with honesty. “I love my friends and I’m fond of their husbands, if not all of them. But they are not married to me and I find them, quite frankly, boring and by-the-numbers.”

“Normal, you mean?”

“If being closed off to new ideas and paying lip service to equality while continuing their lives as petrified adolescents,” I began, quoting Aneurin Bevan on the subject of Churchill, “then, yes. They are normal.”

“They all seem happy enough to me,” he observed, unimpressed with my terms of reference. “And certainly have no need for…”

He passed a hand across put-upon eyes before trying a different approach.

An approach he had already given one, unsuccessful, run-out and one I had been expecting him to try again and was more than prepared to counter.

“Tell me, Gilly. Would it be okay if I insisted on you wearing some medieval chastity contraption?

You know? To stop me from worrying about you going off with other men behind my back?"

"No," I told him baldly.

He waited.

Then, when nothing further was forthcoming:

"Is that it? 'No'."

I simply held his eyes and said nothing.

"I either take it or leave it. That what you're saying?"

My "Yes," was equally as bald as the preceding negative.

I relaxed my grip and moved my hand from his scrotum as I sensed an outburst.

Not wanting any sudden move on his part resulting in… damage… you understand.

I was right to do so.

"Fuck it, Gilly!" he cried, turning his naked back to me with such swiftness he could have found himself sans tackle had I retained my grip.

“I can’t believe you’re pulling this shit on me or what I’ve done to deserve it.”

Sensing I was in the presence of nothing more worrying than a final attempt at assertion before inevitable capitulation, I decided a little recap of what had brought us to this stage was required.

“I’ve answered all these childish questions of yours before,” I began, careful to continually use language that emphasised what I intended him to accept as his ‘juvenile’ behaviour, subliminally or otherwise.

“It would not be acceptable for me to wear a chastity-devise for the simple reason I’ve not once given you any cause to worry about me *‘going off with other men’* behind your back.

I finished with an emphatic:

“And I never will.”
For those of you reading this who think I was being economical with the verity, think again.

Though it was true I was thinking of taking male partners other than my husband once his cock had been cut off from my pussy, I had absolutely no intention of doing so in a underhand way and Hugh

would certainly be told when I intended to fuck another man.

Sometimes, even, before the man himself knew.

Hardly “cheating”, wouldn’t you agree?

“If you want to accuse me of insecurity, go ahead. For what it’s worth, I agree with you. But I refuse to spend time worrying about you being with other women when I’m working late and it would be time better spent concentrating on making the business that makes our lifestyle possible more successful.”

“You just can’t help yourself, can you?” he said with a bitter and disapproving shake of the head.

“Everything comes back to you earning bigger bucks than me. I mean, have you ever once stopped to think that the work I do might be worthwhile and make a difference?”
“Hugh, it’s never been my intention to rub your nose in the fact that I make good money and you… well… don’t.”

“Well either your memory’s giving you trouble or your subconscious is having a field day, because I have to say you’ve been doing a bang up job.”

“Then I apologise and unreservedly. But really, Hugh! A Senior Executive Officer with the Civil Service?”

I shook my head as if at the scarcely credible before adding:

“Worthwhile?...

“Make a difference?”

His response was both sulky and defensive:

“So, I’m worthless and inneffective too now, am I?”

“I didn’t say that and you know it. Believe it or not, I’m temperamentally incapable of falling in love with a worthless person and you will never be that to me… Even if we do divorce.”

The “D” word evinced a look of pain from him and I found that encouraging enough to press on:
“Your work, apart from any women there who might find you attractive, and you them, has no bearing on what this is about.”

I paused and he waited.

“It’s about the fact that you’ve taken me for granted and made me feel powerless by expecting me to carry the brunt of the wage-earning and domestic work-load while feeling entitled to have a more than equal say in our decision-making.”

“And I apologised to you and said I’d do better,” he told me accurately. “I happen to think I’ve done that.”

My head was shaking before he finished:

“No. You haven’t.”

He threw up his hands with an exasperated sigh.

“I’m sorry, but it is what it is, Hugh,” I went on, unperturbed by his frustration, though the sheer perversity of our conversation, this as I sat on the bed fully-clothed before my husband while he stood naked and partly neutered while trying to keep his temper, was not lost upon me. “I refuse to let you give me cause for concern while my head should be clear to work.”
“And you’re saying I have given you cause, right?” he asked in response to what I knew, and he didn’t, was nonsense on my part.

“What? You don’t think you have?”

“That’s exactly what I think!” he blazed. “Not once have I even thought about cheating on you with another woman. Let alone actually…”

“Really?” I cut in on him “Not even with those fit young fillies at the squash club you like to flirt with?”

He sighed and I could read his thoughts:

“Not this old hat again!”

I mean,” I went on, undeterred, “you’d have plenty of opportunity, given I’m still at the office with my nose to the grindstone while you’re enjoying yourself with your ‘pals’.”

Another sigh escaped him as I added:

“And they seem just the kind of infantile morons who’d actively encourage one of their own to cheat.”

“Gilly, you already know the answer to this old question,” he told me, and quite correctly.
“Really? So how do you explain Jan?”

With one simple question he went from riding the waves of his outrage to becalmed and sheepish.

Jan was – is – an attractive single friend of mine who took me to coffee the morning following a party at the home of some other friends to tell me she had made a drunken pass at my husband.

She was mortified and apologetic and quick to tell me that, though she and my husband had shared a short and covert kiss outside in the garden, nothing else had happened and he hadn't pursued an offer she would have withdrawn when sober anyway.

I had, of course, forgiven her instantly and our firendship had gone on, and still does, exactly as before.

Though it was different with my husband.

Hugh hadn't mentioned it, you see.

And to this day still hadn't.

Which made my decision at the time to not tell him that I knew anyway all the more potent.

For me.

"What…? What about Jan?" he said from the backfoot. "What does she have to do with this?"

“Oh! I’m sorry. I must have heard her wrong when she apologised to me for kissing you at Rachel and Simon’s party and you kissing her back.”

His expression was an absolute picture as I revisited one he thought he’d gotten away with.

“You’re telling me it didn’t happen. Right?”

“Gilly, I…”

“That is what you’re saying, isn’t it?”

“Look…”

“Perhaps I should just give her a quick ring. I mean, I wouldn’t want to accuse you of kissing one of my friends behind my back when you’d done no such thing.”

I was actually about to take my cell-phone from my handbag when he stopped me.

“It was nothing Gills,” he half-laughed, half-apologised. “She’d had too much to drink and told me how attractive she always found me. That’s all. I swear. We were having a bit of a flirt, that’s all.”
“Hugh, my love,” I said as I turned back to face him, voice deceptively calm. “I understand. You’re a handsome and attractive man and I can appreciate why other women would be drawn to you.”

Relief crossed his features and I almost chuckled at how easily I'd placed the simple creature on the defensive.

One second he had been nigh on volcanic at the prospect of his crown jewels being placed under lock and key by his wife.

The next he was breathing a sigh of relief for her having discovered a harmless little flirtation from just over a year before and not raising the roof over it.

"One step backwards, two quantum leaps and beringed balls forward," I'd laughed to myself.
And if he thought he was out of the woods he was badly mistaken:

"The fact remains, however," I began, tone of voice becoming accusatory and let-down, "that you actually kissed one of my closest friends while I was in the next room enjoying myself – harmlessly – with our hosts."
"Gilly, it really was nothing. I'd had a bit too much to drink myself and… If I'm honest, I suppose I was bit flattered."

"Yes. As I said, I understand that. Jan's always been a good-looking girl."

Again I saw the – short-lived – look of relief.

“She’s always been an honest girl too,” I told him, “and wasn’t happy until she’d confessed her mistake to me.”

My train of thought and where it was leading seemed to be dawning on him now.

“The very next morning,” I added.

“Gills, the only reason I didn’t tell you myself…”

“Despite having over a year in which to do it,” I cut in to remind him.

“Look, I didn’t want to risk you losing your temper and throwing away a long and perfectly genuine friendship.”

He took my hands and I let him; this while feigning a ‘perfectly’ hurt and betrayed look of my own that was intended to weaken his resolve even further.
“It meant absolutely nothing, Gills. You have to believe me.”

I knew my man, you see, and felt certain he would feel guilty for what was – though I would be at

pains not to let him know I thought of it as such – no more than a completely harmless ‘bit of a flirt’.

And, of course, feeling guilty he would want to make it up to me.

I award you no prizes for guessing how I wanted him to do that.

In fact, it was no more than twenty minutes later that we were both sat fully dressed in our front-room and were seated opposite each other watching an episode of HBO’s wonderful “True Blood” from the series box-set we had bought that very weekend.

It was, for all the world, no more than a scene being enacted up and down the land – if not with the same choice in viewing material – and my husband and I looked like nothing more than a relatively young professional couple taking their ease before the following day’s work.

Apart, that is, from the plastic-ring I had locked behind my husband’s scrotum and the even sturdier plastic-cage into which I’d squeezed his reluctant cock.

The above before attaching and locking it to the imprisoning ring with one of the two keys to which I and I alone would have access.

And the location of these tiny keys?

Come on, now; haven't I told you that already!

Where else would I keep something so hard-won and precious to me?

That's right.

Even as I type this I can feel the cool metal able to effect his release, should I so choose, dangling from a thin silver chain and resting against my heart.

Though the cock-cage to which those keys belong is no longer made of plastic and is even more secure.

Chapter Eleven

“Gills?” he asked, trying to win my attention with a diminution of my first name I had never liked from day one of our relationship and fully intended he would stop using once I had him on a less… equitable… footing.

“What is it, sweetie?” I asked without raising my eyes from the folder I was perusing, utilising a recent pet-name of my own I knew he was none too thrilled about; especially as I had taken to using it with greater frequency.

I was going over some figures from the office as I relaxed on the sofa after dinner – a surprisingly decent spaghetti and meatballs he had cooked and had waiting for me – and I knew exactly what it was he wanted and would have been surprised and disappointed if he hadn’t.

Wanted it, that is.

It had been three weeks since he’d caved and asked me to lock him away and it was, more importantly, almost four days since his last release.

More important for him, at least.
On the latter three of the five occasions on which I’d released his cock since locking him he had been

disappointed when he realised it was not my pussy into which he'd be placing his unconfined manhood but my hand.

Not best pleased, you may be assured, even if I made sure he received a long, leisurely and teasing, handjob.

A "handjob" given to the accompaniment of me telling my husband what a good boy he was being and how pleased I was with him.

You can be assured he was utterly ecstatic on the two occasions I allowed him into my pussy at the beginning of his chastity.

Even if his failure to last very long was not so much frustrating to me as encouraging.

The excitement that made him unable to last supplied me with just the ammunition I was seeking, after all, and any small frustration I was experiencing would soon be taken care of once I had him in the right…

…Headspace.
As he stood before me expectantly, my thoughts drifted back to the first time I'd given him a release by hand…

…”That’s it, Sweetie. You’re doing so well and I’m really proud of you…

“No!

“Don’t speak. I’m doing this for you and I don’t want to hear anything that might put me in a bad mood and spoil it.

“Yes, I know you’re disappointed not to be putting your cock in my lovely pussy but we tried that and you just got too excited, didn’t you?

“Now, now, there’s no need to give me that look. Just keep pleasing me the way you have and you’ll get another chance soon. I promise

“Oh, my! That cock of yours is in quite the state isn’t it? You must really love the feel of your wife’s hand around it.

“You don’t look too enthusiastic to me though. Perhaps we should forget it and…

No!... No words… Just nod if you want me to continue. I need to know you really want this and appreciate me doing it for you.

“Yes, that’s more like it. Mummy likes it when her little boy gives her a nice big smile. Yes, I thought

my dirty little boy would enjoy feeling his mummy's hand wrap itself around that big hard cock and start pleasing it. You are enjoying it, right?

"Good boy! I think you…

"No!

"Stay on your knees with your hands clasped behind your back. This is about me pleasing you, not you pleasing yourself.

"There! That's better. You can be such a good boy when you put your mind to it.

"Oooh, you like that, don't you? Does it feel nice to have mummy squeeze your balls nice and gently while she strokes your cock between her forefinger and her thumb?

"Yes, of course it does. Do you see now how nice it can be when you just let mummy take charge and make her little boy feel good?
"Of course, you do. And it will just keep getting better and better now mummy is going to be making all the decisions for her little-boy from now on.

"You do know that, right?

“Yes, of course you do. All that pretending to be the big strong man at the squash-club with your friends, when all you really want to do is kneel in front of mummy and let her pleasure your little-boy cock the way only she can and…

“Oh my! I’ve never seen my little boy so hard. He must really find it exciting to have his mummy take control of his little pee-pee and…”

…As my thoughts drifted back to the actualite after marvelling at the cum that had literally spewed from his cock, this after no more than a few choice words and a few gentle manipulations of his bone hard erection with my thumb and forefinger, I realised he was still stood before me expectantly.

Shuffling from foot to foot as he was, the signs were hard to miss and I knew my horny and unfulfilled husband was getting… antsy.

And had a lot worse to come if he was in such a state after what was no more than a relatively short space of time without being allowed to…

An internal chuckle truncated the thought and I marvelled instead at the progress I was making with him.

“Come on, Gills,” he protested finally when I showed no sign of being aware of his… problem.

“Are you really going to make me have to ask?”

The need for sex can be such a motivation, don’t you know?

Whether you do or not, or are just unsure, the innocent and feigned look of bemusement I turned up to him was one I could tell he certainly found annoying.

“I’m your wife, Hugh, not a clairvoyant. If there’s something you want from me then just use speech in the normal way.”

I saw the flash of annoyance and wondered if I wasn’t talking down to him a little too much at what was, after all, an embryonic stage still in his…

What?
..Training?

Yes, that sounds right.

“Training” that was still at an early stage - as enjoyable as I found it.

“It’s been four days,” he reminded me, choking back a more full-on response rather than run the risk of those days stretching to…

Whatever I decided really.

“And?” I asked.

“And,” he began, “I’m getting… uncomfortable.”

His eyes flickered to the front of the comfortable jogging pants he always changed into after returning from work and then back to mine, disbelief he was in a position to have to ask and no small amount of shame for allowing such a state of affairs to continue informing his expression as his gaze flickered back to mine.

“Oh!” I mouthed, then out loud: “I see.”

Disbelief and shame became relief.

It would not last.
Lowering my pen and placing the folder whose contents I’d been checking onto the sofa, I gave him my full attention. Unlike him, I had yet to shower and was still in the fitted trousers I’d worn to the office, though I had jettisoned the jacket that matched them. My hosed feet were tucked underneath me and, I feel obliged to admit, were

somewhat fragrant after a day enclosed in heeled pumps.

“When you say you’re uncomfortable,” I asked, “are you telling me your cage and restrainer is too tight?”

His sigh – like I didn’t know already – told me I was way off the pace.

I ploughed on regardless:

“Because if you remember, I did ask you to tell me when I put it on if…”

“That’s not what I mean and you know it,” he spoke *over* me.

As the chapter heading says:

These were *“Early Days”*.

“So…? It’s not uncomfortable, then?”

“No!... I mean, yes… I…”

He calmed himself with a visible effort.

“What I’m saying,” he began again in controlled voice, “is that, yes, it is uncomfortable. But only because…”

His control vanished and I finished the sentence for him:

“Because you’re trying to become erect.”

It hadn’t been phrased as a question and his cheeks reddened like a little boy showing his pee-pee to the girl next door for the first time and hearing her giggles.

“Am I right?”

“Yes! Of course you’re right. Now can you please unlock me and…?”

“And just why are you trying to get erect when you know you can’t?”

“Wh-What?”

“You heard me?”
“In the name of the saints, Gilly. In case you’ve forgotten, I’m a man still. “It’s what we do. What we *need* to do!”

His face was almost purple with embarassment and outrage as he'd told me this and I could see he was having a hard time coming to terms with what was going down.

Or, to be more precise in his case, not being allowed to come up.

"Listen to me carefully, sweetie," I told him, voice dangerously low and getting his attention instantly, despite him needing to 'do what a man has to do. "If you want to get out of your cock-cage anytime soon I'd advise you not to raise your voice when you speak to me."

"What?"

"You heard. When you were persuading me to let you wear it you also agreed that I was going to be the head-of-this-household. And if that's going to be the case then you badmouthing or raising your voice to me is not going to be acceptable."

"I don't believe I'm hearing this. Gilly, I'm a man in his forties, for fuck's sakes! Not a child."

"You want me to take it off?"

"Take…?"

“The cage,” I reminded him. “Do you want it off?”

His arms went wide with incredulity:

“What do you think I’ve been telling you for the last five minutes!”

I nodded, fetched my “fragrant” feet out from under me and rose to them.

“Okay, Hugh. If that’s your decision so be it. I suppose I was expecting your word to be worth a bit more but… Well, it is what it is.”

I drew the silver chain holding the keys to his cage over my neck and tossed it to him contemptuously; already turning to make my way upstairs as I told him:

“You may not have meant what you promised but I certainly meant what I said before you persuaded me into giving you a chance to show me you were serious about us.”

I stopped in the doorway and faced him, expression implacable.
“First thing tomorrow morning,” I assured him, “I’ll be contacting a divorce-lawyer. I suggest you do the same.”

And with that parting shot I made my way upstairs to take a much needed shower before retiring to bed and waiting him out.

*****

As it turned out, the wait for which I'd prepared myself was none to onerous.

Barely a wait at all, in fact.

This time around it was a fully-clothed husband who was sat on the edge of our bed waiting for me when I came out of the shower, the naked body I was still towelling down catching his attention instantly and despite his other concerns.

A good omen, I'd told myself.

I was first to speak and kept my tone cordial but firm, "I think it would be a good idea if you took the spare room tonight and from now on until you find yourself somewhere to live."

It wasn't what he had hoped to hear – whatever that might have been – and his face fell.
"You don't mean that, Gills," he said, more in hope than with any real conviction.

“Oh, I think you know I do,” I disabused him, not doing anything to cover up a body it seemed had not lost anything of its capacity to… stir… him.

Since the fitting of the cock-cage, quite the opposite, in fact.

“You’re seriously telling me that you’d kill our marriage just because I need…”

“You need!” I blazed, not slow to see an opening when it was offered, as opposed to him, to put it crudely, who would not be able to do anything with one if it was; though he was taken aback by my authentically acted venom.

“Are you stupid as well as selfish?”

“Stup…?”

“Why do you think we’re in the situation we’re in? Could it have something to do with your needs? And a complete disregard of mine?”

I gave him a couple of seconds to mull it over before returning to the offensive:

“What do you think, duh!”

“Fuck it, Gilly,” he said as he rose to tower over me. “Do you think I need to have this contraption on my cock? Or is that just another example of my ‘selfishness?’”

He had actually used the fingers of each hand to mimic quotation marks and punctuate his words, a naff gesture and something he had always told me he hated seeing done.

Yet more evidence of the pressure I was putting him under.

“I’ve been hit with a lot of stuff from you lately and most of it, I have to tell you, seems like nothing more than nasty feminist bullshit you’ve cribbed from some bitter and frustrated man-hater.”

“Go on,” I urged him when he paused to take a swallow of breath, worried and volcanic all at once.

Him, that is.

“We’re married and supposed to be in love with each other. Shouldn’t that mean we sit down and talk things through if one of us isn’t happy or there’s a problem that needs to be resolved? Rather than you resorting to the Cruella De Ville Book of Marriage Counselling.”

“Yes,” I said, stifling a laugh that threatened to bubble up at his example of a non-existent self-help guide and suggesting images of myself, a confirmed non-smoker, dressed in Glenn Close furs with a slim cigarette holder between my teeth as I castigated my husband for his failure to deliver the requisite number of desired Dalmatians.

Quelling my own humorous rebellion swiftly to add:
“It does mean just that. But, as I recall, and do correct me if I’m wrong, sitting down and talking things through was exactly what we did when you admitted you’d taken me for granted and persuaded me to give you a chance to show me things would be different.”

I raised eyebrows at him, inviting a correction, before finishing:

“Or did I get that wrong?”

He ignored it and persisted with a different line.

Much good it was going to do him.

“You don’t think this piece of junk, and me having to ask you if it can come off so I can get some relief, makes things different?” he asked, not unreasonably.

I waited facial expression impassive and unmoved by his reasoning.

“You told me you wanted me to wear it because you were jealous that other women might tempt me and I went along with the nonsense in the hope you’d realise how wrong you were.”

“I didn’t say I was jealous, Hugh,” I both corrected and reminded him. “I simply said I didn’t want to feel insecure.”

“Jealous, insecure, what fucking difference does it make? I’m still the one locked in this misbegotten contraption.”

Again, he gestured towards the front of his jogging pants:

“No matter how you describe the way you feel and how ‘selfish’ I’m supposed to be.”

Unmoved by his growing anger I might have been, but I was surprised.

He still had it on.
After I’d all but thrown the keys at him and gone for a shower.

Though it did strike me that he could have used the time to release his cock and pleasure himself in the time he'd had before locking himself back into it.

A likelihood I discounted given his still combative attitude and an absence of the… mellowing… relief was usually guaranteed to supply.

"I've tried, Gills. I really have and you can't say I haven't. But you're making things impossible. What more do I have to do, for fuck's sakes? Castrate myself? Is that what it would take to make you feel… *'secure'*?"

"Don't be so bloody offensive!" I snapped. "This has nothing to do with trying to neuter you as if you were nothing more than some ill-disciplined tom-cat. You're my husband and I've told you I want us to grow old together. But not if you continue thinking of nobody but yourself"

He made to respond, but I rushed on:

"In fact, if you could stop thinking with your prick for long enough to actually think at all, you'd know that what this is about is trying to save a marriage I'm not happy with. And in doing so make you more of a man in my eyes. *Not* less."

“And this fucking thing makes me feel more of a man, you think?”

“No, I don’t,” I told him, unwilling to explain that making him feel more of a man with me in the old and traditional sense, despite my words, was the very last thing I had in mind. “but it might just make you behave more like the kind of person I thought you were when we married.”

This had won his attention and I could see he was listening as I enlarged upon my theme:

“A kind, sensitive and intelligent, man who did not use his good looks to make his own life easier while burdening his wife with any number of work and domestic responsibilities. At least to begin with. Even if I’m prepared to accept you’ve used your looks in such a way subconsciously and unknowingly to put yourself in the driver’s seat while I’ve been forced to use Public Transport – and I am – it does not change the reality your behaviour has forced me to live with and I decided to change if we’re to stay married to each other.”

“So why leave it as late as you have? Why didn’t you say something sooner? Perhaps then we wouldn’t have reached the stage where you felt the need to introduce this… immoral… device to our relationship.

“Yes. You have a point. I should have done. I suppose I was hoping that you would actually notice my workload and the toll it was taking and step up yourself. But we both know that didn’t happen, don’t we Hugh?”

Again I had him on the backfoot and the confidence I had in my ability to control and manage him was growing by the second from a base-camp that was already pretty impressive.

“Why else do you think I’d have taken such drastic action if it wasn’t through desperation?”

“Gilly, I…”

I simply continued on over him:

“I explained all this to you, Hugh. Upfront and above board. If it weren’t for the fact I didn’t love you so much and wanted us to remain together I wouldn’t even be trying to save us.”

“But it’s not just you who’s trying to save us, is it?” he came in, angry again as if the thought had just occurred to him as, once again, his hands made reference to his joggers and what lay beneath them. “Or am I imagining this fucking thing you’ve locked around my cock and balls.”

His anger was rising now and I decided silence was my best course.

Conceding the floor to him for a short time, I told myself, would allow him to supply all the rope I needed to place him in still greater bondage to me.

And so it turned out…

“You said you weren’t happy about the division of labour around here and I stepped up,” he went on, indignation and sense of injustice rising. “You also said you didn’t like me going to the squash club while you were working and I haven’t been once since I… Since you…”

“Locked you in the cock-cage,” I finished for him.”

“Exactly,” he said, not taking my drift at all.

Though he was about to.

“You see, Hugh, though I know you’ve been making an effort by your own lights to help, and I haven’t been displeased to find you at home when I arrive back from the office - sometimes with a meal waiting; I can’t help but get the feeling the only reasons you’re not with your pals at the club is

because the changing-rooms and their showers might be somewhat problematical."

"You think so?" he asked with overegged irony and a look that was not at all friendly for my rather self-evident observation.

"I said 'reasons'," I reminded him. "The second of them being that with the cock-cage on it makes it somewhat difficult to take advantage of any… opportunities… that might arise in the bar afterwards."

Plonking himself back down on the mattress, he spread his arms wide as if to indicate he was at the end of his reasoning tether.

"Gills, I have to tell you – and I can't believe we could have reached such a pass – but I'm about ready to give up."

Again his hands referenced the front of his joggers with a gesture that was swiftly becoming old hat.

"If you can still describe me as selfish after me agreeing to wear… Well, I don't see as there's any hope for us."
If he'd anticipated some kind of softening on my part for what I'm sure he meant as a threat, I soon disabused him of such an expectation:

“I’d say no hope at all, if that’s your attitude.”

His eyes lowered themselves to the carpet and his head began to shake.

“Tell me, Hugh, “ I began. “Apart from cleaning yourself under my supervision,” the head below me winced at the reminder, “how many times have you been out of the cage in the three weeks since I locked you in it?”

There was no “since you allowed me to lock…” or “since you decided to wear…” on my part and I was determined that from now on it would be the unilateral “I” rather than the democratic and inclusive “We” that was called into service whenever we had these little discussions in the future.

He said nothing and continued to stare at the carpet, no doubt recalling still the humiliation of having me supervise him as he showered.

Supervision on my part made to ensure he didn’t take… “liberties”… before I locked him, complaining and unhappy, back into the device; though the ice-bucket I’d made sure was to hand was always required in order for me to do so.

Okay, you have me and I confess:

I enjoyed the power supervising him in such a way conferred upon me.

There!

Satisfied?

Good, I'll press on then.

"As the cat seems to have appropriated your tongue," I observed, "I'll answer for you, shall I?"

There was no response.

"Five," I reminded him. "That's how many times I've let you out to satisfy your needs."

My emphasis on the *"your"* should have clued him in to where I was going with this line but I'm not sure it did.

"So answer me this, Hugh," I asked the top of his head in a way that was more accusation than question. "How many times as you were having your needs met did you inquire about mine?"
I thought I saw him flinch as I said this, but couldn't be sure, even if I did know I'd hit on exactly the right approach.

Though, as it would turn out, I would have to experience two weeks of growing anxiety and waning confidence to discover just how right that approach was.

“I didn’t reproach you on the first two occasions when I unlocked you and allowed your cock in my pussy. Even though a little boy could have showed more restraint and lasted longer.”

He fidgetted uncomfortably and I knew my barb had hit home.

“No,” I continued. “I said nothing because I was grateful to you for making the sacrifice to show me how committed you were to ensuring our marriage lasted. So, and not for the first time since we married, I kept my disappointment to myself. Hoping you would show more restraint and regard for the pleasure of the woman you say you love the next time she allowed you to fuck her and hold back your own release until she’d had her own.”

I misse a few beats deliberately, then:

“Some hope!”
His head shook with what I took to be disgust but I wasn’t sure if the reaction was due to my bald language or the criticism of his performance.

“What you showed me was nothing like restraint,” I told him, allowing my own frustration to surface before pausing to let my criticism sink in. “If anything, you lasted even less time than you had on the first occasion I let you out.”

I thought I detected some shame flickering across that handsome face and I gave myself some air before:

“The only concern you had was gratifying yourself.”
Another brief pause, then:

“Whether your wife got anything from the experience or not.”

There was no sign of him raising his head still and I just kept going:

“No woman wants a selfish lover for a husband, Hugh. But that’s exactly what you’ve allowed yourself to become and have been for some time now. It’s all about you and only you. In fact, I’d take a bet that it wouldn’t even bother you to know I can’t recall the last time you got me off.”
His thoughts were as transparent as the water still clinging to my naked skin and I needed no

verbalising on his part for me to be able to refute them:

“And, yes, it really is that bad – even if I did make all the right noises rather than shatter your fragile ego.”

My husband’s hands were rubbing his thighs in an irritated manner now and I knew a response could not be long in coming as I added:

“That’s why, if you’re interested, I decided to start pulling you off with my hand.”

He was nodding to himself now, as if girding his loins for action.

I continued on just the same:

“It was quicker and less frustrating for me,” I told his bobbing head. “And besides, you seemed to enjoy it anyway.”

His eyes came up at this to meet mine, as I finished:
“At least if the cum you spurted each time was any guide.”

Loins girded, or at least thighs, he rose to his feet and moved to the door, muttering as he went:

“Fuck this!”

“Yes. That’s right, Hugh. Walk away rather than hear the truth. But I promise you this: if you ever want to feel my hand – and just maybe my pussy around that cock of yours again, you’re going to have to start pleasing me first.”

He had the door open and was already turned in the direction of the spare-room.

“And not just with your cock.”

He didn’t respond and there was no slamming of the door behind him as I called to his retreating back.

“If you’re still here in the morning you’re going to have to earn any pleasure you get from me in future. And believe me: you can take that promise to the bank.

That was the point at which the spare-room door did slam and I was left standing, naked and still dripping, in the bedroom from which he had just excluded himself.

Was I worried by this show of spirit?
Not in the slightest.

Did I feel confident I was managing him?

You bet.

Was I certain he would capitulate the following morning.

Believe me, I had not the slightest of doubts in my mind.

We were on a road from which there was no turning back now and Hugh was firmly strapped to a child-seat in the back as I drove.

Imagine my surprise and concern then, when I stepped into the kitchen for my breakfast coffee the next morning to find what awaited me on the table.

There was no note and all that waited to greet me were the keys to my husband's cock-cage and the cage itself upon the centre of the table.

Hugh had left me.

Chapter Twelve

A First Cuckolding

He was nineteen and full of testosterone fuelled arrogance.

Just what I wanted, in fact.

This was Hugh's first cuckolding, after all, and I wanted it to be right.

Which meant no love, no emotional connection, and certainly no pssibility of a repeat engagement.

So, was this man, barely more than a boy, who was about to have sex with me better looking than my husband?

Not by a country mile.

Was he more intelligent?

Hardly!

Was he blessed with a bigger cock?

Not really.

Okay, it might have been just a tad longer and a bit thicker, but there really wan't an appreciable difference save for that testosterone reponsible for both arrogance and staying power Hugh had known when at the same age and knew no longer.

"So what on earth was the attraction apart from that?" I hear you ask.

Come on!

Do I really have to tell you?

After what you've read up to now can you really not work it out?

Very well then, allow me.

At that moment, I was standing fully clothed in the master-bedroom of an apartment belonging to Leanne. An as yet unmarried – *"and never likely to be"* - client of mine in her late-thirties and the Head-of-Human-Resources for a well known pharmaceutical company. As well as an attractive woman with whom I'd developed a bond during what had become regular once a week jaunts to Soho and its clubs and bars.

A bond, made all the more potent for my new friend and client sharing my own feelings and desires when it came to men.

It had been Leanne who had introduced me to *"Ronan"* and volunteered the use of her Vauxhall home with its views across the Thames to Battersea and Chelsea while she was away at some deadly dull motivational seminar.

The recipient of a name that was no doubt explained by his mother's fixation on the well-known Boyband vocalist with a penchant for singing through his teeth, was anything but Boyband material in either looks or speech and was already thinning on top - though Leanne assured me he had other virtues.

Go on, take a wild guess.

That's right.

He might have been young but he knew how to pleasure a woman in ways both knowing and… *masterful*.

Leanne also assured me, it was an incredible turn on to allow oneself to be *"had"* by…

Forgive the elitism but these are my Roedean educated friend's own words:

"A person so far beneath one."

A *"person"*, moreover, who just loved giving it to older women - and for nothing more than the pleasure he took from… *degrading*… them for thinking they were superior to him.

Of course, it helped that Leanne had been responsible for finding him another position when he had lost his entry-role with the company employing them and he wanted to keep her on

board in case he ran into any more employment difficulties down the line.

None of which mattered to me.

Hell, I'd have paid for it if he'd insisted.

What did matter though, was that I was about to be penetrated by a cock that did not belong to the love of my life while he, Hugh, remained at our Clapham home and ticked off a number of chores I'd left him and expected to be done upon my return.

And would do so with his own cock locked away in his new and more secure titanium cage.

Now, for you aficionado's, male or female, of web-based stories on the subject, the above no doubt sounds unimaginitive and blah-de-blah and will appear as no more than de rigeur behaviour on the part of the wife who has not only taken the lead but is about to take on a strange cock as well.

"So what?" I say.

In keeping with my comments on cliches, certain approaches seem common and unimaginitive simply because they provide the best return and, consequently, are used with more frequency.

The fact my husband was submitting to this and was probably right at that moment ticking off the

domestic duties that constituted his list, this while I was about to have the sex I denied him with a man/boy who was his inferior in everything that really counted, took my arousal and anticipation of its completion to a place almost off the charts and made me feel as if I were some all-powerful deity.

Does that answer your question?

No?

Well try this…

"...Take off your clothes and let me see what you've got," Ronan ordered.

I hesitated, not for the first time since he'd turned up at Leanne's apartment and helped himself to a beer wondering if he would be as right for me as my absent friend insisted.

"Come on, fuck it. I haven't got all day. Leanne said you wanted a good sticking and I owe her one, but I'm meeting my girl in a couple of hours and she's younger and fitter than you, so if you want some start doing what you're told."

Far from taking the insulting and far from good-looking litte gob-shite to task, I found myself, to my own amazement, unbuttoning the top button of my

dress and then the rest before allowing it to slip from my shoulders and fall to the floor.

I saw his eyes widen as I stood before him in nothing but a lacy white bra that uplifted breasts I was assured were self-supporting anyway and a pair of matching panties.

The tongue that licked suddenly dry and anticipatory teenage lips told me he was already in the process of re-evaluating the relative merits body-wise of the mature woman in front of him and his… "girl".

Though I did have to confess that Leanne had a point.

My earlier comments on "role-playing" aside, there was something truly sensuous and erotic about standing half-naked in front of such an unprepossessing specimen and allowing oneself to be… controlled.

An unlikely event and relinquishing of control made all the more exciting for being a one-off, after which I would return to a life in which I was the one who exercised… authority.

I couldn't help but notice the large bulge in his jeans as he surveyed what he was about to get and now it was the turn of my own tongue to lick dry and anticipatory lips.

My heart raced as he drew his sweatshirt over his head to reveal a ripped body that was certainly more impressive than the head and face at its summit, my own lips in need of further moisture as I took in a precociously manly chest and a smooth and hairless stomach.

"Get over here and help me off with my jeans, you old bag?" he sneered.

I had no idea how he and Leanne had hooked up and wasn't much interested anyway, but it was obvious he was a veteran of such interludes. Tender years or not.

I moved forward.

*"Don't walk," he snap*ped. *"Crawl."*

Going with my base instincts, decision helped by knowing he was not exactly a stranger and that the fact he was known to Leanne made me safe – relatively, anyhow - I dropped to all fours and crawled to his feet.

"Good bitch," he praised me as I raised reverent hands to unbutton his jeans and slide them over his hips before realising he had gone commando.

His fully engorged cock almost broke my nose, with such force did it spring forward upon release.

“I’ve no time for niceties and a bunch of lovey-dove crap neither of us mean,” he said while placing his hands on his hips expectantly. “So why don’t you thank me for coming to see you like Leanne asked and suck me.”

This suited me and the submission I felt as I obeyed my young and temporary master was simply delicious.

A submission made all the more incredible for knowing I would return to my husband afterwards and exercise some authority of my own that was not only even more delicious but real.

Plus, the certainty I would never have to see the little shit I was allowing to use me in such a way again was in no way an inhibitor.

“Lick it first,” he ordered. “Start with my balls.”

I did just that, amazed at my own complicity, stifling a giggle as an image of my husband cleaning our bathroom or laundering my smalls in his cage while I sucked the cock of a boy half his age, though certainly legal, suggested itself to my fevered thoughts.

“Yeah, that’s a good old bitch. S’what your tongue was made to do, weren’t it?”

“Hmmmm…”

“Lick my cock now, just like you were on some boring picnic or something with your old man and he’d just got you an ice-lolly with…

“Oh, yeah… You’re good… Done this before ain’t yer, bitch.”

I had his engorged cock in my hands now and traced its length with the tip of my tongue, his balls throbbing in the palm of my hand as I began to get his attention in a way likely to take his mind off being abusive.

“Oh, yeah, you really… really are… hmm… good.”

My tongue was slathering the length of his pulsating shaft now, licking him as my hand stroked a set of balls taut and full with teenage cum.

“Kiss it!” he demanded, but I could tell he was struggling to maintain what I knew now was no more than an act of dominance; though, dislike of game-playing or not, I was continuing to buy into it.

Eagerly I pressed my lips against the shiny mushroom at the head of his shaft and smothered it with kisses as if it were the face of a long absent lover.

Then I allowed it to know the warmth of my mouth itself as I took him almost to the base before raising my head slowly and then ducking down upon him again.

Ronan grabbed a handful of my hair and began to thrust his hips against my head, ensuring my mouth had no escape from the manmeat invading me as his feverish thrusting and unintelligible grunts told me what was coming.

And cum it did.

Hot semen hit the back of my throat and I gagged and tried to pull away until I realised the pressure of his hands against the back of my head ensured I would have to swallow.

I did.

And this part of the "scene" was in no way optional.

When I finally managed to escape, halfway through what I have to confess was an incredible emission, his still erupting cock sprang from my mouth as if it were some kind of heavy-duty water-hose and favoured my face with ribbons of thick and salty cum.

“Not a bad start, bitch,” he told me when he’d calmed down enough to become controlling again. “But there’s still an hour till I need to leave and I’m only getting started with you.”

Reaching down, he slipped a hand inside my panties and began to knead my buttocks.

“Nice. Not in bad shape for an old bit, are you?”

It annoyed me.

Knowing something was bullshit and not letting it get to you are two different things.

Though I did concede to myself that anyone my age was an “old bit” when seen through the eyes of someone of his.

Annoyance that didn’t last long when, unbelievably, he picked me up as if I were so much foam rubber and threw me on the bed.

“Now you get to have that fucking your old man ain’t up to giving you.”

It sounded to me like a threat and a promise and especially the threat part when he literally ripped my knickers from me, shredding the material as to make them useless for further wear and leaving me naked and vulnerable below him save for my bra.

“Good. You shave,” he observed as my bare pussy came into view. “I like that. Wouldn’t want anything getting in the way of my young cock and your old pussy, would we?”

He was, I told myself, going to make some lucky girl a wonderful husband sometime in the future. Either that or she’d dismember him.

What I knew for sure was that, twenty minutes later it was one satisfied “old pussy” that lay beneath her young lover as he pumped load after load of youthful semen into her pill protected cavern.

But he wasn’t finished yet.

“Just to make sure you leave with the right attitude,” he said, levering himself up and swinging his legs over the side of the bed to sit upon its edge, “I’m going to do what your pussy of a husband should have done from the start.”

Having read him with ease to this point I found myself at a loss as to what he had in mind.

And was none too thrilled when he satisfied my curiosity:

"Before I leave to meet my girl," he told me, "I'm going to put you over my knee and give you the spanking your old man should have given you ages ago."

Then, as the breath caught in my throat and prevented me from telling him this was NOT part of the deal, he did just that.

Chapter Thirteen

Symbolism

Before we move on to the crucial and status affirming events leading up to my cuckolding of Hugh with *"Ronan the Barbarian"*, I'd like to devote a short chapter to the importance of symbolism in a female-led-marriage.

No, this is not hypocrisy on my part and the symbolism to which I refer has nothing in common with the rubber, leather and latex I was so scathing about at the top of this journey.

I refer simply to those actions or things we use on an everyday basis that take on a more lasting and significant aspect than their face-value.

If we are clever.

Believe me, used often enough – so long as you know what you want as well as what you're doing – these things and actions can cement a man in both his behaviour and his responses with a rapidity that is both inescapable and lasting.

Pavlov was a lot more than a surname missing only the ending of a vowel to be confused with a great ballerina, you know?

And his training of canines should not be dismissed as unusable in the conditioning of men.

I've mentioned it once but I make no apologies for running it by you again:

"Men truly are the simple creatures we women have always believed them to be."

And believe me – and apart from those macho examples we allow free rein that they might amuse and pleasure us – when treated correctly they truly can make the most admirable and useful pets.

Below I'm going to give you a short list of the various ways I use the symbolic to dominate my man's thoughts and responses; though I'd ask you to bear in mind that these can only be introduced gradually and that you needs must have your man

in a position of some dependence before acquainting him with them in subliminal form.

And I can promise you it will not be long before you have your own ideas on what works best when applied to him.

Firstly, though, it's vital to *always* insist on him being below you.

And do so without *ever* going into details or letting him know that he is.

Below you, that is.

There will be plenty of time for that later, I promise, and he will soon get the drift without the need for you to tell him anyway.

Sound difficult?

It's not.

By this, I mean that if you are sitting on the sofa and you want to have a cosy up or a chat – he is still your husband after all – do not invite him to sit next to you but ask him to sit on the floor at your feet.

And if he asks why?

Tell him anything.

That your legs are tired and you want to put them up on the sofa.

That you want to run your fingers through his still thick hair as you chat.

That you want him close to you because…

Well, simply because you do.

Tell him anything but that the reason you want him sitting below you is because you wish him to *always* be in an inferior position when he is in your presence.

Believe me, repeated often enough it will become ingrained in his psyche and he will always take a position in your presence that is below your eyeline without having to be asked or told.

So ingrained has this become with my Hugh, in fact, that he now adopts lowly positions without being asked.

More, even when we are both standing he tends to lower his head so that his eyes are raised to mine.

And he does this without ever having received one word of coaching from me – let alone an order.

The moment his subconscious sees this as normal behaviour he will not be coming from behind when it comes to his loving wife so much as gazing up at her from below.

Believe me, it will seem completely natural to you and soon will to him.

Bear in mind also that the feet and the footwear you use to show them to best effect simply ooze with symbolism and metaphor and *nothing* can be more guaranteed to make a symbolic impact when it comes to the kind of subliminal feelings of submission to your power you wish to take root in his thoughts.

Trust me on this, the first time you see your husband kneeling upon the kitchen floor as he applies polish to a pair of your heels will be positively life-affirming.

For him as well as for you.

Differently though, need I say.

Superior as we are to the poor creatures, I really don't think we have the necessary imagination to comprehend just how liberating it must be for the wretches to be able to jettison all these preconceived ideas of how a man should behave around women.

It’s something I’ve often been tempted to ask my Hugh but, apart from not wanting to give him the impression I’m unsure about such things, I’m not sure he could verbalise a coherent response anyway.

What you’re doing is moulding him, and in as hands-off a manner as possible. And I promise that if you’re experience proves to be anything like mine, you’ll find that far from having to tell him how best to serve you he will find a way himself. And sometimes in a way that exceeds your own expectations.

This, I assure you, is the best.

When your man starts actively finding ways that ensure he is serving you to the very best of his ability then you know without any room for doubt that he has become your creature.

Totally and irrevocably.

Remember, the symbolism we speak of here is not about canes and whips and paddles, or any other Dominatrix paraphernalia conjured up my men to get their submissive rocks off.

Paraphernalia likely to make a circus of the reality you seek with your man.

No, the most potent symbolism you can use to enslave your husband resides in your wardrobe and in the drawers of your dressing-table, etc.

It's the perfume you wear or don't wear and the hose that clings to your legs.

The shoes that he polishes and the toes he paints.

Everything about you, in fact.

I speak from experience, and when I tell you that my Hugh is at such a point of obsession with the wife he once took for granted that he can experience a thwarted and painful erection simply from the faint waft of her sweaty feet after she returns from work, you can believe I speak true.

Even the less than fragrant armpits he would adore to lick if given the opportunity – as he sometimes is – have a… *weakening*… effect upon him.

I exaggerate not.

He is at the point now when he helps me in the toilet if I require him there and looks upon it as an honour to be required to serve his wife in such an intimate if demeaning, pussy-wiping, way.

So rich and rewarding are the benefits of symbolism if used subtly and sensibly.

Adopt the right approach and everything – body or belongings - will soon become a metaphor for his bondage to you. Even when your physical presence is absent, he will make obeisance to an object belonging to you – preferably one with a lingering manifestation of your… *essence*. And act as reverently towards that object as if you yourself were present in it.

I do not jest.

He will soon be at a point where even your laundry galvanises him, while the completion of chores set by you will see him accomplish them with as much gusto as if he were polishing the altarpiece at the Sacre Coeur itself before genuflecting to pay due homage.

So much will he revere your person.

Punishment for tardiness, disobedience or rudeness is up to you as an individual, of course, but my preference is less for OTK and more physical castigations rather than extended denial and *"corner time"*.

This last being, I assure you, delightful.

That I am treating a handsome and intelligent adult as if he were a child and that he goes along with it - even as a part of him hates being forced into such a

humiliating position and despite the reverence for me his subconscious has forced upon him - is something I find about as delicious as it gets.

For when I call him from his corner that he may show me his contriteness in the usual way with a tongue that has no need for words to do it, you may be assured direct sexual gratification adds itself to the sense of metaphysical well-being my dominion over him supplies.

Sometimes, even, screams of pure bliss.

Am I being unnecessarily cruel to a husband I love?

Certainly.

Do I feel guilty?

Once, but no longer.

And I've long gone past the point of beating myself up for something I now regard as wholly natural.

His submission to my will is the price he pays for remaining in my life and the fact he is still at my feet indicates to me we have both found our natural roles in relation to each other.

And I am not so cruel that I have stripped him of *all* vestiges of his former manhood.

He is still allowed to act as if we are a (semi) normal man and wife around friends, family, and others, and his cock, on occasion, is still allowed to *"do what a man has to do"* after all.

Just not in a pussy.

Chapter Fourteen

The Conversation

The *"conversation"* precipitating the above events with *"Ronan the Barbarian"* had taken place some seven weeks after my husband had returned to the marital home with his tail between his legs.

A return he made barely a month after removing his cage and placing it on the kitchen table for me to find before walking out.

Those seven weeks used to gradually bring him to a level of dependency and obedience that, given the time-frame surprised even me.

It had, just the same, been a walk-out I hadn't bargained for and you may be assured I berated myself on a daily basis for the over-confidence that

had led me to push him at a swifter rate than made sense.

Hence my more considered and *"gradualist"* approach when he did return.

A mutual friend to whom he'd confided we were having difficulties – if not their nature – had, in turn, confided to me that he was staying with Brian, a single friend of his and one of the more acceptable squash-club cronies.

This helped to stop me from worrying on my husband's behalf – I've told you more than once that I adore him, after all, so why wouldn't I be concerned? - and it was at Brian's address that Hugh received the opening salvo from my solicitor informing him of my intentions.

Well, and to crib and adapt some dialogue from Larry Olivier in the film of "Spartacus", and his role in it as Marcus Licinius Crassus:

"The problem with making threats is that sometimes we're obliged to make good on them."

Luckily for me, following through on this particular threat had the happy outcome of making my husband fold with no more resistance than a piece of rice-paper when he received the missive from my solicitor.

You may be assured that I completely ignored his attempts to contact me either at home or the office and totally disregarded the constant texts and ansaphone messages begging me to meet him and talk things through.

There was no danger of him simply turning up at the home and letting himself in as I'd had the locks changed the moment he'd left – and he would not be getting a key to the door when he returned either.

At least not until I had him where I wanted him.

He had, though, turned up at my office in person before being told by one of my girls, as per my instructions, that I was *not* available.

Suddenly, the confidence that had taken a nosedive after I'd found his discarded cock-cage was running at optimum levels once more and I was pondering how best to get him back where he belonged without weakening my position and showing my own need as I went about it.

A conundrum he had oblingly, if unknowingly, solved for me.

Unable to make contact with me by phone, text, or email and having had a couple of snail-mails

ignored, he had finally lay in wait for me one evening as I returned home at my usual late hour.

You may be assured that, after he had persuaded me to give him a few minutes of my time that he may apologise, I extracted every last inch of mileage from his very real fear of losing me.

So successful was I that, when he returned home from Brian's the next evening with the few belongings he had took with him when leaving, he was almost eager to have me lock him back in the chastity belt.

At this point, I knew the worst was over and was convinced I'd won.

The moment he'd swallowed his pride and admitted to his need – for *me!* – the game was up.

From now on, I'd told myself at the time, his fall was guranteed.

Even if I did counsel myself to lower his resistance in increments rather than go for the outright blitzkrieg.

The way I went about implementing these *"increments"* is really no more than a recounting of the ways and means I've already described, and I'm sure you will have your own variants on the

forms anyway, but what I will tell you is that by the time it became necessary to have the *"conversation"*and I considered him ready, my darling Hugh was barely recognisable as the man he had been before I started us down this female-led route.

Even if I was the beneficiary of the more startling changes and our friends and family only saw a more attentive and obliging husband.

Before I go on to detail that *"conversation"*, I'm sure you'd like to hear more of those… *"startling changes"*.

Allow me to put you in the picture.

As said, the first thing that I did after my new and amenable husband had supplied me with a suitably grovelling apology and persuaded me that if I gave him another chance he would be willing to have another go at the female-led-marriage I had in mnd, was to lock him back in his cage.

The old plastic model to begin with.

Then, not a week after his return, I'd presented him with the cage I'd designed myself with the aid of a Swedish company who specialised in their making.

I had agreed they could keep the rights to my design if they would engineer it and supply me with a model, at what was still a substantial fee, and it had arrived not a week before Hugh's chastened and desperate return.

Which did not prevent me from telling him it was a standard but more secure model I'd ordered from the Net after his return because his behaviour when wearing the plastic device had led me not to trust him.

Either he wore this more secure titanium version as a sign of his commitment, I told him, or I went back to my lawyer.

Whatever his misgivings, my freshly cowed husband supplied me with no resistance.

Even if he did look sickened as I locked him.

And, in the locking, sealed his fate.

No longer was it a case of him wearing such a contraption to humour me, while knowing at the same time that he could pretty much extricate himself from it if he tired of my *"game"*.

Oh, no.

Extricating himself from this one would not only involve a whole team of skilled technicians with

cutting equipment and firemen with extinguishers at the ready – with all the humiliation that would involve – but would most likely result in the complete or, if he was fortunate, partial removal of his tackle.

Something I was confident he would be none too thrilled about even if it was my intention for his penis *never* to know the inside of a pussy – mine or any other woman's – ever again.

My husband, I had decided, was going to be and would remain a one-woman man and to hell with my own double-standards on the subject of marital fidelity.

You see, the particular device I'd had custom made to my own design had been fashioned from the lightest yet most durable and impervious of titanium.

I had also been assured it would prove comfortable and my Swedish manafacturers of choice were likewise convinced when it came to its security.

Absolutely convinced, in fact.

I'd designed it with the need for hygene uppermost and also because the more ventilation it had the lighter and less uncomfortable it became, My husband would not be able to pleasure himself

whilst wearing it but he would be able to shower. And the vents mentioned would ensure also that a supply of air reached his nether-regions.

To cut to the chase, it weighed in at a pretty lightweight 175 grams or so and did indeed prove to be comfortable.

Though not as comfortable as if one were not worn at all.

Remember the old saw I hit you with at the beginning of this journey:

"Control the cock and you control the man?

Believe me, you will never deride this overused and simple cliché again once you have had experience of the phenomenon I describe.

Up close and personal, as they say.

Anyway, with his cock firmly under wifely control and by the time I took a seat on the sofa and had Hugh kneel before me for the *"conversation"*, our household had been turned upon its head.

With my husband in his rightful place at its feet.

The playing of squash had been proscribed, though I did insist he look after his body in other ways and allowed him to meet his friends at the squash club

bar from time to time if I felt his behaviour merited it.

Strangely enough, and possibly because he found it hard to be one of the boys when it came to tales of shagging and derring do while wearing a cock cage his wife had forced him into, he rarely asked for the privilege these days and it had been left to me to virtually force him to go as a way of rewarding behaviour I found pleasing.

His job had gone too, by the way. An acceptance, demanded by me, of a voluntary redundancy package. The proceeds of which I'd placed in our joint account.

An account, moreover, to which he had *no* access.

With the help of those aforementioned *"increments"* and much persuasion – aided by the handjobs he now saw as the reward they were – I had won his acceptance of my controlling our money and my further insistence that he no longer needed a credit-card.

In a few short and unbelievably rewarding weeks, I had turned my handsome and much-loved partner into a househusband dependent upon his wife to such an extent he no longer felt able to take a break from his household duties to take a walk on the

Common without ringing me at the office first to ask permission.

And I'd done so without placing us beyond the pale of everyday society and making my husband – and me – a laughing stock.

If I wanted to go out for an evening or needed a partner for a business engagement, who better than ny handsome husband?

After all, I might know he was my pussy-whipped and cock-caged household servant but all other people saw was a handsome husband being attentive to a younger wife.

Wonderful!

As for sex?

I sense your question and the answer is yes.

He was indeed placing his tongue at the disposal of my pussy on a regular basis and whenever I demanded he do so. Not with any finesse to begin with, I have to say, and unable to quite hide his distaste for the act. Until, call it routine or the beneficial effect of copulins, he not only became more adept but actually seemed to warm to the task.

It wasn’t too long before he was actaully coming to me and *asking* if he could please me in such a way. So great, you see, was his desire to experience my hands or feet around his cock.

When I wasn’t too preoccupied and didn’t insist he use his own hand, that is.

Is that amazing or simply fantastic?

Of course, and as said, I was and remain at pains to leave him some manly pride and not once have I ever humiliated him in front of either friend, family, acquaintance or stranger.

In fact, I really enjoy those family or social occasions when he gets to act like the man he once was – with provisos – and find myself amused when women, as they always do, flirt with the handsome man they find so attractive and yet so attentive to his self-confident wife.

It truly is a boost to the ego and a power-rush simultaneously to see him interract in such a way while knowing that the moment they leave he will come to me and offer to rub my tired feet through my hose or pleasure my pussy as a thank you for keeping my word.

And as for insecurity?

Forget it.

He is no longer my husband in any traditional sense of the word but my property, and the titanium imprisoning his cock and balls is fast becoming no more than symbolic as he is conditioned to accept I am his superior in *everything*.

But we've already discussed symbolism and its importance, haven't we?

And with all the above happening, how could I be insecure anyway?

That being the case, then I really should tell you about the *"conversation"*…

*****

It's as well to understand that cuckolding is not only a powerful tool in the humiliation of a husband-cum-manservant but can instill feelings of great desire and reverence in his subconscious for the woman inflicting the experience upon him.

Despite her tacit stating of the fact she no longer has any need for his cock in the traditional sense and prefers to use those belonging to men other than her husband's.

Such a husband might hate what that wife has done to him but, manipulated carefully, will soon come

to blame his own shortcomings for the fact his wonderful partner is forced, and reluctantly so runs the lie, to look elsewhere for what she would rather *he* provided her.

This is the myth and patent untruth you need to instill in your cuck and servant's mindset that you may put down the footings of the guilt and self-criticism on his part that will prove such fertile ground for you.

Not enough that he bear the mental and emotional pain of his wife taking other lovers.

It is imperative that he also knows the shame and abject humiliation of considering himself responsible for his woman's physical desertion of him.

Partially, anyway.

It is this unnavoidable sense of guilt that is yet another source of power over one's partner and yet one more form of verbal torment for you to use as a scourge if the desire takes a hold.

It takes me often, I feel no shame at all to confess.

The sheer pain in my cuckold's eyes as I tell him of the liberties I've allowed a man with my body is simply awesome and at that point I really do love

him for being the creature whose bondage to me makes such euphoria possible.

Especially as he had been the one manipulated into asking me to cuckold him…

"…Hugh, sweetie, come and sit next to me, we need to have a talk."

His agitation and sense of foreboding was instant and for this I could attach to him no fault.

"What is it, Gills?" he asked, forgetting himself and no doubt wrongfooted by his recall of the last time I'd used those near exact same words.

It was no excuse.

"Want to try that again?" I said in a low voice – symbolism of a verbal kind? - I knew he would find menacing.

His face coloured as it always did when I upbraided him and as I hoped it always would.

"I meant to say, hmm, what is it, hmm, ma'am?... I'm sorry."

He looked so abject as he apologised that I couldn't help my lip curling with contempt for what he had let me make of him.

Despite the great fulfilment and delight I took from having reduced him to such a condition.

"Don't forget again," I warned him. "I've kept my word about not expecting you to show me the same respect when we're in company and the least you can do is keep yours when we're alone."

"Yes, ma'am. I really am sorry. It won't happen again. I promise."

No matter how often it happened, both wifely mind and womanly pussy couldn't help but react, if differently, to the change.

The former with wonder and the latter with an altogether more physical and… *moist*… delight.

Not a couple of months before he would have laughed himself comatose had anyone suggested such a turn of events.

And he wouldn't have been alone.

Yet, about to be ordered to the floor at my bare feet and though I knew he hated himself for what he was becoming, here he was, apologising like an

indentured seventeenth-century flunky whose very life depended upon the master he had just offended.

Again:

Incredible!

“You’re forgiven this time, sweetie, but mummy wants you to take your place at her feet and listen as she has something very important to say.”

He was barefoot and wearing the baggy tee-shirt and knee length shorts I’d suggested as his *“househusband”* attire and the look of my handsome dependent moved me to love, affection and, yes, disdain.

As it always did when he lowered himself to sit at my feet with his back to the sofa like the beaten man he now was and I intended him to remain.

My lightly tanned legs rose above him as he nestled in to hear what it was his *“mummy”* wanted to say to him.

That somewhat overrused description, by the way, one I’d cribbed from some stories on the Net and incorporated into our day-to-day.

And especially when I supplied a soundtrack to my manipulations of his *“pee-pee”* on those occasions I felt he deserved a release or was just of a mind to

play with the cock I no longer used except as a means of extending my power over him.

Knowing as I did that something deep in his psyche – perhaps all men's psyches – responded positively to hearing me describe myself in such a way.

"MUMMY."

A description of myself I was seriously considering getting him to use on a regular basis as a substitute for the more formal and, in this instance, less demeaning *"ma'am"*.

Considering it now, in fact.

"You know mummy loves you, don't you sweetie?" I asked when he was settled and my fingers were toying with a lock of his hair.

"Yes, hmm, ma'am," he said with his usual hesitation over the word and about to become even more hesitant with another.

"Call me mummy," I told him as I played with his earlobe.

I felt his body tense.

"Can you do that for me, sweetie?" I asked in a kindly voice. "I'd really like it if you addressed me that way when we're alone together from now on."

“I… I…”

“Well? Can you or not?” I said, allowing no more than a note of displeasure to enter my tone. “Is that really so much to ask after all I do for you?”

It was enough.

I was convinced now that even my tone of voice carried with it the weight of the symbolic.

So surely and so swiftly had he been conditioned.

And with such surprising ease.

“Y-Yes. Of course I can do that, hmmm, m-mummy.”

Placing a hand beneath his chin, I tilted his head back and leaned forward to plant a great smacking kiss upon his lips before exploring the inside of his unresisisting mouth with my tongue to let him know he had pleased me.

I believe this is called:

“Reinforcement”.

“Thank you, sweetie, that means a lot to me. I know I’m not your real mummy but… But you have to agree, I am responsible for you and it just

seems natural that you'd defer to me in such a way."

I'd sensed his whole body melt as my lips met his and I wondered if that had been how I'd felt to Ronan the Barbarian when he'd manhandled me over his young knees and spanked my arse until I'd cried as if I myself were a pre-pubescent in need of a firm hand.

Deliciously weak, that is.

"And you know I love you and that your my number-one boy, right?" I asked, spanking forgotten and not to be repeated and feeling now instead an almost divine sense of strength.

"Y-Yes… M-Mummy," he stammered out.

"Good," I nodded. "Because that's important to me as your mummy."

The words spilling from my lips sounded absolutely ludicrous to my ears and I could only wonder how they must seem to him; but that said, it was also incredibly empowering to be able to speak to my older husband in such a way and have him accept it.

“I want us both to be happy and that means making sure I look after you,” I told him. “My good boy understands thaat, doesn’t he?”

He nodded.

“Now, now, sweetie, your mummy asked you a direct question.”

“S-Sorry, m-mummy,” he told me in a voice so choked with emotion, gall and, more importantly, defeat, it was little more than a croak. “I, hmmm, understand.”

“Oh what a sweetheart for me you are. If I were ever to lose you I don’t know what I’d do.”

I kissed him again, the top of his head this time, and was surprised to find myself sincere.

I truly did love my husband and life without him in it was unthinkable.
The problem, for him, was that I just didn’t want him in that life as a man.

“And did you enjoy yourself last night?” I asked.

The body below me froze and I could tell he had no desire to revisit the new twist I’d put on his release just the previous evening.

“Y-Yes, hmm, mummy,” came the desired and affirmative croak.

“Mummy knows how much you love her legs and especially when she wears her black hose,” I revisited anyway, continuing to refer to myself in the third-person. “That’s why she thought you’d enjoy rubbing your little pee-pee against her thigh until you…”

I giggled, though not nastily.

“And you did enjoy it, didn’t you?”

Wanting to get through this as soon as possible, he saw no need to prevaricate and extend the ordeal of recall by refusing to acknowledge a truth that was simple and incontrovertible.

“Y-Yes, mummy.”

“Yes, of course you did. And mummy did too. You just looked so incredibly cute as you humped away.”

I giggled again with genuine mirth.

“Almost as if you were a little doggy humping at your owner’s leg.”

Even from my position above and behind him, I could see his cheeks were at a level of redness that

was pretty spectacular even for him these days and decided to ease back on the humiliation.

A little, anyway.

“But you’re not a doggy, are you? No. You’re mummy’s good little boy and the most important thing in her life. Never forget that.”

I smiled at the top of his head with genuine affection for the pleasure his submission to me inspired.

“You won’t forget that, will you sweetie?”

The croak was even more pronounced this time:

“N-No, m-mummy.”

“Promise?”

“I… I promise…”

“That’s my lovely and obedient husband,” I cooed, cutting in to save him the addition of the new honorific. “I know you love me and want to please me too, sweetie, and that’s why I wanted to have this little… heart-to-heart.”

His shoulders tensed, seeming to anticipate bad news – at least for him.

My next words did not disabuse him:

“I’m afraid we have a problem if we are going to stay married, sweetie,” I began. “Just how big of a problem though really depends on you. And I’m hoping you can show you can prove your love for me by being really understanding.”

His shoulders remained tensed and, though I’d taken a lot of trouble to ensure he spoke only when spoken to when we were alone and asked for permission to do so if it was absolutely necessary, I knew he was about to do just that.

“Were you about to say something, little one?” I asked in about as patronising and demeaning a voice as I could muster. “Because I don’t remember mummy asking you a question or giving you her permission to do so if you were.”

He was at a loss, which, in fairness, was only to be expected given he was a man at the business end of his forties being treated as if he were a disrespectful adolescent by a younger wife who insisted he call her *“mummy”*.

It was the least of his problems and I think he sensed it.

“You see,” I went on, not missing his sigh of relief as he realised an answer wasn’t expected from him,

“though I love you as my little boy and I love to give your little pee-pee lots of pleasure when you’ve been nice and obedient, It’s impossible for me to see you as a man anymore.”

The face he turned up to mine as he twisted around, one handsome cheek pressed up against the smooth and tan skin of my calf, was near stricken and I read his concern instantly.

“Oh, no! Mummy doesn’t mean *that*. That’s the last thing that will ever happen if I have my way.”

I kissed his forehead as a way of reassuring him.

“You’re my special boy and I’ll want always want you to be at my side,” I told him. “I don’t want to ever leave you… But…”

I paused for a few moments, solely for effect, as he stared up at me looking terrified whole I congratulated myself on how far down the scale I’d already taken him in so short a space of time.

Then:

“The thing is, sweetie,” I began, expression one of feigned apology and regret, “I’m still a woman and I have needs. I know you really try with your tongue and I do enjoy having you show me how much you want to please me in such a way, even

though I know it's not something you really like doing. And I know that applies even more at those times when I ask you to lick mummy's arse."

Despite all the humiliations he had endured and was enduring, my handsome husband's cheeks again flushed red – redder - at my mentioning the degrading attentions he now supplied my back-passage whenever I pronounced myself in the mood for them.

"I wish it was enough, sweetie. I truly do. But it's not. Nowhere near really."

My poor husband's face was a picture of pure and helpless misery and what I was about to tell him was, I knew, not likely to prove a help.

"You see, my darling boy, mummy doesn't blame you for not being able to satisfy her the way a husband and real man should. That's just not you and I accept that. You'll always be the love of mummy's life but she really needs to feel a nice fat cock in her every now and then.

Poor Hugh was utterly demoralised, and looked no better as I finished:

"And I don't want to sound cruel, but we both know yours isn't up to scratch, don't we?"

Was that a sniffle I heard?

“And even if it was,” I continued, “mummy wouldn’t feel right letting her little boy put it in her.”

There were real tears in his eyes now and despite all the evidence to the contrary I was having difficulty believing he could have been taken so low.

And so quickly.

By me.

“I could never cheat on my husband,” I told him, “but at the same time it’s making me really unhappy not to be able to experience a real man’s cock in my cunt.”

My use of the word startled him, as it always did and hopefully would, and I could see I had him confused. Amongst other responses. For while he looked relieved I’d said I wouldn’t cheat, I could see he wasn’t at all sure about what was to follow.

I decided to assist him.

“The only thing I can think of that might help,” I began, “is if my little boy told me it was alright for me to see other men away from our home and gave

me his permission for them to please me in ways he no longer can."

He was up to speed with where I was going now and, understandably, none too thrilled with my sense of direction.

"I'd never taint our marriage by bringing them back here and letting them… You know? And it wouldn't affect my feelings for you, sweetie. But this is something your mummy needs really badly and thinks will make us both happier and better in the long run."

His thought processes may as well have been written above his head in neon, so glaring were they.

"Better in the long run for who?" I could hear him think as if he had been fitted with the ultimate in audio devices to go with his state-of-the and Swedish engineered cock-cage.

"I don't expect you to answer now," I told him, winning a tiny look of relief for a reprieve that was no reprieve at all really, "but I do want you to have a good long think about what I've said because this really is something mummy needs if she is to be totally happy with her little boy and stay married to him."

The face that had been *“none too thrilled”* was now a picture of pure horror, that *“tiny”* relief already consigned to a distant past as he realised I was, in effect, telling him that he either gave me the support I required – *demanded* – from him or he would not remain at in my life for much longer.

And something else was present in that still handsome face other than pure horror.

Though it would not be until a few days later that I discovered what I’d seen had been nothing more sinister than resigned acceptance.

And you can be assured that, when I finally found out, my *“little boy”* got the handjob of his chastised life up to that point.

Afterword

And so we return.

Full circle from our starting point and back to where it began.

The handsome husband I truly do adore is still in his corner, nose pressed firmly to the wall until given permission to remove it, and your writer is preparing to put the finishing touches to this part-real, part fictional tale that, you will be either surprised or pleased to know – and my hope is both – is certainly more real than invented.

At the head of this… describe it any way you please… *piece*, I told you I had always wanted it all and, though the constituents making up this personal fulfilment vary in virtually every individual case, I can truly say that in mine at least this is pretty much what I have.

Etsatz and unearned celebrity, and the stifling intrusion that goes with it?

Forget it!

Immense wealth would be nice, but that too comes with media intrusion and insecurities at personal levels not of any interest to me.

And, besides, my business proved recession proof and continues to thrive as the confident and take charge woman I am at home tranlates itself in a less sexual way that is no less potent in terms of the drive and efficiency I display that empyees and clients alike resond to so positively.

We're financially comfortable.

And comfortable with none of the worries we see putting a strain on certain relationships of both friends and family.

So yes, I truly am living the dream and, just because it might not dovetail with the dreams of the more straightforward and, admittedly, less perverse, my delight and pleasure is in no way diluted for having placed myself and Hugh outside of the mainstream.

Quite the opposite, actually.

The fact we are still a part of the *"norm"* and remain accepted by those who *think* they know us, is another source of delight and makes what we share behind closed doors all the more delightful for me.

By increments I have fashioned my husband into the very antithesis of what his roots conditioned him to believe a man should be and, for sure, I've

been helped in this by living at a time when women are beginning to come into their own and compete with the opposite gender on at least a semi-level playing field.

This I acknowledge.

But what I have achieved with Hugh, despite knowing the massive majority out there will describe it in far less glowing terms, goes far beyond simple equality at the home or in the workplace.

If there can be such a thing in these so-called enlightened times as an indentured slave, then my husband, by dint of my careful cultivation of his male weaknesses and insecurities and how I've used them to instill in him a reservoir of sexual dependency and obsession while diminishing his sense of self and the manly confidence that once went with it, is surely that.

He looks to me for everything now and even his self-image is no more than the one I choose to reflect back at him via my pleasure with him or its opposite.

True human-bondage the surface of which the late Somerset Maugham applied only the faintest of scratches when describing the infatuation of a man

of means for the lowly waitress who had captured both his heart and his cock.

I speak no more than the truth when I tell you that my Hugh is more my property than those poor ill-treated souls torn from their homeland and chained in the hold of a ship before being forced to pick cotton – amongst other, and far worse, indignities – in a land not of their choosing.

My husband, you see, is exactly where he needs to be – even if he necessarily hates certain aspects of his domicile.

What's more, and aside from mini-rebellions and acts of disobedience that become more and more infrequent - the latest of them explaining his position in the corner – I get the impression he knows he is where he belongs and accepts he is in his natural position in relation to his loving and authoritative wife and *"mummy"*.

I address the following question only to those likeminded women out there who have either taken my route or are tempted by what they have read above to take that first tentative step on the long and winding road that leads to the fulfilment of one's desire for control.

"How can I be anything other than one of the most fulfilled women on earth?"

And now, as you either agree or take the opposite conclusion, all that remains before I close is to call my husband from his corner that he may apologise to me before I leave him to his chores and get ready to meet my latest lover.

"And his crime?" I hear you ask.

That's right, I haven't touched on that, have I?

Allow me to rectify the omission.

When I told him that the man who would be pleasing his wife tonight was black and about as far as he could be from white, Hugh became – for him these days, anyway – rater combative.

And no.

My husband is not a racist by any definition of the word.

It was what I told him after filling him in on my latest lover's ethnicity that led to him being disrespectful to his *"mummy"* and led to the corner-time from which I will shortly summon him.

You see, I'd spoken to Jan over a few drinks a couple of nights before and…

You remember Jan, don't you?

The old friend – my oldest, in fact – who found Hugh so attractive she let a few drinks go to her head and allowed herself to kiss him?

Yes, of course you do.

The friend who placed her lips on those of my own husband.

And he let her!

Remember?

Yes, well, it turns out that she had overheard a private conversation I'd had with Hugh in our kitchen during a barbecue for friends. Seems she had come in from outside to get more ice when she heard me telling him what a good boy he was for his mummy.

My fault and not Hugh's.

Though he would be the one to bear the brunt of the fallout.

She had, you see, also heard me tell him that his mummy was going to let his little cock out of its cage that night if he kept it up.

The *good behaviour*, that is.

Being the discreet and loyal friend she is, Jan had rejoined our friends before we realised she had overheard us and said nothing to anyone of what I'd promised my husband.

But she did bring it up three Mojitos into our evening out.

Yes. I know. I'd faithfully promised Hugh that the nature of our relationship would remain between the two of us.

Forever!

But that had not included being caught bang to rights by a guest to our home who also happened to be one of the people in my life I would trust with that self-same life.

A buxom and attractive single woman of my own age I could have sworn orgasmed in the middle of the Covent Garden happy-hour as I fessed up to the life I now had and my husband, quite simply…

…*Didn't*.

That lack of a *manly* life one that did not stop him exploding when I told him his former kissing partner knew of his marital and domestic… *demotion*.
And became worse when I told him of the arrangement I'd reached with her.

Namely?

That from now on, and whenever I was seeing another man for a fucking, he would have company and be supervised as he went about his chores.

And his former kissing-partner supervising him would not only have a duplicate key to his cage, as well as the combination, but his wife's permission to… *reward him*… if she was pleased with his behaviour.

I'm not sure if it was the look of consolation this latter development drew from him or my annoyance for his initial outburst, but it was at that point I ordered him to the corner until I was finished with the lap-top.

Am I still angry?

A little perhaps.

But then, it's hard to stay angry with a husband one loves still and who just happens to be… *powerless*.

Just the same, I have decided he needs to be reminded of his place and that's why, when I return tomorrow morning from my first overnight stay with a lover, I shall insist he experiences a first also.

I have decided that the semen of my first black lover will remain in my pussy until I return.

I'm sure there will be many of you reading who know exactly why I would do such a thing, but for those new to all this and feeling a little left out allow me to put you in the picture.

The semen of my first black lover will be my little boy's very first cream-pie.

Whether he likes it or not.

And I'm betting – nay: praying – that it's the latter.

It will also be the first of many, I'm sure, but for now my recalling of the recent past has made me… *horny*.

Luckily, though, I have a little time before I need to get ready and what better way to get in the right mood for the evening's main event is there than allowing my chastised husband sniff the sodden gusset of my panties before licking them by way of a sexual hors d'oeuvre.

What better way indeed.

I know it will take but one word to have him crawling to me on hands and knees in supplication and penitence.

And I know exactly what that word should be.

Indeed, it's exiting my lips now:

"HEEL!"

THE END