A Husband Shamed

The Complete Three Parts

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Part One

One

Now

"Spencer, you have no need to be nervous", I told the charming young man. "You have a beautiful body and should be proud of the effect you can have on an older woman."

At nineteen, and not being the best looking facial specimen, it was hardly surprising he would find my words pleasing and, though he was only just over eleven years younger than me, I was enjoying playing the *"Mrs Robinson"* role with him.

Hell, I was enjoying just about everything these days.

"Now take your hands away from yourself and let me see the beautiful black cock that's going to give me such pleasure."

I allowed a warm and reassuring smile to cross my somewhat flushed face and was rewarded when it appeared to ease Spencer's understandable nervousness as he slowly moved his hands away from the equipment I fully intended to make much use of before he left my house.

The reveal of his wonderfully erect cock, veins pulsing as they snaked its considerable length, caused my smile to grow even wider and I felt the telltale signs of wetness between my own legs – or perhaps I should say, *more* wetness.

As he saw the effect his beautiful black cock had on the married woman who had been seducing him almost from the moment her law firm had taken him on as an office junior and she took note of the fabulous body his sober office clothing couldn't quite hide and was a direct contradiction to the face above it there was no disguising and remained in view for all to see, I noticed he began to look more confident and watched his shoulders grow a little less tense as he became more attuned to what were, after all, the *unusual* circumstances of his presence in the bedroom of one of his two female bosses.

"It seems only fair," I said, still standing fully-clothed in the master-bedroom that should, by rights, have been sacrosanct to me and my husband, "that as you've shown me what I will soon be receiving, I should reciprocate."

I beckoned with a finger:

"Come over here, Spencer, and undress me."

The burgeoning confidence receded almost instantly and I immediately knew its cause.

Not to know it, in fact, would have been pretty near impossible under the circumstances.

"Don't worry about him," I said referring to the likewise fully clothed figure kneeling with his nose in the corner and afraid to move. "I've told you, he is absolutely tame. My husband does everything I tell him and won't bother you."

"But…?" Spencer's voice was almost a whisper as he betrayed his incomprehension at the situation and I knew that what he was about to experience would have a defining effect upon the rest of his sexual life. That experience being a boat that had already sailed in respect of the young married woman he was about to fuck. And how grateful was I for that!

"But…" he persisted. "He… He's your husband. Why would…?"

He got no further as I closed the gap between us and reached a hand down between his legs to cup my hand around the magnificent balls that dangled beneath an equally breathtaking erection. Or, to be more precise, balls that *sagged* beneath his cock. So full were they of the youthful cream that defined his virility as well as his age.

"That's none of your business, young man," I told him in an authoritative voice that reflected my position as the rising young star of my legal chambers and, in effect, his boss. Or at least one of them. "I didn't invite you to my home to ask questions but simply to fuck." I slid my hand the length of the solid bar that was his pole and was encouraged to find it was losing none of its urgency despite his apparent misgivings. "Or do you have a problem with putting your cock at the disposal of the boss who can either make your working life *very* pleasant or ensure you don't work for our chambers at all?"

"No, hmm, Ms Kenton," he said in the respectful way in which he addressed me at the office and I insisted he maintain now we were outside, lest he somehow get the impression that fucking me made him my equal. "I think you're just great and… and I don't have a problem with, you know, doing that. But… well…"

"Go on, say what you want to say," I urged in a voice intended to assure him he could speak freely and there would be no repercussions.

"Well… It's just that… I mean, he's your husband. He's so much older than you and… I mean, what is he? Forty? Fifty?"

"Forty-four," I told him, expression letting him know, along with the tightening of my grip about his shaft, that I was getting a tad fed-up with his questions.

"Yeah, well, I just don't understand how he can, you know, kneel in the corner while his wife… while his wife…"

"While his wife fucks someone else?" I suggested with a helpful if slightly impatient smile, though I had to admit to myself the fact we were having this discussion in the full hearing of my husband as he knelt in his corner, feeling unable to move, let alone interrupt, did add a certain… *frisson*… to the proceedings.

"Well, yeah. I mean. Come, Ms Kenton, it's not what you'd call normal exactly, is it?"

Young Spencer, it seemed, had a talent for understatement and it brought a smile of amusement to my pert features as I swept a hand through the short and page-boy cut black hair that would have given me a Mediterranean look had it not been for the pale complexion beneath it.

That complexion being English Rose with thorns.

"No. It's not, Spencer," I agreed. "And guess what? I'm glad it's not."

For a moment he looked worried, as if he'd upset me.

"Normal – and it is my guess you will learn this sooner rather than later," I told him, "is boring. It's what countless millions of unimaginative souls aspire to their whole lives, simply because they're too unintelligent, too unimaginative or simply too scared to step out of the comfort zone being a part of a herd supplies them."

I wasn't at all sure he understood what I was saying – our company had only taken him on because we pride ourselves on our liberal credentials and a none too well-educated black boy from a council estate fitted with our *"Mission Statement"* – but whether he did or not he seemed reassured and there was no appreciable lessening of his excitement at its length literally pulsed and jumped against the hand I was using to keep it imprisoned in a delightful confinement.

I do so love young men!

"Now, forget my husband and undress me," I ordered. "Slowly and with respect. I'm still your boss and I expect you to show me all courtesies."

His eyes regarded me as if I were the most exotic and powerful of earthly beings and I loved the feeling of being looked upon in such a way as I added, in a voice worthy of such a commanding goddess:

"Understand?"

My subject nodded, not so ill-educated he couldn't understand his place in the general scheme of things and, having already received a warning from me of what would happen to him if I heard so much of a whiff of this evening's events and the situation with my husband in chambers or anywhere else, looking more and more eager to serve.

That *"warning"*, by the way, being one we both knew he would do well to heed if he wanted the status quo to remain in place.

Despite my relative youth I was rising fast and even being headhunted by other Chambers now that the change in my marriage and the fact I had taken the reins had led to a new and more assertive Rhonda Kenton. I was also gaining something of a reputation in chambers as an ice-cold negotiator and a ball-breaking bitch into the bargain. So I knew a lowly office junior he would not be about to take my threats lightly.

Power, I had realised when first starting my husband on the road to his present, and most abject, position in life, was every bit the drug I had heard it described to be and added another dimension to the sexual act.

Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say: *"acts"*.

When he had, with surprising deference and gentleness to go with the respect I'd demanded, unzipped my skirt and unbuttoned my blouse before sliding down the pantyhose I'd worn all day at the office down my legs, I backed up a few steps to sit upon the edge of the bed and stared up at him expectantly.

"So Spencer, why don't you come and kneel before me. I'd ask my husband to warm my pussy up for you with his tongue but right now I would much prefer to see him with his nose in the corner as you perform the honours for me."

I saw my husband flinch at my words and, as Spencer placed himself between my legs and thrust an ingénue tongue that was other than Timothy's into my flooded gash, I marvelled at just how submissive to me the older and assured man I had married barely five years before had become in such a short space of time.

Something, it could be said with certainty, that had not always been the case…

Two

Then

"This is disappointing."

My husband looked down at me as if I'd given him a physical slap rather than one of the metaphorical variety.

I could see he felt embarrassed and, strangely, rather than inspire me to the usual: *"It happens to all men at some time or another"*; followed by the usual rebuilding of the male ego; his sense of shame for not being up to the challenge empowered me. We had been about to indulge in some lovemaking after a Saturday night on the town and, after what passed for foreplay with my normally wham, bang and thank you ma'am husband, I was looking forward to something that at least approximated sex when my husband could put it off no longer and fessed up.

"It's not happening, Rhon," he had told me as I waited for the usual penetration and the predictable soundtrack of grunts and sighs accompanying his progress. "Must have had too much wine."

Having voiced my disappointment some perverse and unexpected imp who, it seemed, had bided his time until now, compelled me to rub my husband's nose in his failure a little, wondering if the recent loss of his Civil Service position, together with the fact he was unable to get a sniff of anything else in the career arena at the advanced age of forty-three, was diminishing him as a man now I was the main – the *only* – breadwinner in the house.

"Is that your excuse for last Saturday?" I asked. "Not to mention the Saturday before that."

At the mention of what had become a depressingly regular lovemaking routine and, now, an even more mortifying and regular failure to perform on his part – mortifying to him, at least - Timothy looked down at me as if I'd physically struck him and looked about the room nervously, worried my jibe, albeit a gentle one at this point, had been overheard.

"It's Saturday," I both reminded and reassured him. "Katya and Ilse are staying with my parents."

This was a reference to my late sister's two daughters, thirteen and eleven respectively; the nieces I had insisted we adopt after their mother and Lithuanian father had been the victims of an unfortunate motorway pile-up not weeks before my marriage to Timothy.

The above being something he had been none too happy about until I insisted that my mother had enough to do looking after my invalid father to adopt them and made our upcoming nuptials dependent upon us taking on the responsibility ourselves.

This reticence on his part being something the girls, despite their young age, seemed to sense and ensured they were cool, if polite, towards him.

It was his second marriage and my opening, and hopefully last, salvo with the condition, his first having been a highly troubled affair. Though he had not seen fit to confide all the details to me. There had, however, been no offspring from his union with Veronica, so my new and older husband was not exactly used to having children around the house.

And especially young girls.

His partnership with Veronica had ended with much acrimony and her bitterness towards him – I had my own ideas regarding what that bitterness towards my handsome and *much* admired husband might be - lingered. Hence his reasoning for placing the home we bought together – the same house in which we live now and purchased before his divorce was final - in my name. A lovely house on the borders of Blackheath and Greenwich, close to the beautiful park and observatory overlooking the Thames, we had bought outright off the back of money from my parents and a doting aunt and a bequest to him from a relative he had managed to squirrel away and out from under the vengeful Veronica's nose.

A task which, he had informed me, had been worthy of *all* the Argonauts themselves.

His reasoning had made good sense to me as well.

Even if I had no idea at the time just *how* good it prove to be.

For me, anyway.

"Or perhaps," I went on, still flat on my back upon the mattress as we – I - engaged in a post-failure analysis of his inability to get it up, "you don't find your wife does it for you anymore?"

I was certain this wasn't the case and, like the diligent lawyer I am, was not about to ask a question to which I didn't already know the answer.

The accusation, just the same, served to place him even further on the backfoot and I could also see he was getting annoyed, if the colour at his temples spoke truly.

He was also biting back an urge to castigate me in some way for daring to comment on his… *failure*… and I instinctively knew now, rather than suspected, that this was twinned with the loss of his Civil Service position and my de facto elevation to head-of-household – albeit only financially.

Previously, he had always had the last word – mostly due to the fact that he was, as well as being a very handsome man still, an accomplished sophist who would, had he been in possession of other forensic skills quite lacking in him, made a passable Queen's Counsel.

Now it seemed the loss of a position he had held since leaving school and, no doubt, had expected to hold until the appearance of the gold-watch or silver-cigarette-case, or whatever gift for long-service occurred to the fertile imaginations of people spending their days counting paper-clips and fussing over secure-waste, had not only dented his confidence but taken a little of the fight from him.

His discomfort, I could do no more than be honest with myself, was not exactly displeasing to me.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Rhon. That will never happen.”

“No?”

“No.”

“Then you still find me as sexy as ever?”

“I’m surprised you have to ask.”

“What? I’m lying here with my legs open and your cock is as limp as an over-boiled noodle? And you’re surprised?”

His lips opened but no sound accompanied their goldfish-like movements in response to my rat-a-tat-tat of high-rise-terminals.

A lack that was not troubling me in any way.

Quite the opposite, in fact.

“It’s really not good enough, Timothy,” I told him, surprised, despite the fact I was hardly regarded as a pushover myself, to be taking such a censorious tone with him – and for a failing he might have expected to fetch him some commiseration and reassurance. “You act as if I’m responsible for your redundancy and I’m getting pretty fed-up with your spinelessness.”

“Sp-Spinelessness?” he repeated, not taking well to being accused of non-vertebrate status for what was probably the first time.

I, on the other hand, was enjoying talking down to him in such a way for pretty much the first time and the unexpected rush of arousal accompanying this heretofore unheard of activity was simply too delightful for me to want to stop:

“That’s what I said,” I told him with a face of granite. “You mope about the house feeling sorry for yourself because the job-market is depressed and your somewhat *narrow* CV doesn’t have employers queuing up for you. And that’s *all* you do.”

He remained silent at this, even his advanced sophistry unable to mount a defence, no matter how spurious, in the face of what we both knew was no more than a simple and damning truth.

“If it wasn’t for the fact you take the girls to school and pick them up, you wouldn’t leave the house at all.”

He had scrambled off me by now and was seated on the edge of the bed with his back turned as I began my first – certainly not my last – castigation of him as a man and a husband; head shaking from side-to-side as if he couldn’t believe I would ever have the nerve to speak to him in such a way.

If the wetness I could feel leaking from my aroused cunt onto the mattress was a guide, I knew he had better get used to the phenomenon.

“And what do I find when I come home?” I accused, on a roll and enjoying myself at his expense immensely – even if I was a tad startled to take such pleasure from belittling a husband whose looks still made me melt and with whom, up to now and plasticine cock apart, I’d been relatively happy and fulfilled. “You sitting in front of the flat-screen watching whatever brain-numbing sport happens to be available at the time.”

Bending up from the waist to face his back, my arms went wide with genuine contempt and condescension:

“Yesterday, you were actually watching *darts* when I got back from chambers.”

My head shook from side-to-side though I knew he couldn’t see this evidence of my bafflement.

“I mean… *darts!*”

A put-upon sigh escaped him at this and served only to fuel my growing exasperation and a strange need to… *punish*… him in some way.

“Am I to take it you’ve suddenly developed a sexual fixation on the type of obese, pint-guzzling, council-estate tarts that go to watch this rubbish? Does that explain your sudden passion for *“arrers”*?”

“Rhonda,” he began, twisting his head around to stare at me and using the full version of my name he adopted whenever he wanted me to know he was serious, “you’re being exceptionally silly. Just because…”

“…Just because,” I came in, “you’d prefer to pull yourself off to some low-grade porkers rather than fuck your young wife, there’s no need for me to be upset? Is that what you’re saying?”

“Don’t be pathetic!” he snapped, finding some animation at last and springing to his feet, sudden assertion made less than impressive by the fact the cock that was at least serviceable erect had shrivelled to dimensions not far short of a Cadbury’s Walnut-Whip - though in his defence there aren’t many men who can be naked and offer an argument likely to be taken seriously without at least having an erection to go with their nudity.

“I’m just going through a bad patch,” he protested, somewhat pathetically I though. “That’s all. If you were any kind of supportive wife you’d be trying to help me work my way through it rather than undermining me at every turn simply because I’ve too much on my mind to fuck you properly.”

Now I was the one who could feel colour at her temple.

“Undermine you?”

Now I was on my feet also, incensed that he could have said such a thing.

“Leaving aside the fact,” I began, “that I’m not sure if you’ve *ever* fucked me properly…”

The barb hit home instantly and it struck me, even as I prepared to deliver more, that his days of winning arguments with me were now a thing of antiquity – whether he were to employ sophistry, straight fact, or even brute force.

The last, despite the contempt I could feel growing alongside the pleasure I knew I would always take from having and keeping this handsome man at my side, in no way a concern.

Whatever he was – or I was to make him – Timothy Kenton was no abuser of women, children, or small animals.

“…I fail to see how being the one who makes the living that keeps this family solvent and happy – especially since you decided to use the best part of your redundancy payout to buy yourself the *de rigeur* middle-aged-man’s two-door soft-top – leads you to accuse me of *‘undermining’* you.”

The new – and admittedly stylish – Alfa Sports he had purchased had been a real bone of contention between us when I returned home from work - this in my basic model Mercedes - and spotted it in our drive; now, however, I was delighted he had gone ahead and bought it without telling me as it gave me yet another weapon to crash down upon his beleaguered skull.

“I suppose that’s why you bought it? Yes, it’s all becoming depressingly clear. You needed it to woo the pint-in-a-jar goddesses of the darts world?”

Not bothering, or unable, to reply he rose from the bed and took his robe from the back of the bedroom door.

“Yes. Good idea. Hide that little cock away. No use it promising what it’s incapable of delivering.”

“Fuck you, Rhonda,” he said, turning to face me, robe forgotten in his anger at my temerity in describing his pride and joy as… *‘little’*.”

For a moment I was too stunned to respond.

Had he really just said that?

I confess I was shocked. This was literally the first time he had sworn in my presence and he had always professed a contempt for people who used such language. His descent to the gutter, however, also managed to convince me that I had him on the run and, truth be told, I was a little ashamed at the pleasure my causing him anguish provided.

Something, though I was not to know it at the time, I would soon get over with a vengeance.

"You really are taking your darts seriously, aren't you?" I smirked, aware the nipples of my still firm and self-supporting breasts were like bullets and wondering if he had noticed and was asking himself what was causing my arousal. "You? Not just swearing in front of your wife? But *at* her?"

My words achieved their end and he looked a little shamefaced as I used his inability to respond to press home my advantage:

"Is that how far you've let yourself go? Cursing in front of a woman? Me? Where's your pride?"

An image from the restaurant with dance-floor we had visited that night flashed into my head and, with what would be a defining turn in our marriage, though I had no idea from where or for why it occurred to me at this point, I sensed there might be some mileage in it for me:

"When that nice man came to our table tonight and asked me to dance you barely batted an eyelid."

He averted his eyes and I could see the memory embarrassed him.

"I was preoccupied, that's all," he said, putting forward one of his weaker defences. "Besides, it's not as if you were about to accept."

"No, I suppose not," I conceded before going on to give it some thought.

Then:

"Just for arguments sake though," I began, "what exactly would you have done if I had allowed him a dance?"

Again, goldfish lips moved but no sound managed to force a way past them.

An inability that empowered me further and drove me to further explore the new and quite delightful power-rush I was experiencing from leading and manipulating my handsome older husband in such a way.

"And, don't forget," I added, "the song playing at the time was a slow and smoochy number."

We've all heard of those earth-turning moments; moments when hitherto unsuspected avenues and possibilities open up to us and, though we don't fully realise the irrevocable nature of the changes they are going to make to our lives, we allow ourselves to be moved by their flow and find ourselves occupying territory we had previously known only vaguely or not at all.

This was one such moment.

Whether it was something deep-seated and unsuspected in my husband's psyche that transferred itself to the body-language I was not slow to pick up on, or something equally as unsuspected in mine; perhaps both; I'm not sure.

What I do know is that my subconscious was leading a very interested – not to mention *aroused* – consciousness and the words with which I quizzed him next seemed to issue unbidden from the recesses of a perverse soul I had not suspected to exist until then:

"Picture it, Timothy. Your young wife in the arms of a stranger. He might not have been as handsome as you but he was younger. Fitter and… *stronger*. What could you have done if he hadn't taken no for an answer and swept me out onto the dance-floor? Would you have just sat and watched as he held me tight? Lips hovering close to mine and his chest against my hardening nipples as I swooned in his powerful embrace and felt the contours of his long hard cock against my hosed thigh."

I was beyond myself now, the nipples I had just spoken of close to becoming missiles and leaving my body to pierce the body of my husband as he stood before me naked and listened to me describe a fictitious event that shamed him.

"And what if a simple dance had not been enough for him?" I raced on, powerless to fight the imagery fashioned by an interior dialogue I had not been aware of possessing until now.

"What if he had just led me from the floor and out of the restaurant to his car? Would you…? Could you, have stopped him before he drove me back to his home ripped off my clothes and…?"

As far gone as my own imagery had ensured I was, I was not so preoccupied I couldn't be stunned by the imagery before my eyes.

Between, would you believe, my husband's own legs!

Three

Then Again

"Darling, I asked," voice dripping with sarcasm and amusement, "is everything okay? You look embarrassed.

He looked away and turned to grab his dressing-gown, but I was having none of it and leapt from the bed to wrap my arms around his before sliding a hand down to the source of his embarrassment.

To my amazement it had become even harder in the second or so it had taken for him to turn and me to move to him.

Feeling a rush of power such as I'd not experienced to that point, I encircled his penis with the long and slender fingers of my right hand and felt my excitement rise further as he made no attempt to stop me but, instead, gave a sigh that to me sounded remarkably like surrender – even if I realise now that this was wishful thinking on my part at the time.

"Oh my, something must have really gotten you aroused of a sudden," I breathed up into his ear, voice little more than a sensuous whisper. "I don't think I've ever known you to be so… *hard*."

"Rh-Rhonda, I…" he half choked, half spluttered.

"It's alright, sweetheart," I told him in the same voice I had used to pacify and reassure the girls when they were younger and either hurt themselves or had bad dreams. "I understand. You've had a disappointment and sometimes, when we're under stress, our subconscious finds… *different*… ways of helping us through it."

My hand was gently feathering its fingers over his rock-hard shaft now and I felt rather than heard his intake of breath.

"Did picturing me being fucked by the big strong stranger from the restaurant and you being powerless to stop it excite you?"

"Rh-Rhonda," he began in a weak and ineffectual voice, "I want you to stop this."

"Really?" I asked, the fingers feathering the length of his taut foreskin wrapping themselves around him to apply a powerful squeeze. "Only your cock seems to be singing from a different hymn-sheet."

His only response was a groan and he actually leant back into me as if he were the woman and I the powerful lover in the act of tearing away the last barriers standing between him and the object of his desire's surrender.

At least that was how I chose to see it at the time.

“Is that what you were thinking about, my handsome husband?” I asked, boosting his ego that he might overlook the consequences to his manhood his allowing me to treat him in such a way could have for him. “The sight of me on a real man’s bed as he uses his huge cock to take my cunt to places you never have?”

Again, I felt him suck in his breath as language previously unthinkable upon my lips scalded his ears and, again, I felt the most incredible power-rush for having inferred he was not a *“real”* man and not have him call me for having done so..

Continuing to squeeze and stroke a cock that, in contrast with my recent experiences with it, showed absolutely no sign of softening, I went on:

“Is that what you’re thinking about, darling? Do you have a mental picture of my lover as he pounds me to submission beneath him in a way you never have and never could? Are the screams of pure ecstasy his cock is fetching from my very bowels driving you mad with jealousy even as you picture yourself in his place with your… *smaller*… dick?”

The knowledge I was overmastering my handsome and older husband – even if it did prove to be only temporary – was quite exquisite and this time I was the one who needed to take a deep breath.

“I can’t believe it,” said with a tone of forced wonderment from behind him. “My handsome and masterful husband can’t get it up unless he’s picturing his young wife with the larger cock of another man in her pussy.”

Again I felt him tense against me but there was no contradictory softening of his erection.

“I had no idea my husband was such a… such a… *pervert*. Look at this cock throbbing in my hot little hand. Only a few minutes ago there was more life in silly-putty. Now look at it! It must really does make you excited to think of me with a… *real*… man.”

“Rh-Rhonda,” he began in a weak voice I had no intention of allowing to finish.

“That’s what it is, isn’t it?” I pressed, suddenly determined to make him acknowledge the source of his erection that I might win even more ammunition to use against him.

Instead of a reply, all I heard from him was the ragged sound of his breathing as he leaned into me and savoured what had to be the most humiliating hand-job of his life.

To now.

At least until I stilled my hand and fetched from him a deep groan of frustration and need.

“If you don’t tell me, I’ll think you don’t want to play anymore and have to stop,” I informed him.

Nothing seemed forthcoming and, disappointed myself, but as stubborn and true to my word as ever – a family trait – I had removed my hand from his rigid cock and was about to move away when:

"No, Rhon!"

I froze in place, taken aback by the level of desperation in his tone.

"No, what?" I asked in an iron-hard voice I hadn't before used on him, but had a feeling I would from now on – and on a regular basis.

"I mean… I mean… Don't stop."

I waited, making no move, until:

"Please."

As the word left his lips in a way that, to me, sounded a lot like begging, I felt as if the doors to an unheard of wonderland had opened and, in the very same bedroom where I'd suffered his prosaic and by-the-numbers lovemaking for the past five years or so, I was being given a glimpse of the future and what it could mean for me. For *both* of us. If, that is, I only had the nerve to do what was necessary to make it happen and, in the process, change *both* of our lives.

Instinctively, and with pussy fair gushing at the prospect, I knew I did.

And in spades!

"So you want me to wank your little cockle as you picture my masterful lover fucking me to completion?" I teased, feeling him tense against me but make no move to escape the grip my returning hand had once again taken of his throbbing manhood as I squeezed to apply just a little pressure.

For a few seconds I thought he wasn't going to answer and I stilled my hand.

"Y-Yes," came the reply from a husband who was, I realised, just as lost to – if less in control of - these new and strange sensations and it suddenly struck me how easily men – or at least this one – were to manipulate.

"Now, now," I tutted. "Don't forget your manners. What do little boys have to say when they ask an adult for something?"

Kicking myself that I had gone too far and his silence meant he was coming to his senses, I was thrilled when entirely the opposite transpired.

And without him considering his response and what it might mean for him down the line for any length of time:

"P-Please," he breathed.

I all but orgasmed on the spot, but retained enough of my senses to keep control of myself, him, and the delightful new journey we had stumbled into and I had every intention of repeating on a regular basis – even if, understandably, my thoughts on the subject and how to take it further were not formed exactly.

"He's fucking me now, sweetheart. Can you see the rippling muscles of his back as the shapely legs of your wife wrap themselves around her masterful lover and beat out a tattoo of surrender against his smooth and tan skin?

Another groan escaped him as speeded the up-and-down motion of my hand to match the urgency of my words.

"I'm on the verge, sweetheart. This man is going to make me cum in a way totally beyond anything of which you are capable and I know I'm going to want him to do it for me again."

His breathing was becoming ragged and I knew from experience he was close – though *never* as a result of anything s downright… *perverse*.

"Almost there, sweetheart," I breathed into the ear his lowered head brought into range of my mouth. "We're going to come together. You with your wife's hand around your little dicky and me with my pussy full of my lover's long, thick cock."

Not three seconds later my mortified but highly aroused husband did just that…

Four

Now

He was on the floor at my feet when the sound of Spencer's battered old VW Beetle pulled onto the drive. It was to be our second date and – the first having turned convention on its head and started with a fuck from my new lover while my husband had knelt with his nose to a corner of our bedroom wall – I thought it would be nice if I treated my office junior and young black sex god to a film and a burger before repeating the events of the first.

I could tell Timmy was nervous as he kept fiddling with the sash of the pyjamas I'd forced him to wear despite the time being only six o'clock.

Just as I liked him, in fact.

The girls were with my mother and had made my father his favourite Manor House cake and were excited to see if he liked it. They wouldn't be back until Mother dropped them back home after taking them and then picking them up from school, so the whole weekend was free.

For me, anyway.

Nothing these days is free for poor Timmy and, as I look down at him as rests on the floor by my feet with his back against the sofa on which he is no longer allowed, I still find it hard to believe I have this once vibrant and still handsome forty-something man so dominated and in awe of me that I can treat him in such a way and he will simply accept it.

Well, perhaps *"simply"* is overstating it. There is, after all, nothing simple in the juxtaposition of desire and humiliation, need and revulsion, that has led him to this point and placed me in sole command of him. In fact, I'm pretty sure his sense of wonderment that he could allow himself to be treated in such a way is more than a match for my own.

But these are no more than the analytical thoughts supplied by the leisure allowing us time to think which, I promise you, *vanish* the moment desire finds itself sparked by what, I admit, is a highly unusual – some would say repellent – situation.

At this moment, however, and for very different reasons, both my husband and I are totally lost in our new life and relationship, and the judgemental views of Mr and Mrs Average were they to know of our… *arrangement*… are of no concern.

At least not to me.

Besides, I'm nothing if not discreet and nothing outside our home betrays to an outsider just how perverse is the situation existing inside of it.

Even if it's hard for anyone to miss how deferential the older and handsome man is to his young wife.

Anyhow, as he sat beneath me while I watched television, wishing, no doubt, that it was a sports programme and not Sky News I had chosen to view, I wondered again at the nature of the thoughts that ran through his head these days.

I wondered if he told himself, despite the unholy excitement he couldn't help but feel for my treatment of him, that if he were only to man-up and tell me there was no way I would ever treat him in such a way again, and to send young Spencer away before he did him some serious damage, that I would cave in to this re-assertion of his lost manhood and restore him to his rightful position as head of the household.

Perhaps, even, and against all the evidence, he thought I wanted this deep down and treating him in such a way was simply an attempt on my part to shock him from his lethargy and impotence after the loss of his job.

If what I wanted, I could almost hear him telling himself was a dominant man in bed – if not out of it – then surely he could be that man rather than a young office junior who, though barely nineteen, had pretty much reached his career threshold.

My husband, I knew without a shred of doubt, was certainly capable of deluding himself in such a way.

As I stared at the back of that handsome head and took in the loose beige pyjamas I had insisted he be wearing when Spencer arrived, I questioned if even his imagination was up to believing such a prospect.

The door of the Beetle slammed shut and I pressed the sole of my high-heeled courts against his face as a reminder.

Adding when he made no move:

"Don't just sit there. Go and answer the door. And remember to be very respectful to my guest."

He gave me a look so full of pleading my pussy flooded at the sight.

"Or do I have to tell you again?"

It was enough.

On seemingly arthritic limbs, he rose and made his way to the front door, expression almost dreamlike as he asked himself how his life could have degenerated to such a pass.

The look of shock on the face of my young lover as he waited to enter our open-plan front-room made me smile inwardly.

Then again, who wouldn't be shocked to find themselves greeted by a man who was not only the husband of the woman he had been summoned to fuck – albeit after a film and a burger – but a handsome and more intelligent white man who was light-years his superior in most areas that counted bar one.

And, if that wasn't enough, to, find that the husband opening the door to him was in his *pyjamas* at such an early hour.

Enough, I should have thought, to stun anyone, let alone a young man whose intelligence was in no way a match for his other, and more compensatory, physical attributes.

Despite having fucked me in Timmy's presence, amazement swept over a face that in no way made comparison with the marvelous young body I was anxious to experience again.

"Please," my husband offered, unable to meet the young black man's eye and rushing through what I expected of him, "come in, Mr Richards. Ms Rhonda is expecting you."

Just for a second, hearing the older man's deferential use of his surname and sensing it was all too good to be true and a boom was about to be lowered upon him, young Spencer hesitated.

"Don't be silly, Spencer," I called from the couch. "I've told you: Timmy is totally tame and wants only to be a good boy for us."

This seemed to break the ice with him and he sauntered past my abject husband as if he didn't exist and made his way to where I sat to receive a long and loving kiss full on the lips.

The above welcome made as my demoralised husband closed the front-door and stood facing us with impotent frustration.

Unwanted desire, you may take as read.

"I can't believe this is for real, Ms Kenton," Spencer said, young face underling his incredulity as he remembered to show me the respect I deserved as his superior.

"Trust me," I told him. "This is very much *'for real'*. And thank you for remembering to address me so courteously; though you can call me Rhonda when we're out of Chambers so long as you remember to be very respectful around me."

"Thank you, Ms…" He smiled nervously. "I mean: thank you, Rhonda."

I kissed him again.

"Why is he dressed in pyjamas?" he asked when I broke off – though not before having given his denim covered cock a proprietorial and anticipatory squeeze.

"That's simple, Spencer. It's because, though he is my husband and I love him after a fashion, he is not a real man. And not being a *'real man'* means his new bedtime is at nine o'clock."

"But…?"

My eyes questioned him.

“Isn’t that a little boy’s bedtime?”

“That’s exactly what it is, Spencer,” I assured him, rubbing yet more salt into my husband’s wounds as he stood before us, all but hopping from foot to foot in what was acute mental discomfort and excruciating embarrassment.

To my own amazement, Spencer was shaking his head.

“What?” I asked in a slightly annoyed voice, thinking he was about to take up a defence of my husband who was, after all, a fellow man.

My fears were justified when he said:

“That doesn’t seem right to me, Ms… I mean, Rhonda.”

I was about to read him the riot act when:

“Surely that’s far too late for a little boy to go beddy-byes.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at this first sign my young black lover was growing into the role I intended for him and relished the thought that the husband I had subdued so effectively and with such surprising ease was powerless to stand up for himself in the face of the younger man’s assertion.

“What kind of time did you have in mind, Spencer?” I asked, giving him his head, so to speak – at least until such a time as I ordered him to give me mine.

He thought about it.

“I think half-past-seven’s about right.”

I was already shaking my head at the impracticality of such a time.

“No, Spencer, that’s far too early and won’t work. I like to leave him chores to do about the house and there is no way he can have them completed in so short a time-frame. Tell you what, what say we compromise and call it eight-thirty?”

The eyes Spencer ran over my handsome husband were both dismissive and contemptuous of a man who should have been – and was – his superior in all but his ability to deliver me sexual pleasure with his cock - even if his tongue and my simply having enough power to torment him trebled the sensations I took from having better endowed males such as young Spencer to look after me in bed.

“Yeah, that sounds about right for a sissy-boy like him.”

He was really getting into the swing of humiliating poor Timmy now and my near apoplectic with supressed rage husband looked to me as if expecting me to put a stop to such disrespect being aimed his way.

As you might have guessed:

Not a chance.

"Eight-thirty it is then," I agreed, sealing my husband's bedtime and giving Spencer the wherewithal to speak to him as he liked in the process. From now on that's his new *'beddy-byes'*."

Spencer and I laughed at my parroting of the term and I added:

"Whether the girls are here or not."

Out of the corner of my eye I noticed a shiver travel Timmy's spine as he took in this new humiliation and wondered how I would square such a thing with Katya and Ilse.

But then, he would also be telling himself, hadn't I already squared his not being able to sit on the furniture and other *odd* little rules he was expected to observe with them?

The answer being: yes, of course I had – and done so in a way that kept our true relationship from them and allowed him to keep at least a little of his step-fatherly authority over them.

Though this, despite the fact the girls would *never* be involved in *anything* of a sexual nature that took place between us, had not been destined to last.

More on that subject soon.

"Well," I began, directing my attention to Spencer. "I think we grown-ups need some quality time on our own now so I think we had better let the little boy here get on with his chores and get ourselves off to the cinema before we're too late for the movie."

Spencer escorted me to the door and Timmy's face paled further when I took the keys to what had been his Alfa from a table and pressed them into my lover's hand.

"You can drive," I told him as held the front-door wide for me to pass, but, before I did just that I had a few more words for my thoroughly cowed and shamed husband.

"I'll be up to the spare-room to check on when we get back."

Spencer's smile at my husband's reddened cheeks at being treated in such a way before a stranger was wide.

And about to get wider.

"And woe betide you if I come home and find you've been playing with yourself."

Part Two

Five

Then

"Last night was pretty interesting, don't you think?" I asked him.

It was the Sunday morning following what had been, in different ways for both of us, a night of revelations, the girls were still with my parents and he was seated at the breakfast-bar with his Daily Telegraph and a tea as I joined him with a cappuccino I'd made for myself and mail I'd just collected from the mat.

Those *"revelations"* I speak of not to his liking in the cold light of morning if the redness of his face spoke true.

The silence with which he greeted my question emphasised his discomfort and I knew that if I wanted to get this *particular* ball rolling I would need to *ease* him into it.

For a while, anyway.

"Strange how a little bit of fantasy play can make things… well… *hotter*," I began as he remained with head resolutely buried behind the sport pages, an Ostrich using paper and print rather than the soil of terra firma in an attempt to hide away from confrontation.

Much good it would do him.

I sipped my cappuccino and wiped away some froth from my upper lip before continuing, the pleasure I was again taking from seeing my husband squirm underlining for me the fact that – if the fevered thoughts that had interfered with my sleep had not been enough - last night had been anything but a *"bit of fantasy play"* as I'd described it.

"Felt to me," I said with what I hoped he would take as relief, "that we were connecting again on a sexual level," having already decided, given the levels of my own arousal that were a match for his own, that we had in fact *connected* for the very first time when it came to the bedroom.

"There was a real spark between us," I went on.

Then, when he still couldn't bring himself to respond:

"Don't try and deny it, Timothy," I said playfully, determined to keep things between us light - for the moment. "I know you felt it as well."

Still, he made no reply and I knew his embarrassment went deep.

"Didn't you?" I pressed, still playful; even if I could feel myself becoming annoyed at his determination to avoid the subject.

The paper lowered now and the reluctance in the eyes that met mine turned to surprise when he saw the warm smile waiting for him.

Taking that smile to mean I wasn't about to belittle him for the way he had responded to my leading – *dominating,* even – the events of the night before I felt sure shamed him, his own features relaxed. Then, wonder of wonders, morphed into a genuine smile. This for almost the first time since the Civil Service had ripped off his stripes and sent him out into the cruel world, naked save for a none-too-impressive redundancy package he had proceeded to waste on a soft top Alfa Romeo and an even less impressive piece of silverware intended to acknowledge his service to the cause of paper-clip counting along with stultifying and aged bureaucratic procedure.

I did not, knowing my intentions as I now did, expect that *"genuine"* smile to last.

"I suppose I did feel… *something*," he said, keeping his own tone playful to match mine and hoping, no doubt, that things between us on the subject would remain that way.

Again:

Some chance!

"To be honest," I began, still smiling as I started to raise the temperature – not to mention the pressure – on him, "I was reaching the point where I thought you would never surprise me again."

The merest flicker of unease and irritation crossed his features at an accusation I knew to be *totally* unjust.

If I had been of a mind to be honest I would have had to say that my handsome, older, and sexually unadventurous husband, had yet to surprise me from the first moments of our courtship to this point.

In or out of the bedroom.

"Last night might be just what we needed to kick-start us again after your… *disappointment*."

He shrugged, seeming to concede, at least, that *something* had been needed.

"I'm sure I'll feel more like myself again once I'm back in the saddle," he told me. "The interview with the travel-group went really well last week and I have a good feeling about it. Things will be back to normal once I'm part of the work-force again."

He was referring to an interview he'd had with an online travel-agency who were looking for someone with experience of handling executive travel arrangements; a task he had performed for various Whitehall mandarins throughout his Civil Service career. A position I also felt he had a highly realistic chance of landing. Even if the salary would be some way below that of the one paid him by the government through the Admiralty.

A long way below, actually, given the current economic climate and that companies, even the most successful of them, had no qualms in using conditions that did not affect them to lower or keep at a standstill their wage-bills.

That minor inconvenience aside, however, and given my salary more than covered our needs, I wasn't sure I wanted things back to normal.

Correction:

After last night, I was positive I didn't.

I flipped through the mail I'd dropped onto the breakfast-bar and, lo-and-behold, there was a letter to him from the very company in question, their business logo loud and proud on the envelope.

"Could be sooner rather than later if this is what I think it is," I told him with a sinking feeling, sure myself that he had been successful and feeling nothing like elation for a development most wives with a husband's best interests at heart would have welcomed warmly as a boost to that husband's lowered and growingly fragile self-esteem.

Not to mention the family finances.

Instantly, the events of the night before I had so enjoyed, events that had lowered that self-esteem further and I had just started to address, were eradicated from his thoughts as he all but snatched the envelope from my hand and ripped into it; about as animated as I'd ever seen him.

Apart, of course, from when watching his beloved and puerile sports:

"Dear Mr Kenton

Many thanks for your application and our very interesting interview with each other…"

I watched as his eyes fair danced from one printed word to another.

"…I thought I would just drop you a few lines to say that…"

My heart, I realised, was in my mouth as I realised that, for different reasons, I was as animated about the outcome of his application as my husband.

"… in this instance you have been…"

From the second clause of the sentence and the look on his face, I knew straight away what the outcome would be, even as I waited for him to deliver the news so important to both us in its different way.

"…unsuccessful with your application. We will of course keep your CV in our files and if another position becomes vacant…"

Blah-de-blah-de-*we-don't-want-you*-blah.

All the energy and animation of the last few seconds fell away from him as leaves from a stripling caught at the centre of a tornado, the letter itself falling from suddenly lifeless fingers to flutter to the tiles of the kitchen floor.

The news – no more than the latest in a long line of failed applications; even if he had held particularly high-hopes for this one – seemed to leave him devastated and he perched on his stool, all else forgotten and face crumpled.

So why was the reaction of his loving and supportive wife such a complete contradiction?

"Oh, what bad luck," I told him as he eyed the floor accusingly, as if the cool ceramic tiles were the ones responsible for this latest rejection, doing my best to keep the pleasure I took at his failure from sounding too triumphal. "Seems as if you were really close with this one as well."

The way he nodded without looking up told me I'd been successful and he was taking my less than sincere sympathy for the real thing.

I also congratulated myself for the clever way I had commiserated with him for being *"really close with this one"* while reminding him of all the other applications for which he had not been rewarded with even a sniff.

"Are you going to give them a call and ask for some feedback?" I asked, going through the motions before I started to manoeuvre him back to the subject of last night.

"What's the point?" he snorted, self-pity and lethargy back in full-force and restored in no more than a matter of seconds.

"It can't do any harm to find out what actually stopped them from giving you the position when you were so close, Timothy," I told him, as I'd done on quite a few occasions since his ousting from the Civil Service.

"I know what stopped them."

His head raised and reassuringly beaten looking eyes searched for my own as they waited for him to provide enlightenment as to the cause of his failure.

"It's my age," he told me. "Simple as that."

"That's nonsense," I laughed, sincere this time. "You haven't had your forty-fourth birthday yet. How can you possibly be considered too old?"

He shook his head at me as if pitying me my naiveté:

"Yes, it's easy to scoff when one's still in one's early-thirties. Trust me, it's an entirely different world for a man or woman over forty. We live in ageist times."

I didn't buy this for a second and knew it for the abject excuse for failure it really was, but if he was happy to console himself with such a reason for his lack of success in the work-market I was happy for the moment to cement him in his misplaced belief.

It was, after all, I had told myself as I my thoughts raced during a sleepless night, that very *failure* that would make what I was beginning to map out as our future possible.

"Hmm, I suppose you have a point, even if it does seem unfair on someone with all your experience."

Shrugging fatalistically, a martyr making light of the arrows piercing his flesh, he sipped despondently at his cooling tea.

"Tell you what," I began. "Let's drive into town and have a nice breakfast somewhere. It will do you good to get out of the house and we can have some quality time together before my mother fetches the girls back. What do you say?"

Fully expecting him to decline my offer and take himself off to the television in his study and the consolation it supplied of grown men either hitting a ball, kicking a ball, or hitting each other for no outcome I could make sense of, I was amazed when he took me up on the suggestion and made his way upstairs for a quick shower as I made myself ready.

As I sat in thoughtful contemplation and finished my cappuccino before going up to dress, it struck me that his acceptance had nothing to do with either shrugging off his lethargy or wanting *"quality"* time with his young wife.

All he wanted, I knew with certainty, was to be around other people in a public place that the same *"young wife"* might not be able to return to the events of the night before. A crowded café would, I knew, fit the bill for him. Not to mention the fact that when we returned home the girls would be there with my mother and would prevent me going over the events that had been, to say the least, less than complimentary to his manhood.

Even if those less than complimentary events had resulted in the return of an erection he had struggled to supply for himself since the loss of his job.

I knew that if I had a mirror with which to view the smile on my face the *diabolical* would be waiting to greet me.

You may take determined and aroused as givens.

Six

Now

My husband knelt naked save for his cock-cage at the side of the bed he had once shared with me, looking for all the world like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming juggernaut as I guided his head towards the recumbent, and the likewise naked body of Spencer.

"That's it, my lovely sweet Timmy," I cooed in his ear, placing a hand with no strength of its own to speak of on my lovers cock and urging my husband on. "Stroke the penis of a real man and show us you know your place in the scheme of things."

That the *"real man"* in question was less than half my husband's age and was of a background inferior in looks, education and intelligence could not have made the act I was forcing him to commit any easier – especially when that *man* was of a colour not likely to prove *acceptable* to Timothy's closet racism I spoke of earlier.

"As you do so," I told my husband, "I want you to appreciate its size and think how it must feel inside your wife's lovely young cunt as opposed to your own mini-version that will never be given permission to enter it again."

As I said this I heard my husband gave out with a little whimper and, for a moment, it looked as if Spencer was feeling a little sympathy for the man I'd persuaded him to let worship his black love-rod. Reaching out a youthful black hand, I realised all his earlier and understandable insecurity at making love to a woman in front of her partner had vanished and Spencer was as in to humiliating *"Timmy"* as his lover and boss. As that hand moved Timmy's greying but still thick locks from his cheek and smoothed them into place behind an ear I knew that, even more than the cock throbbing in his unwilling white hand, the excruciating humiliation of having this young black boy act with such familiarity was what caused my husband to tense and bring forth a chuckle of pure and malicious amusement from Spencer.

Egged on by my hand over his that, in turn, was wrapped around Spencer's engorged pole, Timmy began to slide my lover's foreskin up and down slowly until my urgings were no longer required and I removed my hand that he may be in no doubt he was serving my lover of his own accord.

"Ooooh, yeah, Timmy," Spencer breathed, sincerity not lost on me as he as well as my husband underwent their first man-to-man experience, "you're a natural at handling a cock; must be all that practice you've had with your own."

Spencer's chuckle was one I was almost tempted to replicate when my lover – and to my complete surprise after having had to overcome his initial resistance to having my husband *"handle him"* – told Timmy to… *kiss him!*

At first, I thought he had meant for my husband to kiss him on the mouth and was looking forward to seeing Timmy perform an act that would have been unthinkable to him not so long before.

It turned out, however, that Spencer had something far more involved in mind than a simple kiss on the mouth.

The penny dropped with me before Timmy as it became obvious that from the position he was in on his knees kissing Spencer on the mouth would be somewhat impractical.

I moved around to take a seat on the edge of the bed that I might better observe my husband's reactions and felt an already fevered pussy begin to overheat as realisation dawned and Timmy realised what was being asked of him.

"That's right, little Timmy," Spencer said, confirming what he had in mind. "I want you to wrap your sissy lips around my superior black cock and show your beautiful wife once and for all who the better man is."

My husband's eyes were inches from the rod of black steel I myself had enjoyed on so many occasions, transfixed in the way of a small rodent before a predatory python.

My husband's eyes flicked to mine and I knew he was begging me to step in and prevent what would surely be the last piece in the jigsaw of his shame – as if his handling of the cock in front of him were not enough.

"Your young black Master gave you an order, Timmy," I disappointed him, my use of the term *'Master'* for the first time sending a shiver of disgust and foreboding through his naked body

"That's right, Timmy. Your Master's told you to do for something and, if you don't want to find yourself over his knee taking his belt to your naughty white behind, you'd best be putting those dainty white lips round my big black cock,"

If I'd thought to that point that the arousal inspired in me by having reduced him to such an abject condition couldn't possible become any more intense, the imagery of my handsome husband draped across this growingly commanding – at least with Timmy – youngster's knees to receive correction for his disobedience compelled me to reassess such a belief.

Placing my hand on the back of Timmy's head as he stared with helpless revulsion at the monster intended for his mouth, I guided his unwilling but unresisting lips towards the latest downward spiral in his descent to the bottom of our home's food-chain.

"That's it, my lovely Timmy," I cooed as the mushroom head of Spencer's cock made a first contact with his lips and my husband closed tearful eyes to the sight. "Show my lover how much you appreciate what he does for your wife and the pleasure his cock provides my mind and body. Show your wife just how much you want her to be happy and how grateful you are to the young Master who has made you a cuckold."

A sob escaped him as the cock hovered at his closed lips and he screwed his eyes shut to the sight about to take from him the last pitiful vestiges of any manhood he might have had left to him.

Even at this stage, though, and after every capitulation I'd drawn from him, a part of me still could not quite believe that my handsome and commanding husband of the past five years could be brought to such a condition of surrender that he would actually suck the cock of another man.

A boy, really.

And a boy who was fucking his young wife on a regular basis in the home and bed he had once considered his on at least a shared basis.

Now, though, he shared nothing save that I wished him to share and, right now, I wanted him to share the cock of the young lover I had already promised myself had pretty much served his purpose and would soon be making an exit from our lives.

Both in my bedroom and the office.

That was for later, however, at that moment all I could think of was the sight of my husband's unwilling lips opening as Spencer eased his cock into his mouth and my former man's-man of a husband began to suck on a cock for the first time.

A cock that was bigger than his own.

Younger.

And black.

Aided by the slight pressure on his head from my hand, his face moved closer and closer to Spencer's pubes as the cock went further and further into his mouth, oblivious to the gagging noises brought forth by the invasion.

"Good boy, Timmy," I cooed in a voice that was deliberately patronising and demeaning. "Take as much of your Master's cock as you can. We know it's your first time but I want to see a real desire on your part to please your Master the way he pleases me."

His answer was to gag so violently that Spencer was compelled to remove his fully engorged prick to allow him time to recover.

But not for too long.

Gently slapping his cock against Timmy's reddened and utterly shamed cheeks a couple of times as his gag-reflex normalised, Spencer then presented the fat mushroom-head to my husband's lips once more.

This time, however, he did not attempt to place it inside his mouth.

"Kiss your Master's cock," my young, and soon-to-be former, lover ordered the man with whom I'd shared the past five years of my life as something less than his equal,

Spencer's delight in describing himself and hearing himself described as *'Master'* written in flashing great letters across his less than pleasing features.
As if he had drawn the conclusion that to hesitate was simply to prolong the inevitable – either that or he had simply given up - I watched the lips of my husband plant a soft kiss on the head of that shiny black cobra and noticed how the vein running its length seemed to throb with more power as the young black man's delight in his mastery over an older white man sent yet more blood pumping to his nether-regions.

"Lick it, white man," he ordered, eyes glittering with the joy of control and so far gone I think he had even forgotten my presence at my husband's side.

Then, as if in slow motion, a part of me still unable to quite believe my husband would do this, Timmy's tongue snaked slowly from his mouth and inserted itself into the eye-hole from which another man – a young black man – pissed.

My breath caught in my throat and I realised, and for a number of reasons, that I had not experienced a scene of such erotic power during my thirty odd years on the planet to now.

"Oooh, yes!" Spencer breathed, all his earlier objections to man-on-man sex overcome it appeared. "You a good white bitch-boy for your black Master. That's it. Lick under the rim of the head now… *Yeeeeeees!*"

Taking in Spencer's face, I could see that he was far gone to the sensations of power and pleasure and the fact pleased me. Knowing I would shortly be giving him his marching orders, I also wanted him to have some kind of… *empowerment*… to take away from his experience with us that might boost his personal confidence and allow him to make the most of his limited abilities and the equally limited opportunities likely to come his way when I ensured his services were no longer required at Chambers. Lest you consider me totally heartless though, I fully intended to make sure he had a glowing reference to present to any future employer – so long, that is, as he didn't try to cause me problems.

Right now, though, it was the sight of the husband I was enslaving, as he went about pleasing another man's cock, that preoccupied *all* of my thoughts.

In obedience to Spencer's instructions, Timmy's tongue was running itself around the underside of that large cock head.

And, unless I was mistaken, doing so with enthusiasm.

Was he actually getting in to this?

If he was, I told myself, it would be one more piece of heavy artillery with which to bombard him when he thought about his response in the cold light of day and the inevitable shame and self-disgust set in.

Leaning back for to look between his legs, my suspicions were confirmed when I saw his own cock trying to become erect in the cock-cage I had insisted he wear from now on, un-milked balls full and uncomfortable as they strained at the metal ring enclosed

about them. Reaching for my cell-phone I stepped back and managed to get some shots of my husband's thwarted erection as he sucked a black boy's cock.
Call it… *"insurance"*.

But enough of this and his cock-cage – the wearing of which, and how I performed the feat, I'll tell you of later.

Turning back to the man-on-man action, I heard Spencer's breathing become ragged and knew he was reaching crisis point.

Sure enough, and wanting to complete my husband's humiliation, no doubt, Spencer suddenly thrust his cock head past Timmy's lips and began to work himself in-and-out. Timmy's mouth was now about as wide as it could go as it gripped the thick shaft pounding at it as Spencer took a handful of his hair and yanked his head up that their eyes might be in contact at the point of the coming eruption.

And then, as the conquered gazed up into the eyes of the younger black man conquering him, I saw a look I had seen many times on Spencer's face and knew he was at the point of no return.

Staring up, my husband realised it too and, knowing what was happen, attempted to ease the black cock from his mouth.

"Don't you dare!" I hissed as my own hands joined spencer's at the back of Timmy's head to ensure he remained in place and took what was coming to him.

That something *coming* not a second afterwards.

When Spencer convulsed with a scream that was at least the equal of any his fucking of me had produced, my husband's eyes finally closed and I knew that the last, and most important, of our marital Rubicon's was about to be crossed.

As my soon-to-be former lover flooded my husband's mouth with spurt after spurt of his thick and youthfully virile young seed, I knew beyond doubt that, from now on, there was nothing I could not do with my handsome and older husband.

Absolutely nothing!

Seven

Then

"I can't believe you want to discuss this… *here*," Timothy berated me in hushed tones after a pleasant blonde girl in her teens had cleared away the plates containing the remnants of his Full-English-Breakfast and my scrambled eggs.

With a hand I indicated the empty tables around us. We were in the food-hall on the bottom level of the House of Fraser and it was surprisingly empty for a Saturday morning. The nearest diners to us were three tables away and I knew – as he *knew* – that we were unlikely to be overheard.

"We're going to have to discuss it sometime," I told him. "May as well do it here. Unless, that is, you want to take the chance of us being overheard by my mother and the girls at home."

"I don't see as we have to discuss it at all," he said with some asperity, looking around him as his voice rose before making sure to lower it. "What…" He appeared to gather himself up before continuing. "What happened last night was a one-off. I've no idea what made you act the way you did or why I responded in such a… way. What I do know is that it's *not* to happen again."

"And what about me?"

"What about you?"

"Do I get a say in the matter? Believe it or not, I quite enjoy sex and it's hardly been plentiful on the ground around here lately."

I pretended to think about it:

"Non-existent would be a more accurate description."

"Look, Rhonda…"

"Only the last time I looked I was the one whose money keeps our heads above water – and comfortably."

From the hurt look he threw my way one would have thought I'd physically struck him.

That, if I had my way, would come much later.

"I'd say that makes me the breadwinner, wouldn't you?"

He chewed his lip, bereft of a reply in the face of this simple truth he obviously found so demeaning and emasculating.

“It also make me the de facto head-of-the-household.”
“Head-of…?”

“Someone has to be now you’re too wrapped up in self-pity and sports programmes to make decisions. And if that’s the case, then I want to explore where last night started to take us further. A husband with a limp dick is no use to me and if a bit of kink is what’s needed to keep you up to scratch I’m more than willing to give it a try.”

The use of such language falling from my lips seemed as shocking to him in the cold light of day and the Food-Hall of an upmarket store as it had in the intimate, if necessarily more private, surroundings of our bedroom and he gazed about him as if I’d voiced the words through a megaphone.

“Call it an executive decision,” I finished, completely unfazed by the look of shock and distaste aimed my way from across the table.

Something in my expression must have given my real game away because, and as if a light had suddenly been switched inside his skull, he gave me a strange look for a few seconds.

Then:

“You… You’re actually enjoying this. Aren’t you?”

I still relish the look on his face at my answer and what had been my growing ability both to shock and to lead him.

An *ability*, by the way, that continues to grow to this day.

“Why wouldn’t I?” I asked, not bothering to deny his accusation.

“Why wouldn’t…?”

For a second I thought the Full-English he was still in the process of digesting was about to reappear on the table as his outrage at my honest answer robbed him of the ability to speak.

For a few moments anyway.

“Your husband loses his livelihood after over twenty years and struggles to find another and… and, when asked if you’re enjoying his anger and frustration, you say: *‘Why wouldn’t I?’*”

“Would you prefer me to lie?”

He looked at me as if a complete stranger had come downstairs to sip coffee and have a chat with him.

“And, by the way,” I added, “I don’t recall seeing too much discomfort on your part when you were calling the shots not so long ago.”

“What are you talking about: *‘calling the shots’*?” he accused with his usual lack of self-awareness and seeing nothing in his behaviour worthy of either criticism or self-reproach. “I’ve only ever done what’s best four future together. One of us had to.”

“Precisely,” I told him. “And now that someone’s going to be me. The change will do us both good… Especially as you’re in such a slump.”

“Are you losing your mind?”

“Far from it,” I assured him. “I’ve allowed my attraction to you to blind me to your faults for too long.”

“My…? Faults?”

“That’s what I said, Timothy,” I told him in my most authoritative Chambers voice, the one I used when getting it through to clients and associates alike that I really was best qualified to make a decision and was not about to be gainsaid. “We both know you are a weak man at heart and your reaction to the disappointment of losing your job has served only to underline the fact.”

“Me?... Weak?”

I spread my arms and looked about me:

“Who else? Do you see another couch-potato who lives of his young wife sitting opposite me?”

The shock of what had happened the night before and the fact I was taking a somewhat similar tone with him the next day, *and* in public, seemed to rob him of the ability to speak temporarily.

“Wouldn’t you prefer me to start making decisions for the family rather than to have our ship just drift along rudderless?”

His cheeks were suffused with rage now, voice suddenly restored:

“What I’d prefer is to have some support from a wife who actually supports her husband during a bad patch, rather than one who takes pleasure from his disappointment and uses it to make him feel even more miserable.”

“But I am supporting you,” I said, ignoring his anger to supply another timely reminder of who not only brought the bacon home these days but actually paid for it – including the two slices he had just devoured along with a similar number of sausages, a field mushroom and some tomatoes with toast.

The wind was already leaving his sails when I added:

"Or perhaps you thought that Alfa Romeo you squandered the lion's share of your redundancy settlement on was going to generate enough cash somehow to keep the family going on its own?"
Finding himself and his anger becalmed by superior reasoning on my part that for once trumped his greater facility with sophism, he left the attack to mount a defence and I had to confess to myself that, in this instance, the disciplines drilled into me by years of legal training were not likely to prove as wise and correct as was usually the result.

The professional advice of *"Mitigate but never litigate"* was not about to provide a defence for the client making use of it in this particular case.

Not if the prosecuting counsel had any say in the matter.

"I thought I'd find a position without too much of a problem," he told me and I acknowledged to myself that he was speaking no less than the truth and had actually believed this.

Having had no experience of the job-market, being as he had only ever held the one job since leaving Uni with a less than head-huntable 2-2 - as opposed to my First from Bristol - it was not too surprising.

"Would still have been nice to consult your wife before taking such a decision and committing such a large amount of our joint finances," I reminded him. "But then, as I just said, this has never been a partnership to you, has it?"

"That's not fair!" he bleated, seeming to me more and more like a schoolboy rather than the handsome and self-assured man I'd married. "We've always shared the cost of everything. But… But, well, this was money paid to me for… for…"

"And would it have been acceptable to you if I'd been the one made redundant and used the money paid to me for my own selfish enjoyment?" I answered the excuse I had not allowed him to finish.

The question completely flummoxed him and I used Timothy's inability to come back at me to place him further on the backfoot:

"You squandered over £25000 on a piece of vanity, simply to make your middle-age more tolerable. Did you expect me to be pleased?"

He was unable to meet my eyes and I pressed some more:

"Did you?"

He mumbled something I couldn't quite catch.

"What?" I demanded, sounding more and more to my ears like a strict and no-nonsense school-marm rather than the younger wife of a forty-something husband who had allowed him to call the shots throughout their marriage.

The image of myself wielding a whippy little cane over his arse as he touched his toes before me with trousers lowered to his ankles and me wearing the de rigeur disciplinarian garb of a fantasy teacher was as arousing to me as it was amusing. Amusement I managed to suppress.

The eyes that turned back to face mine were blazing, but his words were contrite – if grudging:

"I said: *I'll sell it*."

I simply shook my head at him as if he truly had become a simpleton.

"That's your answer is it? To throw good money after bad? The moment you bought it you lost this family money. Now you want to lose us even more by selling it and getting a fraction of what it cost back?"

"Well… I…"

Feeling the similar, if for obvious reasons not quite the same, rush of power I'd felt the previous evening in our bedroom when I'd taken control of our relationship for the very first time – and in a way neither of us would be able to forget in a hurry - I pressed on:

"As you hardly need a car to sit about the house all day lusting over the beauties of the darts fraternity," I informed him with the air of a General who had just made a strategic decision and would be mightily displeased to have it questioned, "it makes more sense if I use it from now on."

His jaw dropped to his chest at my new assertiveness – at least with him – and he was about to protest when I held up the palm of my hand to forestall him; though even I have to confess to being amazed when this simple gesture of authority suffice to render him silent.

"Since my Mercedes was left to me as part of aunt Jean's bequest," I went on, not giving him a chance find his sea-legs, so to speak, "it makes more sense to sell it. It's only a couple of years old and will fetch a decent price. We can use a part of it to get you a little runaround – a Fiat or a Ford Fiesta, perhaps; something economical on petrol, insurance and road-tax – and bank the rest."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" he protested, finally finding his voice. "Take my Alfa while I tool around in a heap of crap? Since when did you become a household Himmler?"
"Since," I told him, response instant and totally unfazed by the angry red cheeks blazing in my direction, "you became a couch-potato unable to find gainful employment."

The guilt I should have felt at his only part unreasonable: *"That's not only unjust, Rhonda, but cruel"* was absent in its entirety and all I felt at that moment was a desire to keep the heat on him that he may get even more used to having me in the literal and metaphorical driving-seat.

“Even the girls have been asking why uncle Timothy lazes around the house all day while their aunty has to go to work.”

His eyes flashed and I knew I’d touched upon the resentment he’d felt ever since I’d made our wedding contingent upon our adoption of my late-sister’s daughters. At best, he was *decent* to them, but certainly not warm and approachable in any way that was noticeably avuncular. A coolness my sister’s girls returned in equal measure.

“They keep asking me why they have to do their chores about the house after coming home from school and completing their house work and you contribute nothing.”

As ever when the girls were mentioned his attention strayed elsewhere – probably to thoughts of the Alfa soft-top I was in the process of commandeering - though his inattention would not be for long on this occasion:

“I told them they were completely right and that I would have a word with you.”

“You…? You did what?”

“And, while I’m at it, when we get home there are other, *more* important, words you need to hear…”

Eight

Then Again

"Why does uncle Timothy always sit on the carpet to watch television now?"

It was young Ilse who asked the question, my soon-to-be eleven-year-old niece watching me as I sat at the dressing-table in *my* bedroom and made up my face for a business dinner that evening. Katya, the thirteen-year-old, was in her room doing homework and, as usual, it was her younger sister who accompanied me as I went about the task of making the most of myself as she watched the various applications as if fascinated.

"Uncle Timothy hasn't been very well recently," I lied to cover my withdrawal of his *'furniture privileges'*. It was two months on from our trip to the House of Fraser and the discussion that followed on from our somewhat acrimonious breakfast and even more heated discussion after we had returned home. Two months in which many things had changed in our… *my*… household. Though, out of necessity – not to mention an adherence to correct and civilised behaviour, these new… *developments*… had been kept, and would be kept, from my nieces.

Even if they would be unlikely to miss certain of those developments.

Hence the need for my dishonesty.

"He has a painful back condition that makes sitting anywhere but on the floor very uncomfortable for him and makes the problem worse."

I could see instantly that young Ilse had bought this explanation and I was confident Katya would do likewise. Though my sister, in common with me, had been academically bright and intelligent into the bargain the girls seemed to have taken on the gender specific attributes of their late and very good-looking Lithuanian father who, to put it kindly, was more flat-surface than cutting-edge when it came to brains. Don't misunderstand me, though. The girls were *not* stupid. Just *not* bright.

"Is that why he sleeps in the spare-room too?" she asked, chubby features a little puzzled I thought as I nodded at he via the mirror. "We thought that you might have had an argument."

"No, Ilse. Your uncle and I haven't had an argument. He just isn't very well."

"Is that why he seems so unhappy?"

"Partly," I confirmed, not divulging that her uncle's unhappiness was not going to improve and, likewise, having no intention of ever telling either of the girls what was the true root cause of his misery. "You see, it's not just your uncle's back that's unwell."

Her clear brown eyes had left the progress of rouge to lips now and were fixed upon mine in the mirror.
"I'm afraid losing his job with the government has caused him some… *emotional*… problems."

"Is that why he never goes out anymore?" she asked.

"Now, don't exaggerate, Ilse. You know full well that your uncle still goes out. Didn't we all go out together yesterday?"

"But that was only to the shops, aunty Rhonda. And we came back as soon as the shopping was done."

"I just told you, Ilse. Do pay attention. Your uncle's back is really painful for him if he has to sit upright in a car for any length of time and we don't want to make it worse. The only reason he goes with us at all is because I need his help to load the car with the heavier shopping."

"But wouldn't that hurt his back too?" she asked, making me think she wasn't as *'none-too-bright'* as I believed.

"It's not lifting that causes his back pain, Ilse, but certain movements," I continued to lie, not an example I liked to provide for one who was so young and a relative into the bargain, but surely preferable to telling her the truth. If your uncle Timothy sits on a chair or a sofa for any length of time he could do even more damage to his spine that could lead to a more permanent injury that might not be able to be treated."

Ilse nodded to herself thoughtfully as I added:

"And we don't want that, do we?"

Her expression said: *"I suppose not."*

"In fact," I said, thinking of something that would please the girls and heighten my husband's humiliation further without involving them in the darker side of our lives together, "you could really help your uncle and put your aunty's mind at rest by telling me if you ever find him on the furniture when I'm not here. Do you think you can do that for your aunty?"

Her little face was puzzled by this.

"Sometimes your uncle forgets he is not meant to sit on a sofa or a chair and then, when he remembers, the damage to his back has already been done."

I could see the possibilities inherent in this task beginning to suggest themselves to her – children being nothing if not quick to pick up on a development that could prove to their advantage.

"You mean you want me and Katy to remind him he's not allowed if we ever see him doing it?"

Now I was the one nodding thoughtfully.
What I'd intended was simply for my husband to know that his movements were being watched when I wasn't at home, but Ilse had provided me with an opening that had not occurred to me when I first suggested their *keeping an eye* on their uncle.

An opening that was likely to prove even more delightfully humiliating.

Even if I was 100% convinced her uncle would have real problems with the delightful part of the above description.

It was, I knew also, a way of showing him that he came a poor third in our household pecking order now without putting the girls' moral well-being at risk by either letting them see or hear anything untoward between my husband and myself.

Win-Win, in fact.

"That's exactly what I want you and Katy to do, sweetheart," I told her, thinking on the hoof as a whole range of ways in which I could allow the girls authority over their uncle without even the merest sniff of anything sexual playing a part in the equation occurred to me. "You've seen for yourself how miserable your uncle has become since losing his job and how its loss has stripped him of all his confidence. As the women in his life it's up to us to take care of him now he seems unable to make decisions for himself – at least until he's well again and can look after himself. Your aunt has an important job of her own she has to go to but she can't be here the whole time, so it's up to you and your sister to look after your uncle when I'm not here."

Her face in the mirror, I could see, was becoming more and more animated at the prospect of having such a responsibility for the uncle who had, at best, been aloof with them.

"Is he really that ill, aunty?" she asked. "He doesn't look ill."

"There are all kinds of illnesses, Ilse, and just because your uncle looks the same physically to you it doesn't mean all is well inside his head."

"You mean he's…?"

"No, Ilse," I told her a little sharply.

Too sharply.

Her bottom-lip quivered at what she took as a scolding from her beloved aunty and I immediately gave her a smile of reassurance.

"Your uncle isn't crazy, Ilse. Just not too well. As I said, he needs looking after and that's our responsibility."

"But aunty, if he can't look after himself like you say what happens when me and Katy are at school and you're at work? Uncle Timothy will be all alone."

“Yes, I’ve been thinking about that,” I lied, suddenly realising that in seeing a way to add to the humiliation of a husband who was perfectly capable of looking after himself I had just created a problem I would need to address.

If I was telling the girls their uncle couldn’t be trusted at the moment to look after himself without our supervision I could hardly expect them to believe it if I then told them it was okay for him to be left alone.

As it happened, it was little Ilse who supplied me with a solution:

“I wish me and Katya could do our lessons at home, then we’d be here all the time to take care of uncle Timothy.”

From the mouths of babes!

As I considered just how plausible or not it might prove to have the girls home-tutored, knowing I was perfectly willing and capable of setting them a syllabus that would prove more stimulating and challenging to them than the one provided by their school and that they would both love the idea of learning at home, it struck me just how much things had changed since that fateful conversation.

A fateful conversation that had followed on from my return with their uncle from an equally acrimonious breakfast…

Part Three

Nine

Now

"I really like that furtive way you sneak glances at me as you go about your chores. Your eyes look really… hungry."

The words – obviously, I suppose, given what had passed between us up to now – were spoken by me as I watched my husband take my laundry from the washer and place it in the basket prior to using the iron as he had been taught. It was a Friday morning and I was working from home – a prescient move on my part given the exertions of the night before. Also, it was half-term and the girls had gone to my parents for a long weekend, so my husband and I had the place to ourselves.

Barefoot in the way that I liked to see him these days and adorned in the shapeless track-suit I insisted he wear to do his chores, and one he at least found more preferable than the pyjamas he had to don at other times, Timothy – "Timmy" – Kenton was recognisable these days only in a physical way.

Yes, yes.

I know.

What other way is there?

What I mean to say, is that everything about him that once went towards defining his confidence and masculinity had undergone a marked change.

Of "Swagger" there was none.

With his young wife, however, the opposite most definitely held sway. Never, to that point had I felt more womanly or sexy and in no way did the out of the norm power I was wielding over my older husband seem to diminish my sense of femininity. My legs seemed longer and shapelier, my skin softer and creamier and the fulsome breasts Timothy had always professed to adore so much, along with those aforementioned limbs with their accentuated calves and powerful but sleek thighs, seemed more lavish and conical as nipples that scarcely seemed unaroused these days jutted from them revealingly.

"Are you hoping that your sexy young wife might be tempted enough by your obvious interest in her lately to unlock your cock from its cage and let it have a little spurt?"

His wince was metaphorical but no less obvious to me for all that – the *"cage"* had proved a real success for me and his hatred of it only underlined the fact.

I digress, however, and will reveal more of how I placed him into it later.

"After all," I went on, "I have been very pleased with your behaviour recently – especially now all those silly tantrums seem to be a thing of the past.

Such patronising talk from me never failed to make his cheeks redden and his eyes lower. And, for this, he could hardly be criticised. Though strangely, and I continue to marvel at the fact, no such corresponding lowering kept him from the pain its opposite inspired at his groin. “I really like that furtive way you sneak glances at me as you go about your chores. Your eyes look really… hungry.

The words – obviously, I suppose, given what had passed between us up to now – were spoken by me as I watched my husband take my laundry from the washer and place it in the basket prior to using the iron as he had been taught.

It was a Friday morning and I was working from home – a prescient move on my part given the exertions of the night before. Also, it was half-term and the girls had gone to my parents for a long weekend, so my husband and I had the place to ourselves. He was barefoot in the way that I liked to see him these days and adorned in the shapeless track-suit I insisted he wear to do his chores. A track-suit he at least found more preferable than the pyjamas he had to don at other times.

Even if I say so myself, Timothy – “Timmy” – Kenton was recognisable these days only in a physical way.

Yes, yes.

I know.

What other way is there?

What I mean to say, is that everything about him that once went towards defining his confidence and masculinity had undergone a marked change.

Of “Swagger” there was none.

“Are you hoping that your sexy young wife might be tempted enough by your obvious interest in her lately to unlock your cock from its cage and let it have a little spurt?”

I mean, how many men in their mid-forties had been forced to wear a device preventing them from playing with their pride and joy unless their wife gives them permission before taking the key she keeps around her neck and unlocking her husband’s cock that he might play with himself?

Not many, I’d warrant.

But, then again, perhaps more than I thought.

“Leave the laundry for a moment and come and have a chat,” I told him, totally comfortable in my role as head-of-the-household and, it must be said, rather pleased with the way I’d demoted the husband who had once ran the show to his current servile position.

“Rather pleased?”

I was delighted.

Ecstatic.

Euphoric!

Sensations that showed no sign they were about to allow familiarity to diminish their power to…

…*Thrill*.

I was seated on a stool at the breakfast-bar wearing a cobalt blue-silk kimono that revealed large expanses of both the lightly tanned legs and firm breasts I spoke of above. I was still, it must be noted, basking from the events of the previous evening and that wonderful – and growingly familiar – *'freshly-fucked'* feeling that is the inevitable result of being penetrated and impaled upon a cock larger than one's life-partner.

Yes.

You heard correctly.

"Life-partner" I said, and *"Life-partner"* I meant.

For all that had passed between us I still regarded – and do to this day – Timothy as the man I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.

As far as his own feelings went, however, I found it prudent, and continue to do so, not to give him a forum on the subject.

If he was suffering – and it had been weeks since I'd last allowed his pride and joy to come out of its confinement for an airing - then he needed to regard it as the price he was required to pay in order to remain at my side and keep his own counsel on the subject of his emasculation at my hands.

If I'm honest, the possibility – certainty – that he hated me and fantasised all kinds of revenge upon me in his thoughts, even as his economic dependency, inner perversity and needy cock kept him at my heels, was a massive turn-on for me and ensured there could never be a return to the bad old days prior to my "putting him under" when, under the pretext of us being "equal partners", his word had been law pretty much and I, as the junior partner, had accepted it as such.

And, while we're on the subject of "partners", the "cock" that had penetrated me most recently, you will be very interested to learn, had not belonged to young Spencer.

No.

He had served his purpose and the domesticated older husband interrupting his chores to join me at the breakfast-bar as ordered was evidence of just how effective my choice of him had been as the first partner hit upon to cuckold Timothy.
A choice, just the same, who was now history.

Both in my bed and at the Chambers where he had been employed as the office-junior.

It had, given my growing prominence in the partnership, taken very little for me to ensure he was released and a more "efficient" junior - a teenaged girl fresh out of secretarial college – be taken on in his place. Though, lest you think badly of me - perish such a thought! - I'm not entirely heartless and did find him another job. A janitorial position with one of our clients I had just represented in a successful lawsuit.

"What are you doing?" I snapped when 'Timmy', as I now called him, forgot himself and made to sit on a stool opposite me.

"I… I thought you…?"

"No!" I cut him off, loving the way he was so tongue-tied around me these days. "You didn't think. If you had you would have remembered that you're not allowed on the furniture. And furniture includes stools."

The arbitrary attitude and insistence on such a humiliating requirement that would have had my handsome husband, or any other man worthy of the title, at my throat not so long ago provoked only a mumbled *"sorry"* as he stood by the side of the stool rather than plonking his arse down in the way of a man taking a seat in his own home.

Or, to be more correct:

What had *once* been his own home.

"Now, now, Timmy," I chided. "Don't get all tongue-tied with me. Who is it you're saying sorry to?"

The deep crimson of his cheeks that greeted my demand was evidence of just how hateful he found my insistence on how he should respond to me from now on when we were in the home and I simply adored hearing him toe-the-line and comply.

"Oh, dear," I said with an air of much disappointment. "I thought we'd got over all this silliness. "I mean, I can understand your reluctance to say it at least a little when the girls are here, but what's the problem now?"

"I… I just don't understand why I have to address you in such a way at all," he whined, somewhere between question and complaint and in a way totally unbecoming a man of his years.

Or of any years, come to that.

My sigh was long-suffering:

“I’ve gone over this with you many times, Timmy,” I told him, thrilling to the literal wince my use of the childish diminutive never failed to evoke. “The girls think you’re suffering an emotional crisis brought on by the loss of your job and the fact you can’t find another… Remember?”

As if he could forget.

“Having you address me in such a way,” I went on, “allows them to believe their uncle is unwell. Or would you rather two such young girls know what a weakling the man who, to all intents and purposes, acts as their stepfather actually is?”

Another wince and a deepening colour answered the question for me.

“Because they have had enough to contend with in their young lives and that is something I will not inflict upon them.”

The sheer unfairness of the position into which I had manoeuvred him compelled the former head-of-household to answer back:

“If you treated me as your husband instead of…”

“Do go on,” I invited when his courage, as it was wont to do these days, deserted him and he struggled for the words least likely to annoy the commanding young woman who had once been his adoring young wife. He had been forced to acknowledge my right to be penetrated by cocks other than his and been demoted to a position of so little account in the home that even two young schoolgirls were above him in the pecking order. How much courage could he possibly have?

He chewed his lip with frustration.

“You want me to stop treating you like the spineless and worthless unemployed wimp that you are?” I asked.

His eyes flashed at hearing me describe him in such terms and, not for the first or last time, he thought better of venting his anger.

“Then stop me. Simply put me in my place and then pack your things and leave. Because that is exactly what a real man would do.”

He shuffled from one bare foot to the other, wanting nothing more than to take me up on my offer and knowing from similar experience that he had neither the moral nor physical courage to face the life that awaited him as an unemployed man of middle-years once deprived of my protection.

His expression of purest misery and shame gave no indication he was about to man-up anytime soon either.

"No. I thought not," I told him, trying with mixed success to keep vying amounts of triumph and contempt from souring my tone too much.

"In fact," I went on, "and in terms of our marriage, I'd say we're pretty much where nature intended us to be in regard of each other. Wouldn't you?"

His answer not being required, I went on:

"My career has started to take-off and there's talk in Chambers of making me a partner. It's not been missed that I now seem even more positive and commanding in my decision making and attitude towards personnel and the fact I now run things here at home has a lot to do with that. Instead of whining to me you should be taking pride from the fact that your wife is doing so well and that you are playing some small part in her success. Or do you really think we should return to the former status quo and let you rule the roost as you pretend to be a man and wait for a career opportunity to fall from the skies?"

There was, given our relative positions and the salary I was now earning he could never hope to match, no answer he could give that was likely to either convince his newly empowered wife to allow such a return or even provide him with a semblance of manly dignity.

Which had not stopped his continuing attempts to bargain with me on the few occasions I allowed him to interact with me as one adult speaking with another.

Albeit with strict parameters.

"Please, Rhon," he began, hope again winning out over experience and using the old term of familiarity I'd banned him from, this in the hope it could thaw my inflexible new persona. "I always thought you were happy with me taking the lead. If I came across as overbearing and dictatorial, I truly am sorry. You've shown me I'm… I'm…"

I waited.

"…That I'm not the man I… I thought I was… Perhaps you're right and… and you should be the one making decisions for us. But can't we at least get back to something like normal now I've, hmm, learned my lesson?"

My handsome husband's eyes were actually tearing up and I realised how difficult the admission – the first one of a voluntary nature he had made since the… change - had been for him.

"I… I really don't know how much of this I can take," he added, watery eyes imploring my own.

With something of the good Doctor's "triumph of hope over experience", I could see the expectation of my forwarding some kind of sympathy towards him for his plight waiting upon my reaction.

Not only was he “weak” but a very slow learner into the bargain.

“As well as being pathetic, you also have a huge capacity for self-delusion,” I told my more abject by the day husband as he stood to my side and waited for that chord of sympathy in me he seemed convinced he would strike eventually; hoping to resurrect the form of love I had once shown and continued to insist I had for him. Albeit in a different form. “Look at you! Think of what you used to be and what you are now. Do you truly believe you have any say in what you will or will not ‘take’?”

“But…?”

I waited, loving the effortless way I could manipulate both his feelings and his manhood these days.

“Why, Rhon?” he implored. “Was I such a monster? Did I ever treat you the way you’re…?”

He couldn’t finish and had no need to, given the transparency of his thoughts.

Timothy Kenton was, he and I both knew, a supplicant.

Pure and simple.

And supplicants took what was handed out to them.

“No,” I agreed. “You did not treat me in such a way. Which only goes to show how weak you are.”

The supplicant became inquisitor:

“How?”

Question asked, question answered.

And without anything approaching difficulty.

Or even truth.

“Because you would have done just that had you been in possession of the necessary strength of character,” I answered, knowing my words as the purest horseshit and that along with his malleable character he also lacked anything approaching the perverse levels of imagination required to have either inflicted or wanted to inflict such humiliation upon me.

The fact he genuinely loved me– or at least had at the time of his dominion – not in doubt to me.

And having no power to move me towards changing our relative positions, despite the recognition on my part.

“I’ve told you before about questioning my decisions,” I warned, growing impatient and wanting to move forward.
“But…”

“I can’t stop you thinking what you want to think, but if I hear you voice a protest or criticism about or of my decisions, either when we’re alone or in front of the girls, there will be repercussions you won’t like.”

I let this sink in for a while then added the clincher I knew would assure his compliance:

“In fact, if you displease or try to undermine me too greatly from here on in I might just consider allowing the girls to take a more active role in your supervision.”

Eyes that seemed forever mortified these days filled with horror as he misread my intention – exactly as I had known he would.

“You…? You’re not serious?... For god’s sakes, Rhonda! They’re schoolgirls. They’re… They’re not of legal age.”

Silent, I allowed him to worsen his own predicament.

Sure enough:

“And even if they were legal it would be… would be…”

The trouble he was having in finding an adjective dire enough to describe such a prospect was not helped any by the impact the back of my hand made on his already crimson cheeks.

Quite the opposite.

“You disgusting person!” I blazed at him, realising from the anger he was beaming toward me that he was not so demoralised he could not wish to retaliate against such treatment of him. “How dare you infer such a thing! I love my nieces. Do you really think I’d pervert their growth by allowing such a thing?”

His thoughts were easily readable to me:

“You don’t seem to have a problem with putting them in an unnatural position of responsibility over an adult. Doesn’t that pervert their feelings about men just as badly?”

“Having them supervise you because you’re not up to the task for yourself gives them a sense of responsibility. That is a long way from revealing to them or, worse, showing them, what a sexual no-hoper and social weakling their uncle has become.”

Unjustly, I know, the back of my hand found his cheeks once again.

“You disgust me!... And just as I thought your behaviour warranted you being let out of your cage for a little freedom.”

Suddenly, and in a way underlining the power exercised over a man by the needs of his cock, everything else appeared to become irrelevant to him other than the fact he had just lost himself the right to another… cum.

“The girls,” I told him with steely eyes, “will never be subjected to your sexual failings and what they have driven me to… Never!... And if you ever tried to…”

“For god’s sakes, Rhonda!” he cried, shamed to his core again to have me believe him capable of such acts and so outraged he had the nerve to interrupt me. “How could you ever think such a thing of me?”

I had, it appeared, struck a very tender nerve and one of the few fragments of self-respect his position allowed him.

Explaining the anger and outrage I loved to see.

Especially as I took so much joy from quelling such hissy fits, as I liked to describe them.

“In fact,” he raged away, on a roll and going with it, “if you despise me so much for my so called ‘weakness’ why on earth have you gone to so much trouble to ensure I stay? Why would you want someone at your side who so obviously disgusts you and for whom you haven’t an ounce of respect?”

I tutted: “Surely you’ve worked that one out by now.”

“Enlighten me,” he said, eyes blazing, emboldened by the first adult and, seemingly, equal interaction between us in ages.

“Willingly,” I told him with a malicious half-smile, half-sneer that boded him no good noting how his burst of spirit was already on the wane now I had called him on it and he had to make good.

“Firstly,” I began, and not for the first time, “I love you.”

Retreating spirit or not, his snort of derision would not have disgraced an enraged bull as the beast took in the crimson of the Matador’s swirling cape that maddened him so.

“There are all kinds of love, Timmy,” I reminded him, tone a mix of the motherly and the minx, if you can imagine such a thing. “Because I find you pitiful as a husband, a man and a provider, it doesn’t prevent me from taking pleasure from you being my partner in other ways.” My lip curled mockingly. “Even if the word ‘partner’ is stretching credulity extremely thin.”

“And then some!” his expression answered.

And understandably so.

My inflexibility towards him went only so far and even I could understand how such a word would impact upon his sense of injustice and persecution.
"If you could only be honest with yourself, you'd see that we're only occupying those roles we should have occupied right from the start of our relationship. In fact, if I'm totally truthful myself, I have to say that I feel a great deal of resentment towards you for your dishonesty with me."

"My dishonesty with…?"

"That's right. Pretending to be an alpha-male type when all along you were no more than the same little boy you had been in the playground. The same 'little' boy in need of a mummy's guidance when the other boys picked on him and made his life miserable."

"What are you talking about, Rhonda?" he protested, waning spirit on the rise once again. "That's not me and you know it."

"Do I? Then explain to me why you stay at home each day and do housework while your young wife holds down a responsible and growingly lucrative legal position. Is it that you suddenly have a passion for all things domestic and want to make things easier for the new head-of-the-household?"

The pile of my ironing waiting for his attention in the utility room could not have been too far from his thoughts and I could see he was struggling to find the articulacy and sophistry he would once have relied upon to frame a response.

"Or is it that you realise your age and lack of experience makes you nigh on unemployable in today's career market – other than wearing a Macdonald's uniform - and find yourself terrified of going it alone without a home or a job? I mean, not as if you're blessed for friends, is it?"

I paused, until:

"And as for family?"

He winced as my derisive expulsion of air and the barb hit home, my husband despising his two remaining sisters as much as they detested him and having had nothing to do with them for years. With friends, though, it was different. He actually liked them. Even if the feeling was not mutual.

Not if his unreturned phone-messages were a guide, at least.

"Be honest with yourself, Timmy," I pressed on. "The days when you could fool anyone you were a real man – especially your loving wife - have gone and will not be coming back."

For a moment I thought he was going to explode at my description of myself as "loving".

Explaining why I rushed on that he might not have the chance.

“Even you would find such a feat difficult,” I said before adding the unnecessary reminder – not to mention threat: “especially if your sisters and fair-weather friends were ever to see those pictures of you sucking a young black man’s cock while your own mini-version strained in its restrainer to get hard because you were so excited.”

All colour left his face at this – as it had done on the two other occasions I’d threatened him with such actions.

His sisters, I had known from the moment I had me Timothy, detested him and it was also plainly obvious that his former friends wanted nothing to do with him now he was jobless and unable to afford his membership to golf and squash club alike, but the thought of his siblings gloating and his friend’s mocking contempt were more than his unrealistic sense of self-respect could bear.

The above being happy lack of realism for his equally ecstatic wife.

For this, along with his economic dependency, created yet another sword to be wielded above his increasingly beaten head.

Though not yet *totally* beaten, if the anger following my words spoke truly:

“There’s only one pervert in this house,” he blazed, “and it’s certainly not me!”

“Is that so?” I asked, dangerously calm.

Burst of manly spirit already leaving him at a rate-of-knots, he refrained from replying and chewed his lip.

“Tell me,” I began, manoeuvring the subject back to ground more likely to provide maximum discomfort, not to mention, frustration, “how long has it been since your little cockle last came out of its cage?”

Silent, he looked to the side.

“If you want to come out of it at some time in the near future, I suggest you give me an answer.”

I could see the battle raging within him, just as it had on so many occasions recently, and knew it was yet another he would be not be up to the task of winning.

He did not prove me wrong:

“Three weeks,” he mumbled finally, head and hangdog expression still turned to one side.

“Look at me when you speak,” I snapped, didactic mother to wilful and unresponsive child.

The eyes that turned to mine were delightfully moist and struggled to maintain contact.
"Three weeks," he repeated.

"Three weeks, what?" I barked, unrelenting in my desire to overmaster him.

Contrary to my instructions, his eyes closed at this and I was about to rebuke him before his response forced a rethink and I told myself it was unreasonable to expect everything.

At least just yet.

"Three weeks… mummy."

Allowing the hand that had just abused his mortified cheeks to caress them I also allowed my voice to take on a more maternal tone I knew would only entrench him in the role I intended he was to take from now on.

"There, was that so difficult?"

Not waiting for a reply to which I already knew the answer anyway, I went on:

"You just lost a chance to play with your little cock because of your disgraceful suggestion and disrespect to your mummy. I understand how frustrating it must be for you to be unable to play with your little fellow in the way you once took for granted, but I'm sure even you will agree that your behaviour has improved almost beyond recognition since your mummy took control of it. I've no wish to be cruel to you, but if I were to let you out for some playtime every time you asked, and even though your behaviour had been disappointing, you might think it acceptable to be disobedient and wilful all the time."

His expression told me had had seen through my blatant lie on the score of *"cruelty"* and his eyes flickered open and closed again at the sheer indignity of being spoken to just as if he actually were a pre-pubescent in need of strong mummy's guiding hand.

"The good news, though," I went on, smiling with contentment into his shuttered and unseeing eyes, "is that you're going to have a chance to redeem yourself this morning."

Eyelids flickered open to reveal his increasingly beaten eyes and, again, I could easily read just what the husband I was treating like a child was thinking:

"What now?"

"We have an appointment with Dr Weston at eleven and I want you to be on your best behaviour and allow mummy to speak with her without interrupting."

If it was possible for a man's spirits to sink lower than those already defining my husband's at this point then that's what happened as "Timmy" remembered the appointment I'd made a fortnight before.

And, more importantly, what it was for.
“I’ll be with you the whole time and I want you to answer any questions the doctor might have in the way mummy taught you.”

The result of this reminder was utter devastation on my husband’s face and, for this, I couldn’t say I blamed him.

How could I, after all, when my reaction to how far I had lowered him in so short a space of time was the equal of his own amazement?

Even if it was at the opposite extreme to his own.

Especially as I knew that if all went well at the doctor’s – and I was confident of just that – then I would have taken a huge step towards becoming my handsome and older partner’s…

Legal guardian.

Unbelievable!

Ten

Then

He jerked as I described my night with young Spencer and if I'd had any doubts as to just how deep went the nerve I had struck in the depths of his psyche on that first night they had long since ceased being a cause of concern. I had left wearing black pantyhose and returned with them in my handbag. This had been his first clue. The second coming after I waxed lyrical on the thickness and length of my lover's penis.

It's staying power would come later.

"Ooooh, my handsome and perverted husband likes that does he?" I teased, slender fingers manipulating his foreskin back to the base of his cock and keeping it trapped there.

It had gone midnight and the girls had long since slipped into dreamland as my chagrined and utterly shamed husband awaited the return of his wife from the arms of another man – *boy*. We were seated in the front-room and the continued presence of my nieces in the embrace of Morpheus was a very good thing. Especially as I'd taken advantage of their absence to unzip a red-faced Timothy from his chinos that I might observe more closely the effect of my words upon what was, at the moment of exposure, a flaccid cock.

"No, you're wrong," he gave feeble protest, thoughts conflicted between the elation provided by a suddenly vibrant erection and his mortification at its origins. "it's just that…"

"Just that hearing how a man less than half your age can satisfy your wife in ways you can only dream of seems able to excite and make you hard in ways more… *normal*… titillations can't."

His mouth opened to protest but no sound ventured forth to defend what we both knew was no more than a statement of fact on my part.

He tried to look away but I took his chin with my free hand and yanked his eyes back to mine forcefully.

And my once masculine husband *allowed* it!

Leaning in, I kissed him, gently to begin with, then with more force until my tongue was invading his mouth – yet another reversal of typical gender roles.

Then, having taken yet another step forward in asserting my superiority over him:

"I've never had a cock fill me the way young Spencer's…"

"Please, Rhonda, I don't…"

“Be quiet,” I told him, voice flipping from languorous nostalgia of a recent kind to utter authority – not for nothing had I gained my chambers nickname of the office *‘Fuhrer’*.

“I want you to imagine Spencer’s rigid power-tool – almost twice the size and thickness of your own – as it forced its way into the young pussy that had once been your fiefdom and yours alone.”

His whole body shook and jerked and I felt sure he was about to shoot his load.

Unwillingly and hating himself for doing so under such conditions or not.

“It makes you hot to think of me being pleasured by another man, doesn’t it?” I asked, knowing the question was unnecessary in terms of knowledge gathering but loving the way simply voicing it made him squirm.

And, more importantly, with no appreciable flagging of his erection.

“No,” he protested despite the evidence to the contrary throbbing in my imprisoning hand, again trying to avert his eyes that he might not gaze into the recognition of his shameful reaction held his wife’s eyes.

“Nonsense!” I chided him, eyes holding his even as he screwed them shut to avoid such contact. “Your little cock’s about as hard as it’s ever been since I married you. Go on, admit it: the thought of a real man fucking your lovely young wife turns you on more than anything has until now.”

His face, even with eyes screwed shut, was a picture of misery.

“Why else would you be leaking precum all over my hand?” I observed with a hint of derision.

His eyes flickered open and I could see that I truly was beginning to overmaster him. The elation provided by certainty told me that there would soon be very little I couldn’t do with impunity to that handsome and older man I had once considered an equal partner. Or, to be more correct, a *more* than equal partner.

“Rhonda, I… I don’t know why I’m reacting like this, but it… it’s not something I want. If you think you’re pleasing my by… *seeing*… other men then…”

The finger that placed itself upon his lips after the hand to which it was attached released his chin shushed him.

“Listen like a good boy now,” I ordered him. “We both know how excited your little cockle gets to hear me tell you how a real penis has taken what you once thought was yours alone.”

He fell silent at this, unable to refute my words given the way his pride-and-joy was throbbing in my hand.

“Don’t get me wrong, Timmy,” I told him, “I’ll always love you and take care of you. But we have to be honest. It’s not much of a man who can only achieve an erection from hearing his wife’s fucking someone else.”

The shaft trapped in my hand throbbed with even greater intensity as if trying to affirm my less than flattering description of him and I realised he was trying to thrust himself against it – to fuck the hand that controlled him, in fact.

“My, you are an excited little boy, aren’t you?”

And what do you know?

He came all over my hand.

“Oh, dear!” I exclaimed with mock sympathy. “And there was me hoping my husband would show his love for me by consenting to some sloppy seconds. A schoolboy would have more control of himself.”

It was a lie, of course, and I had no intention of allowing his cock into my shrine ever again. But he wasn’t to know that at this point. Releasing him, Is smiled at his back as he immediately scurried to a box of tissues on the breakfast-bar and began to wipe himself

“I… I don’t know what’s happening to me,” he said without turning, voice choked with emotion at the turn his once enjoyable and uncomplicated life had taken.

“Don’t delude yourself,” I said, holding a cum soaked hand away from my body that his semen might not leak onto my short and black cocktail dress. “You are just acting like the man you’ve always been underneath the macho, sports loving, bravado.”

“That… That’s not true, Rhonda, and you know it.”

“I know no such thing. But what I do know is that your little dick can’t get hard for your wife unless it thinks the cock of another man has had her first. Your words might deny it but your subconscious can’t… Now bring over a tissue and wipe your nasty cuckold cum from my fingers.”

“No! I’ve never wanted you to be with another man and I still don’t. The prospect… disgusts me.”

“Really?” I smirked, eyes indicating his recently spurted cock and the way it was already coming back to life. “You've never been able to get hard again quickly, even when we were on our honeymoon. Look at you now.”

He looked.

“Given this… *miracle*…” I teased, “perhaps I should take advantage of it and let you have those sloppy seconds after all. Though I’m not sure I’ll be able to feel you after having had young Spencer’s monster up there for half the night.”

Whatever his thoughts on the subject, the sexual demon unmanning him in front of me spurred his erection to greater if – given what I'd felt and witnessed that night - unimpressive heights.

Not, as I've said, having any intention of allowing him to slip his dick inside me ever again, another thought struck me; though I truly doubted even his unsuspected sexual response to the humiliation being heaped upon his shoulders would be enough to persuade him to agree to what I was about to suggest.

"That being the case," I began, "it might be a better idea if you show your wife just how much she is appreciated by going down on her."

Not being an idiot and knowing just what sloppy seconds was, my husband's expression was suitably horrified by the prospect of not just his cock going where another's had been but his tongue also.

Or, in this case, instead.

"You know, I think you'd really enjoy it," I told him, not waiting for him to fetch the tissue he was too preoccupied to remember my having requested and rising to join him at the breakfast-bar. Foregoing the tissue when I reached him to wrap my cum-covered hand around his erect cock once again. "If you do it with enough reverence and respect I might give you a nice foot-job while you kneel in front of me."

There was an intake of breath and I knew I'd hit another lucrative vein.

"Would you like that, Timmy?" I asked, lips close enough to his ear that my warm breath might make a sensuous co-conspirator to the words I was using to manipulate him.

"Rhonda, I…"

"Wouldn't it feel good to feel your young wife's lovely bare toes around your little cockle as she slides that foreskin up and over it while you kneel all obedient on the carpet?"

"Rhonda…"

"All you have to do is ask, my little Timmy. Just ask your lovely wife to put her toes on your cock and bring you off."

Pulling him by that *"little cockle"* towards the sofa we had only just vacated, I sat down and exerted pressure to lower him until my once-proud husband, wearing a navy Polo shirt and with an erect cock poking from the flies of his chinos, was in a position resembling genuflection on the carpet below me.

"Yes, that's my lovely good boy," I told him, feeling as elated and anticipatory as I had earlier that evening when Spencer had performed a slow and teasing striptease for me in the front room of his tiny, cheap and cramped, one-bedroomed apartment in Catford.

It was only when his knees hit the carpet and my hand released his cock that something like recognition of where he was and what was happening to him dawned in my suddenly bemused husband's eyes.

Not to mention the person responsible for both.

Neither recognition nor bemusement making much of an impact after I'd settled back onto the sofa, raised my dress, and slid my dainty feet either side of his semen slick penis; before, as his breath caught in his throat and he began to succumb to the heretofore unexperienced feel of his wife's feet manipulating his cock, I stopped.

The eyes that had closed under this erotic onslaught opened and I knew simply from the look disappointment in them that I had him.

"Respect first, pleasure afterwards," I reminded him as his new and unsuspected need waged battle with his revulsion for the task I was asking him to perform in order to have it satisfied.

As it turned out, and just as I had suspected it would, it was need that won out – though it took the supplying of a little guidance from both my hands as I cupped them behind his head and slowly drew him towards my shrine. Just for a second, as his lips were inches from my expectant pussy, he baulked and I was sure he was about to leap to his feet before cursing me and taking himself off upstairs. Explaining my speed in forcing his lips onto my denuded and moist slit before he could do so.

Explaining also the pressure I applied to the back of his head in order to keep him there.

"Come on, sweetheart," I cooed down to him, the sight of his head between my sleek and lightly tanned thighs enflaming me to a point where I too would soon lose the power of intelligent speech, let alone thought. "Do this for me. For both of us. Show me how much you appreciate me finding other men to fuck me in the way you can't and not kicking your sorry arse out the door."

"P-Please, Rhonda, I…"

"Just stop fighting it. You know it's going to happen," I interrupted his pitiful attempts to avoid the inevitable. "Show me who you really are and then we can start to have the relationship nature intended us to have."

"Rhonda, I…"

Wrapping my legs around his shoulders and mashing his lips tight to my pussy to prevent him speaking and to ensure he would not find it easy to escape what I intended to be his destiny – though I knew he was physically powerful enough to do just that if he so chose; I waited with bated breath and gushing pussy for him to make his decision.

I was, after all, asking my handsome and older husband to lick my pussy clean of the residue from another man.

A *defining* moment by even the most conservative of calculations.

I've no idea how long we both remained frozen in place: me with my legs clamped around my husband's back and hands pressing his lips to my pussy with all the strength they possessed; he with his lips and nose mashed against his wife's freshly-fucked cunt and knowing exactly what awaited his tongue should he consent to use it; but it seemed an eternity before…

I all but left my own body as I felt the contact begin just above my anus and sweep the length of my labia towards the engorged clitoris screaming for my husband's attention.

My smile I knew, had I been able to see it, of course, would surely have looked evil incarnate.

And know what?

I could not have cared one whit.

And still don't to this day.

"Ooooh, yes, my darling boy," I breathed, using language guaranteed to belittle even as it praised. "Please your mummy with your tongue. Soothe her swollen pussy after her big black lover has fucked it to exhaustion. Clean all of that youthful sperm out of her cunt to make sure we have no surprises in store for us."

Any damage on *that* score, I knew, would already have been done but I wanted to hammer it home to him – in the unlikely event it could have slipped his mind – that it wasn't just the emissions of his wife, both new and old, that his tongue was in the process of tasting.

Expecting, as I had, the reminder to at least make him skip a few beats, I found my growing euphoria joined by fresh amazement as not only did he not miss a beat but his lapping of my slit became even more frenzied as the scent of my arousal and the promise of my feet giving his cock some attention spurred him on.

"My, you really are a filthy little boy, aren't you?" I breathed with what oxygen remained to my lungs."

Whether he heard me or not, it made no difference as he crouched at those same feet and gave full attention to the musky aromatic paradise that was my cunt and a most humiliating feast into the bargain.

"Who would have thought it," I breathed on while conscious thought remained to me, "that my handsome and commanding older husband would ever kneel between my legs and worship my pussy after I'd allowed another man – a *boy* – to place his superior black cock inside it?"

Not expecting an answer my arousal was heightened even further by the non-verbal one I received as his tongue ceased its top to bottom homage of my slit and darted inside my used cavern to *actually* clean me in the way I'd demanded.

"Oh, you good, good, boy," I breathed, knowing how a reward would help to cement him in such obsequious and shaming behaviour and fully intending to reward him for yet another surrender of his manhood to me in the shameful, and unmanly manner I'd suggested.

And I was serious too.

The pleasure my command of him and his surrender to its was, with the help of a tongue that was proving surprisingly… *gifted*, taking me to heights that might have been different but were equally as satisfying as the night's earlier events.

Down he had gone and down in that hot, damp, and rainforest wet area between my thighs. I absolutely loved forcing him to give me pleasure in such a way – such a change from his desultory attempts at providing me with oral of the past. He was swirling his tongue from side to side inside me now as my hands, superfluously it has to be said, held his head in place at his new owner's shrine. It was, I hardly need say, utter heaven and it did not take me long to reach a most explosive orgasm.

And still he lapped at me.

Until, that is, I was forced to take a handful of his hair and physically remove him from the scene of his exertions.

The look of anticipation as he awaited me to fulfil my part of the bargain was almost pitiful – in fact, it was – and was not improved when I planted a foot in the middle of his chest and used it to force him to his back upon the carpet.

"My, my, my," I mocked the flagpole standing to attention for me. "Look how hard my little Timmy is after cleaning the sperm of mummy's young lover from her.

His cheeks reddened but his cock showed no sign of softening.

"It must really excite you to know a better man has taken over your marital obligations when it comes to sex. And to think of all the fun the two of us could have had together if you had only been truthful and told me how kinky you were from the start."

His lips moved as he struggled to frame some kind of rebuttal, but I shushed him to silence.

"Be quiet now," I told him in a maternal voice, though I had nothing remotely motherly in mind for him at that moment. "Timmy's been a good boy and his mummy promised him a reward."

I think I actually allowed him a tender and loving smile at that point, though this may simply be memory playing tricks upon me.

Despite his shame for the situation I had engineered and he was suffering under more and more, I noted the way his breath caught in his throat as his eyes followed the progress of my feet on the way towards his throbbing cock.

"That's right," I cooed as the soles of my tanned feet and crimson painted toenails prepared to trap his manhood between them. "Lie still and let mummy's feet give you…"

Incredible!

No sooner had the soles of my feet made contact with his erection than his whole body convulsed and he came all over my insteps with a tortured and obviously involuntary groan of the deepest satisfaction.

I allowed him a few moments to calm down and rational thought to put in a re-appearance as my insteps planted themselves upon his chest; the creamy white semen leaking from my feet onto his Polo shirt making a stark contrast with the navy-blue cotton.

Then I began to turn the screw.

"Twice, in the space of ten minutes," I marvelled, as if he had actually fucked me to submission rather than orgasmed simply from my description of my being fucked by a young black man and then from no more than the touch of my cool feet upon his own maleness. "You've never managed that in the whole time we've known each other."

His unmanly excitement having waned, it was not surprise when he squirmed out from under me, aimed a few choice expletives my way, and took himself upstairs.

Much good his show of petulance would do him.

Eleven

Then Again

As he fetched my morning tea and cereal, I rolled over and turned sleepy eyes on him, delighted to see him perform yet another duty I'd added to his growing list of household chores..

"There's my lovely boy," I observed with a tone of voice and matching expression that never failed to mortify him, knowing what he had ahead of him on this particular morning would be of even less appeal to his embittered and diminished manhood. "I've have arranged for us to drop the kids off at mum and dad's after breakfast."

Suspecting something that would not prove *appealing* to him, he gave me a quizzical look.

"We have an appointment at a certain establishment to keep," I told him. "A client with whom I've become… *friendly*, shall we say, recommended it and I've made arrangements for us to pay it a visit."

He was instantly on re-alert.

"Wh-What kind of establishment?"

"I'll tell you after we've dropped the girls off and we're on the way. Now serve me my breakfast then get everything sorted. I expect the girls and you to be ready to go when I come downstairs."

He did as I asked and the girls were already in the car and waiting, overnight bags packed, when I had showered and made ready. Taking the keys from my husband's outstretched hand – if he was supposed to be suffering from some kind of nervous exhaustion the girls could hardly be allowed to see him drive, could they? – and pulled our new second-car, a two-year old Ford Galaxy, into the road. After all, if I was in charge now, I should be the one driving.

In *all* ways.

When the girls had been dropped at my parents, it was Timothy who broke the silence.

"What's going on, Rhonda?"

"What did you say?" I snapped, fierce eyes giving him a side-ward glance that immediately placed him on the back-foot.

"I… I meant… Wh-Where are we going… *mummy*?"

I nodded, letting him see I was appeased, but adding a warning just the same:

"Don't forget again. Unless you want me to make you address me in such a way in front of the girls."

The prospect, as I knew it would, appalled him. True to my word, Katya and Ilse were being allowed more and more control over their *"uncle"* during his *"bad spell"* and, like the caring girls they were, they were taking their responsibilities seriously. Not to mention with *great* pleasure. On more than one occasion they had informed me that *"Timmy"* had been found on the furniture, in spite of it being *"bad for his back"*.

The over-the-knee spanking I had given him in the privacy of the bedroom we had once shared and the screams I eventually drew from him had not gone unnoticed by my nieces and they had been shocked when I told them it had been necessary to teach their uncle a lesson that he might know better in future and realise that just because he was *"unwell"* it did not give him the right to be disobedient.

"Shocked" but *not* disapproving.

In my experience – and it doesn't take much thought to work out why – children had a ready understanding of maternal discipline and the fact – if not the need – of its existence.

Actually, I think the knowledge the girls knew of his spanking at my hands was more painful to Timothy than the pain he received from the hairbrush I brought down upon his middle-aged but virgin arse some fifty times.

Thinking about it, it was also the closest he came to finding the courage to simply leave and take his chances away from me.

Almost.

"You'll be told what's going on when we get there, I told him."

Adding in a voice that left him in no doubt I meant business:

"And if you give me the slightest cause for embarrassment or disobey me in any way I promise I'll be sending your sisters and former friends some *very* interesting pictures of their once macho former brother and golfing buddy."

Ashen goes nowhere near towards explaining the complexion of his cheeks the perusal of such a prospect on his part produced.

We had come a long way since that fateful first night and, such was my confidence in the control I now wielded over him, I was convinced he would prove as lightweight and insubstantial as he had proved himself to be on all those other occasions when I'd delivered him an ultimatum.

And so it was to prove.

*****

Some miles later, at the sat/nav's behest, I pulled up outside what was a large end-of-terrace Victorian house in a standard suburban street. As I strode up some steps to the door and rang the bell, I could sense my cowed husband's eyes admiring my figure despite his resentment of me. I was dressed today in tight DKNY jean that enhanced my legs and arse and a plain navy-blue cotton shirt from Monsoon, a pair of brown calf-length boots with a low and spiked heel into which the jeans were tucked completing the ensemble. My hair was tied at the back and swept from my striking if somewhat severe features to bring the latter into even more stark relief.

"Best behaviour, Timmy," I reminded the husband I had demoted to boy as we waited for the door to open.

It was opened a by a buxom woman, in her early-to-mid-fifties and when she introduced herself as Helen I recognised her voice from our earlier telephone conversations instantly and knew she was the *"Mrs Clayborn"* to whom I'd been referred by the feminist and man-hater who had been so pleased at my handling of a boundary dispute with a neighbour and with whom I gotten friendly. Friendly enough to confide something of my home situation – which delighted her – and for her to recommend the lady inviting me into her home. She was warm and convivial – to me, anyway - and showed me into a small office without acknowledging my track-suited husband. Simply expecting, it appeared, that where I led he would follow.

Expectations that proved correct as my leg-loving husband entered after me and I could see – this despite his puzzlement and humiliation – his eyes riveted on the matronly but shapely legs of our host in their sheer tan pantyhose as they protruded from a sober and grey knee-length skirt.

Given that the breasts straining beneath a plain and white cotton shirt were at least a match for my own, I wondered how long it would be before his eyes managed to rise from the lower extremities of our hostess.

As it turned out, he would have too much on his mind from the get-go to be given an opportunity.

When she sat behind her desk and indicated I take a seat opposite, I could see my little Timmy looking around for another that he himself might be seated.

He was disappointed and it was a slightly amused but no less authoritative Helen who instructed him:

"If you'd prefer not to stand simply sit at your mummy's feet."

My pussy began to pulse in the tell-tale way it always did when it sensed some fresh humiliation in store for my husband.

For a few seconds, I could see Timmy wondering if he had heard this woman, a complete stranger, correctly. Then, as light dawned, he looked as if he wanted the floor to open and swallow him. Even if the cold and unrelenting embrace of Tartarus did lay in wait for him.

“No need for red-cheeks here, Timmy,” Mrs Clayborn assured him as if she had known him his entire life and had his best interests at heart. “Your mummy has brought you here today simply to ensure the future you have together is a bright and uncomplicated one.”

I have no idea if this reassured him or not – he would have had to be pretty stupid if it had and the cheeks glowing red spoke otherwise – but I knew that my hostess was right and that the best course when approaching the subject matter at hand was that of the matter-of-fact.

“Yes, Timmy. What a lovely idea. Come and sit at my feet while I talk with Mrs Clayborn,” I said, eyes conveying to him that this was an order rather than a request.

Despite being told by his hostess there was no need, my husband was, as I say, still blushing furiously and I knew he wanted nothing less than to have to sit beside his wife’s boots as she discussed whatever it was she had to discuss with a woman who had been a stranger to him but seconds before.

“Now!” I snapped as he prevaricated.

So conditioned did I have him to doing as I said, it took but one glance at the no-nonsense Mrs Clayborn and my growingly angry face before he did as he had been told and lowered himself to squat at the side of my chair and rest his back against my leg.

I reached out a hand to ruffle his hair and add to his shame, my choice of words accompanying the demeaning act of affection not lessening its negative impact any:

“Good boy,” I praised him, knowing that if he was feeling shamed now then a whole host of other issues would soon be competing for his attention..

Not to mention concern.

When our hostess first mentioned the *“cock-cage”*, I felt his whole body – apart from one obvious area – stiffen against my leg as I reached out to take an earlobe between my fingers and give it a warning squeeze to keep him in place; this before relaxing the pressure but keeping my fingers in position by way of a warning.

In the space of a few seconds, Helen was talking about male chastity - and in greater depth than during our two telephone conversations. And talking about them with an obvious command of the subject matter. I professed myself amazed at the varieties of devices and the ways in which a man could be controlled in such a way.

Timmy was simply horrified, if the way the former man’s man below me had begun to shake was a guide.

“If you wanted to,” Mrs Clayborn said as if giving an alternative for the maintenance of weeds, “you could simply purchase a course of pills – illegal, of course, but we have our contacts – that will not only reduce him in size but, in tandem with others, make him entirely impotent.”

The pressure of my fingers upon his earlobes intensified as the words reached his ears and, given their import, I was amazed that my husband remained in place to hear any more.

Wisely, I believe, I decided some reassurance was required; even if it wasn't entirely positive in nature:

"Given the size of him as it stands," I began, "I don't think a reduction will serve any functional purpose."

My hostess laughed and I could almost feel my husband's humiliation through what had to be relief I was not intending to take such a route.

"As for making his little willy impotent," I went on, "I don't think it would be fair to deprive him of the pleasure he takes from it in its entirety."

Helen Clayborn was nodding her agreement before I had even finished.

"A very wise course, my dear, and exactly the one I would suggest. Our *little* boys are so much better behaved when supplied with a little… *motivation.*"

My husband's face had turned up to mine and I could see the look of wonderment in his expression:

"What the fuck is going on? Not a few months ago I was regular, manly and gainfully employed, husband with a sexy young wife and a life I loved. Now I'm that same wife's cuckold as she fucks other men and I even have to allow myself to be told what to do at home by a couple of schoolgirls who think I've had a breakdown. Now this??"

"At this stage, and unless his behaviour warrants the drastic action you describe," I went on, "I'm simply looking for a cage that will give me complete control of his penis."

Helen smiled and went on to describe a variety of devices guaranteed to do just that – this as I sensed my husband biting his lip not to interrupt and tell us to go to hell before springing to his feet and taking off for a new life without me.

A *"new life"* I knew he had neither hope enough nor courage enough to countenance.

At one point he cleared his throat as if preparing to do just that.

At least before I applied some more warning pressure to a reddened left earlobe.

I followed this up by using my free hand down to ruffle his hair and tickle his other ear as if he were not even a child at my feet but a dog.

To my utter amazement, despite what I had achieved with him to this point, he actually seemed to lean in to my caress.

Was this a sign he was finally giving up and bending his neck to the inevitable?

"And don't forget," Helen was saying, "the option to reduce his penis in size is always available should your boy prove disobedient."

She was speaking as if, for all the world, the man on the floor between us were a bona fide pre-pubescent rather than a handsome and forty-something husband I knew for a fact many women would still find terribly attractive.

As a *man*, that is.

I felt Timmy disengage his ear from my grasp at her mention of my *"option"* and quickly took a handful of his hair to yank him back into place, drawing a yelp of pain from him in the process.

"You were told to sit by my chair and be quiet," I snapped at him. "Now be a good boy and do as you are told."

"It's not uncommon at this stage," Mrs Clayborn observed, "for the poor creatures to behave more like dumb animals than children at this stage. That's why I always recommend the use of a collar and lead for certain occasions."

I can only imagine the effect her words had upon my husband but I was absolutely sure of my own reaction.

The thought of having him in a collar that marked him as my property was simply wonderful.

If fraught with impracticalities.

"As much as I would love to have him collared in such a way," I told her, "I'm afraid there are two young girls around the house and it would be difficult to explain its presence to them."

My hostess was unconvinced by my reasoning;

"You've already told me that they believe Timmy here has a back problem as well as a nervous condition. Just tell them he needs to wear a posture collar."

My eyes lit up and Helen went on:

"I could show you some thick leather collars with a discreet ring embedded in the front should you wish to attach a lead. That way you could pass it off to them as simply a means of helping him with his spinal condition while allowing yourself the control and mark of ownership you're seeking at the same time. If you like, I can give you the address of a website I think you'll find most useful."

"Thank you, Helen," I told her sincerely, the thought of *'Timmy'* in a collar that marked him as mine genuinely thrilling. "I'd appreciate it."

“That’s what I’m here for, my dear,” she said, neglecting to mention the hefty fee she was charging. “I’ll give it to you when you leave. But first I have some papers for you to sign and I will require Moira, my assistant, to witness them.”

She had mentioned this necessity to me before but it came as a shock to my husband and I felt him start as Helen produced two documents and laid them upon her desk with pens.

It was all, I knew, beginning to look *very* serious to him.

“I shall leave you for a moment in case there is a last minute change of mind,” she said, obviously believing my husband would be entering into male-chastity with his young wife as keyholder voluntarily. “Just give me a call when you’re ready. I shall be right outside.”

“Well,” I said down to him when the door had closed behind her. “You have no idea how wet it’s made me to talk to Helen about putting your neck in a collar and your little cock in a nice little cage to which only I have access.”

“Or,” I added ominously, “responsible others of my choosing.”

If he was less than thrilled at the first proposition – let’s call it a *“certainty”* – he was horrified by the addition.

“All we need to do now,” I went on, as if describing nothing more significant than the signing of a contract with an agency for domestic services; which, I suppose, is what it was in its own way, “is sign the contract and the nice Mrs Clayborn and her assistant will fit you in your cage.”

Imploring eyes found mine:

“Please, Rhonda… Why?”

“Oh, you silly,” I chided him. “Isn’t it obvious?”

The answer written across his handsome cheeks was a resounding and unsurprising:

“No!”

“Because it’s a way of making sure you become the best boy you can be for your mummy.”

This was not the answer he had been looking for and if he had, after all this time, been hoping he was simply living a nightmare from which he would soon awake any lingering hopes in that direction had been crushed.

“Can I get up now?” he asked in a change of tack that caught me off-balance.

He had just asked permission of me to get to his feet!

Permission?

For such a simple deed that was the right of any free person!

The sensation of ascendancy and the feeling of power over another human being – and one who happened to be my husband – was too incredible to describe here with any accuracy.

He was actually looking to me for guidance and approval for such a basic action.

Just the same, and taking my consent for granted, he was already beginning to rise when I stopped him.

“Stay right where you are until I tell you otherwise,” I told him with a voice of authority that made my pussy tingle.

He stayed.

“Are you going to sign the papers for Mrs Clayborn?” I asked, voice threatening all kinds of dire consequences if he didn’t.

The face turned up to me was as pitiful as it was anguished:

“Rhonda, please. You… You can’t be serious. It… It’s inhuman.”

My actions and the perverse joy such spite instilled in me were a surprise even to me.

Leaning down and toward him, I spat in his face.

To this day I’m not sure who was more shocked by my behaviour.

Though I do know who recovered quickest.

“Listen, you puerile piece of shit, because this is the last time I’m ever going to say it…

“I-AM-NOT-RHONDA. I-AM-MUMMY.”

His shock had given way to unmanly tears and we both knew that the women beyond the closed door could not have failed to hear my description to him of just who I now was in his life.

“I no longer consider you my husband but my child and if you ever want to me to feel affectionate towards you again you would do best to start acting like the obedient little boy we both know you are.”

I pretended to think about it for a few moments as the gutless man I’d married quailed below me, then:

“In fact, if you don’t want me to kick your backside into the street where it belongs and circulate all those nasty pictures of you sucking a young black man’s cock to the people who know you as a reason for our upcoming divorce, you’re not going to just agree to sign those papers.”

I paused to take a long breath made necessary by the fact my excitement had prevented me from taking any for a good few seconds, then:

“You are going to *beg* me to allow you to sign them.”

True to say I hadn’t to that point seen another human-being look so desolate and forlorn.

But I wasn’t finished:

“And you are going to beg me by placing your weak and unworthy lips on the toes of my boots.”

Again I paused, until:

“Only when I consider your actions servile enough and respectful enough will I let you sign and allow Mrs Clayborn and Moira to get you fitted with your cock-cage.”

Another pause, then:

“It is entirely your choice.”

Finished, I looked away from him with supreme indifference and concentrated my gaze on the view to a well-tended garden to be seen from the large bay-window of Helen’s office.

I’m not sure how long we held this position but, so sky-high was my confidence in regard of his weakness by now, I wasn’t even looking when I felt a *certain* pressure at my toes that indicated he had made his decision.

His life as my chastised man-child was about to begin.

Twelve

Now

The sight waiting to greet me when I returned home that evening a little earlier than usual, dressed in the dark and businesslike garb that was de rigeur for chambers - a charcoal-grey two-piece and black pantyhose to which most men responded favourably – was beyond stunning.

There, in the recreation-room at the back of the house in which he had once considered himself master, was my husband, wearing…

His pyjamas!

This though it was not quite seven.

But it wasn't his premature choice of clothing alone that rendered me speechless.

The above and temporary failure of my vocal capacity had been brought about by the fact he was stood in a corner of the room with his nose buried in it as I stood, unobserved, in the doorway and looked on in a condition of shock that was part pleasure for seeing him that way and part concern for the events that had led to his being there.

I could see the backs of my nieces' heads as they sat on the sofa that faced the back patio window and studied on their laptops. Totally unperturbed, it seemed, that their uncle, a man over thirty years their senior was stood with his nose in a corner, dressed only in his somewhat childish sleeping apparel. *Despite* the early hour.

That they would still be going about their studies so diligently – and so relatively late - did not surprise. Since I had taken them from school and began setting them their lessons their marks had improved correspondingly and both seemed to flourish under the trust I'd placed in them and the extra responsibility of *"supervising, uncle Timmy"*. Neither of my pretty, if a little overweight nieces would ever be top-notch when it came to the academic, of course, but their diligence and willingness to accept responsibility for their *"unwell"* uncle had not come as a complete surprise to me. They were good girls, but the way they were growing in stature under the duty reassured me that I'd made the right decision and their future growth, rather than be impaired in any way, would actually find itself enhanced by the experience of supervising an adult so many years their senior.

"Hell!" I congratulated myself, *"I'd handled the whole situation masterfully,"*

Even if I did say so myself.

"What's going on here?" I asked, when the shock of what I was seeing had worn off.

A *little*, at least.

The girls immediately sprang to their feet at the sound of my voice and made towards me and even Timothy turned from the corner, startled by my early and unannounced arrival.

Only for young Ilse, in a tone of voice I'd yet to hear her use, to order:

"Stay!"

As I stood and marvelled, more concerned now than anything else and asking myself what could possibly have caused such a scene, my once macho husband actually *obeyed* his young niece and returned his nose to the wall.

Katya, the eldest and most painfully shy of the siblings – even if I did detect steel under the shrinking violet exterior – hugged me and allowed me to kiss the top of her head. There was no sign of anything approaching mental distress on the part of either of them and for this I was grateful. But there was still a question to be answered.

I kissed and embraced with young Ilse likewise then asked once again:

"So, what's going on? Why is your uncle standing with his nose to the corner like a naughty boy?"

The economic with words Katya flicked a glance at her sister and it was Ilse who answered.

"Uncle Timmy was disobedient, aunty," she told me. "We were going to tell you the moment you got home but he begged us to keep it between the three of us."

"Did he now?"

In the corner I could see my husband writhing in a hell of shame and mortification to which he seemed incapable of growing accustomed, despite a frequency – nay, a *constancy* – of such sensations. He was a grown and intelligent man, after all. Yet here he was, in the home he had once considered to be his, under the supervision of his wife's eleven and thirteen year-old nieces.

"We told him it was our job to let you know if he misbehaved," she went on, "but he begged us not to tell you."

"He said he was sorry and it wouldn't happen again," Katya added with a worried look, cute Slavic features with snub nose concerned that she and her sister may have offended the aunty who doted on them both so much.

"I'm sure he did," I said, nodding towards the corner and taking pleasure from the fact that my husband would rather beg two young girls for their silence rather than accept the inevitable over-the-knee spanking with a hairbrush from the wife who so loved to correct his behaviour in such a way.

"We know how busy you are at work," Katya continued, in what was for her a long speech, "and we thought that if we punished him ourselves it would save you the…"

My anger went off the chart:

“You mean you spanked your uncle!”

Both the girls, bolder Ilse as well as shy Katya, took a step back in the face of my anger as I pictured the last thing I ever intended to happen; even if the girls were well aware I used my own hair-brush to keep their troubled and wayward uncle in line.

Having my nieces supervise him was one thing, after all.

Allowing them to lower his pyjamas and chastise his bare bottom – cock-cage visible to their young and impressionable eyes – was quite another and I raged internally that *he* could have allowed something of the kind to happen.

The admittedly perverse relationship I enjoyed with my beaten and unwilling older husband was not something – in total, at least – I had the slightest intention of either involving with or informing of when it came to my late and much missed sister’s girls.

And nothing had changed.

The anger I directed at both the girls as well as my cornered husband was their first experience of having elicited any *real* displeasure with them from me and the girls looked on the verge of tears in the school-uniforms I continued to insist they wear as the quailed before their aunt turned vengeful headmistress.

“How dare you do such a thing!” I raged, knowing it would be my husband’s arse that would take the brunt of my anger later.

“B-But we didn’t, aunty,” protested young Ilse, bottom-lip drooping in the face of my displeasure as a silent Katya quaked with equal discomfort to her side.

My eyes narrowed.

“We know how much he hates wearing his pyjamas,” she went on, “so we told him that if he changed into them and stood with his nose in the corner to think about his behaviour before you came home, then promised to be good in future, we wouldn’t tell you this once.”

“Did we do wrong?” asked an on the verge of tears Katya.

Relief washed over me. I had already involved the girls as much as I dared or considered right and there could be no question of them knowing or experiencing more of the lifestyle I had thrust upon their uncle.

I took them both in my arms and hugged them close by way of an apology. They truly believed their uncle was both physically and mentally unwell and were trying in their own way to help him. I was actually very proud of them.

Though I remained incandescent with rage at my cowering husband for having involved them in such a way.

As I hugged them to me in the school uniforms they no longer required but I had insisted – over their objections – they continue to wear, I felt protective of my young nieces and vowed that they would *never* be placed in such a position again.

Even if it did mean giving them even greater control over their *"uncle"*.

"I'm so sorry, girls," I told them. "I know you were only trying to the right thing for both me and your uncle Timmy. Truth be told I'm angry with him for putting you in such a position and I'm going to need to have a good hard think about just how we avoid such situations in the future."

I changed tack suddenly:

"But tell me, what was it uncle Timmy did wrong in the first place?"

It was Ilse, as usual, who answered once I'd released them from our group hug.

"We were playing on our Xbox upstairs for an hour like you said when we could after we finished our lessons and before starting our homework," she began, "and when I came downstairs to get us a Pepsi-Max uncle Timmy was sitting on one of the breakfast-bar stools, despite knowing how it could hurt his back."

"And he was drinking tea," Katya added, annoyed herself now, it seemed, that her uncle had almost gotten them both into trouble with me.

"Was he now?" I said in my best imitation of a martinet educator, having told both my husband and the girls that he was forbidden his beloved tea and a whole host of other adult beverages. Alcohol? Don't even think about it!

The above while being allowed only refreshments such as water, fruit juices and milk-shakes.

My excuse that coffee, tea and hot-chocolate, etc., had chemicals that could affect their uncle's mental condition being bought by the girls in total and stripping my husband of yet more trappings of adulthood.

"But how can we stop him when you're not here?" they had asked when I first mention the prohibition to them.

"Simply by reminding him he is not allowed," I'd told their less than credulous stares.

"But what if he does it anyway?"

"He won't if he knows what's good for him," I reminded them, knowing they knew, if had never seen and never would, that I took him over my knee in the privacy of the bedroom that was now mine alone and to which he was only allowed to enter when given my express permission.

Going on over their young, but part knowing, nods:

"Besides, you're in charge of him from now on whenever I'm not here. That's why I want you to keep wearing your uniforms on a school day and you're studying at home."

This had puzzled them

"From now on, whenever he sees you dressed in such a way he will come to learn that you're in charge and that he has to do whatever you say. And if he refuses all you have to is use the mobile phones I bought you and call me at chambers."

At that point, they were still coming to terms with their good fortune:

"We don't have to go to school anymore!"

Together with:

"And we get to be in charge."

My thoughts had returned to the present and my eyes took in the turned and abject back of the man I had married, almost licking my lips with relish for what was to come:

"I want you girls to stay down here and continue what you were doing while I have a word with your uncle upstairs.

Their eyes widened, knowing what this meant even though they knew they were not allowed to witness it - young Ilse, unless I was mistaken, on the verge of a giggling fit at the prospect of what her *"uncle"* was about to receive at my hands.

Referring then to one of the few remaining household chores for which I had responsibility and actually found therapeutic, even when simple, I said:

"When I've finished, I'll cook us some big juicy homemade burgers and chunky chips. How does that sound.

Knowing it was the girl's favourite I was not exactly surprised by their response.

Then, as they went back to the sofa and their waiting laptops:

"Timmy! Get yourself up to my room this instant!"

*****

I began with my bare hand, slapping his upraised cheeks, still somewhat red and angry from a recent spanking, until my palm began to vibrate under the impact and made me uncomfortable enough – forget the weight of the grown man over my knee – to consider it time to bring my trusty hairbrush into play. The erstwhile husband I was now treating like the recalcitrant pre-pubescent to which I simply adored reducing

him, was squirming when I took the hairbrush in hand. In fact, hand-spanking or not, it was only the pantyhose I'd used that day and removed before balling it up and stuffing it in his mouth that prevented his screams from disturbing the studies of the two, if not *totally* oblivious girls downstairs.

"You've been a bad, bad boy!" I told him in a voice loud enough for the girls, who I knew would be listening at the foot of the stairs to hear and be in no doubt their uncle was being chastised for his behaviour. "How dare you sit on the furniture when you know how bad it is for you."

The hairbrush continued to fall repeatedly on his growingly angry backside and I knew from his muffled sobs that my husband would be begging me to stop were it not for the soiled pantyhose exacerbating his sense of helplessness and shame and preventing him from coherent speech. He was kicking and squirming, of course, but the leg I'd wrapped over his was strong enough to hold him in place.

"I'd advise you to remain still," I warned him at one point. "Unless you really would like me to call the girls in to watch you being spanked."

I had no intention of doing this, of course, but little Timmy was not to know that and he didn't struggle quite so much after hearing it.

I brought the hairbrush down upon his tenderised arse for at least another ten minutes, thoroughly enjoying myself as he became a blubbering wreck across my lap and, in doing so, accepted my right to correct his behaviour – however unjust such punishment was on my part.

When I finally had enough I rolled him from my lap and he fell to the carpet in a sobbing heap.

Sobs that were freed to be allowed greater expression when I took the pantyhose I had worn all day at the office from his mouth and tossed them to the floor at his side, content in the knowledge *he* would be the one picking them up and, later, hand-washing them in the way I required.

"If you ever try to persuade Katya and Ilse to lie or hide things from me again I won't hesitate to send those pictures out," I threatened him.

He continued to sob but I was sure he had heard and understood me.

"It isn't something I'll relish doing, I can tell you," I went on, lowering my voice now that I might not be overheard. "Believe me, I have no desire for people to know the man I married is a cock-sucking weakling with so little pride he allows himself to be supervised by two young girls almost young enough to be his granddaughters."

I rose to my feet and towered above him, hands on hips authoritatively and striking, even if I say so myself, a goddess-like pose.

“That, however, is exactly what I’ll do if you ever pull such a stunt with my nieces again. To hell with what your sisters and friends will think. What do I care, when it comes down to it?”

His only reply was another sob, so far had I lowered his status, self-respect and manhood.

“Understand?”

No reply was forthcoming and I jabbed him sharply in the ribs with the pointed toe of my high-heeled courts.

“I asked you a question.”

“I… I understand,” his words bubbled up to me from below.

I jabbed him again and no further prompting from me was required.

“I mean… I mean, I understand… mummy.”

“I hope so for your sake, little Timmy, because tomorrow is going to be a big day for you.”

Puzzlement conjoined with shame and acute discomfort and prompted me to remind him of the big day he had ahead of him when he woke in the morning.

“Tomorrow is the day mummy and her little Timmy go to court.”

As I ordered him to kneel in the corner of *my* bedroom and think about his behaviour, this as I shut myself in the en-suite for some much needed *quality* time – if you take my meaning – it’s safe to say his puzzlement was replaced by foreboding.

“Just think,” I told him as his nose met the convergence of two bedroom walls and he strained mightily not to rub his burning buns and anger me further, “this time tomorrow mummy will be you legal guardian.”

Thirteen

Now Again

Devon was gorgeous: young, fit, and very good-looking.

He was also *very* black.

Unlike young Spencer, my first dip into ebony waters, so to speak, I knew from the start that there would be no way I would be in the driving seat this time.

Devon was not only a client, you see, but an extremely wealthy and dominant young man into the bargain.

This excited me and, with a thoroughly cowed and obedient man at home – a man who had once been my husband and was now, though we remained married still, my legal guardian and an adult for whom I had sole responsibility just as if I were his parent and he my child – it felt good to experience the other end of the extreme for once and allow myself to be led by a real man.

We had met for a few drinks in a local Wetherspoon's just off Chancery Lane and close to near Lincoln's Inn, choice made more for the busy atmosphere that made it easy for us to blend in rather than its quality as a hostelry – though it was a big improvement on some of the other pubs in the chain - and it soon became clear to me that Devon knew just what he wanted.

And expected me to provide it.

"You are one highly fuckable woman, Rhonda," he whispered, eyes roaming over my full breasts and down to the shapely legs in above the knee skirt and sheerest black stockings that was as daring as I could manage for a working day in chambers.

"And what do you propose to do about it?" I said, eyes holding his with complete confidence in my ability to… *excite*.

The hand that went under the table to run up and down my leg was an answer in itself and I felt my ever alert pussy come alive under the attention.

"How is your husband going react when you go home to him full of black cum?" he whispered a question of his own as his fingers fluttered against my sodden gusset out of sight of the revellers around us.

"Exactly how he knows I expect him to react," I answered, winning a narrowing of the eyes as he jumped to the obvious conclusion.

"That's the kinda stuff you're into is it?"

"No," I told him with an emphatic shake of the head.

He looked surprised at this.

"I thought…"

"It's the *'kinda'* stuff *I'm* into."

The smile was broad, but he still hadn't got it.

"He has no idea then?"

"I didn't say that."

The brown eyes that made me want to melt into them narrowed again.

"I promised him I'd never cheat on him and I haven't and won't."

He looked disappointed and his words betrayed the fact:

"So what's this? You get off on being a prick tease? That why you been flashing your tits and legs at me all day in court?"

"No. That was for the judge who awarded you those nice damages," I laughed.

Adding:

"And for you as well, I suppose."

"So you are a prick tease?"

I shook my head.

"How many prick teasers do you know who allow the object of their teasing to fuck them?"

The expression that had gone sour brightened immediately:

"Then you are gonna cheat on your husband."

It wasn't said as a question but I shook my head anyway.

"It's not cheating if my husband knows I'm doing it – even if he doesn't know the man I allow to fuck me."

"You mean…?"

"That's right," I nodded, lowering my voice further. "I fuck and *he* doesn't."

"And…? And he's alright with that?"

I laughed and I could see the young black Adonis reappraising the older woman he had thought would just be another straight forward and uncomplicated fuck.

"Believe me, my husband is a very long way from being *'alright'* with it, as you say."

"Then why does he…"

Reaching across, aware the fingers at my gusset had stopped fluttering and wanting to get the evening back on course, I placed a finger over plumb simian lips to shush them. He was of Kenyan descent and his physiognomy betrayed his roots. Something I found delightful.

"It's a long story, so let's just say he does exactly as I tell him if he knows what's good for him and leave it at that."

His assent to this was grudging and I could tell he wanted to discover more, but if he would have to work to do it.

"So, which hotel do you have in mind?"

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The Savoy on the Strand was as accommodating as ever and once we were in our double Devon really turned his attention to me, virtually ripping my white-cotton office shirt from me and rubbing his masterful young black hands all over the creamy English rose skin of my upper body to send me into a frenzy of desire.

I wrapped my legs around his waist and mashed my lips against his, Timmy never far from my thoughts as I pictured him at home watching TV until the girls told him it was his bedtime and, as always, making the pleasure I took from my latest lover doubly satisfying.

When Devon threw me back on the bed and released his cock I knew I wasn't about to be disappointed in terms of either girth or length.

"Is your husband this big?" he asked with a self-satisfied smirk, knowing in advance that it was unlikely I'd go to the effort of being with him at all if I had such a monster awaiting me at home.

By way of supplying an answer without the use of words, I spread my legs and gave my black lover his first sight of the white pussy his cock was straining at the leash to get, praising my own foresight for having removed my panties in Wetherspoon's "Ladies".

It made me feel like a common or garden slut and, know what, I thoroughly enjoyed the sensation.

Not bothering to remove his trousers, monster black weapon looking ready for all the world to impale me upon its steel girder hardness, Devon dove between my legs and began to feast on my hairless white snatch. A true pussy hound, if the deep breaths he took through his nostrils un between using a long and inventive tongue upon my slit spoke true. Only intensifying his efforts when I clasped my hands behind his shaven head and mashed him up hard against my frenzied cunt.

“Does your pussy of a husband eat his wife’s pussy as beautifully as me?” my self-regarding, masterful and exciting young lover asked as I writhed below him and savoured the feel of letting another take control for a change – even if I knew I would not allow it to stay that way for long and, even as he ate me, was thinking of the pleasure awaiting me at home when my little Timmy was between my legs performing the clean-up I expected of him and he knew he could not avoid.

“Much better,” I told him, partly to tease and intensify his efforts but also with no small degree of truth for the diligence Timmy now gave to his new duties; knowing as he did that any pleasure his caged little cock and balls might receive from now on was dependent upon pleasing his demanding and dominant young wife.

“Let’s see if he fucks you as well then,” said my unfazed lover as he rose to his knees above me to present that incredible black penis before sliding back his foreskin to reveal the wicked and bulbous looking mushroom that was his purple helmet.

Unfazed in turn, despite knowing this would be the biggest cock I’d taken thus far and wondering if I could manage it, I reached down and pulled him towards my hungry cunt, rubbing his wet cock up and down between my wet pussy lips until he could stand no more and pushed himself into me.

I squealed like a crusader impaled by a vengeful sultan as I felt my pussy open up to accommodate him and drew up my knees beside my head that I might receive him into me more fully.

“Does your pussy eating husband fuck your pussy as good as this?” he breathed, in receipt of the answer already but wanting to hear it from my own lips.

“Just keep fucking me, you bastard!” I screamed not willing to give him his answer even as my exhortation did just that.

“Thought so,” he grinned through bared and gleaming white teeth. “Not many have a cock like good old Devon.”

He was speaking in the first-person now, the first and unmistakable sign of an ego out of control or on the way to being so. But I didn’t care. All I wanted was to feel that thick and incredibly long shaft as it pulsated inside me and reached so deep I felt it must pierce my stomach before performing a tracheotomy on my throat.

For what seemed an eternity of climax and anticipation and climax again, Devon thrust into me again and again and again, drawing screams of ecstasy from me with every single thrust and ensuring the audio evidence of our union could be heard many floors below in the hotel’s famed American-Bar. My pussy was stretched around his cock, and I was sliding backwards and forwards, skull slamming against the headboard with the force of the deep fucking Devon was intent on giving me. And succeeding beautifully!

Suddenly, even he could take it no more and I heard the unmistakable sound of shortened breathing that indicated he was coming close.

“You filthy, beautiful, white whore,” he gasped between breaths growing shorter and shorter.

“Yes!” I screamed, acting the part for him. “Pump your black animal seed into the cunny of your superior white mistress, you worthless black animal.”

His eyes rolled in his head for a moment and anger joined the other emotions racing across them. For a moment I was worried I might have gone too far and touched a raw and atavistic nerve that might not bode well for me in my vulnerable position with the cock of such a masterful young man buried in me to the hilt. My concern, however, proved groundless.

Far from spurring him to violence for this allusion to the slave past of his ancestors, Devon’s breath caught in his throat and refused to budge as the full power of his approaching eruption began to take a hold and seconds later his body convulsed as his black cum shot into my pussy.

Load after load he pumped into me as I wrapped my legs around him and urged him to give me everything he had like the obedient black buck he was – an urging that seemed to spur him to even greater heights and drew a gasp from him that sounded remarkably like pain to my ears as he spent everything he had in my voracious and unconquerable cunny.

When he finally removed himself from me and rolled to my side to lay gasping for air, it felt as if a flagpole had been extricated from me.

And negated the experience not a whit.

Even if my thoughts were no longer on the masterful black buck beside me and his recovery time right then.

We had all night, after all, and I was *very* patient.

The image dominating my thoughts at that point, and exciting me even after what Devon’s wonderful black cock had done for me, was that of my husband as he knelt between my legs and cleaned away the last remaining remnants of the cum from another man I had so considerately saved for him.

As I reached out to cup my black lover’s recently emptied balls and attempt to coax some life back into them, I had a very strong feeling little Timmy’s tongue would have quite a task ahead of it before his *“mummy’s”* pussy was pristine once again.

Epilogue

Right Now

"Did he please you, mummy?"

These were the words with which my husband and, now legal responsibility greeted me upon my entry into his spare-room after I'd returned from the Savoy in the small hours.

"Very much, sweetie," I said, leaning down to plant a motherly kiss on the cheeks I insisted he keep smooth and freshly shaved at all times, knowing he would not have slept, despite having been put to bed at eight by one or other, perhaps both, of the girls. "That's so nice of you to ask mummy."

The eyes that stared up, at me from the pillow remained full of humiliation and shame for what he now as and the status to which I had reduced him.

But there was something else there as well now.

Acceptance.

"You really are a good boy for mummy these days," I told him in the sing-song voice one used for very small children and made Katya and Ilse giggle so much when I directed it at their *'uncle'*. "And the girls tell me you are so obedient and well-behaved for them whenever I'm not here and they're in charge. I'm really proud of you, sweetie."

There was more of humiliation and shame in his eyes now and acceptance had taken a backseat for the moment, but just seeing him below me in such a helpless condition and unable to be able to extricate from it was easily as big a turn on as the night I had just spent at the Savoy with a young and masterful black man who had risen to the occasion no less than three times to provide me with the most explosive orgasms I had yet to experience.

From fucking alone, that is.

To be totally honest – even if I would never speak in terms grown-up enough to give my *'little boy'* the satisfaction of knowing he was providing his *'mummy'* with so much pleasure – it was my former husband's unwilling but now compulsive tongue that overloaded my senses most completely.

"Were you a good boy for Ms Katya and Ms Ilse tonight?" I asked, loving the way hearing me refer to my young nieces in the way I insisted he address them from now on – *"that they might know how much you respect them and appreciate the way they take care of you"* – shamed him to the core of his new persona.

"Yes… mummy," came the grudging reply.

“And did you do all your chores the way I told you to?”

The handsome, beaten and mortified, head on the pillow nodded up at me.

“Now, Timmy,” I admonished. “Don’t go and spoil yourself with mummy. It’s rude to nod and you know it. Now try again like a big boy.”

As always, I could only imagine the thoughts running through his mind as I put him through his own cared for and adolescent hell.

And, as always, and despite recent exertions, my imagination made me wet.

“Yes, mummy,” he began, the utterly conquered tone of his voice thrilling to senses I knew with certainty would never be too jaded to adore hearing; the same tone that would always have me return to my little boy after diversions with the many Devon’s I would know in the coming years and would ensure I would always be there to look after my *‘Timmy’*. “I did all my chores.”

“Did you clean and tidy Ms Katya and Ms Ilse’s rooms like mummy said.”

I saw his Adam’s Apple bob convulsively as he swallowed back another huge gob of pride, self-respect and sheer disbelief that he, Timothy Kenton, as was, could have been placed in so straitened a position by his young and formerly biddable wife that he would not only have to answer to a couple of schoolgirls but be forced to clean their rooms and wait on them.

Tough!

The girls were thriving under the responsibility of keeping their *“uncle”* on the straight and narrow and showed no sign of growing bored with their new authority over him.

“Yes, mummy,” came an answer I barely heard, so weak was his voice.

Being a big believer in rewarding diligent work, I decided it was time to promise just that to my little boy.

The promise I made to him if he came to mummy’s room and pleased her well enough was more than enough to take my chastised former husband’s mind from the humiliation of having his wife fuck other men and treat him as if he were an infant, as well as allow two schoolgirls to exercise control over him.

*****

Shifting my weight forward, legs either side of him pinning down his arms, I lowered my denuded and well-used pussy onto his face before, in a thick with excitement and emotion, I ordered:

“Eat!”

With the promise I had made in his room uppermost in his thoughts, he immediately began to lick and probe with the tongue I'd trained so well. Despite Devon's attentions – perhaps *because* of them - I was already drenched with my own juices and I heard a muffled groan from underneath my muff, so to speak, as his deprived little cockle attempted to harden in the cage I had promised to release him from if he pleased me well enough. Clearly, the sheer humiliation of his situation was not enough to prevent the aroma of his wife's well-fucked pussy from triggering the libido she had placed under her control – no matter it had been another man responsible for *using* her.

My thighs were on either side of his head, trapping him in a dark, wet and musky heaven of comingled secretions. None of them his. It had to be hot, sticky and slippery for him as his tongue made circles and crosses, triangles and oblongs in an attempt to please me, sweeping his well-trained tongue the length of my labia and flicking at my clit to try and tantalise me. I could feel my juices flowing over his face and I revelled in the power I had to inflict such pure humiliation upon the man who had once considered himself more than my equal.

It was, hyperbole intended, the most exclusive sensation Nirvana itself could supply.

He was really trying to tease my clitoris now and was flicking at it with his tongue and vacuum sucking at it as I rode his face the way an equestrienne rides a well-broken and trained to please horse, bucking up and down and forcing his nose past my labia and as far into the recess as it would go. I was rough, but so what? The man I had brought to such a deep and inescapable level of submission was hardly in a position to complain. His nostrils, I knew, were full of both my juices and those of Devon and I could hear him gasping for air even as he swallowed his late and humiliating supper.

And then it happened…

Suddenly, I was in the middle of a huge orgasm that was at least a match in its intensity for anything provided for me by the intrusion and relentless pumping of Devon's superior black cock.

My body went still for a moment and then it hit me.

With a scream a small conscious part of me prayed the girls were too deep in sleep to hear, I became the recipient of the most powerful orgasm I had ever known as I ground down upon him and twisted and squirmed in a rictus of delirium no vanilla sex could possibly deliver and, once experienced, made a return to such prosaic pleasures unthinkable.

It was that moment, and for the first but not the last time, that I released my bladder into my unsuspecting former husband's mouth and snatched two handfuls of his still copious hair in order to ensure he could not escape the torrent of wifely piss being rained down upon him as he sealed his mouth tight that he might not be forced to drink it down.

Something, a part of me gave assurance, he would be doing soon enough.

When I came down from my high and rose to my feet above him, the eyes that were fixed upon mine were full of recrimination and reproach for this latest indignity and I smiled down at him to ensure he knew his bad opinion of his *"mummy"* cut no ice with her now and wouldn't ever.

Besides, I knew such thoughts would last only as long as it took for him to see me raise the chain holding the key to his cage above my head and kneel between his legs to release the imprisoned cock that had known no release for the past month.

The sigh of utter joy and relief exiting his lips as I unlocked the cage attached to the ring secured around his scrotum gave me pleasure also and I revelled in the power I now had to both treat him in such a way and be able to elicit such a response at one and the same time.

His cock, angry from straining against its restraint, sprang to life instantly and I giggled.

"Ooooh, mummy's little boy is growing all big and hard."

The observation seemed to intensify what was, for him, an impressive erection and I feathered a hand along its none too substantial length to fetch a gasp of sheer delight from its enslaved owner.

"You've been a really good boy for mummy, little Timmy," I sing-songed to him, even though I knew he would be beyond humiliation now and at least until his cockle had spurted and he had been cleaned up and put back in his cage, "and mummy always rewards her boy when he has been good for her."

I could tell he was already close and removed my hand from his penis.

"Now, you have a choice little boy," I told him as he stared up into my eyes beseechingly, desperate for release. "You can either hump my leg as it is, bare and uncovered; or you can ask mummy nicely to put on a some nice pantyhose for you to rub against."

Unbelievably, his cock twitched and hardened still more.

"What's it to be, sweetie?" I asked.

A minute or so later, as I smoothed sheer black pantyhose up and over the legs my little boy loved so much, I could only marvel and give thanks for the pure joy that was my new existence.

The End