# A Husband In Hell

*A wife wants EVERYTHING from her husband*

**By**
**Toby Melia**

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# “A Husband in Hell”

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# PART ONE

# Prologue

No amount of time or familiarity can or ever will ease the feelings of mental pain and emotional and physical loss I experience at times like this.

How could it for any husband with any sense of self-worth still in love with a wife who…

Excuse me, as I sit at my desk in the basement that now serves as my office and, sometimes, sleeping quarters to peck out these first introductory words of my story, the hurt is as fresh to me now as it was at the time of the original events predicating the nightmare I now live.

In the next week or so I'll know if some compensatory redemption awaits me after the hell I've lived through, though I've learned not to count chickens lately.

And the nature of that hell?

For all you husbands out there still in love with their wives and blessed with at least a soupcon of imagination, I promise you the above description of my life will not seem any more than an exercise in hyperbole.

Picture yourself in my position:

You have just returned to the windowless and nigh on airless basement after a furtive trip to the upstairs landing of the same house you bought with your wife of over twenty-three-years.

As and in which your two children were raised.

Downstairs was in darkness and so was the landing containing the marital bedroom with en-suite along with three spare-rooms and a guest bathroom.

But darkness is no barrier to noise and the sounds you heard coming from the room that was once exclusive to you and your beloved were not so familiar they couldn't stab at your vitals as if they were multitudinous rapiers intent on assaulting your innards.

Yes.

That's right.

Another man was in the room, the bed, and the woman that was once, and still should be, yours.

What's worse was that it was no break-in or assault but a planned liaison made above objections you no longer have the power to enforce.

It was, in fact, but the latest of a whole series of such *'get-togethers'* that show no sign of abating.

That the man in your home, bedroom, and wife, won't be invited back again and she will move on to a different partner as surely as night follows day is no consolation whatsoever.

Another man is not only fucking your wife with her consent but pleasing her in ways she insists are quite beyond you.

Can you imagine such pain?

I'm not sure you can, so picture this:

The door to your former bedroom is open and the light of a single bedside-lamp allows you to see them as you creep forward and apply your eyes to the gap between the frame and the door itself.

And now visuals are added the sounds enough on their own to reduce you to unmanly tears.

But there is nothing unmanly about the thirty-something with shaven-head putting it to your wife's arse as she sprawls face down upon the mattress with her buttocks raised to allow herself to be penetrated more… *fully*.

Everything that has been pronounced off-limits to you is fair game and accessible to… *him*.

The wifely pussy you once adored pleasing has become a wanton cunt and is no longer yours to have except on those occasions when a gentle tongue is required to soothe its post-fuck tenderness and she has no compunction in ordering you to your knees to soothe and clean her; despite the presence of the load left by her latest *"fuck buddy"*..

Yes, you know you should march in and tear this intruder from the woman you've loved and adored since that fateful first meeting.

Isn't that what any man, husband or boyfriend, would do in the circumstances?

Shouldn't you pull him off her and beat him to a living pulp before applying your boot to the wilted cock and balls that have just left your wife's arse and pussy and ensuring it will be a long time, if ever, that he gets to put the horns on another man again?

It makes no difference that he might be your match physically and do to you what you should do to him.

If you were anything like the kind of a man you always believed yourself to be that's what you should do.

To hell with your wife's anger and irritation at having her fun ended.

Redemption is better late than never at all.

You know that this is *exactly* what you should be doing.

But you do nothing.

And doing nothing provides you with almost as much pain as watching the love of your life taken to orgasmic paradise by a cock that isn't yours.

Be it inserted in her wanton cunt or her treacherous arse.

So far down has the woman who still professes to love her husband, and *only* her husband, taken you.

But there's worse.

Something that the possibility of escape on the near horizon, unlikely as it seems, can mitigate or soothe.

A reaction on your part that shames you to the very core of your manhood, just as it has done since you allowed your wife to turn a happy and fulfilling marriage – at least for you – into a moral and social aberration.

And no, you're wrong.

This has nothing to do with standing with one's eyes glued to the crack in your former bedroom door and whacking off as the cock of the wife's latest *"fuck*

*buddy”* compels her to scream the house down with satisfaction.

Though doing so would be bad enough.

What is infinitely worse, I assure you, is to want to do just that - even as you despise both yourself and your need; and be prevented by a more immediate agony.

This as your cock attempts to engorge and feels the bite of the cock-cage into which your self-proclaimed *“loving wife”* has locked you…

…My name is David Sterling and I am about to tell you how I became my wife’s… *cuckold*.

And lot’s worse besides…

# One

Women manage us.

It can be our boon and the making of us.

It can also make us soft, easily influenced and dependant; unless you're one of those lucky guys genetics blessed with a built-in resistance to those old feminine wiles.

Me?

No such luck, I'm afraid. Nature took one look at the embryonic stage and assigned me my role. Even if it was gracious enough to let me have a reasonably happy childhood and a good few years of what I considered a happy marriage before lowering the boom on me and…

Whoa, boy!

A story of the kind I'm about to tell starts at the beginning and, besides, trying to attach some existential and off the wall structure to mine would not only seem out of keeping with the story I have to tell but be beyond the small gift for narrative with which my aforementioned *"genetics"* blessed me.

As mentioned, my name is David Sterling and at the time these events began I was forty-eight years of age while my wife Elise was soon to turn forty-two.

We had been married just over twenty years.

I was – *am* - five-ten and weigh in at just under one-hundred-and-eighty-pounds.

Not muscle, you understand, but not flab either.

From as early as I can remember I've always been told how handsome I am, but though I've as much of an ego as the next man this was not nearly important to me. What we have is what we're born with, which is no more than luck of the draw and certainly not grounds for some kind of puerile one-upmanship. It's what we make of what we're given that counts and, though like most teenagers I could be pretty full of myself as the hormones raced, I like to think I've not only done pretty well but remain a man worth knowing into the bargain.

Even if my wife has done a great deal lately to make me review whether being a decent guy is worth the candle.

Many of my friends – decent guys too, but as pretentious when it came to looks as most people in our cosmetic society – expressed surprise that I'd fallen so hard for a younger woman who was, well, *homely*.

In fact, so did a number of my new wife's so-called friends as they put loyalty to Elise aside and tried to come on to me.

They did not remain friends of hers for long when I pointed out their disloyalty.

It's as well to say here, before we move on and you're left with the impression Elise was not a desirable woman in her own right that, while she's not exactly up there facially with those beauties likely to stir the pulses and the genius of a Botticelli or Singer-Sargent, even with her flaming red-hair, she has a body that could not fail to inspire those artists with a bent for the more sensuous and decadent fringes of their art.

As I've said, looks are not a prime motivation for me, especially on an emotional level, and for me the spiritual and intellectual connection was the most important aspect of my attraction to her. By the same token though, sex is important and my wonderful Elise (so did my thoughts describe her at the time) was no less than a goddess to me in sexual terms and never failed to excite me. Even on those occasions when I thought I was either too mentally or physically exhausted to raise the proverbial gallop.

The above being an early warning sign.

Had I not been too loved up to notice it, of course.

Anyhow, and just so you know, my wife might not have been my equal in terms of the facial – the words of others not mine – but when she wanted to turn on the sexual allure I more than anybody knew she could have most any man she chose and was lucky to have fallen in love with a one-man woman.

Just writing those words makes me cringe, but you may be assured the reality I am about to impart to you goes far beyond internal winces of the kind.

Apart from a few pounds on the plus side, she remains the same woman - looks wise, at least – she was when we first met. Hourglass to the point of Rubenesque with deep hazel eyes to compliment that shock of red-hair and legs that could never be said to be lithe and svelte but lose nothing in sex appeal for being overly muscular and shapely.

She is I promise you (this through my amazement I can write of her in such intimate terms for strangers; despite what she has put and still puts me through) a sex goddess of Olympian dimensions. A description minus hyperbole on my part; even if that body is now denied me in its most meaningful sense; that was not the driving force behind my devotion to her but was certainly a crucial component of its engine.

Believe me, and I can only speak for my own tastes in the matter, but the combination of red-hair above and below - though she now keeps her pussy clean shaven - together with stunning grapefruit size tits and an arse I had always told her could crack walnuts if she was of a mind, is something that still commands a powerful presence in my constant thoughts of her as she…

Again: *"Whoa!"*

First things first, as the chicken waiting to have its neck wrung said to the waiting oven.

The story I'm about to tell starts with an ordinary post-prandial drink between man and wife after the husband's return from a day at his business and ends in a way guaranteeing nothing between them would ever be *ordinary* again.

# Two

Elise and I were sipping at our white wine and Sherry respectively when she began the opening salvo of a feminine bombardment that was about to turn my cosy, content and loving, world upon its head.

As usual I was in a semi-stupor induced by another pressurised day at the recruitment agency I owned. I had set it up to provide niche workers to the refinery's and production facilities of the Middle-East and it was doing well. I'm no business genius but it seemed to me that these facilities were always screaming out for workers of reasonable quality and would be willing to pay top-money to get them, so it seemed a good move on my part and that's exactly what it proved to be. We weren't multi-multi or anything like that, but we were comfortably off and able to more than look after both ourselves and the two girls who had come along in the first two years of marriage.

Sarah and Lynn. Both out of university at the time my woes began and both living and working in London; one in London and one in the City of London. Both of them with decent 2-1 degrees under their belts. Sarah's from York in Psychology and already gaining a reputation in Clinical Research at Imperial College London; while Lynn's came from the LSE in Corporate Finance,

Investments and Financial Markets, and resulted in her finding a place with a Spanish Bank based in the City.

We both doted on our girls and were understandably proud of them. We had been and remained good parents but, now they were *"off-hand"*, as the saying has it. That being the case, we were ready for some *"us"* time.

Though it was to turn out one of us was thinking more of the *"me"* word.

As the sherry hit the back of my throat and I savoured the warmth of a somewhat maligned and out-of-fashion drink I'd always loved, it was not the first time that I acknowledged this as my favourite time of day.

Pressure off until the next morning and feeling the contentment of a full-stomach and a wife I loved opposite me, why would I feel otherwise?

I was taking my leisure in the home that was bought and paid for and was, indeed, this particular Englishman's castle.

Or so I had thought.

Dinner having just been eaten and still not fully digested, my wife was about to turn both my stomach and my world on its head.

“David, I need to speak with you.”

“What about my love?” I asked, too comfortable and relaxed to pick up on the serious tone my wife was aiming my way, mired as I was in a quarter-century of loving domesticity with scarce an atonal ripple to disturb what had been and remained a joining together of the emotionally simpatico.

Until now.

It struck me at this point that Elise had not taken her usual seat on the sofa next to me but was sat in an armchair across from me.

The sense of well-being that had accompanied me from the dining-room to living-room vanished as if it had never been.

Something was wrong.

*Badly* wrong.

Even if her first words did their best to contradict that impression.

“David,” she began with a smile full of the loving affection I was so used to seeing on her face whenever it

was turned my way, “you know you're the only man I'll ever love, don’t you?”

“I sincerely hope so,” I told her in a jokey voice that was only half felt.

Something was *not* right and I knew it.

Even if I would never have guessed what if asked to try and given another twenty-five years to do so.

“David, there’s no easy way to just come out with this so I’m going to do just that and… *‘Come out with it”*”

I waited, heart in mouth, cosy domesticity and hearty dinner forgotten as I tried to forewarn myself on the subject of the bombshell I sensed was coming.

But forewarn myself how?

Everything was perfect.

Wasn’t it?

*“Oh, my god!”* I remember thinking. *“Something’s happened to…!”*

“It’s okay, David,” she soothed me, reading me with her usual ease. “Sarah and Lynn are fine.”

My breath released with a rush, but if it wasn't the girls then what? Both our parents had passed away some years ago, so that wasn't it. Sure, Elise had a sister and I had a brother, as well as a couple of out of the picture aunts and uncles, but we weren't close and as upsetting as losing them would be I knew this wasn't the problem.

We did have close friends, however, and I had just started bracing myself to hear something bad about one or other of them when she dropped it on me:

"David, I'm going to let another man fuck me."

My immediate reaction was not what you might be expecting.

I laughed.

Then stopped.

I loved Elise and she was many things, but blessed with an advanced sense of humour she was not – and neither did she use words such as *"fuck"*.

"Say again," I asked, praying I hadn't heard right the first time and that, if I had, she had finally found her funny bone.

“I said, David,” she began and through my considerable shock and pain I could see she was struggling to remain in control, “I’m going to let another man fuck me.”

After over twenty years together I knew my Elise and I was certain she was serious.

“I'm going to have an affair, David.”

I barely remembered the words I conjured up in response, but they went something like this:

“You…? You’re telling me you’re in love with another man?”

I don’t know what it was, possibly the devastation she had wreaked in me with no more than this one simple statement of intent, but I saw her confidence grow, as if she was now certain she could say such a thing to me and I would simply sit still for it. I could still see the love for me in her expression, strange to say, but now there was something there alongside it.

Something I couldn’t fathom at the moment with so much racing through my head but something I knew I wouldn’t like.

Looking back, it was almost as if she knew I was… *controllable*.

And took pleasure from the prospect.

Especially as she would soon be proved right.

But that would be later.

“You’re not listening to me, David,” she said with the kind of benign and patient smile a mother had for a slow child. “Did you not hear me just say that you’re the only man I’ve ever loved and ever will love?”

I was struggling to breathe, let alone answer her, the temporary fortification awaiting me in my sherry-glass completely forgotten.

“This is about sex and nothing more.”

She had the good grace to at least remain quite for a while as I tried to get my head around the landmine she had just detonated beneath me.

Finally, when words did come to me:

“You're telling me that you love me but that you're going to defile our marriage with another man. Right?”

“No, David. *Wrong*. Completely wrong. This will not defile our marriage but make it stronger.”

“Well,” I said, regaining enough of my wits for anger and natural sarcasm to gain a foothold, “I’ve heard of divorce doing a lot of things but never making a marriage stronger.”

“Don’t be such a child,” she actually snapped.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Was I being childish? Forgive me but I’m not sure what the social protocol is here. My wife – the wife I love more than anything in this world and likely the next if there is one – has just told me she intends to let another man fuck her. Should I have clinked glasses with you?”

Her expression, unbelievably, was long-suffering.

“David, there will be no divorce,” she told me as if it were her decision and hers alone to make. “I want you to act like a grown-up and put your silly pride aside. All I’m talking about is me having sex with another man so we can keep our marriage fresh.”

“Fresh?” I exploded. “Who the fuck for? If you want sex why don’t you try your husband?”

If my sudden rage discomfited her I was at a loss to spot any sign of her unease.

“If I hadn’t been that route,” she answered, “I wouldn’t be wanting another man to fuck me now, would I?”

I shook my head as if trying to wake myself as her words threatened to slam my left-ventricle shut.

She seemed to notice this and tried to sweeten the pill.

Some hope!

“You’re still a handsome man, David, and I know a lot of my friend’s thought, and still think, that I won the lottery when we married. For what it’s worth, so do I. But the fact is that I want to experience some sex that’s… *different*.”

A thought struck me through the misery and foreboding she had inflicted with no more than a few words:

“And since when did you suddenly get interested in sex again?”

Her eyes left mine at this and, emboldened by at least winning a reaction, I pressed on:

“How many times have I tried to get something started between us, only to have you trot out a whole host of pathetic excuses?”

I paused for effect; feeling a need to be hurtful myself; then:

“How long’s it been now since you last wanted to *‘fuck’* me, Elise?”

At last!

Was it guilt that crossed the features I loved as her eyes found mine once more.

It was.

“Yes…” she began, nodding. “I do feel guilty about that.”

The admission was something – but not much in the greater scheme of things.

Ditto her following assertion – even less so:

“But that's what I'm doing now. Don’t you see, David? I'm doing this for us.”

“Really? You’re going to have yourself fucked by a man who isn’t me? For us?”

The air left my lungs with a rush that turned into a snort of derision.

“What a fucking soldier!”

“Mock all you like, David, but this is going to be the making of our sex-lives.

“Well, I can certainly see how it would give yours a bit of a boost, but I fail to see how knowing the woman I love is letting someone else put it to her is going to do anything for mine.”

“David, this is just something I need and I really thought you’d show a little more understanding.”

“I… I don’t fucking believe it. You’re actually criticising *me*? Worse, you’re *actually* serious!” I snarled, already having expended more bad language in her presence than I had in the twenty years or so we had been married to now. “Have you gone fucking mad?”

My wife chewed her lip and looked off to the side, as if she were doing no more than waiting out a toddler’s latest burst of petulance.

“Understanding?” I raged, her attitude inciting me further. “My wife tells me she’s going to fuck another man and I’m supposed to appreciate her sacrifice?”

“Yes,” she stated, bold-as-brass. “That’s exactly what you should be doing. I’m trying to save this marriage, not end it. When the man I’ve chosen to fuck me walks out of my life sometime afterwards it will be you I return home to and you’ll be the one to benefit from my renewed interest.”

I raised my hands for a moment of truce, knowing irony, satire and sarcasm were beyond her limited humour and certain I would gain nothing; even if knowing would not prevent me:

“Tell me, Elise, is it purple? Or cerise with mauve flashes?”

“I… I’m not with you.”

“The colour of the sky on your faithless planet,” I clued her in, winning yet another sigh for my childishness. “Because it seems I’ve come home from the office where I try to make enough to provide for us to find myself in a re-enactment of Invasion of the Body-Snatchers.”

“David, I’m not trying to hurt you, I love you. But this is something I… something *we*… need.”

“Listen to yourself, for crying out loud,” I said, tears forming at the back of my eyes as I sensed our marriage was all but over. “Are you telling me that you want to swing? That you want an open-marriage? Is that what you’re saying?”

She didn’t reply and I went on:

“Are you saying it’s okay if I go out and get myself a little strange in order to, what were your words: *‘keep our marriage fresh’?*”

“David Sterling!” she snapped, real anger in her own hazel eyes. “That is *not* what I mean and you know it.”

Just for a moment I wondered if she had gone insane or someone had slipped her a mind-altering drug of some kind.

The woman in the chair opposite looked just like my wife.

And there all similarities ended.

“There is no way I’ll ever share my wonderful husband with another woman. You can get *that* right out of your head as soon as you like.”

My response to this pathetic sop to my pride pleased her at first and would only become horrified after I’d enlarged upon my theme:

“I suppose you’re right,” I told her, sincerely as it was to turn out. “I could never have sex with another woman while I’m married to you.”

Amazingly, her relief was genuine, even if her words did make the blood boil in my veins, “I should think not. I wouldn’t stand for it.”

She actually followed this, would you believe, with a snort of mild outrage.

Incredible!

“Yes, you’re right,” I told her. “It wouldn’t work. I’ll just have to wait until after the divorce to start dating again.”

That look of horror I mentioned earlier was not long of duration and was soon replaced by a shake of the head and a pursing of the lips that enraged me even more than her words.

Did she really regard me with such contempt she thought I would sit still for such treatment?

My answer was not long in coming.

“There’s no point discussing it further right now, David,” she said, rising for her seat and making for the stairs in our open plan living room.

“I have a date tomorrow night and the morning after I’ll be coming home to you. You’re my husband and I know you better than any human-being alive or dead. You’re a smart and intelligent man who loves me as much as I love him and I know that when you’ve had time to reflect you’ll realise what I’m doing is best for us.”

As I sat open-mouthed at the jaw-stopping arrogance and audacity of a woman I thought I’d known as well as she professed to know me – a wife who had just told me she was going out the next evening to get fucked; whether I liked it or not – she disappeared upstairs to the bedroom.

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It was no more than thirty minutes later, having taken advantage of her presence in the en-suite shower, that I packed an overnight-bag with some fresh clothes and a suit for an important lunch meeting the next day and

drove my soft-top VW back to the office earlier than planned.

Waiting for me there was a comfy enough sofa-bed I had used when working through to meet some recruitment crisis in Iraq, Kuwait, or some other oil-rich location.

More important to me, given the fact I felt stunned, tearful and near devastated, was the unopened bottle of vodka we kept in the kitchen fridge.

Of a mixer I was in *Absolut*-ely no need.

## Three

I was pretty near useless the next morning at work and asked Alana, my secretary of just over a month to hold all calls unless they were absolutely crucial or pass them to my number-two, Jeremy.

My wife included – though in her case there was no need to get Jeremy involved.

And my excuse?

I'm the boss and I didn't need one but, to be on the safe side and nip gossip in the bud from the start, I told her I'd be online all morning checking out a possible new client.

Consequently, Alana, being nothing if not a stickler for instructions, had not disturbed me once save for the delivery of a coffee and I had no way of knowing if Elise had tried to contact me here or not.

Though my cell-phone was a different matter.

When she woke to get ready for her own working day and found the husband she planned to cheat on not there, the messages had come thick and fast and were still coming thick and fast now she was sat at her own desk

in the chartered surveyors where she had been an office manager for the past eleven years.

The first was angry:

*"Where the hell are you? I woke up to find you weren't here. I'm worried sick. How dare you be so selfish!"*

As you can imagine, after listening to that she wasn't alone in her anger.

The second was slightly less offensive:

*"I told you I loved you and there would never be anybody else for me. Now either come home this instant or tell me where you are so I can stop worrying."*

Nobody else apart from the man you're leaving that *"home"* to meet tonight, I'd thought grimly.

I let her keep worrying – if indeed she was.

The third message was less angry and offensive and more… *petulant*:

*"Would you rather I lied and had an affair behind your back, for crying out loud? It's just sex, David, not a relationship. A relationship is what I have with my*

*husband and that's you. Tonight is for me so I can recharge my batteries and get our sex life back on-board again. So stop being a child and ring me back for god's sakes."*

And so it had gone until around ten-thirty when the messages stopped completely and I guessed that she had rung the office. Alana had obviously told her I was tied up with something and she was unable to be put through. A piece of information that would at least give her my whereabouts and let her know I was in the land of the living.

All I had to worry about now was my lunch with Malik Al-Zahawi of Offshore Petroleum and only after that would I consider my response to what the wife I had loved for over twenty-three years had laid on me the night before.

For now, though, work came first and I was grateful for it.

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As it turned out, I was unable to quite keep my personal situation from intruding into my thoughts and Malik, a heavy-set Iraqi from Mosul and a guy I'd met on many

occasions and liked, was not slow to notice after we'd concluded the business part of our lunch.

I'd caught the train into Victoria and taken the underground to Green Park for the short walk to Langan's Brasserie and knew that, as I would be getting a cab back, drinking too much would not be a problem – save for my delicate head.

But it wasn't until we had finished our food, him helping himself to the fish I'd barely touched, and were on our second bottle of a particularly nice Barolo – though it could have been Malik's petroleum itself and I'd have drank it so long as it was alcoholic – when he gave me a look that had nothing to do with the business we had in common.

A look that was part interrogation and part sympathy.

Malik had responsibility, as well as a small but lucrative financial interest, for the operation of a large refinery to the south-east of his hometown at Baiji and the constant need for trained and reliable Foreign employees during a time of great upheaval – and much danger for the Foreign workers tempted by the money on offer – had proved similarly lucrative for my company.

All the motivation I required, encouraged by what could prove a long-term source of revenue, to ensure my already strict vetting procedures in regard of the staff I either sent or recommended became even more watertight.

All was rosy in *this* particular garden, at least.

But that was business, and what Malik had on his mind at this moment, in his correct and courteous way, was more personal than personnel.

“Please tell me to desist if you feel I am being intrusive, David,” he began in the clipped and precise English he had been taught in his homeland before having it honed by attending a very expensive and exclusive Public School in the Middlesex countryside. He was a large man in a lightweight blue suit and, despite the fact it was still autumn and the air outside fresh, his arrival from far warmer climes could not prevent the perspiration that had him mopping at his forehead constantly.

“What’s on your mind, Malik?” I asked, thinking he was about to pose a question about the running of my business and topping both our glasses from a second bottle that would soon be stretching to a third.

“David, I know you would not think it,” he began; “after all you are a handsome and dashing Englishman who looks far younger than his years while I am an overweight Arab with a receding hairline who looks older than you despite being younger.”

“I’m a film star and you’re an extra lucky to be getting my time,” I made light. “Keep the compliments coming and I’ll sign the menu for you.”

“My people will be so jealous,” he said in an accent he must have cribbed from the Desert Song.

We both chuckled.

“But seriously, David, I am seldom wrong about these things and it is obvious to me that there is a…*problem*. And I do not refer to our common business with each other.”

My somewhat forced amusement became instant suspicion, so hair-trigger were my emotions at this point.

*Was Malik the man she was seeing tonight?*

Hair-trigger emotions that were put in perspective by his next words.

Not to mention the fact I'd just remembered he was flying back to Mosul early this very same evening.

"Forgive me, David. I intrude when I have no right to do so. It is just that though I consider you more than a business acquaintance but less than a friend I am convinced you are a person it would be good to know in such a way.

Okay.

I confess.

It did strike me that perhaps Malik was gay and coming on to me and that I was not as immune to that hateful old English stereotyping when applied to the Arab male as I thought.

He was amused and *way* ahead of me.

"That was not the first tentative opening in a seduction ritual, David, I assure you – despite what you may have been told about those Arab *proclivities*," he laughed, eyes bright with a mirth my own were swift to copy.

"I could do a lot worse," I assured him and we both laughed aloud at such a ludicrous likelihood and raised our glasses for a clink and sip.

“You did not answer my question, David,” he said when our laughter subsided, “so please forgive me for having brought it up and try to forgive my presumption in doing so.”

“Malik, you’re a good man, I know that. But… But…”

“Some matters are private and must remain so,” he finished for me. “I understand completely.”

“Well that is true,” I could do no more than agree. “But that’s not the problem I have.”

“Anything you say to me, David, is as safe as if we were in one of your confessionals.”

His smile became impish.

“Though I must warn you in case the fact escaped your notice that I am not of your faith.”

“Given I don’t have one, that would be difficult,” I told him.

I took another sip of my Barolo, aware that he was waiting and that it was obvious I needed to unload on someone.

“David, if this sounds egotistic on my part then so be it, but there is absolutely nothing you can tell that will either shock me or make me judge you. There is obviously much that is troubling you at this moment, my friend, and if I can help you by listening and perhaps offering some advice, or even help should you wish it, I would be honoured to do so.”

It took me no longer than the emptying and refilling of my glass before I took him up on his offer.

## Four

“Just so you know and can’t accuse me of being secretive and underhand with you,” Elise had told me as if she were tolerance and benevolence itself, “his name is Thomas Cooper and he’s a freelance surveyor our company uses from time to time. Up to now all we’ve had are a few after work drinks with each other.”

“Well, of course,” I said still buzzed from the afternoon’s Barolo consumption and contemplating more. “That’s understandable. I wouldn’t want you leaping into bed with any Thomas, Dick or Harry without scoping them out first.”

She was already sighing a put upon sigh as I finished:

“Sounds perfectly reasonable to me.”

He’s younger than me and has a wife and children of his own, David,” she added as if it were some kind of deal-clincher.

“He's married? With children?”

A nod confirmed it.

“And this makes it better does it?”

She sighed again, as if I were being wilfully stupid.

“Of course it does. He loves his wife and kids as much as I love you and ours. This way there’s no chance of an emotional bond being formed between us. You surely must understand that at least?”

As you can imagine, this haughty and patronising attitude on the part of a wife about to cheat on me didn’t sit well exactly, but I kept it together enough to stay in sarcastic mode for a while longer:

“Sorry,” I apologised as if I actually agreed with her unspoken assessment of me. “The two of you are going to have sex but it won’t be with the partners you both profess to love?”

I nodded to myself and pretended to mull it over.

“Yes. I see it now. It makes good sense… Apart from the partners being fucked over that is.”

Another big sigh greeted my sarcasm.

“And has *Tommy Cooper* told Mrs Cooper he’s going to be slipping it to you tonight? Or is he going to let one of his rabbits break the news to her.”

I’m not sure if she got my jest in respect of her would-be lover and the deceased television magician and his live props but if she did there was no sign of recognition in either voice or expression.

Though, unbelievably, there was annoyance.

“Do watch your language, David. It really doesn’t suit you to act or talk vulgar.

“My wife’s going out to have sex with a man who isn’t me. And *I* sound vulgar?”

I tutted with mock self-rebuke.

“Who’d have thought it?”

“Look, I know you feel threatened at the moment,” she said with a look of sympathetic understanding that almost made me consider doing her violence. “And if I could avoid that I would. But there’s really no need for you to feel that way. I promise you, Thomas might be younger and just as successful but he’s no match for you when it comes to looks. Nowhere near, in fact.”

“Oh, well,” I began with arms wide reasonably, “why didn’t you mention this before. I feel so much better now

I know you're going to toss our marriage away for a fuck with a man less attractive than me."

"David, I told you last night and I'm telling you again, *our marriage is not being tossed away*. I'm just being totally honest with the man I love. The same man I'll be coming home to afterwards. "

That look of confidence she had also aimed my way last night was evident again as she added:

"Why else would you have come back at all if that weren't the case?"

I almost screamed at her:

*"Because a business acquaintance who appears to care more for your husband than you advised me to come home and stop you from doing what you're about to do."*

Though when I saw her smug lack of surprise for my return when I did just that I had been tempted to walk right out again.

Instead, trying to act more calmly than I felt, I said:

“I came back to try and prevent you killing our marriage. Even if I’m successful I’m not sure if I can stay married to you, but if you go through with… *this*...”

I left the threat hanging.

Hanging and *completely* ignored.

“I'm sorry, David, but this is what it is and you are just going to have to come to terms with it. When I come home in the morning it will be to the man of my dreams and nothing will have changed except for our sex life being kick-started again.”

“Kick-started by a man I’m supposed to believe *isn’t* the man of your dreams and who has a wife of his own waiting at home for him.”

“I refuse to debate this any further, David,” she said as if she were refusing allowing my friends around for a poker evening.”

She turned her back on me and, despite her intended treachery, it felt to me as if the sun were receding.

I’m going upstairs to change,” she threw back over her shoulder, “and, when I come back down, I’d like to find a *supportive* husband waiting to kiss me goodbye.”

As I stood in a state of stupefaction at her ability to even suggest such a thing to me, let alone expect it to happen, my wife of twenty-three years turned and made her way upstairs.

*****

It was an hour and a few generous glasses of Rioja later when she came back down and I steeled myself to make one last attempt to make her see sense before she actually went ahead and ended our marriage.

Even with those aforementioned *"homely"* features, she looked about as sexy as I could recall seeing her look and this was yet another jab at my already beleaguered heart.

The dress was black and strapless and had either been lying in her wardrobe for years or she had just bought it.

Either way it wasn't familiar to me.

Which did not stop it from taking my breath away.

The dress ended above the knee and halfway towards her hosed thigh and at the sight of her red-hair framed against the black fabric below and the dimples running up the side of her calves by dint of the spiky black courts she was perched upon I began to sport an erection.

A thankfully unnoticed erection.

There is, after all, only so much embarrassment a man can take at any one time.

As usual, her make-up was minimal and only a darkening of the eyelashes indicated she wore any at all.

But it was what she wore around her neck that made me forget an erection I found humiliating and shaming and brought back the enormity of what she was about to do.

“That necklace looks lovely,” I observed.

“Thank you, David,” she said with a smile of relief for what she obviously saw as an attempt on my part to be *‘supportive’*.

She *saw* wrong.

“I remember buying it for you in Vilamoura,” I reminded her. “Remember? The trip we took to the Algarve to celebrate our twentieth anniversary?”

In fairness to her, a look of horror clouded those *“homely”* features at my reminder.

“Oh, David, I’m so sorry. I can’t believe I could be so thoughtless. Please forgive me, my love, but… It… It’s just that I’m just so excited about tonight I… I…”

Seeing my own expression at this point, she must have thought better of saying anything more that was likely to enrage me further, but I could tell, amazingly, that she was genuine in her remorse for such a callous and, possibly, thoughtless choice of accessorising.

*“So fucking what?”* I remember my thoughts screaming at me. *“She’s still going out to get fucked, isn’t she?”*

The bottom line was that she was here in front of me, dressed to the nines for a night of sex with a married man who was *not* her husband.

And apologising only for an oversight in wearing an anniversary gift as she prepared to do it!

More and more I was beginning to realise I didn’t know this woman at all.

Just the same, I was expecting her to at least rush upstairs and change into something else when a car tooted outside and she started.

“That will be him.”

My stomach hit the floor.

“What? He’s picking you up here? In full view of our neighbours or anybody else who happens to be looking? Why don’t you just fuck him on the front lawn and get it over with now?”

A look of what I can only describe as a mix of fear and pure regret flashed itself onto her features – she was nothing if not socially active locally and gossip of such a kind would not be at *all* to her liking.

“David, I’m so sorry. This… It’s all new to me and… Please forgive me for being so thoughtless. I didn’t arrange for him to pick me up here to rub your nose in it. That’s something I’d never do.”

“Spilt milk and all that, what?” I said in my best Bertie Wooster accent.

She ignored it.

“I’ll make it all up to you when I get home, I promise.”

She made it sound like she was a mother consoling a little boy by telling him she would have sweets for him upon her returns from the shop.

*“Some sweets and some fucking shop that would have to be,”* I told myself as I nodded.

Our marriage was over.

Or so I thought at that moment.

Even if she herself didn’t appear to either know or accept it.

All I was doing was going through the motions as I died inside.

She rushed to me and placed a kiss on my… *cheek*… before moving to the door.

“Haven’t you forgotten something?” I asked as her hand reached the lock.

The eyes that turned back to me were narrowed and…

*Impatient!*

*I was holding her up.*

“The anniversary necklace,” I reminded her. “Aren’t you going to change it?”

She thought about it, I give her that, but not for long:

“I haven’t time, David. But you’re right, I shouldn’t be wearing it for… for…”

“For your lover?” I offered helpfully.

“David, he's not my lover. Never that. There’s only one love of my life and that isn’t him.”

The smile she beamed my way was meant to be one of affection and reassurance and achieved nothing except to enrage me further.

“Don’t worry,” she went on, “I’ll take it off when I’m in the car.”

I knew she was lying and it was the least of my concerns at that point.

“There’ll only ever be one lover for me and he’s standing right here in front of his wife,” she finished before turning to the door again as another toot upon the horn came from outside.

“I have to go, sweetheart. We’ll talk more tomorrow.”

“Sorry, Elise, but that won’t be happening. I’ll be gone by the morning.”

For the first time since she’d started down this line, my wife actually seemed to miss a beat.

Though she recovered quickly:

“I’m sorry, David, but we both know that’s never going to happen. We’re man and wife and we love each other. You’ll be here when I get home and we’ll speak…”

The only word to describe the expression she turned upon me was… *lewd*.

“…And then I’ll show you how good things are going to be from now on.”

And with that she was gone.

Like an automaton, I placed myself in a position where I could see her date’s car and not be seen myself.

My heart died a little more.

Even though she had not lied.

Thomas Cooper, and all ego aside, was not in my class in the looks department – even if he was taller and younger.

Well-built he may have been, but he was also completely and prematurely bald for a man who could only have been in his mid-thirties and not exactly athletic looking, despite his build.

He was also taking my wife into his arms in full view of any neighbours who might be watching and placing a kiss upon her…

*Lips*.

Worse, my Elise – socially active locally or not - was kissing him back.

At that point, and with nobody to see me, I simply dropped to my knees and sobbed for the first time since my schooldays.

My marriage was over.

How could it not be?

I'd just lost the love of my life – even if she did think otherwise – and the pain I felt was indescribable.

But there was far worse to come.

Even if I would have found it hard to believe at that point.

As it turned out, I had totally misjudged my own weakness and the determination of the woman who really did love me and wanted to remain my wife.

Though the kind of love she would show me would certainly not be of my choosing and those genetics I spoke of at the very top of this story were going to ensure my very perverted partner was going to get exactly what she wanted.

For a while anyway.

First, though, and courtesy of the same Malik I had met for lunch earlier, I had a phone-call to make.

It had been Malik who had listened to my tale of marital woe sympathetically before assuring me I needed to return home and make a last attempt to persuade Elise not to go on her… *date*.

“If she does decide to go in spite of your objections, David,” he had said as he slid a business card across to

me, “I want you to call this number the moment after she has left and no later.”

The name on the card had read “Beate Kraus”, followed by a telephone number and noting more.

Malik raised his arm to forestall the protest my expression presaged.

“No, my friend. Her services are not of a sexual nature and I can promise you the services she does perform for you will not inconvenience you greatly in a financial way either. She is my very good friend and will help you if I ask her to do so.”

Now, as I dialled the number he had given me I recalled his parting words to me as we went our separate ways outside Langan’s:

*“It is not enough to know a little when it comes to such matters, David. For your future peace of mind, if you are to have any, you must know all.”*

The female voice that answered after a few rings was businesslike and efficient and, in keeping with national stereotyping, unmistakably German.

“Beate Krauss speaking. How may I help you?”

“Hello, hmm, Ms Krauss,” I began, feeling about as low as I could ever recall feeling. “I was asked to call you by Malik, a… a friend of mine.”

“Good evening, David,” she said, voice becoming friendlier and less businesslike. “Malik told me to expect your call around this time. Your wife has left, I take it?”

“Five minutes ago,” I told her.

“And you are alone now?”

“Completely,” I told her, knowing she could have no real idea of just how *‘completely’* that was.

“Good. I will be with you within the hour…”

# PART TWO

## Five

*“I want you to kiss my feet first, Thomas,” my naked wife told him from her seat on the edge of the bed.*

*Our bed.*

*I watched as without hesitation he placed himself on one knee and took a shapely foot into his hand before immediately raising it to his lips.*

*The kiss he placed upon the shiny red nails of her toes as I looked on could only be described as…*

*…Reverential.*

*After he had repeated the procedure with her other foot my wife of over twenty-three years rose from the bed to tower above him.*

*Which was when, just before she turned to present him with her arse, I saw a look of disdain cross her face for the thirty-something with the bald head whose own expression was one of pure reverence for the voluptuous body towering above him.*

*It was a look I could have found encouraging had the excitement accompanying her expression not been of a*

*kind I couldn't recall Elise having aimed my way in all our years of lovemaking together.*

*Presented with the rear view of her flaming red-hair as it cascaded past creamy shoulders to stop just short of alabaster buttocks that had lost none of their firmness for the onset of middle-years, Thomas – Tommy – Cooper did not hesitate or need telling twice to begin showing his appreciation.*

*Lovingly and respectfully at first, then feverishly as his passion for my wife grew.*

*To my amazement, he did not touch her with his hands and kept them clasped behind his back to add to a posture that could only be described as…*

*…Supplicating.*

*"You love worshipping me, don't you Thomas?"*

*"Hmmm," was all he could manage by way of a reply; so rapt in concentration was he as he set about pleasing her; not to mention finding it difficult to speak with his tongue lavishing affections upon her perineum.*

*She giggled.*

*He parted her nether cheeks and began licking her anus and as I watched with revulsion I saw her shiver.*

*She had tried to get me to do it for her on a number of occasions and found me unwilling.*

*A refusal that had led to the few… disagreements… we'd had during our time together.*

*And had moved me not a jot.*

*As much as I adore – adored? – her I found the prospect of placing my mouth next to the orifice from which she shat truly revolting.*

*"You really are a wimp when it comes down to it, aren't you, Thomas?" she asked, echoing the thoughts of her watching husband.*

*Even if my schadenfreude would not survive the following exchanges:*

*"Only when it comes to you, Elise," he breathed, sounding sincere. "And even then in no way comparable to that pussy of a husband you insist on staying married to."*

*Not for the first time in the last week or so, rage boiled in my veins and I wondered if he'd revise his opinion of me when I was feeding him his own scrotum.*

*But it was my wife's response that hurt most; even if she started out by defending me in her own way:*

*"You want to keep on seeing me then?"*

*"Hmmm," he grunted again, lips returning to the alabaster buttocks she had made available to him.*

*"I'll take that as a yes, Thomas," she said before her voice took on a distinctly more frosty tone.*

*"Make no mistake though, if I hear my husband's name on your lips again without my permission, I'll be very angry."*

*"Only because you don't want anybody you know to realise you married a dud in the sack," he told her, coming over all street and Southern California for some inexplicable reason, my own guess being exposure to far too many trashy movies from the same region.*

*"Bit of a snob when it comes down to it, aren't you, Elle?"*

*I winced.*

*“Elle?”*

*I’d succumbed myself to just such affectionate linguistic laziness with her in the past.*

*And been slapped down instantly.*

*It appeared she had no such reservations with her new man.*

*If only when it came to pet names.*

*“If by that,” she began, white-lipped with anger, “you mean I don’t want the people I know to think I’ve gone off my head were they to find out I was having sex with a piece of crap like you, then you’re right on the money.”*

*“Piece of…?”*

*“I hear you’ve been badmouthing my husband behind my back, or bragging about ‘doing’ his wife, you won’t like what I’ll do… And neither will your own wife.”*

*The well-toned if not, as said, particularly athletic body of my wife’s lover – a body that was certainly having its batting average lowered by the unprepossessing features atop it - froze.*

*Joining my own in the process.*

*Elise had actually sounded affronted that he had brought me up.*

*“My…? My wife? What…? What do you mean?”*

*“I told you when we started this that it wasn’t about love or affection. I have David for that.”*

*“But…?”*

*“I’ll tell you one last time. My husband is the love of my life and just because I need more than he can offer me when it comes to sex it doesn’t mean I’ll listen to an also-ran like you badmouthing him.”*

*“Also ra…?”*

*“Compared to him you’re just that,” she went on, not cutting him any slack, or me either come to that. “Putting you next to him is like putting a light-bulb next to the sun. He’s better looking than you, he’s smarter than you, and has more loyalty and integrity in a single strand of the hair he has and you don’t than there is in your whole body.”*

*I should have felt pleased to hear her defend me like that but, and none too strangely, it just seemed to deepen my depression.*

*If I was all of those things why was she about to have herself royally fucked by another man? And in our bed? This after having assured me she didn't want to humiliate or rub my nose in her cuckolding of me?.*

*At least in so many words.*

*Something of a poser, what?*

*And it seemed I wasn't the only one thinking along those lines.*

*"If he's so fucking wonderful," Tommy Cooper reminded her from his position at her arse, "what am I doing here?"*

*My wife's answer to this poser was something I was interested to hear too; though my enthusiasm didn't survive even the first sentence of her instant reply:*

*"Because you have a bigger cock and know how to use it," she told him as I felt what remained of my pride heading south towards my Prada moccasins.*

*“We’re not talking rocket-science here, Thomas. You give me orgasms. He doesn’t. If he did I’d have no need for you.”*

*“Nice to know I’m appreciated,” was his sarcastic response.*

*To my amazement, she turned round to face him and I could see her full breasts and the recently shaved pussy that was his and not mine for the taking as she placed her hands above her hips and gazed down at him in a pose that could only be described as…*

*…Imperious.*

*A sight that sent my pride still further south as my treacherous and perverse cock – the same cock that was not as big as good ol’ Tommy’s and failed to bring her off – reacted to what I was seeing.*

*Even if it was another man being favoured with a close-up.*

*But it was the hand that stroked his smooth scalp as if he were no more than a pet she were placating that really amazed me.*

*Demanding between the sheets she had always been.*

*The above fact one I'd always seen as evidence of the sexual attraction I held for her.*

*Sap that I was.*

*But when had she become so…*

*...Controlling?*

*I had no time to consider a development I would, unbeknownst to me at the time, be experiencing first-hand for myself in the not so distant future, before she pulled away from him and lowered herself to the bed, legs splayed obscenely directly in front of him.*

*The sight of her shaved and open pussy almost making me forget the hell she was putting me through.*

*"I'm going to let you eat me now," she told him, eyes holding his. "And afterwards, if you've licked me good, I'm going to ride that cock of yours until your balls scream for mercy."*

*Good ol' Tommy was actually licking his lips now and, to my disgrace, so was I; even though oral sex prior to this – at least in the giving – had never been one of my favourite bedtime activities.*

*Twinned with my refusal to place my tongue at the disposal of her arse too, it struck me that I might have at least a part explanation for her current and out-of-character behaviour.*

*Quick on the uptake ain't I?*

*As I pondered this by-the-numbers and late in the day epiphany, lover boy was already darting forward to start the process of redeeming her promise to him.*

*Until a hand on his forehead prevented him:*

*"Remember though: I hear any badmouthing of my David that doesn't come from my lips or as a direct invitation from me to you for comment; you're gone."*

*He nodded, but she wasn't finished yet:*

*"And remember this too: I've told David I intend seeing other men. He's not happy with it and right now is off sulking somewhere like the juvenile he is. But he's my juvenile and he'll be back. You, on the other hand, have told your wife nothing and she knows nothing… Yet."*

*She allowed a silence to make the point for her.*

*Then:*

*“Now, if that’s not to your liking, you can put your clothes on and get out with your marriage intact. It’s your choice. But if you stay I make the rules and you obey them. It’s as simple as that.”*

*She allowed another few seconds to pass as I asked myself just who the fuck was this woman who had once been my loving and faithful wife.*

*“Well? What’s it to be?”*

*I had no idea whether this was a conversation they’d had before and no more than a part of their… play… but my ideas were academic anyway as he supplied his answer by sucking her clit into his mouth and vacuuming it before using his tongue to sweep the length of her labia a few times before repeating the vacuuming procedure.*

*As her back arced and her eyes sought out the ceiling, her sighs of pure bliss felt like nothing less than the arrows of a poisoned reality sinking its barbs into my soul as it set about destroying what I’d seen as over twenty years of almost pure happiness.*

*Happiness, I had told myself when our daughters were settled in new homes and careers, that would not stay the same but actually improve.*

*Safe to say that what I was witnessing was not the kind of progression I'd had in mind and tears formed in my eyes as I realised she truly was lost to me.*

*Anguish not eased any when she straddled his scalp with those powerful thighs and used her hands to pull his head deeper into her faithless cunt.*

*I've no idea for how long this went on but, when she'd had enough of his tongue and reached down to start stroking his balls before feathering the pulsating shaft attached to them, my sense of desolation and loss was only matched by the shameful urgency of my own erection.*

*An erection, it cost me even greater pains to admit, that looked like a baby's in comparison to the one about to enter my wife.*

*Explaining the look of shameless anticipation that transformed those "homely" features.*

*The same features I'd always cherished as if they'd been responsible for the launching of those "thousand ships" and the mayhem that followed over a millennia prior to Elise re-launching her own sex-life.*

*And for those of you interested in having a metaphor seen through to its conclusion?*

*Yes.*

*Yes, I did see her protestations of love for me as the wooden-horse she had fashioned to guarantee her triumph and still do.*

*No matter, satisfied by the steel-like hardness of her Greek conqueror's weapon as her vanquished and diminished Trojan partner looked on from…*

*Enough!*

*Satisfied he was ready for her, Elise ordered him up onto the bed and he complied by placing his back upon the mattress.*

*No sooner had he done so than she was on him, legs straddling his naked torso as she dropped herself down onto the waiting ramrod and allowed the air in her lungs to expel itself with a great welcome-home sigh.*

*Only to have her moment spoiled.*

*"No!" she snapped down at him as he began to thrust upwards.*

*He stopped.*

*She might just as well have said: "Bad dog!"*

*“Lie still,” she ordered. “Take your pleasure from my pleasure and don’t cum until you have my permission.”*

*To say I was confused by my reaction to the scene playing out in front of me would be the understatement of the century.*

*On the one hand I was sporting an erection of my own that was as urgent, vibrant, and utterly mortifying as any I could recall having had prior to what I was seeing.*

*Watching this woman take control of her lover in such a way was appealing to some warped corner of my sexual psyche I hadn’t known existed.*

*On the other hand, however, the woman taking control of her lover just happened to be my wife and the cock she was riding did not belong to her husband.*

*She was slamming down onto him now and I could see he was struggling to comply with her demands and not rise up to meet her, his face a mask of need, pleasure, and concentration, as he tried to delay the inevitable.*

*“Frig my clit,” she all but screamed and I saw him reach a hand behind her buttocks and up between her legs to do the necessary; his other hand coming up to cup a breast as she bucked upon him.*

*“Yes… Yes… Yes… Fuck me like my wimp husband never has and never will!”…*

…I’m still not sure if it was my closing of the lap-top and the images and accompanying audio I found so tormenting that saved me from further torture or the polite knocking upon the home-office door.

What I certainly did know, however, was that I needed to do two things before I let my temporary hostess in.

The first was to hide the evidence of the unmanly tears streaming down my cheeks.

The second was to somehow re-introduce an erection that refused to subside to the inside of my trousers.

## Six

Beate Krauss was a woman of around my own age – an exact contemporary, I would discover later – from the former East Germany whose looks discouraged any guesswork on the subject of her provenance

Standing at least an inch higher than my five-ten, with the arctic and Aryan blonde hair and fair skin that would have made instant appeal to a moustachioed former Corporal and Austrian mass-murderer, she was the very epitome of a Cold-War fraulein from the wrong side of the now demolished Wall; at least as depicted in the more visceral and less cerebral areas of the Western media.

She had also, Malik told me with no small trepidation, been an officer of the Stasi before moving to Berlin after the tumbling of the unlamented Wall and her subsequent marriage to a Captain in a Signals Regiment.

A *"captain"* who had inconsiderately passed away upon finishing his foreign posting and returning to England with new bride in hand.

"She was purely investigative and *not* interrogative," Malik had assured me from across the table in Langan's as he saw thoughts of his Secret-Police friend *"Water-boarding"* my faithless wife suggest themselves to me.

“The investigative operation she set-up after the death of her husband relies purely upon word-of-mouth and she specialises in… *problems*… such as yours, David.”

I’d not been convinced of going this route by a longshot at this point, but Malik was very persuasive.

“You must know everything, David,” he went on. “If your wife does indeed see another man this evening, in spite of your totally understandable objections, then for your own peace of mind there must be no doubts in your mind as to why she has done so – even if the knowing may be painful to you.”

“You sound like a man who speaks from experience, Malik.”

He nodded.

“On no less than three occasions, my friend.”

“Three?”

Again the nod.

“A weakness for Western women of a certain… *type*… I was warned would serve me no good.”

His eyes took on a faraway look and the shaking of his head was rueful and self-accusatory as he went on:

“Warnings I ignored to my own detriment and cost myself much in the way of money and, even more importantly, face.”

The head shaking was more pronounced now and his expression one of self-disgust as he added:

“As said: warnings I ignored not once but on *three* occasions!”

It came as a surprise. I knew little of Malik’s personal life and hadn’t even known he had been married. And certainly not *three* times.

“I am not a lover of generalisations, my friend,” he went on, expression clouded by any number of painful memories it seemed, “but the observation that was made to me on the subject of the faithfulness and loyalty of the Arab wife, especially when compared to a lack of those virtues in her Western counterpart, was not amenable to having itself refuted.”

It struck me that a fear of the stoning resulting from adultery that was prevalent in his part of the world might play some part in that *“faithfulness and loyalty”*, rather than elevated racial characteristics, but I refrained from voicing the thought.

The chuckle full of self-mockery that tinkled across the table to me would have cut me off before I had a chance anyway:

“Not refuted, I should say at least, by my defective choices in women,” he had finished.

Chuckle turned back to self-disgust and for the few seconds it took for him to regain his equilibrium, I was the one with a sympathetic and genuine expression.

“What I am trying to explain is that, though the knowledge of those betrayals of me was painful, my mental anguish would have been far greater had Beate not supplied me a… *fuller picture*, shall we say.”

He had taken a necessary and large swallow of his Rioja, no doubt still recalling those *“fuller”* pictures, before returning to his subject.

I could also see he was rather enjoying the role of *mentor* and not victim on the subject and could tell it was something by way of a change for him.

“Believe me, David,” he continued, “doubt twinned with imagination will cause you greater anguish than the truth ever can. The former you will find to be constant while the latter, depressing as it may turn out to be, can be dealt

with after a fashion with the help of time and intelligence.”

It was over an hour and much advice later, any thoughts of returning to the office forgotten after draining yet another bottle of red, that I’d accepted the business-card he’d passed me and placed it in my wallet.

At that point I had no real intention of using it; even after we said our goodbyes outside the restaurant and he had warned me again that I needed to know *“everything”* if I wished to know peace of mind in the near future.

An intention to disregard his advice that soon changed after watching my dressed-to-kill wife kiss her lover directly outside our marital home before sliding into the passenger seat and being driven off for a fucking.

*****

True to her word, Beate Krauss had arrived exactly an hour after my call to her.

She had a roll-on suitcase with her and looked for all the world like a weekend visitor to the home of friends.

A purposeful and very determined visitor wearing tight black Lycra leggings and a loose-fitting navy shirt that could do nothing to hide a powerful upper body and commanding breasts beneath it.

*“This,”* I’d told myself over my marital woes, *“is a woman who looks after herself.”*

The very definition of the Teutonic and Wagnerian Valkyrie as it seemed to me at the time.

To my surprise also – surprise that I could still notice such things in my current state of mind – I noticed she was wearing a pair of navy heels with peek-a-boo toes and that her feet looked *very* shapely and… *kissable*.

Feet and powerful body aside, she was also, despite or perhaps because of those stereotypical national characteristics, attractive to me and I wondered how I could respond to another woman in such a way when the love of my life was…

I tried to brush the oncoming imagery aside.

Even though I’d had a day and the best part of three shared bottles of Barolo inside me, I was finding it next to impossible to come to terms with the fact that just over twenty-four hours ago I had been no more than another loved-up husband returning to my equally devoted wife – and this in the home that had seen us bring up two wonderful daughters and create a whole raft of precious memories in the so doing.

Now…?

I rushed these thoughts aside and allowed myself to be guided by the cordial but no-nonsense and all business attitude of my visitor.

Focus was exactly what I needed right then and Beate Krauss was single-mindedness personified – even if my ego was not so battered it couldn't help but get the impression she felt an attraction towards me that had to be physical given we'd only just met.

As it turned out, that first impression would be proved correct – though knowing for sure would come later.

Almost *too* much later.

Her voice matched her looks and its excellent English carried more than a hint of the disciplined and Teutonic.

"Trust me, David," she began after I'd let her in and we had shaken hands. "Though I have yet to be in such a position myself I have helped many people through situations so similar to yours as to be almost identical. I might even be described as something of an authority on the subject."

I nodded, already re-evaluating my decision to go with Malik's advice despite the confidence her efficiency and cordiality prompted.

She had sensed my indecision instantly.

“I understand that you are not totally convinced this is the right approach you are taking. The truth, I must tell you, is that there is no way of knowing until it is taken. But if my experience is a guide, then you will find yourself in a better place for knowing why your wife has seen fit to dishonour your wedding vows by… *seeing*… another man, rather than lying awake at night and guessing at her motives.”

She was echoing Malik’s earlier sentiments and her *“dishonour your wedding vows”* had seemed to indicate a kindred spirit who believed in the sanctity of such things along with her client; despite his aforementioned lack of a religious faith.

But it was her next statement that got my attention and forced me to re-evaluate:

“It will also interest you to know that your marriage does not necessarily have to be over.”

“I know,” I told her, already revising my opinion of her as a kindred spirit, the strangeness of speaking about such intimate matters with a woman who had been a complete stranger not minutes before kicking in but not preventing me from continuing. “My wife said exactly the same. All I have to do is let other men… *have her*… while I remain faithful and our marriage will be even better for it.”

My expression became emphatic:

“*That*,” I told her, “is *not* me.”

The kindred spirit was back:

“Nor should it be, David. And in this we are alike. When a man and a woman make a commitment to each other there is no value to be found if it is dishonoured the moment one has a desire to step outside of it.”

I was nodding again, back on-board.

“If the imagination cannot satisfy those desires it is natural for all married people to have,” she went on, “and one’s partner is made unhappy by their realisation, then one should step aside from that marriage.”

She became thoughtful and, I could see, somewhat contemptuous:

“Though I have seen a number of couples take the route your wife has in mind for you.”

Her lip curled in a reflexive response as my own took a similar route.

“These attempts did not end well,” she assured me.

She did not give details of these attempts that did not end well, but she would at a later date – and in excruciating detail.

A later date that was *almost* too late to be of any help to me.

Anyway, after declining my offer of a coffee or a beverage of her own choosing until after she had completed her work, she set about the placing of any number of sophisticated, miniature, and all but undetectable, electronic gadgets around the house.

She was finished in under two hours and just watching her at work I could tell I was in the presence of a consummate professional.

A *"Stasi"* trained one into the bargain.

By a stroke of good fortune it turned out my wife, in her haste to have herself filled with strange cock no doubt, had managed to leave her cell-phone behind and, with no more than the insertion of a miniscule microphone next to the Sim-Card, *all* her conversations would be recorded and known to us from now on.

Technology was marvellous, I'd told Beate, and she had agreed.

She had also agreed when I told her I wished it were being used for more… *elevated*… purposes.

By the time she had finished and we were having that coffee, the home I loved and my wife was in the process of tarnishing was a regular TV studio.

Beate made me aware of her fees which, as Malik had *"guaranteed"*, were not killing, and asked me if I could take a week or two away from the office and simply disappear.

On this, for probably the first and only time, I was ahead of her and had already made the necessary arrangements with Jeremy, my more than capable – loyal and *discreet* also - number-two, to take over for a while.

The prospect of being here when the wife I cherished and adored returned after a night with another man was simply too agonising to contemplate.

It was, I felt at the time, something I would *never* get over.

"It would be a good idea to tell - Jeremy, did you say? - that you are going abroad for a few weeks and that you need some space to think," she advised.

I nodded my agreement, knowing that if my daughter's called it would be up to Elise what she chose to tell them.

Other than calls from my office I had already promised myself I would *not* be answering my cell-phone.

“It would also be good if you told him you wished for him to tell your wife the same,” Beate suggested.

I raised an eyebrow at this but her smile was both warm and reassuring.

“This will reassure your wife that you have not left her – *yet* – but are simply thinking things over.”

She raised a hand to forestall my objection and went on:

“This will also tell her she has time to herself and it will be what she does with this time, and with whom, that will be most revealing. As well as giving you ammunition for an equitable divorce.”

The smile, once again, was as warm as it was reassuring as she added:

“If it should it come to that.

My own smile was equally warm as I told myself that Malik had been right and she was indeed a professional who knew her stuff.

“Will you actually go abroad or would you prefer to stay and observe… *developments?*” she asked, choosing her words carefully.

My reply was instant and emphatic:

“I’ll stay. Laying on some beach with all this going through my head isn’t exactly an appealing prospect right now.”

She nodded.

“Though you’ll be pleased to know that I packed a case while I waited for you to arrive and put my Passport in it… Just in case she’s bothered enough to check and see that I’ve taken it.”

She nodded her approval.

“Have you somewhere in mind to stay she will not know about?”

I hadn’t given it much thought and was about to mention a hotel when this efficient and no-nonsense woman I hadn’t known for more than an hour made a suggestion I found as surprising as I found it appealing.

“If you do not think it inappropriate, there is a spare room at my home you can have as part of the agreed fee.”

## Seven

The first morning after my having taken temporary leave of the office and made an equally temporary move into Beate's large terraced home in East Dulwich, about ten miles North of my own, the texts and voicemails from Elise's cell to mine were non-stop.

None of which I responded to and all of them running the full gamut of emotions and predictable self-justifications.

All that is save for remorse and regret…

*"…You're behaving like a child, David. Grow up and come home. You have a wife here who loves you…"*

*"Stop ignoring me and call, David. You're making me very angry and spoiling things…"*

*"…If it's the little kiss I gave him when he picked me up that's upsetting you, I apologise. We shouldn't have done that but we were both excited. And for your information, I took off my anniversary necklace and put it in my bag the moment I was in the car…?"*

"Fucking big of you!" I'd snarled aloud.

The first message I received after the office had opened and she had tried to contact me there from her own place of work was, incredibly, angry and accusatory:

*"…You selfish bastard! Jeremy tells me you've taken off abroad. Did it not occur to you that your wife might have liked to go along with you? Have you any idea how humiliating it was for me to find out you'd taken off from one of your employees?"*

Jeremy was someone I'd come to consider a friend as well as an employee, hence the trust I placed in him on a company level and also with *censored* details of my private life.

Elise, however, and though not an outright snob, was certainly status conscious in a way myself and my daughters, Lynn the youngest especially, had decided to find amusing rather than risible.

I also wondered if her humiliation came anywhere close to her husband's for knowing that she had spent the night having herself penetrated by another man's cock.

My wife hadn't finished, however:

*"...And all this because after years of lying back and thinking of England while you got your jollies off I decide to try a real man for once! Believe me, David, when you*

*get back you've got some serious grovelling to do if this marriage is going to continue."*

I truly couldn't believe what I was hearing and reading from her.

It was the ultimate in delusional hypocrisy.

And the *"real man"* jibe cut me to the bone as much as it enraged me.

As it turned out it was only Beate who, after reading my wife's messages, saved me from calling the bitch back and telling her our marriage was over anyway.

"That would be exactly the wrong move, David," she told me when she returned from her own office that evening and we'd finished a simple meal I'd offered to prepare us both.

It was, to all extents and purposes, no more than a domestic interlude being enacted up and down the land.

Apart from the fact she was not my wife and I was but a guest in the home of a skilled detective I was paying to investigate my marital problems and allow me to…

What?

Despite both Beate and Malik's assurances I was doing the sensible thing, I was still unsure of just what I hoped or expected from the exercise.

That it might be closure for the ending of a relationship with a woman who besotted me still despite everything, was too painful to contemplate – even if I knew I could be required to accept just that.

"Can you not see what she wished to do and how you not being there when she returned prevented her from doing so?" Beate's precise and circuitous Germanic English cut into my thoughts, question phrased in such a way as to let me know I was not required to respond.

My blank expression must have given her an answer anyway as she answered her own inquiry:

"She expected you to be there waiting and anxious when she came back in the morning. Grateful for her return despite the anger she knew you would feel for her faithlessness. Then, despite being tired from her… *exertions*… she could begin to work upon you.

"You would no doubt have heard from her lips how she could not wait to return to the husband she adores above all else and that having sex with a stranger only intensified her feelings of love for you."

Beate's look was serious.

"In this she would most likely be sincere. Less so had she been of a mind to try and persuade you that her thoughts were of you, even as her lover went about satisfying her… *needs*."

I averted my eyes as I felt those unmanly tears welling behind them.

"Forgive me if I appear insensitive to your feelings but these are things it is necessary for you to hear. I do believe your wife still loves you as she insists, but at the same time she is playing you to achieve ends that do not include you in any meaningful and sexual way."

"It's okay, Beate," I understand, I assured her with an effort, spirit lowered further by her honest assessment.

Adding a few seconds later:

"You're right, I need to hear this.

My hostess nodded sympathetically and continued:

"To begin with, she would be remorseful for the insensitive way she sprang her… *need*… upon the man she loves and assure you that her husband would never be anything other than her numero-uno man."

The look was still serious:

“In this she would most likely not be so genuine also.”

Tears continued to gather strength and I tried to blink them back as Beate laid a consoling hand across mine that did not help my efforts but threatened instead to open the floodgates fully.

My thoughts screamed:

*“And just how pathetic and humiliating would that be?”*

“There is no shame in showing your hurt to me, David,” she told me in a low and caring voice that belied her Teutonic and authoritarian looks; encouraged no doubt by the fact I had allowed her hand to remain over mine.

“It would be most unusual if you did not,” she added in her precise and accented English.

I knew she was right, but breaking down in front of her did not make much of an appeal to a manhood that was already experiencing…

...*Issues*.

“I can assure you,” she went on, “that your wife would be showing you no such reticence if she were here and there would be tears of her own as she explained herself

to you. Tears that would grow in volume as she described to you the torment she felt at leaving the house to go to her lover when she could see the love of her life was hurting so badly. She would tell you just how much she regretted some of the things she said to you and ask for your forgiveness; even as she begged you not to ask her to give up sex with men other than her husband and that it would not affect the deep and abiding love she still holds for you."

She paused a moment before adding:

"It would be likely, if she has not made such a promise ahead of time, that she would offer you sex and swear never to deny you access to her body as her number-one man."

My look told her that was a horse that had already left the stalls.

"I thought that would prove true," she told me. "Believe me, David; the only difference between your tears and those of your wife, were she here, would be that yours are real."

This did not make me feel any better somehow, and my head was shaking and my eyes watery as I asked myself aloud:

*“Where has all this contempt for me come from?”*

Taking it as a direct question, Beate supplied me with an answer:

“It is not entirely contempt, David. That this woman loves you I have no doubt. But to state the obvious, love is not sex and there are obvious…”

She hesitated, expression apologetic, before continuing:

“I am sorry, David, but simply because they have taken so long to be… *aired*… it is beyond doubt that there are certain sexual… *incompatibilities*… between you both.”

My face coloured as I hoped she was not about to press me on the nature of those *“incompatibilities”*; even if a part of me knew that she was bound to find out for herself anyway.

“She is not lying when she says she still loves you and wants you in her life,” Beate assured me. “My experience of such matters convinces me of this. But to remain in that life it seems she wishes you to do so on her terms.

“And *especially* her sexual terms.

“That, I assure you, is the end she has in mind. The way she sees thing, and it gives me no pleasure to say this,

you are in her debt for having deprived her of the kind of sex she has wanted all these years."

"Beate, I…"

"David," she overrode me, "Malik has been a marvellous friend to me and he has asked me to give you the *very* best help I can. Now, having met you, it is something I wish to do for you of my own accord."

She paused a moment before adding:

"You may believe that I do not offer my other clients a room in my home as I help them and you are the first to whom such an offer has been extended. I do this because Malik vouched for you as a very good man of sound personal integrity and, after having met you, I instantly knew this to be true. But if I am to help you find your way through this then I need to be able to speak freely."

I nodded, "I know you're right, Beate, but it's just so… so…"

She finished my train of thought for me:

"Difficult to discuss what your wife sees as your sexual shortcomings with a woman who is still a relative stranger to you?"

The problem in a nutshell, I'd thought.

“David, it will be easier for you if you realise that what your wife sees as shortcomings many other women will see as strengths. And you may include me in that assessment. The only validation you require is your own and your problem at this moment is that you are allowing your wife and her opinion of your… *capacity*… to override it.”

I found myself nodding again at this good sense.

“You’re right Beate. Of course you are. She seems to think it’s just about her. At no time as she ever asked me if I’m happy with the…”

I found myself struggling to say the *“S”* word and wondered if my confidant saw this as an example of the libidinously buttoned-up Englishman so ridiculed upon the continent.

An example in her view that might go a long way to explaining my wife’s…

…*Dissatisfaction.*

“It’s as if it’s all about her and my needs are secondary,” I pressed on. “If, that is, they rate that highly.”

“And are you?”

She’d wrongfooted me and my eyes narrowed.

“Secondary, you mean?”

“Happy?”

“Oh,” I mouthed, up to speed finally and having to give a question I would have answered instantly only days before some thought.

A lot actually.

“A few days ago the answer would have been an emphatic *‘yes’* and a warning to you to mind your own business,” I told her with complete seriousness. “Now, not only have you the right to ask such a personal question of me, but I realise I was no more than another fool in paradise.”

“And how does that make you feel other than angry and betrayed, David?”

I was beginning to feel uncomfortable with where she was leading me, knowing that even though my wife was the one doing the betraying my own shortcomings in the marital bed – at least as Elise saw them – didn’t exactly absolve me of some small responsibility.

“Did she ever try to make you aware that she was less than satisfied with…?”

I held up a hand, growing more uncomfortable by the moment.

Bad enough that my thoughts were tormented by my wife's betrayal and its inevitable discovery by our beloved daughters should it not turn out to be some kind of mid-life madness on her part and proved irreconcilable.

But to actually have to talk about it!

"Beate, I'm feeling pretty down-in-the-mouth as it is, so is this really necessary?"

"No," came her bald and unadorned reply, to my surprise, ready as I was for her to press the point.

So surprised was I, in fact, that I repeated the word – high-rise-terminal added:

"No?"

She nodded, "If discussing your situation in such a way adds to your discomfort I will not mention it again, but will simply go about my work and allow the facts to present themselves."

My hostess and confidante did not seem offended by my reluctance but I knew she was only trying to help and felt guilty for shutting her out.

Technically, of course, we were still strangers, but I was certain she was a good person – shady *"Stasi"* past notwithstanding. Good people sometimes work for bad employers, after all. The more I interacted with her the more certain I was that it had only been a job as Malik insisted and she had not adhered to the *"Schild und Schwert der Partei"* motto of her socialist and authoritarian paymasters.

More tellingly, she had also gone beyond the remit of simply providing me a service and had made her home available to me in my time of need.

And with no more than Malik's good opinion of me as a reference.

The above added to – at least in my own mind – by an impression that she found me attractive.

Even if my wife's actions were achieving the feat of making me feel anything but.

"I'm sorry, Beate," I told her with an apologetic smile. "I need all the help I can get at this moment and I'm already in your debt for allowing me to stay here. Whatever questions you need to ask just fire away. I'll just have to get over it. I should be thanking you rather than making your job more difficult."

She gave me a smile that, more and more, was beginning to grow on me.

To my relief, her hand again covered mine and a smile played at sensuous and full lips that went a long way towards mitigating features that, while not unattractive, were on the severe side.

“There is no need for thanks, David, and I enjoy having you here.”

“So?” I asked. “What happens now?”

“We wait, David. Your wife is not happy about your *supposed* exile abroad but will soon recover enough to take advantage of your absence. Unaware, of course, that almost every move she makes from this point on will be made known to you.”

I winced, sensing the pain watching those moves would cause me.

“Be under no illusions, David. When your wife insists she wants you to return home she is being totally serious and genuine. I have seen the mindset at work in a number of cases. I have no reason to believe your wife is any different in her desires and how she wishes them to be gratified than any of the other wives in cases of such a nature I have dealt with.”

“A tame husband to give her validation and security while turning a blind eye to her… *being*… with other men at the same time, you mean?”

The nod from Beate Krauss was regretful but adamant as she told me:

“That and other less… *manly*… duties, if she is true to the type, I am afraid to say; though on this I could, and pray that I am, wrong.”

My thoughts whirred at these *“less manly duties”* but I kept my own counsel for the time being as there was, I’m sure you can understand, enough happening that was likely to leave me feeling completely emasculated without any further additions.

To my relief, Beate did not return to the subject.

Not directly, anyway.

“She will have many ways of justifying her behaviour to both you and herself that she may gratify her desires and be free of any pain guilt might cause her. But for your wife, David, the hardest part of the exercise is over.”

“Some exercise!” I snorted.

“It is how she will view it, David. A means of – what is the English saying? Yes. Having her cake and eating it.

Without any of the accompanying hand-wringing and remorse the forcing of so rich a diet on an unwilling husband might fetch."

"Unwilling is right," I told her.

Then:

"You said the hardest part was over?" I reminded her.

Beate nodded, "For her not you, I am afraid."

She became reflective for a few moments until, as if it had just occurred to her:

"If there is one small piece of credit we may gift your wife, then I suppose it is her intention not to cheat on you."

"But…? Hasn't she already done that?"

"No, David. By doing just what she wishes with another man she has betrayed you. But, and at the risk of sounding a little pedantic, the fact that she informed you of her intentions before doing so means her actions cannot truly be described as cheating."

It was impossible for me not to be sarcastic:

"I knew there'd be an upside to all this somewhere."

“Forgive me, David,” said a contrite Beate. “It was not my intention to suggest this was a… *positive*… development. I simply try to give you some insight into your wife’s actions and the thinking behind them.”

Now it was my turn for contrition:

“No, Beate,” I began. “It’s for *you* to forgive *me*. Instead of offering you sarcasm I should be offering thanks for all the help you’ve already given me and I’m lucky to be getting.”

“And as I have already said, you have no need to thank me at all. And especially as you cook so well and went to all the trouble of preparing me such a delicious English meal.”

Her smile, severe features or not, became impish:

“What was it again?”

After a few seconds she began to laugh and, as I took in the barely eaten Toad-in-the-hole that was my culinary piece-de-resistance, I could do no more than join her.

Believe me though, when the evidence from the TV studio she had made of my home began rolling in, I was not of a mind ever to laugh again.

# Eight

*"Yes, Thomas, and to give your ego the boost it so obviously requires, it was the best sex I have had. Period. Better even than your first attempt. If it hadn't been spoilt by my selfish little shit of a husband having taken himself off abroad to lick his wounds when I came home in the morning that first time, everything would be perfect."*

That's right.

The words were spoken by Elise.

And her *"little shit of a husband"* was listening in to them direct from her cell-phone via the speaker of a lap-top as he sat ensconced in the room at her home Beate sometimes used as an office.

An office my hostess and confidante had set up as a kind of surveillance centre that enabled me to watch and listen to events as they unfolded or a recording of them if I didn't happen to be present at the time.

I very rarely *wasn't*.

The above having the added bonus for Beate of freeing up her own time to work on other, better paying, assignments while also being kept abreast – *by me* – of events relating to mine as they happened.

I was beginning to realise, even more than from those first impressions, that Beate Krauss was as practical and pragmatic as she was clever.

None of those attributes making me feel any better about either myself or my marriage as the home *"surveillance centre"* kicked into life with a vengeance.

My wife's words on the cell to her lover explaining why she had left the house for work and not returned until the following morning after finding me gone and discovering I'd taken off for foreign climes.

She had wanted another helping of what lover-boy had given her the night before.

Even if how he swung it with his wife was anybody's guess and I couldn't give a Yaks' knacker anyway.

Though I was grateful my faithless wife hadn't decided to do the nasty in our marital bed.

Small – *very* small – mercies.

I was also puzzled that there had been no calls between them since the first dirty deed.

Until I realised that he was a freelance surveyor used by her company and they had probably met at work or lunch.

A fact the ever-vigilant and hard-working Beate would confirm for me upon her return home later that evening.

*“Has to be hard for him to know his little cock doesn’t do it for you.”*

It was the first time I’d heard *Tommy* speak and he was better spoken than his somewhat thuggish looks suggested.

Then again, he was a surveyor after all and there was at least a degree of education and inter-personal skills required for even such a relatively lowly professional occupation, so I shouldn’t have been too surprised.

Or even care, given I had more important things to think about.

The main thrust of them at that particular moment being my desire to beat the man to a pulp for his *“better spoken”* reference to me.

Though it was my wife who came to my defence – after a fashion anyway:

*“Thomas, I’ll allow you that one, because, well, my words invited it. But be very careful about making comments about David in future. I don’t know how long I’m going to want you around before I decide on a change but showing you the door will be sooner rather*

*than later if I hear any more remarks like 'little cock'. Understand?"*

Expecting a comeback on his part for her surprising – to me at least – defence of her husband I was also surprised to hear what he did come up with.

*"Yes, ma'am. I understand completely."*

Surprise that was all the greater for his apology to her being instant and… *genuine*.

Big-cock or not, was she fucking some kind of a masochist?

*"And, just so you know, my husband's cock is not as big as yours but it's certainly not 'little', as you describe it."*

The small consolation I took from her observation did not last long as I heard her titter:

*"Fair enough, it's average at best, and he has no idea what to do with it. But he's my bedroom-loser and I won't have you commenting on him."*

I felt sick to hear this and wondered if I didn't have some masochism in my own make-up that compelled me to sit and listen to myself being rubbished in such terms from the lips of a woman who had meant the world to me.

I also knew that, masochist or not, Malik and Beate were right and I needed to know all rather than a little.

Their reasoning was clear to me now and I knew what they were about.

They had, both of them, gauged my nature perfectly and knew exactly what that nature would require to begin healing.

I needed Elise to kill my love for her.

That way I would not spend the time after an inevitable divorce pining for what she had already murdered and buried.

At least on her part.

As it was to turn out, it was good advice I would be singularly unable to act upon as something perverse in my nature made such a killing problematic.

Despite the many weapons capable of doing the deed placed my way and not helped either by Elise always seeming reluctant to provide the coup de grace that would ensure I used them.

Even if she did use weapons of her own to flay the skin from my bones prior to stopping short of the kill.

But it would be the visitor to our home later that evening, together with the conversation that took place, that would actually have me considering killing myself.

# PART THREE

## Nine

Beate watched the recording and listened with rapt attention.

There had been no cooking on my part this particular evening upon her return and she had been finishing off the KFC she had brought in for herself from work, this after I'd declined the surprising choice of takeaway my fastidious looking hostess had offered me also.

She was dabbing at her mouth with a napkin when the automaton exited her home office and proceeded to sway before her.

"Gott im himmel!" she had uttered, the words and tone taking me back to the war-comics of my youth and likely to have triggered laughter had I not been in such a condition of mental turmoil my hostess and confidant took me to be in the throes of a coronary thrombosis.

Leaping from her seat, spicy wings forgotten, she had tried to guide me to a chair when I stopped her.

"What is it, David?"

I waved a hand in the direction of the *"surveillance centre"*:

“My… My wife just had a visitor,” I managed to get out as a mixture of stammer and croak, indicating the home-office with an inclination of the head this time.

Not, three minutes later, she was watching and listening to the exact same footage.

The same footage that had all but stopped my heart as I slouched lifelessly inside the door and awaited her reaction as I recalled my own…

*****

*“…Where has he gone, mum?” asked the oldest of our two daughters by a year, her knowledge of my disappearance and the absence of any interaction between her and her mother coming in to the “surveillance centre” telling me they must have already spoken and arranged this visit via Elise’s work-number.*

*“I rang Jeremy at the office but all he knew was that he had gone abroad for a few weeks,” Elise told her truthfully - on this point at least.*

*“Without telling you, mum?” asked Sarah, still dressed in her working clothes and looking nothing like the clinical-researcher of psychology she was in the tight jeans clinging to long legs she must have gotten from my*

*side of the family; though her red-hair was a giveaway as to the genetic mix.*

*"Not a word," Elise answered. "And he's not answering either my voicemails or my texts."*

*I'd waited, wondering what explanation my loving wife was about to conjure up for behaviour my daughter would know was totally alien to me.*

*To my eternal and soul-piercing agony, no conjuring of any kind on her part was required.*

*"I did warn you not to hit him with it all at once," Sarah told her, looking a tad exasperated with her parent.*

*I saw and heard the words leave my beloved daughter's lips but I couldn't – or didn't want to – believe their import. They were sat opposite each other at the kitchen table where we had all shared so many cosy, loving and joyous family meals, so it was unsurprising the location of their chat only served to magnify my agony. Pictures and sound courtesy of the miniature camera and microphone Beate had installed to the side of the window-blind.*

*As the words left Sarah's lips my own, along with the rest of my body and the organs inside it, appeared to have been struck instantly numb apart from the ears and eyes*

*taking in and watching what was transpiring before them.*

*Can you imagine what it feels like to learn that not only had your wife cheated on you with another man but that your eldest daughter, one of the three most important people in your life and for whom you would gladly have laid down your own, was not exactly oblivious to it?*

*Well, if you can't then it's certainly beyond any literary capacity of mine likely to enlighten you.*

*To state the obvious, from the moment those words left my daughter's lips, I was devastated – even more so than hearing my wife tell me she was going to fuck another man and then trot out to meet him wearing a necklace I'd bought her for our twentieth anniversary.*

*But if only it had ended there.*

*"The male-ego is very fragile - especially when it comes to sex," yet another female to whom I was related and barely recognised went on, even if she sounded every inch the dispassionate academic I knew she was and had coughed up money for her studies that she might become just that.*

*"To men like dad the most important thing in a relationship is his partner's desire and its fulfilment.*

*Even he probably has no real idea of just how great and powerful a hold on him is exerted by his fear of rejection and belittlement, together with the feelings of shame and inadequacy that would follow if he were ever to discover his shortcomings."*

*"I can promise you he has an idea now," my wife told her and it struck me that they looked like two married and conspiratorial friends discussing the shortcomings of their men over cups of mochaccino.*

*Two not particularly nice married friends.*

*That they were mother and daughter talking in such a way about a husband and father who had done nothing worse than love and cherish them made it all the more… killing… to hear.*

*"And that's a good thing is it, mum?" Sarah asked, something critical in her tone making me feel all was not lost and I was judging my eldest without being in possession of the full picture.*

*As observed previously:*

*"What a sap!"*

*"Dad might not be up to much in the bedroom but he has as much pride as any man who is. What were you thinking?"*

*Numb as I felt, I knew I wasn't quite getting the gist of this.*

*Was my daughter berating her mother and my wife for cheating on her father?*

*Or was she no more than critical of her way of going about it?*

*Even through the numbness, it occurred to me that if Elise had confided to her I was not "up to much in bed" then I already had my answer.*

*"You don't know your father the way I know him, Sarah, and never will despite that degree you're so proud of,"*

*The degree in question, I told myself, given I had always insisted that the money Elise earned at the surveyors was hers alone, one that her father had paid for her to take and been supportive of her efforts throughout.*

*The pride I felt when our girl had actually graduated comparable only to the same sensations of love and affection I'd felt when Lynn had done exactly at the LSE the year after.*

*"Yes, well, mummy, what I do know, and you appear not to, is that the sexuality of the male is predicated on being able to look after and provide for their partners and offspring.*

*“Apart from those parasites outside the norm, a man worthy of the description prides himself on his ability to protect and provide for his family. But by far the most important facet of that pride – at least when it comes to his wife - is the need to believe he provides for his partner sexually as well as materially.”*

*Despite being uncomfortable with its source, I could find nothing wrong with this reasoning and, it appeared, neither could Elise as she brought up a hand to bang it against the side of her head as if trying to knock some sense into it.*

*“So,” Sarah went on, knowing professor to rash but older ingénue. “Do you still think it was a good idea to tell dad he doesn’t satisfy you and never has before trotting out to meet a man who can? A man waiting directly outside the home your husband’s hard work has bought and paid for?”*

*Well, I’d thought with the small part of my brain still capable of such a feat, at least my love, devotion and sheer hard work was deemed worthy of some small acknowledgement.*

*“Small” being the operative word.*

*“You know my views on men, mother, and I fully understand and support your right to be sexually*

*satisfied while dad stays the loving and faithful husband he has always been and should remain to you."*

*I all but vomited at that.*

*And what were these "views on men" exactly?*

*Both enlightenment and vomiting having to wait as my beloved daughter continued:*

*"But I warned you from the beginning that if you went this route you would need to coax him along gradually and provide reassurance at every stage. I'm sure that if you'd been patient and taken my advice, you could have had daddy at such a point he would actually have asked you to take a lover himself."*

*Elise really did look annoyed with herself now as my daughter finished and I revisited the desire to void my stomach:*

*"So great is his love for you and so painful to him would have been his guilt once he knew he had never satisfied you in bed."*

*Elise seemed to wilt at her inability to accept advice from her daughter that was not only immoral and callous but utterly uncaring of any feelings her husband might have on the subject.*

*Forget the devastation of the man who loved her.*

*This was a missed opportunity!*

*"Yes, yes," she said with a mixture of contriteness and exasperation. "I know you're right now. After so long being frustrated I suppose I just wanted to hurry the process along and…"*

*She was not given the opportunity to finish this line of defence for her actions.*

*"What were you thinking, mother? To rub his nose in his own inadequacy in such a way was not only unnecessarily cruel but utterly stupid. I don't care how impatient you were to sleep with a real man, what on earth possessed you to do such a thing?"*

*Reeling from hearing myself being described, implied or otherwise, as less than a "real man", and from the lips of my own daughter, I watched with misting eyes as a suddenly disturbed Elise transformed from the composed and controlling wife who had taken a wrecking ball to my life not two nights earlier into a confused and agitated woman.*

*Much good I sensed it would do me.*

*Rising she made for the door that led to the garden.*

*Her voice when it came was preoccupied:*

*"I need some air. Let's take this into the garden."*

*"Yes, well," I heard a dismissive and increasingly muffled Sarah tell her as they disappeared from view and, gradually, from hearing to enter the garden, "fresh air isn't about to make your treatment of him any less stupid and…"*

*****

…"They remain in the garden still, I take it?"

I shrugged, barely able to form words, so great was my sense of betrayal and loss.

Beate checked the screens with a few clicks.

"Yes," she answered her own question. "We would have heard or seen them if they were in the house. It is a nice evening so they are taking advantage of it to finish this… *unedifying*… mother-daughter conversation outside."

That her reaction appeared to mirror mine was little in the way of consolation and if I had felt numb before I was all but bereft of life itself when Beate rose from her seat before the computer and moved to stand before me.

“It was my intention to place a listening device in the garden but we got to talking over my coffee and… It was most unprofessional, David, and I apologise.”

“Please, Beate, this isn’t your fault,” I tried to be the gentleman, even as I felt the walls remaining to my world caving in about me. “I don’t think I could… could have listened to much more anyway.”

The arms hugging me to her were a surprise, but it was the kiss she placed upon my forehead that sucked the remaining life from my body and reduced me to childhood.

It was more motherly than sexual but, as preoccupied and devastated as I was, I knew it to be but a prelude as she wrapped me in what was an incredibly powerful embrace for a woman and trained her cobalt blue eyes on my own less startling orbs of the same colour.

“You must trust me now, David,” she told me, those efficient and crisp Aryan tones sibilant and suggestive.

Given I was pinned in her arms and felt about as strong as a foundling, I really had no other option available.

“This, for you, is not a time to think.”

*“Easy for you to say,”* I’d thought as she enlarged upon her theme:

“At this moment it is in your best interests to react.”

Her eyes held mine for a second or two, then:

“And to react with a partner.”

As I tried unsuccessfully to focus upon her meaning, she relaxed her embrace and took my hand to lead me upstairs.

Then, as my besieged senses recovered enough to realise just what it was she intended to happen, I actually started to believe this could be a good thing.

My besieged and temporarily recovered senses were wrong.

At least to begin with…

# Ten

Her naked form was everything the disguise of clothing had been unable to prevent my imagination from picturing.

After Beate had led me up to her room and sat me on the bed, she had performed the most erotic and skilful of stripteases until a body that was easily the match of that belonging to my faithless wife, despite being like me five years Elise's senior, was revealed to me in its full Teutonic glory.

Flawless breasts, surrounded by unblemished and lightly tanned skin, pointed proudly in my direction and the nipples jutting out as if to accuse me of having such an effect upon her certainly didn't lower my spirits further.

Even if they were beyond raising at this point.

Her legs were sculpted perfection as she came towards me and stopped while I sat in a condition of numbed admiration. Surprise mixing with those reactions when, instead of hugging me to her, she pirouetted to reveal an arse even my wife would have envied.

Admiration turning to amazement when she reached behind her and took my unresisting hands to place them over buttocks that were not only cool and warm to the

touch at one and the same time but achieved the feat of being simultaneously plump and taut also.

We remained in this position for a while until, retaining her grip upon my hands, she had turned back to pull me to a standing position in front of her.

Then, holding my eyes and without words, she had started to undress me.

“Beate,” I began, undeniably attracted to her as I knew myself to be, finding myself too distracted to give her the attention her womanhood deserved.

She placed a finger over my lips and hushed me to silence before removing my shirt and nodding with approval at a body I knew was still in decent shape, if no match for her own.

Her smile was full of promise as her hands undid my belt and the button holding up my jeans to lower them to the floor, before placing a palm in the centre of my chest and pushing me to my back upon the mattress.

The smile had gone now and been replaced with…

What?

Hunger?

As this incredible woman clambered onto the bed next to me and rested a hand over the bulge in my pants a momentary look of disappointment and frustration replaced the hunger I thought I'd seen.

I was as soft as a sleeping infant and the bulge in my boxers contained only the flaccid, rather than the evidence of my own lust she had expected to find.

"I… I'm so sorry, Beate," I offered, feeling just like the loser in bed I had heard Elise describe me to be; both her words and the image of my wife as she said them preventing me from enjoying the generosity of my hostess any number of men would no doubt have committed homicide to experience and gladly have served their time afterward.

But there was more than simple mortification to my lack of an erection.

No matter how much I tried to convince myself otherwise, the reality of Elise cheating on me could not make doing the same to her seem…

…*Right.*

Suddenly, I was enveloped in warm and consolatory female flesh and Beate was smothering my face with motherly and sympathetic kisses.

Kisses I knew were intended to be non-sexual and non-expectant.

This incredible woman I had known only for a few days was placing her own desire aside to provide the reassurance she knew I needed so badly at this point.

Reassurance that not all women were like my wife and the eldest daughter who seemed to be aiding and abetting her mother, and doing so for nothing more crucial than Elise's desire to experience cock other than her husband's and the father of her children.

"I am not offended, David, and you must not think I am," Beate assured me between kisses upon my forehead that made me feel as if were a well-cared for infant again and to which my body responded.

Not with an erection, I have to confess, but with a kind of sensuous weakness that turned limbs to water.

"Apart from a selfish desire on my part to make love with a handsome and loving man, I also wished you to know that you are both of those things and more."

I felt the floodgates opening at this maternal treatment and, forty-eight years on the planet or not, I buried my head in her magnificent breasts and cried as she cooed to me as if I were indeed her infant.

And did so in a sing-song German that only seemed to exacerbate my… *giving way*.

“I am here for you, my David,” she said finally, returning to English as my sobbing subsided – even though I kept my head pressed to her breasts rather than look her in the eye, so great was my shame for behaving so…

There was no avoiding it:

So… *childishly*.

Even if I hadn’t missed the *“my David”* and took some small heart from it.

Shame she sensed anyway and which compelled her to place a hand under my chin and lift my eyes to hers.

The gaze that met me contained no trace of either mockery or contempt and was, unless I was delusional in my own self-pity…

…*Loving*.

“David, do you really think I would think more of you if you were so shallow as to not feel the way you feel?”

I felt tears begin to build again and felt, Beate’s opinion of me or not, like the world’s worst wuss.

“What kind of a man worthy of being described in such a way could be so unmoved by the treatment of him at the hands of a wife he loves he could perform with another woman? And not minutes after hearing words from not just his partner but his own daughter that no husband or father should have to hear?”

I nodded thanks and agreement up at her, not trusting myself to speak and not sure I could at that moment anyway.

“You will not like to hear this, David,” she went on, “but it is obvious to me that it will take a great deal for Elise to kill the love born of your history with her. Unlike her, your marriage vows remain sacrosanct and, also unlike her, you possess in you a degree of sincerity and loyalty unusual for a handsome man who attracts women so easily.”

She gave her words some thought; before presciently:

“You will, I am sure, even feel guilt and blame yourself for the fact she has seen the need to find satisfaction outside of your marriage after so many years.”

She was right, I did, and continued to do so despite knowing there was only one victim in this situation.

A victim who was *not* Elise.

“This is both normal, and wrong,” Beate part echoed my own thoughts. “I am sure that there were many things you would have liked your wife to do for you that would have enhanced your own sexual enjoyment. The fact that these most likely did not happen did not lead you to look for them with the help of women other than your wife.”

It was true but no more than I had told myself on countless occasions to now and felt no less guilty for having done so.

“The fact that you have probably realised this for yourself yet still harbour these feelings of guilt, may ensure that she can *never* kill what you feel for her,” Beate said with what appeared, unless I was deluding myself, a worried look that was not *entirely* for me.

“Even though you might come to hate her,” she went on, “you will be unable to stop loving her. This, I believe, would be a great shame as well as an injustice and you are deserving of far better.”

Her look to me was meaningful:

“As it would be for the lucky woman waiting to snap you up were you to become… *available*.”

I do believe I actually blushed as she returned to her theme:

“It is, however, something I have seen at close hand and you will be surprised at how many *strong* men continue to allow themselves to be put through such a torment; even though their pride insists it cannot be at close-hand and refuse to return to what awaits them at home.”

I sensed she was referring to Malik when she said this and it struck me that if he really had gone through what I was experiencing now – and *three* times over – then my Arab friend was indeed on a more than nodding acquaintance with hell and its owner.

“I fear though that this is something you must learn and discover for yourself,” she went on. “But you must rest assured that whatever you decide to do - and no matter how you approach the dilemma with your wife - your new friend Beate will not judge.”

“Thank you, Beate,” I told her, finding my voice at last, even if it was but a croak, and truly believing her.

Though what she said next was a surprise just the same:

“Sometimes in life we meet someone and the moment we do are convinced that this someone is a person one could spend a life with.”

Her eyes held mine with such conviction it was impossible to do anything other than believe what she was saying.

“I have experienced this once already but…”

Her own expression was pained now and I felt sure mirrored the loss in my own as she cut off, unable to finish this particular line of thought and taking another.

“For me, you are just such a person and I wish you to know that whatever you decide – be it divorcing your wife or accepting her terms and trying again – I will not judge you and will be here for you as either a friend or… *something more*.”

She gave my hand a squeeze and smiled into my eyes:

“Should you allow.”

I think my mouth must have dropped open with wonder because she laughed and kissed the tip of my nose affectionately.

Her eyes as they continued to stare into my own were a contradiction of their cold and Arctic cobalt-blue and transmitted a warmth intended to be both reassuring and consolatory.

I am sad to say that, on this occasion, they stood very little chance of being successful.

“But that is for later,” she said. “For now, and no matter the early hour, I believe we are both tired and would find it… *soothing*… to sleep alongside each other.”

She rolled from the bed and shooed me off the duvet before pulling it back and adding:

“We can, as you English say… *cuddle*.”

# Eleven

“There will have to be changes, David,” she told me as I stood before her disbelievingly.

It was Saturday morning and the first time I’d stepped inside my own house in two weeks, my lack of a tan from my supposed sojourn in foreign climes going unnoticed, or at least uncommented upon.

But then she did have bigger fish awaiting the pan.

“I’ve had some time to think while you were… away… and I know now that if this marriage is to survive one of us is going to have to be strong.”

The initial relief that had washed over her when I’d let myself in unexpectedly had pretty much disappeared by now and I swore I could see something in her expression that smacked of…

…*Contempt?*

“I tried to be just that and do the right thing by you and was thanked for my efforts by you taking off to another country without me.”

“Thanked? You’ve been fucking another man and you expect thanks for it?” I asked in a tone I somehow managed to keep civil.

My case was still at my side and I was torn between hearing my faithless wife out or simply hefting the case back up and leaving.

The prospect of heading back to Beate’s, as she had said I could if things didn’t work out and I couldn’t handle what she seemed to know I had waiting for me upon my return to the marital home, was already tempting me.

“Yes,” she told me without any sense of shame or irony. “Thanks. For thinking you were enough of a man to handle a woman who loves you - and who, by the way, you’re supposed to love in return - finding some harmless satisfaction you’re unable to supply her.”

My lip took a severe biting.

Armed with enough evidence by courtesy of Beate, I could see nothing “*harmless”* in the pure torture I’d been put through in my absence – though I sensed my eldest daughter’s hand in my wife’s *combative* approach.

*“Take the fight to daddy and keep him on the backfoot.”*

These were the words that rang in my head and my imagination was not hard-pressed to imagine my

daughter saying them to her all too willing to listen mother.

And, yes, I do realise you must be asking yourself why I would return for more *"torture"* if that was how I'd felt.

The absolute truth is that I wasn't sure myself and was hoping my decision wasn't based solely upon the fact the only erections of which I'd been capable in the past two weeks had been – and shamefully – inspired by footage of my wife as she…

Need I finish?

And this despite the close proximity of Beate who had made it more than plain I could try to *satisfy* her any time I wished and there would be no comebacks or judgemental comments if I failed.

A happy eventuality which, without pre-empting our ending, would come later.

And be satisfying for *both* of us.

For now though, I was back at home and standing in front of my wife as, initial relief for my return notwithstanding, she acted as if I were no more than a penitent and my fate was in her hands.

In truth, I knew deep down that there would eventually – however long that time-frame might stretch - be no coming back from the mockery she had made of our relationship.

But then, and as the saying has it...

*“Love dies hard”*.

Extremely hard, with me it appeared.

It actually felt as if I’d come back on autopilot. For if there had been a reasoned thought process that had led to my return then I couldn’t recall it. Truthfully, if it hadn’t been for Beate’s insistence that I needed to see if anything could be salvaged still I’m not sure I would have returned at all.

Then again, and if this recounting of what happened to me is to be of any value, I need to be as truthful as my wife is faithless and tell it as it is – even if that truth is hardly flattering.

After all, the erection I was sporting beneath my chinos as she stood before me in nothing more erotic than a pair of denims and a baggy tee-shirt her wondrous breasts managed to tent just the same, red-hair hanging loose over her shoulders, was hardly a badge of honour.

Especially as the glorious and even *superior* body of Beate had failed to achieve a similar reaction.

Forcing my mind from the effect she could still have on me – Elise that is - and responding to her assertion I should be grateful for her seeking satisfaction in the arms of other men, I at least managed to frame a semi-coherent and sarcastic rejoinder that was both cautionary observation and sarcastic question:

“I wonder if our daughters will see your fucking around on me as harmless and something I should thank you for?”

No response.

What do you think?” I persisted.

Of course, I already knew what the eldest had to say on the subject – and pretty galling it had been to hear too – but I was fishing to see if Lynn, our youngest, was in the picture.

I had, you see, heard nothing from her in the two weeks since I’d left and was mildly concerned.

*Mildly*, you understand, because Lynn was notorious for staying in contact - or *not*, more to the point. Being easily sidetracked as she was. And especially by the vibrant

social life and accompanying attractions living in the heart of London provided.

As it turned out, she was actually on Corfu with some friends and had taken off a few days after I'd gone to stay with Beate. A little detail my loving wife had neglected to mention to me in her excited anticipation of the cock about to come her way. Though she would rectify the omission shortly and go on to tell me that our youngest would be in Madrid for a further week after her return from leave to work at the Bank's head-office.

"*Whatever*", as everyone now says with sheep-like conformity to the latest verbal trend.

The fact I knew my wife had informed my eldest of what she saw as my sexual shortcomings was a betrayal and dishonour enough. So the longer Lynn was away the better – if, like her sister, she didn't know already that is. The more time I had, the more chance there was of being able to put things back together in a way that at least approximated the way they had been before Elise dropped her bombshell on my – *our* - marriage.

Say what she liked about me, my wife could never say I was short on optimism.

Yeah!

The same optimism an Ostrich feels with his head firmly under sand as a Lion Pride pads towards him in search of a lunchtime snack.

Anyway, the prospect of Sarah actually *knowing* I knew that she knew - and had not only taken her mother's opinion on board but condoned it and then gone on to take an active role in persuading her to look for what I couldn't provide elsewhere – was simply a humiliation too far.

"I take it you haven't dared tell them?" I asked.

For the first time in all our years together I actually wanted to leave the imprint of a hand across cheeks betraying smugness for the fact that not only had she told at least one of those daughters, but that the daughter in question was in her camp on the subject.

I restrained the impulse and, with great effort, managed a neutral expression as I did so.

"Do you really think I'd humiliate you by letting your daughters know you can't satisfy me?"

Forget the imprint of a hand.

As the words left her lips I began to have fond thoughts of bullet-holes.

And yet, still my erection raged unabated.

Explain that, why don't you?

Because I sure as hell couldn't and still can't.

Suddenly, the smugness left her face and a look of affection akin to real love aimed itself my way.

"I'm sorry, my darling. That was hurtful and I didn't mean it. I suppose I'm still angry that you went away without me."

She edged closer to me and her duplicity diminished my desire for her not a whit.

"You don't want to believe it," she began, eyes moistening, "but I've cried every night since you've been away."

She was right.

I didn't believe it.

And I had the footage to prove it.

The only crying that was done came when she lowered herself onto the cock of the married lover who had spent almost half of his time at our home fucking her in the marital bed.

A lowering made prior to my wife screaming her satisfaction to the ceiling and a fucking that took place be it morning, afternoon or night; though I've no idea how he squared it with his own wife and…

Sorry.

We've been this way before.

And, really, who gives a fuck how he managed the deception?

Certainly not this loved up and wimpy-arsed husband whose wife was cuckolding him.

And aided and abetted by his…

Sorry.

Apologies again.

Anyhow, as I'd watched I came close to simply giving up when I saw how little visible physical effect my absence had on my wife.

Would have done, in fact, had Beate not persuaded me I needed to return.

And for nobody else but me.

Her reasoning as follows…

*“By going back to see if there is anything left to salvage, you will give her the opportunity to either show her love for you or reveal the true depths of her perfidy.*

*“If you can live with what she wants from you, despite knowing of the contempt she will be unable to prevent herself from coming to feel for you, it will be to emulate the actions of a number of the husbands I have assisted prior to now.*

*“Husbands who decided to accept what was on offer to them – for as long as it lasted.*

*“You may be assured also that I know enough of human need and frailty not to judge you. My hope, however, and for purely selfish reasons, is that hearing the lies you will undoubtedly hear – even as you give her what she will insist upon if you are to stay together – will eventually take your feelings for her to a place of disregard from which there is no coming back.*

*“You know me at least well enough after these two weeks to know that I intend no insult or hurt to you with what I am about to say next, so please listen and then give it some thought, David.*

*“I have watched you over this last two-weeks and noted your reaction to what you have heard and seen. I must tell you that, though you are rightly angry and unjustly*

*pained, it will take far more before you are ready to remove this woman you have loved for so long from your life. It may even be that for reasons as well as this – your natural loyalty and the love you have for your daughters – you will simply accept what she wishes of you and never leave.*

*"This, as I have told you already, and having seen how it has turned out for those other husbands who share certain of your characteristics, is a shameful waste of a man of substance and a disappointment for me. But, regretfully, I must tell you that if there is a chance of you regaining the kind of life a man such as yourself deserves, it will only happen after you have allowed your wife to take you as low as her desires and imagination can take you before she extinguishes the feelings you still hold for her.*

*"And perhaps not even then…"*

…This German goddess I was more and more beginning to wish I had met before Elise – a thought unthinkable not so long ago – had gone on to say that whatever I decided we would remain friends and, perhaps, more if I saw my way clear to reciprocating the feelings she said she had developed for me; despite our short acquaintance.

It was both a boost to an ego in dire need of such and an invitation I knew I wasn't ready to accept just yet; especially as I thought her assessment of me wrong.

Or at least not wholly accurate.

Though, as so often was to prove the case with Beate, I would be the one proved wrong and I was indeed about to be taken about as low as I could ever have imagined I'd allow myself to be taken.

At this point, however, and even if I didn't accept my German admirer's observations on my character in their entirety, I knew also that I couldn't accept her invitation that we get… *closer*.

At least not until the faithless Elise killed the desire that still made her the only woman to whom my loyal to a fault cock came truly alive.

Perverse or what?

So back I came, to a family home that had once been no less than a place of love and security.

And did so with a heart full of anger and foreboding for what awaited me there – actually feeling nervous about entering the home *I'd* bought and paid for.

Though at least Beate's assurance that it would not alter the feelings she had developed for me – short acquaintance or not – gave my resolve and sense of self a much needed boost.

She also told me she would make provision for my return to her home for *other* matters on a regular basis and this explained her insistence that I keep a front-door key.

Even if she did not explain what those *"other"* matters might be and would not be drawn on them further.

More of this soon.

For now, let's return to my *poor* wife who had *"cried every night"* I spent away from her.

Laugh?

I was close to starting.

"I'm supposed to believe you haven't been with lover-boy once in that time?" I asked her, almost hoping she'd tell the truth rather than reduce yet more of my feelings for her to charcoal.

It was not to be.

"Not once," she lied with a shaking of the head so emphatic it must have left her dizzied.

I know I was.

“The thought of you being somewhere alone and feeling hurt was almost too much for me to bear,” she went on with still moist eyes I knew were more a tribute to her unexplored – at least professionally - Thespian skills than any sympathy for the pain I was feeling and she had caused.

Unbelievably, the wife who had added unfeeling mendacity to faithlessness flung herself into my arms and smothered me with kisses.

“Oh, my love,” my soul-mate turned viper-whore whispered into my ear, denim-clad thigh inserting itself between my legs and discovering the erection she had inspired and no doubt took as a harbinger of her coming triumph. “It wasn’t meant to be like this and I didn’t mean it when I said you had never satisfied me. It’s just… just…”

“That I don’t do the things you like and my cock isn’t big enough for you,” I saved her the effort of useless diplomacy.

“David Sterling! I never once said you weren’t big enough,” she accused me.

And she was right.

She hadn’t.

Not to my face.

She had saved that gem for good ol’ Tommy that I might hear it on audio.

How had she put it?

*“…it’s average at best, and he has no idea what to do with it…”*

Could have been worse, I suppose.

What do you think?

“Look, I know I said there will have to be changes, and there will. But I don’t know how I would have coped if you hadn’t come back to me. I’m going to make everything wonderful between us, just you wait. We have two wonderful girls and a history between us we will *always* share no matter what. I couldn’t bear to lose you and I know you feel just the same.”

Despite everything, it was a simple truth I was unable to refute.

Especially as an erection for which I was beginning to hate myself was prompting me to drag her upstairs and

show her just what her husband could do with it when properly motivated.

*"Average"* or not.

As it turned out, she would beat me to it.

"This will change everything and nothing between us, David. Just you wait and see. You're the only man there's ever been for me and that remains the same now as it did a couple of weeks ago."

Erection unabated despite her lies and, if anything, raging with an even greater intensity for the proximity of her body and her breath in my ear, I fought not to make the capitulation I sensed coming *too* easy for her.

"It didn't seem that way when you let him pick you up outside in full view," I reminded her. "Then went on to kiss him on the lips while still wearing the necklace I'd bought you for our anniversary.

"Remember?

"One of the *twenty-three* we've celebrated up to now?"

"I remember *every* single one of them, my darling," she began with her best look of regret, eyes glistening. "If you only knew how long I've lay awake of a night since you've been gone, praying I could change what I did."

I knew for a fact, having spent sleepless nights myself as I watched her slumber in our bed – *and how sad is that?* – AND on a mattress *Tommy* had vacated before returning to his oblivious wife, that she had slept the sleep of the righteous after he had gone.

Or at least the sleep of the *unrighteously* fucked.

“It was stupid of me,” she went on, using the near exact same words of my eldest daughter. “All I wanted to do was experience a different man for a change, not make the man I love above all others feel bad about himself.”

“I have to tell you, Elise,” I began, easing her back and away from a traitorous erection that was showing no sign of abating despite her patent and ever growing lies, “you must have suspected telling me you wanted to fuck another man because I’ve never once satisfied you wasn’t likely to make me feel loved and secure.”

Her response was so instant I knew my questions had been anticipated and her mendacity had been well-rehearsed.

I also knew just who had helped devise the script and had to fight to keep my bitterness from showing along with the rueful and contemptuous laugh threatening to bubble up with it.

“And not a moment’s passed since I said it when I haven’t kicked myself for lying to you in such a way.”

“Lying?” I asked, having been warned by Beate in advance to expect just such an approach and rewarding the wife taking it with a rehearsed look of hope that was all my own.

She nodded, regretful, penitent, and no doubt even more contemptuous of the husband she was leading with such ease.

A husband, moreover, who not only knew she was doing just that but was allowing it to happen and doing so, it seemed, for no reason more pertinent than the fierce erection such a shabby usage of him inspired.

And was inspired by a wife taking what could only be described as a dominant and belittling attitude towards a man who had done nothing but love her and who, she said, she loved in return.

*“What the fuck was I allowing to happen to me?”*

“I only said you hadn’t ever satisfied me because I thought, knowing you, that you’d want me to be fulfilled.”

She allowed her voice to catch before continuing.

“I thought that if I could persuade you I hadn’t been fully satisfied and you hadn’t been doing it for me you wouldn’t mind so much if I…”

She brought up a hand to bang her forehead as an indication of her stupidity, just as she had with Sarah, and I suddenly knew what their conversation in the garden had been about.

I could almost see the input of my eldest daughter as my wife went about... *managing* me.

*“You’ve hurt his pride and he’s vulnerable right now, mummy. But it can still work if you’ll just listen to your daughter. All you have to do to get daddy back onside is…”*

Just imagining it felt life-threatening.

“It was stupid and juvenile of me, David, and I shouldn’t have been dishonest with you in such a way. You deserved better, but…”

“But you needed a good fucking too much to let it trouble you?” I prompted.

She sighed, act dropping for a few seconds.

“David, please stop with the obscene language. It really isn’t you.”

Which was more than I could say about her given the filth I'd heard spew from her lips as she did her thing with good ol' Tommy the cocksman.

Much of it about me.

I actually wondered if she were even aware of her own hypocrisy; though I was absolutely certain, if awareness were the case, it would hardly be likely to give her pause for concern

"Yes. I had sex with another man. But it was honest and up front and not done to hurt you in any way."

I could feel my heat rising and, doing my best to conform to the estimable Beate's advice, did my best not to show it.

Not entirely, anyway, though I did try to keep my sarcasm at a minimal level.

"Newsflash, Elise: It was very thoughtful and kind of you to think of my feelings. But here's the thing…

"…*It didn't work*."

I could see she was fighting back anger of her own as my dialogue didn't conform to her lines as written by number-one-daughter and it struck me for the first time how truly selfish she had to be.

Even now, with me standing before her, misery palpable, she was more interested in the continuance of her own agenda and the sex outside marriage that came with it, rather than easing her husband's pain.

And *still* my erection throbbed in my pants as if a gallon of liquid Viagra had been injected into my bloodstream.

*"Why was I so… so… turned on?"*

"Yes. I know it didn't," she went on as I again made a futile attempt to try and make sense of my own perversity, "and I've tried telling you how much I regretted being so… so…"

"Stupid?" I offered, echoing my daughter's words again and tempted to echo more were it not for the fact I would run the risk of making my wife suspicious.

"Yes," she said penitently. "*Utterly* stupid. All I could think about was myself when I must have known how hurtful it had to be for you to hear what I was intending to do."

With my hands in hers, she gave me a look that would have melted the heart of Draco the Athenian tyrant himself – a no-nonsense, no second chance lawgiver for whom I was beginning to feel a great empathy

“Please, David,” she said, actually shedding a tear that looked near to real. “You have to believe me. I would *never* do anything to intentionally hurt the man I love. For over twenty-three years you’ve been the whole world to me, as I have to you, and I intend it to be that way for at least another twenty-three.”

“Then why, Elise? You had to have known how it would kill me. But you did it anyway. Not only did you fuck another man, but you had him pick you up outside our home before he did it. You dressed for him in a way you haven’t dressed for me in ages and topped it off by wearing a necklace I’d given you on our twentieth anniversary. And then, as if you hadn’t ripped enough of a hole in my heart, you kissed him outside in front of everybody… *On the lips!*”

I could see she was in the process of biting those same lips now.

And not in self-rebuke for her selfishness and cruelty towards a man who had done nothing more malicious than love her.

She was impatient to have my forgiveness and, more crucially, *understanding* in the bank so that she could move forward with the new life she had planned that did *not* include her husband in any *loving* and monogamous sexual way.

And with her own daughter to supply informed and treacherous counselling as she did so that would help to make the husband and father in question more…

…*“Supportive”*.

“Oh, David, my love, I can’t imagine how hurt you must have felt.”

She released her hands to place them over distraught eyes and choked back a sob that was either entirely real or bespoke of the loss to film and stage when she decided to marry me and become a working housewife.

“Everything was happening so fast,” she told me through her fingers. “I just wasn’t thinking straight. You have to believe me.”

The hands came down and her face was a mask of anguish as she again took one of my hands in hers and speared me with eyes so moist it was hard to believe they could be anything but sincere.

Her posture stiffened and she struck a determined pose:

“But I am thinking straight now,” she insisted. “Not having you at my side these past two weeks has been nothing short of agony to me and I *never* want to repeat the experience.”

Squeezing my hand in hers affectionately she forced a brave smile; though what the fuck *she* needed to feel brave about eluded me:

“You can rest assured, my wonderful husband, that I’ll never do anything ever again to put our love and marriage in jeopardy.”

I mulled it over – or at least gave her the impression of so doing.

Then:

“So you won’t be seeing the bald guy again?” I asked, knowing it wasn’t the response she wanted.

To be fair, she didn’t lie, though I could have sworn she had been about to.

“I didn’t say that,” she told me, before repeating, as near as makes no difference, what I’d heard her tell good ol’ Tommy himself.

“But, if you must know, I won’t be seeing him for too much longer.”

“I’m a lucky guy,” I told her, unable to prevent myself.

“Yes. You are,” she agreed with a complete lack of irony. “And I’m the luckiest woman alive to have such a husband. And don’t you *ever* believe otherwise.”

She stepped away from me and smirked at my groin; almost leading me to believe she was looking forward to sampling its contents rather than deflecting my attention away from just *who* she would be fucking when good ol’ Tommy was given the red-card in the not-too-distant future:

“It seems as if at least a part of you is pleased to see your sexy wife,” she said, face twisting into a leer.

Deflected attention or not, I felt my cheeks redden as if our twenty odd years of marriage hadn’t taken place and I’d been caught with an erection on our first-date.

She had already taken my hand and was guiding me towards the stairs and our room – *Tommy* vacated mattress and all.

“Let’s see if your loving Elise can’t make her horny husband feel better.”

As she led me upstairs, I was praying she had at least changed the sheets, when she added:

“Then we’ll settle back into our normal routine before we start discussing how things are going to be from now on…”

# Twelve

It’s hard to believe, I know, but for the first couple of weeks after my return things between myself and Elise pretty much returned to normal.

Except for the sex.

*That*, incredibly, was the best it had been since…

Well…

Forever, really.

I still couldn’t bring myself to give her the oral I knew she had wanted from me for so long – front and *especially* back – but I did use what I had seen happen with *Tommy* to suggest she take the woman astride position.

An offer she fair leapt at with not a flicker of suspicion I might know something I shouldn’t.

And what do you know?

She seemed to enjoy being on top of me just as much as she had with her big-dicked lover.

At least it seemed that way to me.

Pretty much every night we were at it, with Elise in the saddle and her follicle-free boyfriend with the meaty dick, or any boyfriend in possession of the same, nowhere to be seen or heard.

For the time being, anyhow.

She assured me it was the best sex she'd had with me and wished we'd tried it sooner, while I was already assured it was the best sex I'd experienced and was surprised to respond so positively to her – and in the female superior position - after everything that had happened lately.

Even the images of her impaled upon Tommy's cock were beginning to fade.

If not completely.

Strangely enough, she had made no mention of either the discussion she said she had wanted to have after I'd returned or the changes that would stem from it and I was, in point of fact, just beginning to feel it had all been nothing more than some mid-life hysteria on her part and that she'd got it from her system.

Yeah, well, shoot me for hoping why don't you?

Anyway, so great was my own stupidity and an even more substantial facility for denial, I had almost

convinced myself we could get over this first *major* setback in our time together.

Lynn had been in touch and made her usual promises to visit and I was even fashioning excuses for Sarah's complicity in her mother's, hopefully, one-off cuckolding of me.

So self-deceiving was I that even the burial of my feelings of hurt and betrayal were managed for long enough to share a Sunday Roast with her and Elise without betraying what I knew.

Sarah was still my daughter when all was said and done, I'd told myself, and, respectable degree in psychology and the career progression that went with it or not, she was still only twenty-two and little more than a child still.

Show me a parent unable to forgive his children a mistake, my thoughts ran, and I'll show you a bad parent.

Though I knew there would be an inevitable discussion regarding her actions at some point in the future that left me wondering if she would show herself to possess her mother's acting skills.

The above as she went about persuading me she had only done what she did because of her love for me as well as her mother.

Lots to look forward to, heh?

Anyway, buoyed, some might say deluded, by such thoughts my spirit began to reassert itself.

Though I felt sure they could never really be the same again, things were, I'd told myself, improving.

Until the night Elise lowered the boom on me.

Again.

"Oooh, that was fantastic, sweetie," she told me after all but screaming the ceiling off as my *'average'* cock again did what it hadn't, apparently, been able to do for her in the past.

Her perspiration slicked torso towered above me and her eyes as she stared down at me seemed unnaturally intense as I basked in the aftermath of yet more great sex.

We hadn't spoken about good ol' Tommy once since that first discussion after I'd returned and that suited me fine.

I truly was beginning to think that he was off the scene for good and that my old Elise was coming back to me.

Could it be possible the nightmare was over?

As I said: *An Ostrich*.

You see, not only was it *not* over, it was about to get *worse*.

Far, far, worse.

Though it started off innocently enough:

“If only we’d done this from the start,” she said as she stared down at me before lowering her voice to add:

“This and… *other*... things.”

We both knew what other things she meant and I couldn’t help my face reddening as I recalled the image of ol’ Tommy with his tongue in my wife’s pussy – this after he’d served her arse with due diligence.

My own cheeks ripened not so much by his having performed such a task for her – though that was mortifying enough – but my own reaction to having witnessed him do it.

Despite my avowed aversion and outright refusal to perform for her in such a way I had been, and still was…

…*Excited*.

“But we didn’t did we?” she asked with a voice that was regretful and… *serious*.

My mother wasn't Doris Stokes and my ancestry doesn't include Nostradamus. But psychic connections of such a kind were unnecessary anyhow. Something was wrong and it did not take a sixth-sense on my part to know it.

"Which is why we're where we are," she finished, voice now taking on a tone of rebuke.

I felt sick suddenly and the last couple of semi-blissful weeks fell from my mind as if they hadn't taken place.

"Why we're where?" I asked, knowing this was likely to prove yet another reply I would not relish hearing.

She didn't answer and, instead, raised herself from my already wilted cock to stand at the side of the bed looked down at me.

"We need to have that talk I promised we'd have when you came home," she told me, look serious and no-nonsense, as if she were in charge and I had no option but to follow where she led.

She was, of course, about to be proved right.

"I'm going to take a shower," she told me, already on her way to the en-suite. "Go make some coffee and I'll be down when I'm finished."

Her hourglass figure and incredible arse had disappeared into the bathroom before the power of thought returned to me and I realised she had just given me an order.

The first in what would prove an ever growing list of… *demeaning*… demands.

And what she was about to *demand* of me on this occasion, though not as onerous as the thoughts I'd had as the Colombian Blend brewed, would turn out to be exactly what Beate had told me to expect as an opening gambit and would go in only one direction after that.

Downhill, that is.

For me.

Though she was careful this time, to move with great… *care*.

# Thirteen

As I stared at the white and windowless walls surrounding me I experienced the same sense of wonder I always did when *sent to my room.*

That the room in question was a ten-by twelve basement beneath the family home my own efforts had paid for and in which my wife and I had brought up two daughters, and that my wife was above… *entertaining*… was hardly likely to prompt anything other than wonderment.

No more than five weeks had passed since my return home but it might as well have been a gap of centuries, so pronounced was the difference between the life Elise and I had led together then and the… *arrangement*… we had now.

There had been more Sunday Roasts with Sarah present, though I still hadn't seen my youngest daughter in all that time. Which was not unusual. We had spoken, however, and I was about as convinced as I could be that she had no knowledge of what had transpired between her mother and myself.

This was no small consolation in a world that had turned to shit in exactly the way Beate had promised me it would.

I was going lower and lower with every passing day and that genetic-coding I spoke of at the very top of this story was ensuring I stayed around to be treated in such a way.

Even if the first visit to Beate's home - this after she had rang my office number to ask to me to make it, one evening when Elise was… *engaged elsewhere* - had left me in no doubt that the relationship I had once known with the wife I loved was no more than an illusory memory and could never be anything but.

A certainty that had seen me return home again after my visit to see Beate, just the same.

At least until everything was in place and the redemption of *genuine* love finally kicked in to rescue me.

But that would come later….

*"…I will leave you alone to watch and then, if you can face the prospect of food, perhaps we could share some supper with each other before you return home."*

*So said Beate Krauss after I was once again installed in the home-office in which I had seen so much that was destructive and, yes, I feel ashamed to admit but can do no less if this story and my actions throughout it are to be even semi-explicable… exciting.*

*After receiving her phone-call and request that I visit her, Beate had welcomed me back to her own home with all the affection one would expect from a wife deprived the presence of a husband she truly loved.*

*So unlike what I now had at the home that was actually mine.*

*It felt nice and was only poisoned by my shame for what I was becoming in the eyes of my own wife.*

*Not to mention my own.*

*As had been my experience of this wonderful woman up to now, she had been neither judgemental nor – amazingly, considering she was an investigator – intrusive as we sat and chatted; despite, I now knew, knowing a lot more about my situation since I'd returned home than I thought.*

*At a certain level, even more than I knew myself.*

*"I have a confession," she had when we were on our second glass of the chilled to the bone Chilean Sauvignon Blanc of which she was so partial.*

*The sense of safety and security I always felt when with her vanished in an instant.*

*After all that my wife had unloaded on me, you can imagine that I was less than thrilled to hear something else likely to cause me pain was coming my way.*

*And it would certainly do that, even if it would prove necessary and, eventually…*

*…Cleansing.*

*"When you left, I was less than honest with you," she went on, sensing I was having difficulty speaking and being, as usual, bang up to the mark, or the deutschmark anyway, defunct or not.*

*"I hope you are not angry and wish you to know I acted only with your best interests to heart and, perhaps, my own."*

*I moistened a suddenly bone-dry mouth with white-wine that had lost all its flavour and waited.*

*"When you left," she went on, "I did not deactivate all the visual and audio devices in place at your home."*

*I have no idea what she imagined was running through my head at this, but of all the thoughts making touchdown what she said next was not amongst them.*

*"I know. It was not my place to do this. And was also very foolish now that you are no longer paying me to do*

*such things. My licence could be at risk were you to decide to report me. However, it is my hope that you see my actions for the well-intended intervention of a good friend that they are."*

*Believing when she first mentioned a "Confession" that she had been about to tell me she had met someone without my baggage and was about explain that seeing me would be inappropriate, I was relieved.*

*Even though it occurred to me instantly that I was being extremely selfish to expect this incredible woman to put her life on hold while I tried to make sense of my own.*

*"You must know that I deactivated the monitoring devices upstairs and kept only those in the kitchen and the front-room," she told me. "Those most… intimate… moments you have shared with your life have been private. On this you have my word.*

*"Is that what you meant by 'making provision for my return' on other matters when I went back home?" I asked suddenly up-to-speed.*

*She nodded.*

*"David, love can do many strange things to good people and I do not sit in judgement on what is happening with you at this moment."*

*I couldn't meet her eye suddenly and knew that – deactivated upstairs or not – the devices still in place in the downstairs of our home would have given her more than enough of an insight into how things between Elise and I had… developed.*

*"David," her voice was firm and not to be gainsaid, "I told you before you left to return to your home that I had seen similar men to you in just such a position and how they had reacted to it. I also told you that it would not alter my perception or the growing feelings of affection I had, and still have, for you."*

*"But you know what I've…?"*

*I couldn't finish and, before I knew it, Beate was next to me, arms around my shoulders in that protective way that always seemed to bring me to the verge of tears.*

*And did now.*

*"David, I remember telling you that many of the men I had helped had decided to return to their wives in just the way you have returned. I also told you that these attempts did not end… pleasantly.*

*"Many of these men shared similarities with you and the love you feel for Elise. That is why I warned them that by*

*going back they would run the risk of their manhood itself being… compromised."*

*"But… But you told me I should go back?" I protested, unable to get the sense of her reasoning.*

*I don't know if I just needed to vent on somebody and she was to hand but, suddenly, I felt very angry.*

*"Or was it just that you felt my manhood was beyond repair anyway?"*

*Her eyes held me with a look of limitless knowledge, as if she were always five steps ahead of me and knew exactly what I needed to hear.*

*Always the truth, in her case.*

*"David, you have been through a lot these past weeks but your manhood remains as admirable and worthwhile as it did before your wife decided your handsome looks, loyalty and love, meant less to her than having her darker and more base passions met in reality rather than through the consolation of imagination."*

*Her tendency to be circumlocutory – this was her second language when to came down to it - made what she said no less pertinent.*

*“No matter your reaction to what she has decided she wants from you, your manhood is not in question. You are reacting and she is prompting. If there is any guilt to be apportioned it belongs to the woman you raised to the stars and who now prefers to reduce herself to the sewers.”*

*“Beate, I… I… I know you want to make feel better for what I’ve allowed her to… to… get away with, but you don’t know the full…”*

*Her finger upon my lips prevented me from finishing.*

*“But I do know the full story – at least to this point,” she told me.*

*“You mean…?”*

*She nodded before adding, somewhat cryptically:*

*“Perhaps in a more complete way even than you at this moment.”*

*Though I detected sympathy in her smile, something about it indicated to me she only thought she knew the “full story” to which she referred.*

*To know, after all, would have precluded all possibility of a smile.*

*Sympathy surely being a non-starter.*

*But she did know and, again, I was totally wrong.*

*"The suggestion I made, that it would be better for you if you went back to your wife, was not made because I considered your manhood beyond repair but because I knew and know still that it will never heal so long as you are in any doubt about the life you once had with Elise and the life she wishes for you now."*

*It was something I myself had suspected she and Malik had agreed upon and I nodded my understanding as she cemented me in my suspicion:*

*"Only by being sure of what she wishes will it be possible for a person of your… integrity and loyalty… to close a part of his life that has been his mainstay for so long. I also believe that what you have experienced since you returned and the guilt you feel for the…"*

*She applied a reassuring squeeze to my right-hand.*

*"I am afraid this must be said, David, and you must not see it as a disapproval or a judgement…"*

*I waited, already convinced it would be just that.*

*And was wrong again.*

*“I will not discomfort you with great detail, David, and you have no need to respond unless I am wrong, but let me see if I can describe the situation accurately…”*

*Releasing my hand, she composed her thoughts before continuing:*

*“…Your return home, after a shaky beginning, proved promising and sex between yourself and Elise was good, for you.”*

*I couldn’t help but notice the verbal comma between the “good” and the “for you”.*

*“It was, perhaps,” she went on, “even better than it had ever been.”*

*My lack of a response was all the confirmation my intuitive former landlady and would-be saviour, formerly of the Stasi, required to continue:*

*“After all you had witnessed while here of your wife with her lovers, I feel positive you would have tried to incorporate elements of what you saw was pleasing to her in your… ‘Make up’ lovemaking…, let us describe it. An understandable and almost selfless act of generosity on your part and certainly nothing to be shamed by.”*

*Again I was silent, recalling how I had insisted Elise take the woman astride position and opened the floodgates to…*

*Well, exactly what Beate was about to touch upon as it turned out.*

*"Nothing other than the most general of references was made and said in regard of her 'lover' of course – at least not to begin with - and you were beginning to think that maybe your wife had gotten her 'madness' out of her system and realised what she had run the risk of losing."*

*She took my hand again and supplied it another reassuring squeeze.*

*"I could see during the family dinner you shared with Elise and your eldest daughter that you were even finding ways to forgive Sarah her collusion with her mother."*

*I nodded, hoping I was right to try and do just that. Praying that one of the daughter's I doted upon and felt doted on me in return upon would prove to be my loving daughter still and would eventually look upon the advice she had given her mother as no more than the inanity of youth.*

*It would not be very long, courtesy of Beate, before I found that was not to be either.*

*"Tell me, David, or nod if you prefer, but did Elise not tell you how exciting it would be for her – and for you – if you were to help her dress for the office of a morning? How such intimacy would not only be exciting for her but bring you… closer… to each other?"*

*My nod confirmed it.*

*It also confirmed the excitement I had felt – still felt – at helping her on with her clothes each morning after she had showered.*

*Was stirring me even now as I recalled kneeling before Elise and holding out the panties she had selected that she may step into them before I tugged the pink Lycra up to her waist.*

*A servile act that would have made me feel like an indentured body-servant at the court of the Sun-King had it not been for the kiss I placed upon the navel of a still wash-board stomach afterwards.*

*Even as Beate spoke, I could almost feel the sheer nylon of her hose under my hands as I smoothed it up and over her strong and shapely calf-muscles and onto her equally powerful thighs; all the while as Elise stared down at me*

*with a look in which love seemed entirely absent and spoke of nothing else other than power.*

*"And was it not long," Beate's Germanic English fetched me back from off-world, "before you were performing exactly the same service for her of an evening that she might look her best for those other men she was using to…"*

*She mimicked the voice of my wife she had heard on the recordings:*

*"… 'Keep our marriage fresh'?"*

*Beate had, by luck mixed with judgement, hit upon the exact same words used by my wife as she outlined in précis form the very route by which I had been guided towards what was required of me – even if I have to confess that I pretty much sensed I was being led.*

*How could I not?*

*Despite taking too much shameful pleasure from the perversity of the situation to fight it overmuch.*

*"I assume the conversation that led to Elise persuading you to move your things to the basement took place upstairs."*

*“You knew… know, about that?” I asked unnecessarily, shamed to the core as it became her turn to respond with a nod.*

*“And I can also venture an exact guess as to how she went about it.”*

*I felt the world’s worst loser as I sat and listened to her recount the various ways my wife had made a pussy of me – and with my own tacit consent.*

*How had I let it come to this?*

*Images from better, more prideful, times crowded my head:*

*Walking her from the church after our wedding, proud to have landed such a woman…*

*Feeling the luckiest man alive as my business began to take off and our two beautiful girls followed…*

*Elise and I as we watched our girl’s graduate univer…*

*They seemed now, these images, as if they were of another person and I found myself hating Elise for the bonfire she had made of our love and my own self-perception.*

*Even if I could not be absolved of having played a massive part in my own downfall.*

*And all because of my own mind and body's treacherous and entirely unexpected response to sex that was different, perverse, and utterly degrading.*

*And for the both of us in its different ways.*

*"I know also that she has persuaded you to wear the… 'Cage'," Beate went on.*

*It was too much and I slumped forward with my head in my hands, the sense of disgrace I felt in front of a woman I found admirable as well as highly attractive near immeasurable.*

*She knew!*

*"David, you are not to… 'Beat yourself up', as they say. You are not the first man to be led to the dark side in such a way and by such a woman."*

*"I… I don't know what's happening to me, Beate," I heard a wimpy voice that sounded awfully like my own tell her.*

*"What is happening to you is what I told you would happen when you left here to return home," she reminded me.*

*It did not help.*

*"It is your nature to stay true to that which you love until it is beyond all reasonable doubt that the object of your affections does not, and will not again, return them. I have seen it too many times in men similar to you for it not to be the case."*

*I lifted my head to question her, meeting those all-seeing and non-judgemental eyes requiring an effort of will on my part:*

*"Men like Malik, you mean?"*

*She hesitated only a moment before deciding Investigator-Client-Privilege hardly applied here; given that Malik knew of my problems and I knew something of his.*

*Hell, it had been Malik who had suggested Beate to me in the first place.*

*"Malik," she nodded, "has not only been the same route as you but, with variations, taken it three times."*

*She kissed me on the forehead and the eyes that gazed into mine afterwards were unmistakably devoid of censure.*

*“And I am sure you will agree with me, David, when I say there is absolutely no doubt as to Malik’s… manhood. And believe me, he knows a great deal about the ways in which a man can… react… to certain sexual stimuli he would usually find… repugnant.”*

*My German benefactress was right.*

*I did indeed have no doubt whatsoever on the subject of Malik’s standing as a man.*

*When it came to mine, however…*

*Sensing my doubts she pressed on:*

*“I did warn you that you were of the type who would have to go, or be taken, so low – or at least be lowered as far as a good man such as yourself can be – before you found yourself with only one other direction in which to travel.”*

*I nodded.*

*“Unfortunately, you have yet to reach that stage. Though I believe you will be close to doing so once you have seen and heard what awaits you in my office…*

# Fourteen

As was her methodical way, Beate had set it all up in chronological order and with the quick-and-the-dead uppermost.

Meaning?

Of the *dead* there was no sign.

The recordings sh*e* had selected from Studio-Sterling were about as *quick* as they come.

And equally as killing.

They numbered seventeen in all – five of those being visits to the home by other men - but I've chosen the three I found most relevant and…

*Disturbing…*

*<u>Recording-One</u>*

*…"So," asked my eldest daughter, "alone in the kitchen with her mother and helping stack away the dishes from the third of the Sunday roast's the three of us had shared with each other since my return, made able to speak freely by the knowledge I had, as was my routine after a*

*large meal, taken off for a leisurely walk of the neighbourhood and our local park rather than veg out on the sofa in front of some televised dross masquerading as entertainment, "if I didn't know better I'd say things are back to normal with the two of you?"*

*Elise looked annoyed, as if she'd been criticised:*

*"Wasn't that what you advised me to do? Get things back to normal?"*

*"No need to get snappy, mum," Sarah had laughed. "I'm not picking at you, but just asking."*

*"Yes, well, now you know."*

*"You don't seem too pleased about it."*

*Elise was outright angry now, face contorted with an expression that was verging on hatred and not one I recognised ever having seen before as I watched my wife and daughter from the view supplied by the devices Beate had installed in our kitchen and decided to leave activated.*

*"Pleased? Are you mad? I finally get to have a real man satisfy me after years of your father's pitiful attempts and what happens? I have to cut him off because your dad finally decides to come home and give me another chance."*

*“But I thought things were getting better in that department?”*

*“Who for? Certainly not me. Although to see the look of pride and satisfaction on his face as I ride him and make all the right noises I can tell he actually thinks he’s really pleasing me.”*

*She shook her head:*

*“Though I suppose it’s at least better than the pitiful excuse for lovemaking I made do with before.”*

*Why I should have been shocked after everything I have no idea, but I was.*

*I mean, there I was, seated in Beate’s office listening to my wife discuss our sex life – and with my own daughter – while wearing a cock-cage beneath my trousers my wife had managed to talk me into wearing as a way of keeping me “ready for her”. I was already dressing her for her dates - at least one of them in what had been our bedroom and observed by me through the crack of the open door - and been relegated to sleeping in the basement now she had me so far down the line she felt free for them to visit the house.*

*In to this extremely one-sided bargain, I was also dressing her for work and picking up a lot of the domestic slack around the home and doing other… things… too.*

*Why on earth would I have been shocked?*

*Especially as being treated as if I were no more than a piece of shit seemed to strike some previously unsuspected sexual nerve in me.*

*I mean, did I really feel on some subconscious level that I had actually let my wife down and needed to pay her back in such an… emasculating… way?*

*Stupid question!*

*"What are you saying, mum?" my daughter's voice re-focused my attention. "You don't want to be married to dad any longer?"*

*There was no trace of rebuke or indignation on Sarah's face as she questioned her mother and this explained my shock to me even more.*

*That Elise could feel such contempt for me was as crippling as it was baffling.*

*But for the eldest daughter I loved to be in step with it took me to a whole new world of hurt and made the*

*earlier excuses I'd made for her behaviour look the sad clutching at straws they had been all along.*

*"You know that's not what I'm saying," Elise accused. "I love your father and we have history, even if he is next to useless to me in bed. Though at least I've got him going down on me at last."*

*I was stunned.*

*How could she talk about such things in front of her – our – daughter?*

*My answer came with Sarah's completely unperturbed reply:*

*"How was he?"*

*"Next to useless to begin with," Elise sneered. "I could tell he hated it but, now he knows I can get someone else to do it if he doesn't, he…"*

*Sneer turned to nasty smile.*

*"Let's just say he's willing to have me work on his technique."*

*And now I was being laughed at by two of the people in my life I would have taken as the last to do such a thing not so long ago.*

*At the risk of stating the obvious, it was killing – and the fact I was beginning to take a strange pleasure in kneeling before my wife and servicing her in such a way – front and back - after so many years or refusing to perform the act for her made it no easier to hear.*

*"Are you going to take my advice and have him start sleeping in the basement?"*

*"I've already laid the foundations," Elise told her before going on quickly:*

*"And, before you ask, yes. I went about it in just the way you suggested. "I told him how wonderful sex with him had been since he'd returned and how it felt as if I had it all now. The husband of my dreams and an exciting lover, all in one.*

*"I told him, again as you suggested, that the 'game' we were playing was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to me and I hoped we could take it as far as we could before we tired of it and decided to try something else."*

*"And?"*

*"And he bought it, of course. Just as you assured me he would. I told him that having him wait on me as part of our so-called 'game' was the biggest turn-on I could*

*imagine and that him moving to the basement on a 'temporary' basis would make not only take us back to the time of 'upstairs/downstairs' but make me feel like a queen or some great Victorian lady in a make-believe and completely harmless way."*

*Her head shook and a derisive smile accompanied the movement as her thoughts gave her contempt of me full rein.*

*"Had I known how easy he is to manipulate years ago I would never have known a second's sexual disappointment, I can promise you."*

*Her smile was a long way from pleasant:*

*"Though you can be assured it wouldn't have been your father doing the satisfying."*

*More laughter followed, until:*

*"Men like daddy are so easy," I heard a smiling and indulgent Sarah tell her mum as I continued to rack my brain for some reason that might explain my eldest feeling the way she did about me. "Keep their ego in decent shape and you have a servant for life."*

*"Yes, well," Elise agreed, "it's normally the mother who points that out to her daughter but I'm grateful you put me on the right track, anyway."*

*“I’m not an idiot, mum. I could tell you weren’t totally happy, even if dad couldn’t. For all his good qualities, he’s a beta-man and you’re an alpha-woman. The only way both are going to be happy in a relationship with each other is if they play the parts nature assigned them. And that’s not been happening, has it mum?”*

*“No. You’re right. I was so smitten by your dad’s looks to begin with that I sort of allowed him to call the shots – in the bedroom as well as everywhere else. Perhaps if I’d been stronger with him then I wouldn’t have to be so… so…”*

*“Strict?”*

*Elise giggled, “Yes, perhaps I wouldn’t have to be so ‘strict’ with him now if I’d taken a firmer line from the beginning.”*

*“You are who you are, mum, and at least you’ve seen dad for who he is at last. Now you can have a more natural and female-led relationship with daddy and not feel guilty about cheating on him behind his back – at least once he finally accepts that it’s no ‘game’.”*

*“Female-led relationship?” my thoughts raced.*

*“But I do feel guilty, Sarah. Sometimes, anyway. All these years I had no idea what a weakling and a pussy*

*I'd married. Don't get me wrong, I loved him and still do in a different way, but every time he dresses me for work or to go out and meet a man, and even when he gets on his knees between my legs to do something he always insisted he would never do – and at times when I'm not… delicate - my contempt for him grows."*

*She shook her head as her daughter – our daughter – waited along with the viewer watching them both on-screen.*

*"He is loyal and devoted and has never once given me any cause to worry that he might cheat on me, but I tell you, every time I see him after a real man has taken me, the way only a real man can, I feel such anger towards your father I want to take one of his own leather belts to his behind until he screams like the pussy-whipped wimp he really is."*

*Lost to her own perverted and wanton imagery, my wife's expression became, there was no other word I could find to describe it…*

*Sadistic.*

*"Then I'd like to send him off to stand with his nose to the corner until I'm ready for him to crawl to my feet and beg their forgiveness for not having what it takes to satisfy me."*

*A look of sudden unease overtook the lustful and vindictive expression my wife had adopted throughout her outburst and I could tell she was worried she had gone too far.*

*Even for my perfidious and disloyal eldest daughter.*

*"Does that make me a monster for wanting to treat a good man like your father in such a way?" Elise pressed, looking unsure of herself; though whether it was an act for Sarah's benefit I had no idea.*

*If it had been intended for such a purpose then it was unnecessary:*

*"No, mother, it doesn't make you a monster. Just a woman. And a frustrated one at that. The fault that lies at the heart of the condition your marriage is now in rests with daddy. As decent a man as we know him to be."*

*Such was the love, compassion and clinical insight of the daughter whose psychiatric expertise had been won at the expense of her father's own love and hard-work and of whom she would have been likely to be more scathing were she to be made aware of the cock still raging in his pants.*

*This after hearing of Elise's yet to be acted upon desire to tan his behind and give him corner-time.*

*An unmanly and unmanning response that lost none of its ability to sicken me to the core even as I acknowledged my… excitement.*

*"What's it going to take before you come to your senses?" I'd raged at myself before returning to the audio-visual:*

*"Did you at least try to make things right sexually back then?" I heard my daughter ask.*

*"You already know the answer to that, Sarah. I've lost count of the times I've asked your father for oral in the past and been given the brush off as if what I wanted was of no account. Who knows, if he had at least tried maybe…"*

*She looked faraway for a moment or two but then came back to finish:*

*"He got so angry at me asking, in fact, that I gave up."*

*My daughter was actually smirking:*

*"Well, you're certainly ensuring daddy's tongue makes up for lost time now, aren't you?"*

*Daughterly smirk became lewd grin:*

*"And gets to know both sides of the coin too."*

*After the minutest of pauses, mother and daughter burst into laughter, as if they were discussing nothing more sinister than the man of the house and his inability to find an item right under his nose, be it in cupboard, drawer or wardrobe.*

*But it was Elise who put the conversation on a more serious footing after they had laughed themselves out at the husband and father they were trashing:*

*"I didn't believe you when you said I could get your father to accept what I wanted from him," offered the wife for whom my hatred was fast beginning to outweigh the malign and harmful sexual excitement I was taking from her usage of me.*

*"Let alone that I could have him virtually living and sleeping in the basement as if he really were my servant rather than my husband.*

*"AND have him dress me for my dates."*

*My daughter actually looked proud of the part she had played in this… achievement… and reached out a congratulatory and affirming hand to lay it over her mother's:*

*"It's no more than you deserve, mum, and no more than any man lucky enough to get to share my life can expect*

*too," observed the daughter I was beginning to question was mine – even if the identical birthmark she shared with her father put doubt out of the question and made DNA a route not worth the exploring.*

*"You'll not find your mother criticising you, my love, I can promise you that."*

*There was more laughter until Elise became serious again:*

*"But we still have a problem?"*

*"Lynn?"*

*Elise nodded and for a moment my despair knew some tiny respite as I realised their problem could only be that my youngest daughter was out of the loop when it came to what her mother and older sibling were doing to her father.*

*"Your father and I have both spoken to her and, for obvious reasons, mentioned nothing of our… changed… marriage. But she's a long way from gullible and is bound to notice something isn't the same when she finally gets around to visiting."*

*I knew, even if Sarah didn't, that Lynn was my wife's favourite – though it did strike me that, if she did know,*

*that this could be a way of making her mother… re-evaluate… that perception.*

*I had always known that Elise saw something of herself in our youngest child who, unlike the eldest, had taken on my Irish-cum-Mediterranean colouring and was – amazingly given she was a financial analyst with a dry and respectable Spanish bank – something of a free-spirit.*

*To be the recipient of her bad feeling would, I knew, hurt Elise badly.*

*Even if treating her own undeserving husband as if he were a piece of shit, attached to the sole of a designer-shoe his money had seen her be able to purchase, discomfited her not one iota.*

*The prospect of a negative reaction from my youngest towards her mother and older sister went a way towards lifting what remained of my spirit.*

*At least until another thought kicked in:*

*"What if she too shared their contempt of her father?"*

*I was still contemplating such a development when the confident tones of that older sister interrupted me from the lap-top:*

*“You mustn’t worry about Lynn, mummy,” Sarah assured her with a look of utter and complete confidence that set off small detonations of terror in my already blitzkrieged guts.*

*A look I can only describe as being as close to evil as makes no difference and was beamed across the table from daughter to mother in such a way I could do no other than accept the daughter I had loved and cherished was lost to me forever.*

*A look that turned into a calculating smile redolent with self-assurance as she finished:*

*“I’ve always been able to bring her around to the right way of thinking.”*

*I felt truly nauseous as the certainty of my eldest daughter made me feel she was most probably correct in her assessment.*

*“I’ll lay the groundwork and then we can get her on-board together,” Sarah finished.*

# Fifteen

Needing to clear my head after watching the first of the recordings Beate had made for me and knowing it would take a sight more than a minute or two of fresh air to effect the miracle, you can believe it was a truly heartbroken and desolate man who returned to this less than enriching and life-affirming show-reel from the garden some five minutes to continue watching the rest.

Surprisingly, the viewing on offer did improve for a short time.

If only marginally…

*Recording-Five*

*"You sure about your husband?" the large black guy hesitated, long, thick, and thoroughly aroused cock ready for action.*

*But then why wouldn't it be, given its tip was poised dangerously close to the arse of the woman I had once loved in preparation to making entry where my own cock had yet to be invited and was never likely to be.*

*My tongue, as you know, being a quite different proposition.*

*I had no idea where she had met him but I did know from Beate's timings that it was a week-day afternoon and she had contrived to take off from the Surveyor's office where she was employed early while I was still busy at my own.*

*What I also knew, courtesy of the pictures supplied by Beate, was that she had placed her elbows on the back of MY armchair, in OUR front-room, and was awaiting her… visitor… with a look of almost delirious anticipation.*

*A look of anticipation that was in no way diluted by the fact she was staring directly at a picture of us both that had been taken and framed by Lynn as a gift.*

*A picture, in keeping with her soiling of the necklace I had bought her for our twentieth that had been taken at our last anniversary.*

*"She's just an old sentimentalist at heart when it comes down to it," I told myself and would have laughed at the thought had I not been so… so…*

*Whatever.*

*Low or not, it did strike me as strange that both of them were fully-dressed still.*

*He in a terra-cotta coloured sweat-shirt and loose denims with moccasins.*

*Denims, I must add, with an open fly through which his hose-pipe of a cock protruded.*

*She in the two-piece outfit in which I had dressed her that morning while still wearing the black heels I myself had been allowed to select and slip on her feet, this as she sat expectantly above me.*

*Though I did notice she had removed the matching hose I had also chosen.*

*"I've told you, he doesn't mind," said a bitch-wife impatient to experience what hovered at her arsehole.*

*Adding, with more than a hint of exasperation and demand:*

*"Now stop with the questions and get that lovely black cock inside me… Now!"*

*Surprisingly, given what I'd witnessed with "ol' Tommy", this take-charge attitude did not sit well with her latest beau:*

*“Listen, Elise, I don’t know what goes on in your life or what you’re used to. But you’re the one who came on to me. You want to act all ‘lady of the manor’ you had better find yourself another boy.”*

*I don’t know what it was – more evidence of how far down the food-chain I’d allowed myself to be taken perhaps? – but I actually began to warm to this thirty-something man who was, courtesy of my favourite armchair, about to drill my wife’s anus.*

*I also used the pause occasioned by my wife’s surprise to look at him more closely.*

*As with “good ol’ Tommy”, and in keeping it seemed with my wife’s liking of the “thug” look of any colour, he was muscular and totally devoid of hair at the scalp.*

*Unlike the now departed stage-magician, however, he did not appear “un-athletic” and, to highlight the differences between them still further, he did not appear to be going along with my wife’s script.*

*“You told me your husband was cool with what you do, but I’m not buying it,” he said as I watched him taking in his surroundings with a keen eye – the picture of myself and Elise, courtesy of Lynn, seeming of particular interest to him.*

*“You want me to give you his number so you can call and ask him?” she threw over her shoulder, growing more and more miffed at being made to wait.*

*“No. I don’t want that,” he told her, moving a still rock-hard erection away a few inches.*

*“What I don’t want either though, is your husband rushing in with blood in his eyes and decorating your, oh, so lovely, front-room with the contents of my skull.”*

*“Lyndon, I told you, my husband is a gutless little pussy who does exactly as I tell him. If he were to come rushing in now I’d make him apologise for interrupting us and then send him down to the basement where I make him stay until he’d learned his lesson.”*

*“You make your husband live in the basement?”*

*Elise edged backwards and gyrated buttocks, still capable despite everything of owning my attention, into “Lyndon’s” groin.*

*“I make my husband do a lot of things, lover,” she told him in a voice husky with desire.*

*“Tell me about them,” he demanded, my wife unable to see the look of what I could only describe as disgust he was aiming at the back of her head.*

*Thinking it was some desire for verbal foreplay on his part and more than willing to indulge him if it was likely to improve his performance and motivate him to put that, 'lovely black cock' inside her, my wife obliged.*

*"Where do you want to me to start?" she began, question rhetorical as she left no air available in which he could insert a reply.*

*"I know. How about the fact I make my husband of more than twenty years and the father of my two girls sleep on a single mattress in the basement? You know? While I have the master-bedroom to myself and my… real men?"*

*She gyrated herself against him once more.*

*"Is that what you had in mind, lover?"*

*"Keep going," he ordered from behind and above her, presenting the mushroom head of his erection to the outer rim of her anus by way of incentive; expression, I noted with puzzlement, still one of disgust.*

*"How about me insisting he wakes me with breakfast each morning before I take my shower and then getting him to dress me for the office afterwards?"*

*"Hmmm… More," Lyndon demanded, inserting himself into my wife's back-passage a little further as an inducement for her to continue her badmouthing of me.*

*I should have hated him for it.*

*And yet…*

*“Not enough for you to picture him sliding on my hose and kissing my shoes before slipping them onto my shapely little feet, big-boy?”*

*By way of a response and an inducement, Lyndon appeared to withdraw from her.*

*A little, anyway.*

*“No? Well how about if I tell you that I make him do the same for me before I go out to have myself filled with the cocks of real men like yours? That get your juices flowing?”*

*“Hmm… What else you got?” he said, fetching a gasp from her as a little more ‘real’ man’s cock found its way into her shit-chute.*

*Questioning her then, before she could go on:*

*“What about this place? He buy this house for you both? Must have. I mean, you’re only an office manager? Couldn’t afford a place like this for yourself.”*

*Lyndon was slowly sawing in and out of her now and with each thrust she was getting into the abuse of me with greater gusto.*

*"Exciting, isn't it Lyndon? You're about to do the wimp's wife in the front-room of the very house he bought for her. See this chair…? Ooooh, yeah!... That's it. Do me baby!"*

*He kept his thrusts to the same rhythm.*

*"What about the chair?"*

*"Hmmm… Heh?"*

*"You were going to tell me about the chair you're leaning on," he reminded her.*

*She collected her thoughts with no small effort.*

*"Yeah, right, the chair… Well, you see the one I'm resting on as you take my arse?" she asked unnecessarily, given he had already mentioned it.*

*I cut her forgetfulness some slack.*

*She was preoccupied, after all.*

*Her laughter, however, was not at all preoccupied and was, if anything, deeply unpleasant:*

*“Well it’s like this, the armchair we’re using is his. It’s where he likes sitting as if he’s a king surveying his territory whenever he’s home and relaxing.”*

*“Yeah? So?”*

*“So… Now it’s going to support me as your cock takes me to a place he couldn’t manage if he had another two sets of balls to help him do it.”*

*She gave out with a throaty and dismissive laugh:*

*“Just the way he supports me when I get back from my dates and I insist he cleans my freshly-fucked cunt with his mouth.”*

*“You…? You make him do that?”*

*Elise nodded vigorously, eyes half-closed with growing ecstasy as she answered:*

*“The arse I’m trying to get you to fuck as well if it needs it,” Elise informed him with what looked like much pride.*

*He slid in a little further.*

*“You like that, baby?” she squeaked.*

*“Hmmm…”*

*“Good. I like to give my men what they… deserve… I mean: why shouldn’t I make him do it? The pussy-whipped little dick still loves me despite everything and it’s the price he pays to get to stay in my life and…*

*Her eyes found the ceiling.*

*“Yeah, baby, just like that… Oooooh…”*

*Head still raised, she gyrated back onto him.*

*“Enough talk of the little shit now. Will you please just fuck my arse the way a real man should fuck it.”*

*He increased his tempo a notch before stopping once again and asking:*

*“You sure that’s all you’ve got?” he said, winning a massive and frustrated sigh from my impatient to the point of anger wife.*

*“How much more do you want, for crying out loud?” she asked with unmistakable exasperation.*

*Lyndon remained unmoving.*

*“Tell you what, how does him having his little dick locked in a cock-cage sound to you?”*

*“You mean…? You’re shitting me?”*

*“What do you think the keys belong to that hang from the necklace around my neck?*

*“Remember?*

*“The necklace you told me looked so nice?*

*“The one that stood out against my marble skin and matched the red-hair you said was such a turn on?”*

*“But how does...? When…?”*

*“When I let him, that’s when. And however I decide he should get off.”*

*She threw her head back and laughed:*

*“If he’s lucky and I’m pleased with him, he might just get a foot-job or be allowed to hump my leg.”*

*Lyndon was still shaking his head with wonderment as my slut wife decided she’d had enough of what she no doubt saw as a very one-sided quid pro quo.*

*“Now, stop with the twenty-questions and use that lovely black cock to....”*

*I don’t know who was more surprised when that ‘lovely black cock left her expectant arsehole and he stepped*

*away from her, husband or wife, but I do know who was most disappointed – frustration taken as read.*

*"What…? What are you doing?" she asked as she realised she was no longer being drilled and that her black lover was slipping a rapidly wilting erection back into his trousers.*

*"An uncomplicated fuck's one thing, Elise. I've no problem with that.*

*"You want someone to help you humiliate your husband just so you can get yourself off, though?*

*"Well you got the wrong boy."*

*"But…"*

*"No buts, slut," he spoke over her, tone insulting and, more, actually menacing; reducing my wife to instant silence before moving to our picture and inspecting it closely.*

*Still frozen in place with her elbows on my chair, she watched him with an expression approaching disbelief that he could be about to spurn the arse he had just been offered.*

*"You both look pretty loved-up here," he told her. "Shame only one of you's genuine.*

*She seemed about ready to say something in her defence but one look from him quelled it.*

*"Looks to me like you were punching above your weight when you married the guy," he observed and I could see he had struck right at the heart of the insecurities she'd had when we first met – insecurities, you may remember, made worse by a number of her friends taking the same line as Lyndon and, a couple of them, even coming on to me.*

*"Shit, he looks like the type of man women would get besides themselves about."*

*He looked her up and down.*

*Dismissively I thought:*

*"And he chose you?"*

*"Lyndon, you…"*

*"Save it," he snapped, returning the picture to its starting place.*

*"I don't know what kind of a number you pulled to get him to marry you and provide you with a house and kids just so you could take his love and use it to fuck around on him. But I know this. You ain't using old Lyndon to rub his nose in your shit."*

*He made for the front-door but turned before he reached it to deliver a parting shot that not only explained why I'd warmed to him but also how they'd met:*

*"I'll take my leave now," he told her. "But don't worry, I won't be sharing what I know with any of the other guys in the office.*

*Relief seemed to join her frustration and chagrin.*

*"Not because I want to spare the feelings of a faithless, ingrate and slut, you understand, but because I wouldn't want to run the risk of embarrassing a good man like your husband if he can't bring himself to kick your arse down the road and ever shows up at an office function or something like it."*

*Then, with no more than a slow and disgusted shake of the head, Lyndon had left.*

# Sixteen

I was slowly getting the picture and realising why Beate had asked me over and why she had taken the risk with her licence in leaving the downstairs monitoring devices on without my permission.

This estimable woman and friend doing so, and running a risk to her own livelihood, that I might know exactly what was being done to me and I was allowing to be done.

But it was the recording she had tellingly left until last that put everything into perspective and released the thrall in which my guilt inspired lust for the wife I had *never* satisfied held me.

A recording involving my youngest daughter.

*Recording-Seventeen*

*"Where's daddy?" Lynn asked, looking fit and tanned in a two-piece business suit that told me she had come direct from the office.*

*“Daddy’s doing some DIY stuff in the garden-shed,” Elise told her as Sarah looked on, ready to supply support.*

*The three of them were in the kitchen where most of the crucial stuff my women seemed to discuss went down and looking at Beate’s timing of the recording and still not having seen Lynn since these events unfolded, I seemed to remember Elise shooing me off to the basement to relax and have a read one early evening.*

*Her reason:*

*“Sarah’s coming over for a drink and a chat about girly things… You know? I think she might be having some relationship problems.”*

*Only with her father hindsight told me.*

*“Anyway, it’s probably better if you’re not around while she’s here as she might find it difficult to speak. Things like this are much easier said to another woman.”*

*The treacherous bitch was not wrong on that score I told myself as I watched Lynn on the lap-top and prayed the last woman standing in my life apart from Beate was not going to take an ice-pick to what remained of my heart.*

*“Hadn’t you better call him then?” Lynn asked her mother, having declined to sit and standing above the*

*table where Elise sat opposite Sarah. "Sarah told me we had important family matters to discuss."*

*For the first time since all this had started I could see Elise looked extremely uneasy.*

*Out of her depth, in fact.*

*"Well, the thing is Linny," she began by using the pet-name she had for our youngest, "I… I…"*

*My wife actually threw Sarah an imploring look and our eldest with the degree in psychiatry her father had paid for her to take came to the rescue.*

*"What mum's trying to say, Lynn, is that while you've been away her and dad have been having problems."*

*Now an anxious looking Lynn did take the seat waiting for her.*

*"It's okay," Sarah went on, placing a reassuring hand on her sister's arm as she did so, "they've managed to sort things out between them, but…"*

*Lynn looked from Sarah to her mother and back again.*

*"But, what? And what problems?"*

*“First off, Lynn, you need to know that mum and dad still love each other and won’t be splitting up. That is something that’s definitely not going to happen. Is it mum?”*

*“Not in this or any other lifetime,” said my very own household Messalina as she allowed her eldest to lay the foundations that, they hoped, would deceive Lynn the way they had duped her father.*

*“I love your dad and there will never be another man I’ll share my life with in the same way.”*

*“Will one of you just tell me what’s going on?” Lynn begged. “You’re worrying me.”*

*“Lynn, I… I…”*

*Elise gave Sarah another stricken look and, just like the supportive daughter she was for her mother, my eldest filled the breach.*

*“Lynn, you need to listen to me carefully now, and you need to know that we’re still the same loving family we were before all this happened.”*

*“All what?” demanded a growingly agitated Lynn whose concerns had not abated one bit. “Has daddy cheated? Is that what this is about?”*

*“Don’t be so ridiculous, Lynn!” Elise came in, as affronted with her favourite as I could recall her being and betraying the dimensions of her ego as she went about showing her displeasure. “Your father loves me and would never go behind my back with another woman.”*

*Lynn’s hands went wide:*

*“What then? What’s this all about?*

*Again it was left to Sarah:*

*“Lynn, you need to remain calm when you hear what I’m about to tell you, okay?”*

*“Will one of you just tell me what’s going on,” Lynn demanded.*

*“Sis, I assure you that what’s happening with mummy and daddy is perfectly normal and that many couples have similar arrangements up and down the country.”*

*“Arrangements?”*

*Sarah took her younger sister’s hand in hers and gave her sibling a look that even I couldn’t describe as anything other than loving:*

*“Lynn, daddy is not cheating on mummy, but…”*

*“What?” Lynn fair screamed as her sister again prevaricated.*

*Sarah’s voice became clinical and authoritarian:*

*“Mummy is seeing other men for sex.”*

## Seventeen

Safe to say that, though it was not a different man who exited her home-office to take a German goddess into his arms and hug her with all the genuine affection and thanks he could muster at that point, it was certainly a man on a mission.

Beate noticed the difference immediately and was smiling:

“Life goes on, ja?” she asked and it struck me that her *“ja”* was the first German word I’d heard pass her lips since a *“Gott im himmel”* had greeted another exit from that same office and she had thought I was in the throes of an imminent cardiac arrest.

I could not have agreed more anyway, and after witnessing the last of her recordings I was, for the first time, ready to inflict some wounds of my own rather than tamely occupying a basement in my own home and licking those my wife had inflicted upon me.

When I wasn’t doing some licking of an even more wimpish nature upstairs.

I had just sat through an audio/visual recording and witnessed my youngest daughter and sole remaining

treasure - along with the goddess in whose home I stood, of course – be subjected to just about the most despicable thing a mother could try to do to her own daughter.

And with the assistance of her older sister.

Namely?

The complete assassination of her youngest daughter's love and respect for the father who doted on her.

As I'd listened to the self-serving excuses and outright lies concocted by Elise and Sarah to condone my wife's need for strange cock while humiliating the man who loved her at one and the same time, I felt the shock, guilt and sense of loss that had made me supine and biddable being replaced by a cold and reasoning anger that, if it achieved nothing else, at least made me feel more…

…*Manly*.

It was incredible!

Led by Sarah, and with interjections from Elise as she tried to pull off the look of a devoted and loving wife and mother who, through no fault of her own, was forced to find sexual gratification outside of her marriage to the man she insisted was her whole world, Lynn had been subjected to a pre-planned assault of the most perfidious and self-serving baseness no daughter anywhere should

have to hear from the lips of two people she could be expected to believe had her best interests at heart.

Cold and reasoning as I was fast becoming, the blood boiled in my veins as I watched the last Sterling family member with any real feelings for me bombarded with conflicting and ulterior statements designed to place her on the backfoot and make her re-evaluate the perception she had of her father.

The approach was obvious:

*"In no way interfere with her feelings for her father and assure her that he is still loved by wife and eldest daughter also. But make sure Lynn knows of his sexual failings and how selfish he has been to his wife's needs from the very start of their marriage."*

And the reason for that approach?

*"That Lynn may still have a father in her life she can still love – even if she can't respect him – and that her mother may keep her husband, her home and her daughters, and still be able to fuck whomsoever she wishes without guilt and with the full approval of both her daughters and the pussy-whipped wimp going through the motions as her cunt-cleaner and domestic-servant."*

Incendiary?

I was volcanic. Not since Krakatoa had such an eruption threatened. Even if I was determined the resulting tidal-wave would swamp only those who deserved its wrath.

My only concern now in respect of the family I had, and knew was in large part already lost to me, was Lynn, and her inner thoughts as she'd listened to the sanitised manipulations of her slut mother and despicable sister, were not of a kind I had been able to read.

But it was only after Elise and Sarah had finished with their *"presentation"* that Lynn rose from the table and spoke - that presentation, I had to confess, one that was not only expertly delivered but came across as loving and regretful for such a course having to be taken and would likely have left me, let alone Lynn, believing the fulsome praise they offered on my behalf and their protestations of love for a wonderful *"husband and father"*.

Had, that is, I not been possessed of Beate's *fuller* picture…

*…"I need to speak to daddy," Lynn said, face impassive as she headed for the door leading to the garden where, she had been told, I was busy with some home-improvement project in my shed.*

*“I’m sorry, Linny,” Elise told her, the unease I had noticed at the beginning of the ‘presentation’ out in full force once more. “But, hmm… Look, I’m sorry. I lied. Daddy’s not in the shed.”*

*Lynn looked from Elise to her sister questioningly, her normally tan cheeks pale and concerned.*

*“Where is he then?”*

*Again, Elise and Sarah shared looks, though this time it was my wife who responded:*

*“He… He’s in the basement, Linny.”*

*Pale and concerned cheeks found puzzlement added to them.*

*“The basement? What’s he doing down there?”*

*There was no immediate response and a determined Lynn pressed on:*

*“No problem,” she said. “I’ll go down and speak to him.”*

*Two steps were all she managed before Elise stopped her:*

*“No!”*

*She turned back with a questioning look.*

*“There’s… There’s a reason your father’s in the, hmm, basement.”*

*“Go on,” Lynn urged.*

*And now it was Sarah who took over:*

*“Lynn, mummy was hoping to spare you this, and dad would be mortified if he thought either you or I knew, but…”*

*When Sarah finished, some ten excruciating minutes later, there was a charged silence as mother and eldest daughter awaited the reaction of the youngest daughter and sibling.*

*A reaction they got no more than ten seconds later when Lynn picked up her bag and car-keys from the kitchen-table and stormed from the house without a word.*

*The over-revving of the Audi soft-top I/we had given her for her twenty-first birthday as it screeched from the kerb was audible from the kitchen via Beate’s monitoring device as mother and eldest daughter shared looks of concern…*

"…I can't believe I could have had two – not *one*, but *two* – faithless, lying, ingrate bitches in my life all this time and not have known it," I said, coming back to earth in Beate's kitchen after my recall of event I found as incredible as they were repulsive.

Beate said nothing and let me rage on, pleased it seemed by an outpouring of anger that had been a long time coming and she no doubt saw as being far more productive than the whiny acceptance I'd displayed up to then.

"They actually told her I wanted to stay in the basement because I felt guilty about not being able to fuck my wife and wanted to make it up to her by being useful and *supportive* to her from now on."

Beate remained silent still and simply allowed me to rage.

"Isn't that something? Not only has my wife poisoned my eldest daughter but now my youngest thinks I'm some saddo pervert with a wife he doesn't deserve."

She was silent no longer at this – was in fact, and for the first time I could recall, a little irritated with me.

"Lynn said this, did she?"

"What?"

“Your youngest daughter described you as a *‘saddo pervert’*, yes?”

“No. Of course she didn’t,” I spat back with unjust irritation of my own. “You saw the film before me. Didn’t have to, did she?”

“And she stormed away after listening to your wife and her sister why, exactly?”

It was so obvious to me I couldn’t help but give her a look of incredulity for her not being able to see it.

I waited a few moments, hoping she’d get it for herself.

Then, when she didn’t:

“Disgust for her father, perhaps?” I offered a little sarcastically. “What do you think?”

“I think,” an unfazed Beate told me, “that you are allowing what I hope could be a healthy anger to be corrupted by an inability to think.”

“But…? Beate, you heard and saw exactly the same as me. Surely…?”

“What I did not hear was Lynn offer one word of criticism in regard of you and certainly did not hear

*anything* resembling support for your wife's self-serving actions."

"But that doesn't mean…?"

"No," she came in. "It doesn't."

Her face lit up in a smile and I could not help but feel enthused as she added.

"But it might."

# Eighteen

From *my* armchair in the home I'd once loved, and now saw as little more than an edifice necessary to keep the shambles that had been my marriage from the eyes of neighbours and the world beyond, I took in the cases to the side of the front-door containing the clothes I'd packed away that afternoon while I'd had the house to myself.

I was dry-eyed and saw in them nothing more than the required ending that they were.

Other furniture and personal belongings would be leaving the home in the days and weeks to come, and eventually the home itself would go, but for now the clothes in those cases would suffice and provide the beginnings of a closure I should have set in motion the moment Elise told me of her intention to fuck *'good ol' Tommy Cooper'*.

A missed opportunity that would have given me much pain at the time but nothing compared to what came afterwards.

As I sat to await the arrival of my soon-to-be former wife and my equally past-tense eldest daughter, I smiled to myself for feeling upbeat and full of joy in a way I'd have

felt impossible not a few short days before. Serene in the knowledge that my life would go on and become one that I prayed could be based on genuine feeling and the security it brings.

I was still smiling when, right on cue, the key turned in the lock and Elise and Sarah entered, laden with plastic-bags after a day's shopping at Bluewater.

Not noticing either me or the cases I'd placed to the side of the door and out of immediate vision, they were giggling with each other like schoolgirls discussing the new-kid in town.

A new-kid, I told myself, amusement replacing my former despair, with a suitably huge cock, no doubt.

"Daddy" cried Sarah when she spotted me in my chair, almost running over to me to give me a hug.

But then, she didn't know that I *knew*, did she?

"What's wrong, dad?" she asked with mock concern when I averted my face from the kiss she was deigning to give me.

I didn't get to answer.

"What are these cases doing here?"

This was from Elise, cutting off my response to Sarah as she noticed the luggage piled to the side of the door for the first time.

“What does it look like?” I told her, making no attempt to rise from *my* chair.

“Dad, what’s going on?” asked a daughter who had obviously inherited those same Thespian genes from her mother.

“Come on, Sarah,” I told her. “You’re a bright girl – especially now you have that degree I supported you through under your belt. Can’t you work it out?”

“That’s enough, David” Elise snapped, moving in front of me with hands on hips, hosed and shapely legs commanding in their heels and breasts prominent, homely face looking all severe for her having tied back that long red-hair.

I was pleased.

There was, you see, not the slightest trace of an erection stirring inside the *Guess* jeans Elise had selected for me the last time we had been to Bluewater together.

“Do you really want to air *your* dirty laundry in front of our daughter?”

It was a crude threat she had no way of knowing was utterly without teeth.

*Our* daughter as I knew, and Elise had no idea I did, was at least partly *responsible* for that laundry!

“You mean she doesn’t know?”

“Daddy, what are you talking about? What’s got into you? Please. You’re scaring me.”

“Save it! You nasty, silly girl,” I told a suddenly horrified face that actually seemed… *real*.

“Have you gone mad, David?”

It was Elise this time, still playing the controlling wife card; though I could tell I had her wrongfooted.

Not for the first time she preferred to attack rather than defend:

“How dare you speak to your own daughter in such a way? Perhaps it’s a good thing you have packed your things if this is how you’re going to behave.”

“Mum, please tell me what’s going on,” my *distraught* eldest daughter asked in an attempt to continue the charade.

I couldn’t help it.

I almost doubled up, so hard did I laugh at my daughter’s attempt to play the hurt little girl.

“That’s it, David. I’ve had enough. I’ve tried to be a loving wife to you and hide your shortcomings from your daughter’s but I can’t do it any longer.”

“Yes,” I said, bringing myself under at least a modicum of control. “And I thank you for that, Elise. I just wish that you could have made a better fist of it.”

“And what’s that supposed to mean?”

“I’m sorry,” I began, thoroughly enjoying myself now that they had killed any feelings, whether of love or loyalty, for them I might have retained. “Perhaps I’ve got it wrong. You see, I thought that being a *‘loving wife’*, as you put it, meant not discussing your husband’s inability to satisfy you with his daughter. Or am I off base?”

“Dad, what are sayi…?”

“Be quiet, Sarah,” I snapped in a tone of voice she had not heard from me until now.

She fell silent and I gave her some more to chew on.

“From now on,” I told her, “not that I see you having many opportunities, I’m not your dad and I *never* want to hear you describe me as such. I hope I’m not being too obtuse and that you can get your treacherous little ingrate head around what I’m saying.”

I’d like to say here that speaking to my daughter in such a way put my soul in torment.

But I can’t.

And not by a longshot.

Elise’s jaw had dropped to her chest at my words and saying them actually made me feel…

*Liberated!*

“You’ll still have your slut of a mother in your life,” I went on, “and can, no doubt, continue to give her advice based on your psychiatric expertise on how best to manage the men she allows in her faithless great gash from now on.”

The slap from a recovering Elise caught me unawares but I was prepared for the return she made with the back of her hand and caught her wrist pre-impact.

“As this is the last physical contact you’ll have with me, Elise – of any kind other than communication through

our solicitors – I'll let you have that one. But I have to warn you, there's a lot of rage festering inside me on your behalf and I can't vouch for keeping it contained if you… *test*… me."

Something in my look must have persuaded her I meant business for when I released her wrist she stepped away.

Sarah, by the way, was heaving great dry sobs I knew to be genuine and took me all the way back to her childhood when she had done the same at some injury or juvenile setback and I had been the one to comfort her.

No longer.

She wasn't a child any longer and some *mistakes* just can't be forgiven.

No matter how caring the parent.

And especially if they weren't mistakes to begin with.

"Well, then," Elise said, draping a hand around her daughter's shoulders, decisive and pragmatic as always when action was required. "It is what it is and there's no point dragging this pretence out any longer. Your things are already packed so you may as well leave now."

I was shaking my head before she finished.

“Sorry, Elise. That’s not going to happen.”

Now she did look at me as if I’d gone insane.

“The *things* in those cases are not mine.”

Her eyes narrowed, not quite up-to-speed.

Though she was about to be:

“They belong to you.”

“Wh-What?”

“You can come back and get anything else of yours you need when you get settled somewhere.”

Her face became a mask of concentrated spite and malice at this and I got the feeling I was seeing the *real* person I had loved and married for the first time.

The homely features I’d once revered and cherished transformed themselves into a malign smile:

“You pathetic wimpy-dicked loser. Do you really think I’m going to be the one leaving here today?”

I nodded, “That’s exactly what this *‘wimpy-dicked loser’* who’s done nothing but love and cherish you and the likeminded daughter next to you for the past twenty-three years thinks.”

“Really?” she said, the smugness she must have always felt for her ability to handle me surfacing. “I suppose we’ll just have to see who the Police removes when I ring to tell them you’ve been abusing and threatening your wife and eldest daughter.”

“Yes, let’s see, shall we?” I nodded. “And I’ll be interested to know how Lynn will react when she hears the father who’s done nothing but love you all has suddenly turned into a psychopath.”

The smugness was still there and I knew she hadn’t given any thought as to just how I knew about Sarah’s perfidy and betrayal when she said:

“Oh, don’t worry. I’ve already had a word with Lynn.”

I gave this a thoughtful nod.

“I suppose you told her that my dick was *‘average at best and I had no idea how to use it’*?” I asked.

Her eyes again narrowed at this.

“Or did you tell her how you were training me to lick your faithless pussy after you’d let other men into it?”

I could see that she was beginning to realise something wasn’t quite… right… here and motored on anyway.

“You know? The way you told our eldest daughter the same thing at our kitchen table when you were both coming up with ideas as to how best humiliate me and keep me on board?”

Elise’s mask of control dropped a little at this but, as Sarah looked all but devastated for knowing I knew of her part in my misery, she recovered enough to go on the attack once again:

“No, I didn’t tell her any of that. But you can bet your last penny that I will soon be telling her a little story of my own about her pervert father.”

The malign smile made a comeback:

“And I think we both know who she’ll believe out of the two of us. Trust me, after she finds out just what kind of a man you really are you won’t be getting much sympathy there.”

There was movement behind us and I saw Elise’s eyes flicker in its direction.

“You couldn’t be more wrong, mother,” came a voice from the kitchen doorway as Lynn stood framed within it with my gorgeous Beate supporting her from behind.

Elise virtually flew into the air, so startled was she, before returning to the carpet and deflating in the way of a paper bag.

Even Sarah was too stunned to continue dry-sobbing as Lynn continued:

“Not only does daddy have my sympathy for ever having wasted himself on a piece of trash like you, but he has always had, and always will have, my love.”

She stepped into the room and addressed her sister:

“And as for you, Sarah, I can’t even begin to summon up the words capable of accurately reflecting my disgust for a sister I thought I had and don’t have any longer.”

The dry-sobs began again.

“Now, why don’t the two of you do me and *my* dad a real favour and walk out of that door into your new lives.”

Elise looked utterly devastated to hear such words from the lips of her favourite.

“You… You don’t mean that, Linny. This is between me and your dad. It has nothing to do with… You know you’ve always been the apple of my eye and…”

This fetched more silent sobbing from her eldest and Lynn took it up before my wife could finish her train of thought.

“You didn’t seem to have any problem involving my big sister in your plans to make dad feel like shit that had *‘nothing to do’* with her either. Or are you saying that she *isn’t* the kind of apple your eye likes so much?”

“I… We… That was a mistake, Linny. I love both of you, you know that.  I love all of you, including your father. Your dad’s a wonderful man and I dote on him too but…”

“But you don’t love him or us enough to settle for a wonderful home, two daughters, and a man who not only gave you them but put you before everyone – including himself?” Lynn finished for her.

She shook her head with disgust.

“And all to have yourself screwed by other men not fit to tie his laces.”

Her head continued to shake.

“I just hope it was worth it now you’ve lost everything, mum.”

“What…? What do you mean, Linny? You’re my daughter still. My little Linny. I’ve always loved you and your sister every bit as much as your father loved you. I couldn’t bear to…”

Lynn did not let her finish:

“That’s why you and sis here tried to get me to shit all over his life as well, is it?”

“No, Linny! That wasn’t what we tried to do at all. We just wanted us to stay a family. Despite the fact…”

“Despite the fact you wanted to have sex with other men and rub his nose in it by having his daughter’s know you were doing it? “

“No, Lynn, it wasn’t like…”

“But I am afraid it was just like that, Mrs Sterling,” said Beate as she advanced into the room and my wife and eldest found time from the shellacking they were taking to finally question her presence there.

“Who…? Who are you? What are you doing in my home?”

“This is Beate Krauss mother. She is a friend of dad’s and it’s thanks to her that I know everything you and my so-called sister there have done to him.”

I had risen to my feet by this time and moved to stand by Beate.

There was no physical contact but it had to be obvious there was a…

*…Connection*.

“Actually, Lynn has it wrong, Elise. Beate is a good – a *very* good – friend.”

Now I did go for physical contact and took the hand of my German goddess in one of my own as I smiled into her eyes.

“A very good friend, Elise, I hope will consent to become much, much, more in the near future.”

As it had once been mine, it was my wife’s world that was tumbling around her now.

And, just as my beautiful daughter had said, if not in the same words:

*“I hoped those strange cocks would keep her warm in her dotage when she was no longer physically appealing to them and during those sleepless nights when the life she had placed in the garbage came back to haunt her.”*

As for my eldest daughter…?

# Epilogue

Not a year ago, if someone had suggested the love of my life for the past twenty-three years would soon be nothing more than a memory invoking pain, humiliation and treachery, and that I would be sharing a home with an incredible German goddess – and this last is not hyperbole, at least not to me – I wonder how I would have reacted?

With laughter, most probably, and a sneaky suspicion in regard of the sanity of the person saying it.

But this is the reality I now live.

Beate and I are to be married as soon as my divorce from Elise is finalised and I feel about as happy as I feel one man has a right to be. Gratitude is uppermost when it comes to her, obviously. Impossible for it not to be. But the love I feel growing for my saviour will soon leave even that powerful emotion in its wake.

Then again, I think I will always stay grateful to the woman who proved my redeemer when my world had been turned to the pile of proverbial. It had been Beate after all who had shown me Elise's true nature. And it had been Beate again who had contacted Lynn when I thought I was in danger of losing her.

To this day I've no idea how she went about it, and my youngest daughter certainly isn't telling, but what l do know is none of the joy I now feel would be possible without her.

Sarah?

Well, my feelings there are a little different also.

With Elise it will never matter if she is not seen in my life again.

But with my eldest?

I suppose the long days of parenthood and the love we invest in our children takes a lot of killing, but I really thought Sarah had achieved just that.

But then I hadn't reckoned on the persuasiveness of women and the growing insistence on the parts of both Lynn and Beate that I meet with my eldest and see for myself the genuine loss she feels for not having me in her life and the remorse and guilt that tears at her.

And, as you know, my genetics make me acutely vulnerable to the persuasiveness of women.

It won't be easy to get past everything that I heard my daughter share with her mother concerning me but…

Well, blood's thicker than…

Blah-de-blah-de-blah!

I'm going to give it a try.

As for the sex between myself and Beate?

One word.

Amazing!

It's as if we were made to find each other.

A perfect *fit*.

If you take my meaning?

Anyhow, as opposed to our first attempt –or rather, hers – there is not a time these days when I am not ready for my capable and physically incredible wife.

When she is ready for *me*, that is.

For the most crucial sexual component in our life together came about just after a demoralised Elise had been helped to place her belongings in the boot of her car by an equally distraught Sarah, and just before she left the home we had shared for good.

Beate had read her the riot-act and the consequences that would ensue if she did not leave and contested the coming divorce – a half split of everything, by the way; and was aided in her attempts to dissuade my wife from staying by referring to the copies of the audio and visual tapes and their contents.

The same copies we had placed in one of Elise's cases for her later viewing that would be made public to all who knew her should it prove necessary to go to court.

It had been more than enough and it was a suddenly contrite and remorseful Elise who had turned to face us as she made her exit:

"I know you won't believe me," she said from the front-door as she prepared to leave for good with Sarah at her back; my soon-to-be former wife ploughing ahead with what she intended to say even as her *'Linny'* turned a contemptuous back and returned to the kitchen without hearing her through.

She had watched the *"apple of her eye"* turn her face from her with what seemed to be real pain before finishing:

"But I'm truly and deeply sorry it's come to this."

She was right.

We didn’t believe her.

Though Beate did call her back when she turned to leave.

“I believe you have something that now belongs to me,” she said, approaching Elise with her palm outstretched.

Elise looked puzzled.

Until, that is, Beate indicted the necklace draped around her neck.

“You…? You want my anniversary necklace?”

I felt my hackles rise.

She hadn’t seemed so possessive of it before, I told myself, recalling her slipping outside to kiss *“good ol’ Tommy”* with it around her neck, prior to their first fuck.

“No,” Beate assured her with a shake of the head. “That is between you and David.”

My soon-to-be ex was even more perplexed.

“What then?”

“I believe that the items hanging from it no longer belong to you.”

The light dawned in Elise's eyes, along with something else I thought, though I couldn't be sure of just what it was at the time, and she undid the necklace before sliding the objects from it and handing over the keys of my cock-cage to Beate.

The sight of Elise's back as she made her exit was the last I saw of her and, quite frankly, ever wished to see again, and I gave out with a huge sigh of relief for having got through the ordeal.

When the door closed behind my wife and eldest daughter, and with Lynn still in the kitchen, Beate had approached me.

There was something in her eyes that struck me as both mischievous and determined as she planted herself before me.

Until, dangling the keys from her fingers and with a look that defied disagreement, she *informed* me:

"I think it would be better for both of us if these remained in my possession from now on…

## Postscript

It was a Sunday like every other Sunday recently.

Dull.

Empty.

Depressing.

The woman sipped from a glass of Montepulciano she had poured from the second bottle she had opened that day and returned her eyes to the wedding photo from all those years before .

The look of utter love and adoration in both her eyes and those belonging to her handsome young groom provoked emotional pain so sharp and acute it felt almost physical as it struck once again that the look in his eyes was now reserved for another woman and would never rest upon her in such a way again.

Had she been insane?

To risk losing such a man for sex with others unfit in all ways except the physical to polish his shoes?

She could not even blame her silly older daughter and the head full of neo-feminist nonsense she had allowed herself to be swayed by.

A daughter who – unlike her – had been forgiven for her stupidity and welcomed back into the fold of her husband’s new family dynamic.

The same daughter whose call she was waiting on now as the highlight of her weekend before returning to the grind of the office the next day.

At least she'd had the folly of youth and the time ahead of her to make that folly right in her favour.

No such salvation existed for her.

Not for the first time, the woman vented her feelings in a long scream that would surely have had the neighbours in the flats above and to the side calling the police had they not been used to hearing it from her.

What had she been thinking?

To lose from her life a man she, despite everything, she truly loved.

And for what?

Illicit sex!

Sex that might have been exciting at the time but was not even a warm memory when she considered what it had cost her.

As they had done so many times, her thoughts went back to that time in her own front-room when, as she was bent over her husband's favourite chair, a would-be lover gave her the home truths that should have set her back on the road to normality and love…

*…"What…? What are you doing?" she asked as she realised she was no longer being drilled and that her black lover was slipping a rapidly wilting erection back into his trousers.*

*"An uncomplicated fuck's one thing, Elise. I've no problem with that.*

*"You want someone to help you humiliate your husband just so you can get yourself off, though?*

*"Well you got the wrong boy."*

*"But…"*

*"No buts, slut," he spoke over her, tone insulting and, more, actually menacing; reducing my wife to instant silence before moving to our picture and inspecting it closely.*

*Still frozen in place with her elbows on my chair, she watched him with an expression approaching disbelief that he could be about to spurn the arse he had just been offered.*

*"You both look pretty loved-up here," he told her. "Shame only one of you's genuine.*

*She seemed about ready to say something in her defence but one look from him quelled it.*

*“Looks to me like you were punching above your weight when you married the guy,” he observed and I could see he had struck right at the heart of the insecurities she’d had when we first met – insecurities, you may remember, made worse by a number of her friends taking the same line as Lyndon and, a couple of them, even coming on to me.*

*“Shit, he looks like the type of man women would get besides themselves about.”*

*He looked her up and down.*

*Dismissively I thought:*

*“And he chose you?”*

*“Lyndon, you…”*

*“Save it,” he snapped, returning the picture to its starting place.*

*“I don’t know what kind of a number you pulled to get him to marry you and provide you with a house and kids just so you could take his love and use it to fuck around on him. But I know this. You ain’t using old Lyndon to rub his nose in your shit.”*

*He made for the front-door but turned before he reached it to deliver a parting shot that not only explained why I'd warmed to him but also how they'd met:*

*"I'll take my leave now," he told her. "But don't worry, I won't be sharing what I know with any of the other guys in the office.*

*Relief seemed to join her frustration and chagrin.*

*"Not because I want to spare the feelings of a faithless, ingrate and slut, you understand, but because I wouldn't want to run the risk of embarrassing a good man like your husband if he can't bring himself to kick your arse down the road and ever shows up at an office function or something like it…"*

…He had been right, she told herself for the umpteenth time. How could she have not seen how such disrespect of a good man – a man who was exactly as her swiftly exiting black lover had said when he told her:

*"Looks to me like you were punching above your weight when you married the guy."*

And now he was lost to her.

Forever.

It was she who now felt the eviscerating pain that came with the knowledge the love of one's life was sharing himself with another.

Except for her it was worse.

At no time when she had been with her own lovers had love played a part and even as she was being filled with strange cock she could not picture a time when her husband would not play at least some part in her life.

That was not the case with her David.

As she sat by the phone waiting for some family contact from the eldest daughter who had been instrumental in her fall from marital grace and was now the only contact with that family she had, Elise Sterling wondered if the pain and loneliness she felt so constantly would ever ease.

Which was when, deciding in the negative, she placed her glass down and headed off to the bathroom-cabinet where the pills that could actually ease her pain, for good, resided…

**THE END**