A Very English Cuckold

Part-One-of-Two

By

Xavier Couperin

An SFPG Publication

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Part-Two-of-Two

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Terry on Top

Patrick Statham got up wearily from a long and exhausting night watching his wife as she was fucked before finding himself punished by his new Master and the lover of the woman he had married. As his eyes came open the full and sickening depravity of the situation into which his own beloved wife had forced him brought the usual moistness to his eyes. Even now, some two months after his life had changed from normal and vanilla to dark and perverse nightmare, he could scarcely believe that he had allowed himself to be manipulated into such a position.

One minute he had been a run-of-the-mill and happily married man and father – with a sex-life he had thought was working and a librarian wife who loved him. Now he was no more than a whipping boy and figure of ridicule in his own home for his wife and her monstrous lover. His only saving grace being that his darling Sophie was not present when the urge to humiliate and use him became too great and was becoming more and more of a fixture at the home of Lizzy's parents as their home was nearer the new primary school Lizzy had decided upon for her and would be a help as *"we try to work out things between us"*.

The excuse his loving wife used for the benefit of her parents a joke that seldom failed to amuse him in the most bitter and abject of ways.

Lizzy's way of trying to *"work it out"* had, to begin with, been to start stepping out with any number of men she met on the Internet while her loving husband stayed at home to look after their daughter and, increasingly, take on those household chores that had previously been her province and now fell to him – even if he didn't recall ever insisting she polish his shoes and handwash his underwear. Not to mention insisting she become proficient in the giving and supplying of foot-rubs and pedicures.

All in all, and even as he acknowledged the weakness in him that held him in place to suffer at her feet still – and his love for their young daughter was not his only reason for staying when any sane man would have left – Lizzy seemed intent on seeing just how low she could take him before he finally found balls enough to rebel.

An exploration on her part, and as much as a surprise to her as to him, that had yet to touch base; though the depraved joy she took from her surprise found no corresponding reaction in him. But what truly kept him there still to take her abuse? Certainly he would be the financial loser in any divorce, but he would still get to see Sophie, surely; even if Lizzy would put another man in place to bring her up in his place. The fact Lizzy had said she would make it known it was his desperate shortcomings in bedroom matters that had led her to seek out other men was galling to him, but even that did not explain his presence there.

Not for the first time since he woke alone in the spare-room of the house he was once master in and now served as flunky, Patrick bemoaned the injustice of his fate and explained away his resignation to it in the usual evasive way.

He was simply too much of a gentleman in his own unique English way to fight the way he should fight.

Another man might have braved the prospect of having his shortcomings as seen by his wife dragged through the courts. But not him. Privacy and a certain self-consciousness in matters of the physical only heightened his distaste and, yes, fear of having the life personal made public for all to point fingers and supply ridicule.

And then there was the even more demeaning presence of the hope he still carried that his formerly loving wife might come back into contact with the feelings she had once held for him; the fact he could still harbour both desire and affection for a woman who was treating him so disgustingly almost as amazing to him as the fact he was allowing it to happen. If he could just hang in there, he told himself, things might just return to normal – even if the scars of the treatment he was receiving from her hands and feet would always be lurking somewhere in his sub-conscious.

Part of him, of course, realised he was being delusional and that no woman who could humiliate a man she had once professed to love in such a way could ever feel the same for him again; but hope refused to die.

Until, that is, she decided to bring the one she thought could help her out most home to stay.

Which was when his real nightmare had begun.

“Say hello, to Terry,” she had told him that day after returning from the library and finding him in the kitchen preparing her meal as per the new household regime.

His cheeks had coloured instantly at the unexpected presence in their home, embarrassment not eased any by the patterned apron his wife insisted he wear to perform his household chores; yet good manners had him step forward to hold out a welcoming hand of greeting for their young visitor.

“Hello, Terry. Nice to meet you.”

Both hand and greeting were ignored.

“You have a Black Master now, white-boy,” he was told, barely seconds after Lizzy had sprung what would turn out to be their new and *‘long-term’* houseguest on them.

The horrified Patrick Statham was stunned to silence and looked on with a mixture of outrage and horror as his surprise and unwanted houseguest went on.

“And I won’t stand for any disrespect.”

Never a violent man, Patrick considered becoming one as the stranger regarded him with the kind of insolent contempt he would have considered bad manners from anybody, let alone from someone he had only just met and was a guest in his home.

“Terry means it, Patrick,” Lizzy had assured her utterly dumbstruck husband, looking the perfect middle-England matron after having met her lover straight from the library before coming directly home, the sober two-piece navy jacket and skirt, complimented by hose of the same colour and black shoes with a low-spike, contradicting the fact she was a woman who not only cheated on her husband but did so with his full and bitterly resented knowledge. “I’ve already given my permission for you to be punished if you’re less than obedient.”

For Patrick Statham it had been a tipping point:

“Permission to punish me?” his thoughts had raged as his jaw fell floor-wards, the acquiescence via increments she had brought him to over the past months unable to quell his anger – even if it was internalised - at being spoken to in his own home in such a way by a stranger.

And a stranger so many years his junior.

“I’m sure it won’t be necessary for you to discipline him too much, Terry,” the wife he had thought he knew and was now a stranger to him – even if the prospect of being without her terrified him for some inexplicable reason – went on, aware of his disbelief at what was unfolding and simply not bothered; her power over him seeming to grow exponentially with each sickening backward step he took.

A power she was now displaying for the first time in front of a stranger.

“He really has adjusted to his new role,” she continued, going so far as to step towards him and run a hand over his hair as if stroking a pet. “In fact, I’m very proud of the way he has put himself second and adjusted to the new regime around here.

“We’ll see,” Terry had said, the words sounding to Patrick Statham very much like a threat. “Looks to me like your boy needs a little attitude adjusting.

The words, coming from someone who looked to be barely twenty, only served to stoke his anger and he turned to his wife:

“Hmm, look, Lizzy, can we have a word?... You know? In private.”

The back of the black hand that connected with his smooth white cheek landed with such power that his head jolted to one side and he stumbled, thoughts of a tete-a-tete vanished as a whole range of sensations rushed in to fill the void created by the unexpected blow.

One of them triggering a *brief* return to the status of manhood and the previously considered use of violence.

Drawing himself up threateningly and fixing his eyes upon those of the unwanted visitor who had just struck him in his own kitchen – too angry to realise that threat was a concept somewhat difficult to deliver when one was wearing a floral apron – Patrick Statham nonetheless meant it when he said:

“You have precisely ten seconds to find the door and leave through it. If your face is anywhere near mine after that time it won’t resemble anything that could be mistaken for a face pretty soon after.”

The fist that sank into his midriff with enough power to rob him of both air and resistance was not as articulate a response as that of the householder, but it was certainly more effective.

Patrick Statham collapsed in a heap, thoughts of further violence on his part already a memory.

“I’ll leave you two to get better acquainted,” he heard his wife giggle as he stared down at the kitchen floor inches from his eyes and tried to suck air into his emptied lungs.

“You do that, Lizzie, and I’ll have my little white-boy up to speed with the way things going to be from now on around here in no time.”

“Don’t be *too* hard on him, Terry,” Patrick Statham heard, the emphasis on the *‘too’* telling him she wasn’t putting *‘easy’* forward as an alternative.

The foot that had buried itself into the side of his ribs with such alarming force and sent him flat to the tiles after she had left told him their visitor had taken her drift.

By the time he had left that kitchen and, later, his own spare-room into which his new houseguest had dragged him, Patrick Statham was a beaten man.

Or to put it more accurately:

A *more* beaten man.

Lizzy's Diary

Jan 10th

It's official! I've truly become an unfeeling monster – well, not totally unfeeling, if you get my drift. And, what's more, I love it! All those years of being correct and doing the right thing are counter-balanced now by the way I can use Patrick and have him used; knowing I have him so pussy-whipped he'll submit to pretty much anything from me. It's the best of both worlds. The respect of conventional society in public and the facility to act exactly how I please in private at the expense of my husband. A husband who is now truly and rightly terrified of the images I have of him on my mobile phone being shown to the world with the prospect his darling young daughter likely to one day be familiarised with them.

That's without mentioning everybody else who knows him.

It won't happen, of course, I love our daughter every bit as much as him and there's no need – if he's obedient and sensible enough from now on – for her to ever know just what a coward and a wimp her father actually is.

That's a conclusion, being the bright young girl she already is, she will eventually draw for herself.

But that's for later.

Today, Terry became a fixture in our home. And what a day it's been. Especially for "Patsy", as Terry has re-christened him.

Someone who had been a stranger to him only minutes before had slapped him as he stood in his own kitchen and informed him that he had a "new black master". I can't explain the thrill – the unholy thrill, I grant – that turned my legs to mush as my husband met one of my lovers for the first time and found himself totally dominated by someone he knew was enjoying me in a way he never would again. Namely, with his cock in my pussy.

My lover had mastered him in exactly the way he had assured me he would and it was a very different Patrick who emerged from the spare-room into which I had consigned him.

And it wasn't only his attitude and the tears streaming down his cheeks that was different.

"My husband may be weak but even he won't let himself be forced to wear that," I told Terry as the fiendish looking contraption he had purchased on the Internet was held up for me to inspect. What man would?"

Some twenty years younger than my husband, Terry's answer belied the gap in years:

“First off, Lizzy, he’s not a man. And secondly, after he’s had a taste of my cock and a good spanking over my knee, he’ll wear a maid’s uniform with stockings if I tell him that’s what we want.”

It wasn’t what I wanted, not at all. The maid’s outfit, I mean. It had always been a man I wanted to dominate, not a girly/man.

The scary looking metal device – scary for Patrick, that is – with attached metal ring that locked around the base of the cuckold’s balls, was another matter entirely.

Hence my excitement when Terry had my sobbing and naked husband exit the spare-room to model his new cock-cage to me and present his wife with the key. This after he had been used by Terry and my lover had caught the evidence of it on my mobile-phone.

“I…” he had begun, looking into my eyes with a look of such desperation and pleading that I almost climaxed on the spot, “I… would like…”

I could see the key in his hand and knew what was coming, but he hesitated.

Until Terry moved up behind him to speak into his ear.

“Are you going to disobey your black-master, Patsy? Am I going to have to spank you again, like the naughty little white cuckold boy, you are in front of your wife?”

It was hard not to giggle and ruin the symbolic moment of his surrender to not just me, but my lover also, as I heard Terry address him as “Patsy” for the first time. I liked it. Just because I didn’t want the man I dominated dressed as a woman it didn’t mean I couldn’t enjoy having him addressed by a feminine name.

Strangely enough, as Patrick stumbled through the words Terry had insisted he speak and asked me to accept the key to his “worthless” white cock and balls, it was the tongue of my husband and not the fabulous, very worthy, black cock of my lover I wanted to feel slathering at the entrance to my sopping pussy. I mean, it really was just too incredibly perverse for me not to find it arousing. My husband and the one-time head of our household had just been taken me to a place he hadn't realized existed. Let alone wish to visit. And, now that he was there, he was terrified beyond belief. He had been slapped around and given a bare-bottom spanking as if he were a recalcitrant schoolboy over the knee of his young black master as I diddled myself at the door to the sounds of his screams and pleading before they subsided into the beaten and broken sobbing that only reinforced my opinion of him as less than a man. A real man, after all, would surely have put up some show of resistance rather than simply cave in before what was, admittedly, a superior force. But not Patrick.

As I listened at the door, obedient myself to Terry’s advice that I not watch or interfere as my husband was “put under” but allowed my lover to subjugate my husband without distraction of any kind, I realised that my invitation to Terry to share my home and my bedroom was going to have far-reaching consequences.

Wonderful consequences for me; less wonderful for my husband.

It would only be later when we were alone in my bedroom and I was bathed in the afterglow resulting from the attention of his big and beautiful black cock that Terry would translate the actions corresponding to the sounds coming through the spare-room door to me.

After the spanking – a spanking that had seemed to last forever as the sound of a black hand descending upon the unprotected flesh of white buttocks found itself accompanied by the increasing shrill cries of my conquered husband – Terry had forced Patrick to his knees and told him to pay homage to the black cock that was now before his eyes.

The renewed cries and the sound of a hand smacking against flesh I had heard after the spanking had stopped at least gave evidence that my pussy of a husband had made some show of resistance – no matter how futile or short-lived.

Terry's cock had, unsurprisingly, found its way into Patrick's unwilling mouth and gagging throat shortly after and was again caught by the wonders of modern technology that was my new Sony-Erickson; the anguish and sheer nauseating distaste written across my husband's features preserved for posterity on my phone's memory-card as he felt and tasted a cock for the very first time in his life while knowing it would not be the last.

Terry had crowned his humiliation by forcing his cock as far down Patrick's virgin throat as it would go before pulling out and then cumming all over my husband's unsuspecting face as he sucked air into his lungs and tried to come to terms with what was happening to him. Then, as if this had not been enough, my lover insisted he leave the semen resulting in his first foray into cock-sucking on his cheeks as he ate that wonderful black arsehole.

Later that evening, after Terry had taken off to ferry the last of his belongings over, I sat my thoroughly cowed and beaten husband down – or rather I sat down and had him kneel at my side in a pose more becoming of his position in relation to me – and laid the law down to him. We were both fully dressed: him in a tracksuit that was not too rough on his tender arse; me in my usual sober and severe outfit of dark skirt, pantyhose and heels; Terry had indicated that it would be nice if we kept him naked about the house but I didn't want that as friends of mine did call out of the blue at times and if the nature of his new situation were discovered and made public knowledge the less of a hold I would have over him. Also, it is the normality surrounding his subservient position in relation to his wife that helps make it so exciting for me.

I noticed he was trembling and shaking as the harsh words left my mouth and I realized he was crying too.

It was all too wonderful. My husband was on his knees in front of me awaiting orders like the serf I intended he become, And, even more pussy-wateringly, a key hung around my neck that gave me complete control over the cock resting between his legs

And if he thought his tears would inspire compassion in the wife who was coming to own him I soon disabused him of the fallacy.

“That was a test,” I told him, referring to Terry and about to lie through my teeth that I may intensify his anguish; his eyes coming up to mine hopefully, as if expecting to hear something halfway good.

Some chance.

“Had you fought Terry, or even put up a half-decent fight, I might have been persuaded that you had something to offer me as a man and we could return to a more conventional marriage,” I lied, having had no such intention and being too far gone in my adoration of the perverse delights my growing domination of him provided – not to mention the delights of that incredible black cock and the body that went with it.

“But,” I went on, “you have shown me just how weak you truly are and, though you will never be my husband except in a legal sense again, I am determined that you will become the best servant for me you can be.”

Hope was stillborn as he took in my inflexible expression and the words I was fully expecting to hear tumbled from his mouth.

“How… How could you do this to me, Lizzy? I’ve done nothing but love you and yet you let that… creature… treat me in such a way.”

“I allowed nothing,” I told him, aware where he was heading and armed with all the ammunition I needed to quell any mini-rebellion on his part. “If you recall, I was not the one spanking you on the bare-bottom as if you were an infant. I was not the one forcing you to scream and beg for mercy like a squealing schoolgirl.”

His face was a picture of misery as I delivered my last observation in this triad of his misery.

“And I certainly was not the one forcing you to suck my cock then covering you in cum and telling you to lick my arse before locking your little cock into a cage and asking you to politely present me the key.”

“What’s happened to you, Lizzy?” he screamed, doing nothing to disabuse my ‘schoolgirl’ description of him and too far gone in his misery to realise the fact as my reminder of the key and the fact I was now in control of his cock kicked in. “You’ve become a monster. How can you be this way towards me?”

“You’ve asked that already,” I told him with a sigh of weariness. “I’m being this way because it pleases me and because you are too weak to stop me. You are not a man in the real sense of the word and I fully intend to teach you that lesson. But you are going to become useful to me in all kinds of ways befitting of a servant towards the master who takes care of it and gives it a reason to live.”

Despite all that had happened already, my words inspired disbelief in him – and were about inspire yet more.

“Who knows,” I told him, “your obedience and service to me may rekindle those feelings I once had for you. A longshot but possible.”

Suddenly, and with Terry temporarily absent, the man who had just allowed himself to suck cock and be spanked in his own home, found some backbone.

“I can’t do this,” he said, rising to his feet with a grimace as the movement triggered a reminder of his tender buttocks and how they had got that way via a burst of pain.

“What choice do you have?” I asked.

“Fuck this,” he cried, swearing and raising his voice to me in an uncharacteristic if, I can only admit, totally understandable way, “I have my own business and I don’t care if you drag what you call my ‘sexual shortcomings’ through the divorce courts. Sophie’s too young to understand all that and you can be assured I’ll put her in the picture when she is old enough to realise what a disgusting slut her mother really is.”

He was on a roll now and I allowed it, the incendiary device that would halt his rebellion in its tracks held tightly in my hand.

“We’ll see what happens to your respectable position in the village after the court and your friends hear how you moved your black lover into the family home.”

“Won’t that be embarrassing for you too?” I asked, totally unfazed and, if I’m honest, enjoying his little girly tantrum.

“I’ll live with it,” he told me, looking as if he meant it. “Now, give me that key. Then I’m packing some things and leaving before your disgusting lover gets back and I’m forced to call the police.”

He held out a hand, fully expecting me to hand over the key to his genital freedom.

Only to see me hold up my mobile phone with the images flicking across its tiny screen.

He looked as if a hand had reached inside him and snatched out his vitals.

“It’s already downloaded to Terry’s computer and will be circulated to various… sites and personal email addresses should you disobey your new masters.”

“New…?”

“Masters,” I finished for him. “Yes. That’s how you’re to think of us and behave towards us from now on if you want to stay here and prevent us making the knowledge of your sexual depravity common knowledge.”

“But…?”

The gravity of his position began to sink in as the events of the day that had removed what last shred of choice he had in his destiny kicked in. At least if he ever wanted to look friends, family and, more importantly, daughter in the face ever again.

"Think of the sympathy that will come my way when people discover how I found you in our home sucking a cock," I told his visibly wilting defiance. "Imagine how impressed they'll be with the wife who, despite her pain and anguish at seeing the man she loved acting in such a way in the home they shared with their lovely young daughter, had enough presence of mind to record his perfidy on her mobile-phone."

Two hours later, when Terry returned, laden with the last load of personal belongings, it was to the sight of his older lover having her feet massaged and kissed as if his life depended upon it by that older lover's even older husband.

Intimate Moments

“It’s important we have these little chats and intimate moments, just between the two of us, from time to time she told him as he sat at her feet with his back against the sofa she rested upon, her hand ruffling the hair she had told him she was considering having him shave, knowing how much pride he took in his still thick locks. “We’re still husband and wife, after all, and Terry understands you should be rewarded when you’ve been an attentive manservant to us.

As ever, the mention of her lover induced a feeling of sickness in Patrick Statham’s stomach as it triggered off any number of images of himself with the cock of that lover thrusting in and out of his mouth, this after he had licked the massive, monstrous and hairless black ball-sac to show his acceptance of the new master of the house – an *acceptance* that new master never seemed to tire of accepting. He had been told by his loving wife that the time was coming for Terry to take his anal virginity and, cowed by the consequences and loss of face in the eyes of friends, family and, most terrifyingly of all, the young daughter he doted on so fiercely, he knew it was something he would accept. His wife’s black lover never tired of humiliating him and had even taken to handling his cock and balls through their plastic restrainers as a way of hammering home the position of superiority over him Lizzy had agreed to share.

The black nylon encasing the outside of His wife’s shapely if muscular right calf brushed against his naked body and, despite his hatred of her and what she was doing to him, he felt a stirring in his balls. Even now he could not jettison the sexual attraction his wife and her matronly body with the superb tits held for him. A reaction that did not please him, endowing her as it did with even more power to add torture to his torment if she so chose.

A choice she made more often than not.

“I still love you, you know,” he heard her utter the words, unable to quite comprehend how a person of intelligence could make such an assertion given the way she treated him.

He stayed silent, the new rule – amongst others Patrick Statham found even more soul-destroyingly humiliating - instigated by the hateful Terry, that he not speak unless spoken to or given express permission after having coughed to have brought his need to the attention of his masters, making him wary of answering his wife the way any normal husband would.

Her hand stroked the side of his neck reassuringly and, as usual, he was unable to prevent even such a small and insignificant show of affection from filling his eyes with tears.

“You have my permission to speak freely, Patrick,” she told him, using his full Christian name rather than the feminine diminutive of it her lover had started using not hours after taking residence. “Don’t worry about Terry. I’m the real head of the household – even if you are not.”

As always, he flinched at the mention of her lover and, with a satisfied smile her beaten husband could not see, Lizzy Statham went on:

“Terry knows I want to have these moments between us. That’s why I wanted you naked, to show you your body does not repulse me. You know how attractive I’ve always found you,” she told him truthfully, having been one of a number of women she knew to have been pursuing him before he was landed by her. “Who knows? If your cock had been bigger than a… Let’s just say, if it had been bigger, we might never have reached this state of affairs between us.”

When he remained silent, Lizzy slipped a foot from a spiked black court and ran it the length of his thighs, the fuzzy hairs beneath it bristling with the static and adding another frisson of enjoyment to the way she was manipulating the husband she had, to all intents and purposes, enslaved.

“Do you like that?”

The nod from below her was instant if, she sensed, grudging.

“Don’t be insolent, Patrick,” she said, voice hardening to apply the merest flick of the whip. “Answer me when I speak to you.”

“Y-Yes,” came a barely recognisable croak from below her as a voice unused to usage recently attempted to frame a reply. “Yes, I… I like it.”

She sighed exasperatedly and, like the well-trained animal they were schooling him to be, he realised his error instantly.

“I’m sorry. That should have been *‘Yes, Ms Lizzy’*,” he gave correction, knowing she would have no compunction in sentencing him to another session over the lap of her monstrous lover, followed by a lees physically painful but more debilitating hour or two with his nose in an available corner to contemplate his behaviour.

To the beaten and degraded husband’s relief, the hand that had been stroking his neck resumed its ministrations and he was rewarded with a *“Good boy”* from above and behind him as her hosed foot continued to rasp against his thigh before moving up and going lower to flick at his imprisoned balls with her toes.

Involuntarily, a gasp was drawn from him as his cock began to swell against its captivity.

A gasp becoming a groan of pain and discomfort as the flesh of his captive penis met the unyielding plastic in which it was confined.

“You have been very obedient and very attentive just lately,” she told him, removing her foot and placing it once again upon his thigh, “and it’s pleased me. I know how difficult you found it to step down from the company and allow Mrs Grayson to take over the running of it but I think we both know now that it was for the best. Even in the short time since your former PA has been at the helm profits and efficiency have increased.”

She felt him flinch at this and knew how much he missed running the company she insisted he give up to remain at home and be at her and Terry's beck and call – especially as Terry was at home all day while she herself worked at the library and it would mean him being under the supervision of his wife's lover.

"I spoke to her yesterday," she went on, intending to make it plain to him that there would be no returning now he had been forced to leave; despite it being *his* company. "She is a very capable woman and we are meeting for lunch tomorrow, but she did say that, as fond of you as she was, that the company is far better served with you in a less hands-on role as you could sometimes be a little indecisive."

Again, the flinch from below, cock retracting from plastic as other deprivations took over his thoughts.

"She apologised if she was speaking out of turn and acknowledged your efforts in getting the company off the ground to begin with, but was quite adamant that it would be better served with you in a less… active role."

Lizzy sensed the question her husband wanted to ask and obliged him:

"I told her it wasn't a problem, of course, and that she only had the best interests of the company at hear in speaking out in such a way. I also told her that there was absolutely no likelihood of you returning to helm the company as the pressure had been getting to you for some time and you far preferred to stay at home and take care of the house for your wife. She was extremely pleased to hear how delighted we both were with the way she was running things and that we wanted her to go on doing so. She was also pleased to hear that you had signed over the majority holding in the company to me and that, from now on, I was her boss and not you."

Had there been any fight left in her husband – and there hadn't been a whole lot of it to begin with, Lizzy told herself – then this last news seemed to destroy it. She knew that, despite having effectively signed the company over to her, he still harboured hopes that his expertise would be called upon in the future and he would find himself back at the helm where he belonged. It would, she smirked to herself, never happen, and the toes that again found the underside of his be-ringed ball-sac could not take his mind from his disappoint.

Not *entirely*, anyway.

A sob escaped him as his treacherous penis acted in opposition to his misery.

"That's it, Patrick. Let it out," she urged him; voice warm and caring for the first time in a long time.

Another sob greeted her ersatz compassion.

"Don't be afraid to show your feelings. Mummy needs to see who you are."

The word "*Mummy*" had a galvanising effect on him and, though she had pre-determined to use it she was delighted with its effect.

“Come up, here and sit on the couch next to mummy, now,” she said, running with her discovery and elated that she had found yet another way to heighten his humiliation, sensing pre-conditioned behaviour would be in her favour and that the, unknowing, foundations laid by his late and overbearing mother on his subconscious would make such treatment of him difficult to resist – especially as he was already so far down the road towards complete subservience.

She sensed, also, hesitation on his part and knew from whence it stemmed;

“I know you’re not allowed to be on the furniture anymore,” she told him, giving voice to yet another rule from a growing list of *“must do’s”* and *“no, no’s”* he was expected to abide by and still unable to do anything else but marvel at how low she and her lover had taken him in so short a space of time, “but this is our special time together and I want my lovely new obedient husband next to me as we speak.”

When a naked and red in the face Patrick Statham, still in a state of some wonderment himself that his life could have come to such a pass in such a way – and that *he* could have allowed it – hoisted himself from the floor and was about to sit on his own sofa in his own home for the first time since the directive proscribing it had been handed down to him, it was to the sight of his treacherous yet still desirable to him wife as she fingered the key hanging from her neck. The same key he himself had been compelled to hang there. A key, moreover, that gave her complete control of his cock to go with all the other facets of her sudden and swift domination of him.

Her other hand patted the cushion at her side and his face reddened further as he saw the complete and unholy joy she took from having him under such control.

“That’s my good boy,” she told him, adding a kind of maternal fondness to the perverse enjoyment of his predicament she was unable to prevent informing her features. “Come and cuddle up to mummy and we’ll have a nice talk. As I said, I’ve been very pleased with how you are dealing with the new arrangements and even Terry has begun to speak favourably of you. As you know my lover with that wonderful black cock has African ancestry in the recent past and still finds it hard to believe you’re are being so reasonable and obliging about it all.”

She laughed, not pleasantly.

“The men from that part of the world, it seems, would rather have themselves decapitated than accept such humiliation.”

Again she laughed, still with no sign of anything approaching the pleasant.

“Terry is really tickled by your politeness in the face of everything and calls you *‘The very English cuckold’*, she told him, as if she actually believed he too would be tickled to hear such a description of himself from the lips of her hated lover.

The searing anger her lover’s name never failed to evoke in him, and was all the more powerful for his being utterly powerless to act upon it, saw Patrick Statham lower his eyes that he might hide the reaction as he took his place next to her and felt her arm encircle his naked shoulders in a way that seemed both proprietorial and protective.

“What the fuck is happening to you?” he asked himself as he sank into her embrace and felt her manoeuvre his head towards the impressive breasts enclosed in her obligatory and authoritative white-cotton shirt; acknowledging the feeling of security her presence at his side gave him and cursing himself for being the very worst of weak-willed fools.

A fool with a tiny cock that was once again testing the boundaries of the plastic containing it as her wonderful tits had their usual effect on him… and then some.

“Is this actually turning you on?” he screamed at himself, the pain from his penis making contact with the bars of its unyielding prison making the question unnecessary.

“In fact,” her voice came to him from a distance as he tried to hide his discomfort caused by her closeness, “judging by the way my lover seems to love handling your little dicky and balls I’m beginning to get a little jealous. Especially as you seem to enjoy Terry doing it so much.”

Patrick Statham’s groan was internal but no less anguished. Having such a monster handle him was *not* enjoyable. Not in the slightest. And just because his own less impressive manhood tried to grow hard in its prison it only did so because of the constant denial and in no way as evidence of any attraction he felt for his wife’s lover.

“You do enjoy Terry handling your little dicky, don’t you?” she asked, an ominous tone supplying just enough in the way of threat for his repugnance to be replaced by fear.

“Y-Yes,” he told her, before the hand draped over his shoulder tweaked a bare breast and made him yelp by way of a reminder.

“I mean, yes, Ms Lizzy,” he added.

“I should hope so. I would be upset and disappointed – and so would Terry – if I thought you were ungrateful to my lover for being good enough to come and live with us so that I might experience a real cock after having been deprived of one for so long.”

He listened to the wife he no longer knew but felt more and more compelled to obey with wonder.

“Grateful?”

Had he possessed the necessary physical attributes and the mental fortitude to go with them, he would have murdered the lover supplying her with this *“real cock”* from the get-go.

“You’ve seen how that wonderful black cock fills me,” she continued, hand again stroking his hair again absently, as if were truly a mere pet and no more than a mute and obliging sounding board for her to spill out her thoughts. “Aren’t you happy for your wife to be satisfied in such a way to make up for your shortcomings?”

"No!" he wanted to scream. He was desolated by the fact and only his own cowardice and fear of what the effect would be on his lovely daughter prevented him from putting an end to his countenance of it by ending his own existence. Did she truly believe the horseshit she was attempting to feed him or was it simply another way for her to torture him.

"I've seen that look of absolute wonder on your face when we let you kneel in the corner and look on as your wife is taken by a superior black cock," she accused.

His response was to bury his head into her cotton covered breasts, unable to refute the truth of the statement, having seen that *"superior black cock"* in action and knowing it had explored his wife in intimate places he himself was simply not equipped to experience.

"Don't be embarrassed now, sweetie," she cooed. "I'm sure you are not the only man around who would feel intimidated at seeing his wife plowed by such a cock and for so great a length of time. I was amazed myself when that beautiful black shaft first found its way into me and took me to heaven again and again and again."

Being one of a number – a *vast* number, Patrick Statham confessed to himself – who would find themselves diminished at witnessing such a performance was no consolation and wasn't improved any by his perfidious wife's next attempt at reassurance, if that was what it was:

"And you mustn't think you don't play your part in mummy's pleasure too."

Almost instinctively, and despite recognising her words to him for the bullshit they were, his lips had found a hardened nipple that was so aroused it jutted out from the fabric of her shirt to present him with a small target and a chance for some intimacy, thrilling after such a relatively long absence to know she was braless beneath her shirt and only some simple white cotton was between him and the full naked glory of the breasts he had always adored – even if they were now denied him and placed at the disposal of another.

"You always look so sad in your little corner at not being able to fuck me in such a way yourself," she went on, "but knowing how much you really want me to be satisfied and how willing you now are to clean me up with your loving tongue afterwards only makes my pleasure all the more intense."

Even her the distraction of her cotton covered nipple between his lips couldn't detract from the pain her words evoked in his breast and a little sob escaped him.

"That's it little Patrick," she told him. "Suck on mummy's nipple and have a little cry so we both know you've accepted the fact you're not a man and we can move things onto a more realistic playing field. The sooner you stop thinking of yourself as a man the better things will get for the three of us. Well, four with Sophie."

The activity at her breast stopped immediately and she almost laughed at his predictability and the way she could lead him so effortlessly these days.

“Lizzy…? I mean, Ms Lizzy, you…? You don’t mean for Sophie to…””

Taking a handful of his hair and pulling his face up to hers, she slapped his face with some force while adopting a look of anger she certainly didn’t feel.

“How dare you even think such a thing!” she blazed. “Do you think I love our daughter any less than you? Do you really think I want her to know just what a spineless pussy of a man her father really is, knowing how much pain that would cause her.”

“I… I’m sorry, Ms Lizzy. I…”

Another slap cut him off.

“If you ever suggest such a thing again,” she told him, “I’ll have Terry replace that plastic cock-cage with one of the metal models with spikes on the inside. How dare you thank me for my kindness and the keeping of my word by suggesting such a thing.”

“Kindness?” his thoughts questioned through the fear she could instil in him with such ease these days – especially as she had shown him the *“Kali’s Teeth”* restrainer he had been told would be his if his behaviour did not come up to scratch.

The prospect was yet another reason for his growing fear of his own wife.

“I told you Sophie would *never* learn of your shame and lack of manhood through either me or Terry and I’ve kept that promise. As far she and my parents know, Terry is a homeless young person I met through my voluntary work and persuaded you to let stay until suitable accommodation could be provided. They were very impressed by this example of your charitable behaviour towards a *“person of colour”* and thought it reflected well on us that we would provide someone less well-off with a home and allow them to stay on more permanently in return for work around the house.”

Bile mixed with Patrick Statham’s fear now as he wondered how well it would reflect upon *her* charitable behaviour if her parents were to be told that this person of colour not only did *nothing* around the house but supervised her husband as he went about the performing of all household chores.

“Terry and I,” his wife was continuing, “make sure to keep our behaviour normal at the weekends when she returns from my parents and, though Sophie is bright enough to realise something has changed, she accepts that it was your choice to retire from the company and stay at home that you might help look after mummy.”

She looked thoughtful and a small smile played at her lips:

“Mummy and daddy took a little more persuading,” she mused, “but when I told them it had been your inability to deal with the stress of the workplace that had contributed to our *‘marital problems’* and how the doctor had recommended you step down and leave it to someone else, they understood entirely.”

Knowing how this was going to play out and what the consequences for him would be if he didn't persuade her he was grateful for her tact and consideration – no matter the simple considering of such risible concepts in regard of her made him want to throw-up – Patrick Statham was conciliatory:

"I'm sorry, Ms Lizzy," he began, raising eyes and reddened cheeks to meet her still angry gaze. "I didn't mean to question your sincerity. I realise you've kept your word. But… But…"

"But, what?" she asked, utterly thrilled at the deference she had won from him with such ease, even if she knew the words he used to show her it to be completely insincere.

Patrick Statham took one of his wife's hands and kissed the back of it after the fashion of the supplicant into which he had been transformed; the moist eyes that looked up into her own as desperate as any medieval counterpart seeking alms from a representative of the Holy Roman Church.

"Please, Lizzy… Ms Lizzy… I am so miserable. I truly don't know if I can live under these circumstances. I realise now how weak I must be but a man must be left with some pride, no matter how small."

To his relief – and hope; having expected another slap for having spoken out of turn; the hand that had just done the slapping caressed the back of his neck and, despite the abject nature of his condition, he felt himself thrill to her touch.

Her words, however, were not so thrilling:

"Oh, Patrick," she sighed, as if explaining a simple library procedure to a work experience placement from the local school for the umpteenth time. "How many times do I have to say this before it sinks in? "You are *not* a man and, therefore, do not need to either be treated as if you were one or to feel in need of the same reassurances."

"But…?"

"You are," she came in over him, voice slightly raised that he may take the hint and not interrupt again, neither man nor husband and certainly *not* a lover. Your pitiful weakness in allowing your wife to invite her lover into the home and have that lover spank you before locking your own little cockle away and having the dick that had and has been fucking me sucked by you, ensures you will *never* be any of those things again."

Patrick Statham lowered his eyes from those of the triumphant woman who had once professed to be his and his alone.

He would have been amazed, if not pleased perhaps, to know that the woman gazing down at him was as sexually excited by his capitulation to her authority and womanly power as she could ever recall being.

The gift of his submission, she told herself, was one that simply went on giving.

“From now on,” she went on, exultant in her control of the man who once considered himself head of their household, “you will be my cuckold and domestic servant as well as the servant of my lover. Any pride you may feel from this point on will be derived from knowing you have been as obedient and dutiful to your two masters as it is possible for a weakling such as yourself to be.”

To give her words emphasis, she shoved him away by the shoulders and sent him to the carpet at her feet.

“I was intending to reward you for being a nice obedient servant and cuckold by letting you out of your cage for a few moments and letting you rub your little cockle against my hosed legs,” she told his shocked expression.

“Her leg??”

Was that what he was to her now? No more than an animal? A functional pet she could reward by allowing it to hump her leg?

“But your ingratitude and disgusting suspicions in regard of Sophie have made me too angry.”

Naked at her feet, cock imprisoned, Patrick Statham could only marvel that she could say such a thing to him. If anybody had a right to be angry it was…

The slap rocked his head to the side and killed his resentment stone-dead.

“I don’t want to see you for a while until I cool down,” she told him. “Go to your room and stay there until its time to prepare for the arrival of our guest tonight.”

Despite the pain of the slap and the humiliation of just taking it from her, warning bells rang in Statham’s head.

“Guest?”

This was the first he had heard of any guest.

“She’ll be here at eight sharp and I want you on your very best behaviour,” his wife warned. “There is no need to cook but I expect you to make some sandwiches and have some titbits laid out in here for when she arrives.”

She allowed a second or two for this to sink in with him, then:

Now get out of my sight.”

Anxious at this surprise news but grateful to effect an escape, put on some clothes, and flop out on his tiny cot, Statham scrambled to his feet and headed for the stairs beyond the living-room door.

Only to be halted in his tracks:

“I promise you, Patsy,” she told him, reverting to the name with which her lover had christened him that he might not mistake her intent; “make one mistake tonight, one wrong word or disrespectful look, and someone else will witness for themselves just what a pussy-whipped little cocksucker you really are… Now fuck off.”

The obscenity from the lips of his once verbally fastidious and God fearing wife was yet another new development Patrick Statham was finding it hard to come to terms with as he scurried off to the sanctity of the spare-room that was now his.

Unfortunately for him, there were still a good number of similar developments yet to come.

A Surprise Visit

The black hand manipulating the penis it had only just freed from its captivity was not the only thing surprising Patrick Statham.

And the fact he did not want its attentions to stop possessed an even greater facility for shock.

As the free black hand that wasn't sliding up and down the meagre few inches of his erection ran itself through his hair, the beleaguered husband found his earlier pleas for his wife's lover to spare him this humiliation receding and found himself leaning in to both her embrace and her caress; thrilling to what seemed like a desire on the monster's part to provide him with a release his wife had come close to delivering and then used his perfectly reasonable concerns on behalf of his daughter and the situation of which she was an, albeit temporary, part of to deny him yet again.

As he thrust into the masterful black hand currently in control of his cock, and despite the unsought excitement from such a source it brought him, Statham realised just how far he had been reduced as a man in so short a time-frame.

"Is my little white pussy-boy enjoying master's hand?" the hateful voice of his tormentor penetrated his demeaning euphoria to ask.

When he made no attempt to answer, the movement of that black hand stopped and a sense of desolation he would never have believe it possible for him to feel in such a situation caused his eyes to open, it taking only a few seconds longer for him to realise his *"black master"* was waiting for a reply.

"Y-Yes," he croaked, unable to quite believe what he was asking for.

It was, however, not good enough.

"Are you disrespecting me?" came from above him where his black tormentor sat in sweatshirt and running shorts upon his cot while he lay – naked again – with his back against his tiny bed and his tormentor's potent ebony legs either side of him.

"N-No… m-master," he stuttered, grateful their respective positions prevented the eye-contact that would have heightened his shame.

"Good boy," came from the thick black lips above and behind him, the usual demeaning form of encouragement used with him by both wife and lover but somehow even more humiliating on the lips of the lover. Statham could feel the warm breath of his tormentor and would-be unlikely giver of pleasure in his ear and, as the hand resumed its ministrations, his head flopped to the side to rest upon a powerful ebony thigh.

"That's master's nice obedient little pussy-boy," the words came down to him through the perverse pleasures he was receiving from his tormentor's hand. "You see how nice master can be when you show just what an obedient baby-dick boy you can be?"

Suddenly, it happened.

A hand ran itself through his hair caressingly and, what with the gentle and metronomic manipulation of his recently denied cock, the twin sensations of imminent explosion and unused to tenderness, he felt something begin to give way inside of him. It was as if besieged and totally useless defences had sensed the game was up and called for a white flag to be brought to the front-line for the final abject surrender.

“No point fighting it now,” the black voice with the hint of its African ancestry told him. “master can feel just how much you like having my black hand around your little peter and, if you keep being a good boy, there is no reason you can’t feel it there more regularly.”

Statham’s groan was a mix of the pleasure induced and about to come and sheer self-disgust at the irrefutable evidence of just how low he had fallen and, suddenly, without knowing himself it was about to happen, he was crying, tears flowing even as he continued to thrust into the black fingers manipulating his little cock.

“That’s my good little white bitch,” he heard through his unbidden tears. “Everything is going to work out just as it should for you. Just not as you thought it would is all. You just do as your owners tell you from now on and life can be pretty good for you.”

The voice, Statham realised, had taken on something of the quality of Lizzy’s from earlier in the living-room when it looked likely it would be her hand pleasuring his *“little cock”*. The black monster who was in the process of taking his wife from him and making his life a nightmare was speaking to him as if he, Patrick Statham, were a young man in need of a strict hand and the knowledge, far from jolting him from his embarrassing tears of self-pity, seemed only to trigger his hips into a more frantic bucking as he thrust against the fingers of his *“master”*.

“That’s it,” he the coo, “Terry will take good care of that little white cock for you. All you have to do from now is be nice and submissive to me, because that really pleases me and, when I’m pleased, I’ll be more likely to give my little white bitch more treats like this.”

Statham’s breath caught in his throat as one forefinger ran the unimpressive length of his erection and back down again before repeating the process and assuring him:

“You still have a life with Ms Lizzy, my little baby-dick bitch,” he was told. “It’s just going to be a different one, that’s all. A new life.”

He groaned, too far gone to evaluate either the sense or the stupidity of what was being said to him as the voice above and behind droned on in time to the up and down movement along his penis.

“And that’s why Master Terry is here to assist Ms Lizzy. To help her little baby be good for his mummy.”

The two fingers manipulating him returned either side of his cock and began to squeeze gently, again tracing the none-too-great length of his erection before retracing the route and doing the same again; drawing sighs of elation and growing anticipation from the prone white man as they did so.

“You do want to be good for mummy and master, don’t you?”

Rhetorical or not, the question, as it turned out, would not receive an answer at that point for, with a convulsion that jack-knifed his head away from the surprisingly smooth black skin of that powerful thigh, his little cock finally erupted and spewed two months of denied orgasms up and over his own naked thighs to land upon the spare-room carpet.

For what seemed an eternity after his crisis had passed and his breathing returned to something like normal and the full awfulness of his thoughts took their place in the void that not seconds before had been filled with pleasure, there was silence and it took him awhile, through the jumble of my thoughts, to realise the provider of his release had risen from the cot to stand above him, bare black legs placed either side of his startlingly white and puny in comparison body.

“Did my little white-bitch enjoy that?” he heard.

“Y-Yes… master,” Patrick Statham replied instantly, knowing that not to would only result in his being draped across those big black thighs to be slapped and spanked into a shrieking mass of unmanly capitulation. “Thank you, master.”

“Good boy,” came the reward for his politeness and obedience as a powerful black leg swung over Statham’s head and his *“master”* turned to face him, expression dismissive and triumphant all at once.

Statham’s spirits sank as his black tormentor and self-professed owner took a few steps back and lowered his shorts to reveal a monstrous veined cock that was already pointing at its white flunky expectantly.

“Now crawl over her and say thank you properly.”

Mrs Grayson

"It's really lovely to see you, Sally," Patrick Statham told the woman who had been his former PA and now ran the company he had built while her erstwhile boss stayed at home and looked after his wife and her lover. Knowing him as she did, even if it had been in a previously subordinate position, Sally Grayson knew he wasn't being quite truthful and couldn't say his evasion surprised her to any great extent. It wasn't, after all, many business owners who stepped aside from their company to don a floral apron and serve refreshments for his wife and former secretary.

And the present of this younger and black *"Terry"* character, a houseguest who he not only seemed edgy around but seemed to be allowing to *supervise* him, truly baffled her.

Even if she did find something… *pleasing*… in her former boss's mystifying and untoward deference.

It was a response that, given that the opinion of men in general on the part of the middle-aged and matronly woman sitting in the Statham's living-room opposite her hostess, was hardly surprising. Her view of the male sex, after all, had been forged first by an antediluvian and fatherly believer in Victorian values (those applying to the fairer sex, at least) and by her late-husband. The latter being overbearing and self-interested man. A man, it would turn out, whose early promise as a spouse had fizzled out very shortly after having slipped a ring upon her finger and his shortcomings as a provider became glaringly obvious. Ted, her husband, had been somewhat idle into the bargain and she had been the one forced to pursue a full-time job while he remained in a part-time position at the local bookmaker's. A position that enabled him to be around the main love of his life and ensured she saw little or nothing of his earnings from the collating of losing bets and other menial tasks he was willing to accept in order to be around the sport of kings he loved so much.

Unsurprisingly, his premature thrombosis and subsequent passing was greeted by his widow with a little less sorrow than might be expected from a woman who had just lost a husband of over twenty-years. An absent sense of loss not likely to assert itself for the loss of the anchor chain that had held her so firmly to the ground from which she would have flown. And held her there simply that she might be there to pick up after and cosset him during that time before the *"big win"* he was convinced would come his way – be that win of either an equestrian or a lottery nature.

Now though, and since taking the helm at the company owned by the woman opposite her, Sally Grayson barely even gave her deceased spouse a passing thought, let alone one of loss and remorse.

"If I'm being too personal, do say, Sally," said her hostess after her host and former boss left for the kitchen with an armful of plates – plates that had contained the sandwiches *he* himself had made and, to his former PA's amazement, *served*; his progress monitored it seemed, and even more amazingly, by the Statham's young *black* houseguest.

Sally smiled to herself, having been on the end of the question she was about to be asked too many times since her widowhood not to know when it was about to be asked again.

Sure enough:

“But I’m surprised a capable and attractive woman such as yourself hasn’t found herself a man. I mean, it has been two years now since the sad passing of your husband.”

Along with the others who had asked the very same thing, Lizzy Statham was being disingenuous on two counts and they both knew it. The passing made reference to had not been sad in the slightest and Sally Grayson could hardly be said to be attractive – at least not in any conventional sense. Even if there was, in common with Lizzy herself but in an altogether more prosaic way, something in her matronly curves and no-nonsense features – the same no-nonsense features that had allowed her late husband to get away with domestic and marital murder just the same – that appealed to a certain type of man.

“There was nothing sad about it,” Sally Grayson said matter-of-factly. “Believe me, having allowed myself to suffer Ted’s failings for so long I’m in no great hurry to invite more of the same into my life.”

“And especially when things are going so well for you,” Lizzy agreed; adding: “I’m exceptionally pleased with the way you’ve taken the company to the next level since my husband stepped aside. Thank you.”

“Any thank you’s should be made by me, Lizzy,” said the woman, buoyed and mildly euphoric as she was by the consumption of a couple of gin & tonics as well as the elation supplied on a regular basis these days of knowing the anchor-chain was gone and he talents and ability for decision making and organisation were finally being put to good use rather than placed at the service of a no-hoper husband. “You took a chance in promoting me when your husband decided he’d had enough and I could not be more grateful.”

About to go on, she hesitated, unsure of her ground.

“Though…”

“Though you’re surprised that he took that course of action,” her hostess finished for her, statement rather than question.

Sally Grayson nodded.

“He just seemed so… well… *happy*… to be running the company,” she remarked. “When you told me he had decided to step down to take over the running of the house for you it came out of the blue. After all, it’s not every day a man steps down from being the head of his own business, signs over the majority holding to his wife, and becomes a… a…”

“Househusband?” Sally offered the requisite and elusive description.

Again, the widow and now boss of Statham Solutions nodded and Lizzy picked up an undercurrent of excitement in a woman she sensed could become as much intimate friend as valued employee.

“Does that offend you?” she asked, like all good attorneys knowing the answer in advance.

“Not in the slightest,” snorted Sally Grayson, a hint of wistfulness in her expression allowing Lizzy to read the thoughts that were, at that exact moment, picturing her late-husband for once in a similar situation to that of her now former boss.

“I suppose it isn’t a very… *manly*… thing for someone of his age – of any age, come to that – to be doing but…”

Lizzy was being deliberately provocative, knowing it would draw the woman in and, sure enough, helped by the g&t’s:

“Well, if you don’t mind me saying,” Sally began, “your husband has never struck me as being the most manly and…”

A hand covered Sally Grayson’s mouth and she threw Lizzy a look of remorse.

“I’m so sorry, Lizzy. I shouldn’t have said that. I’m speaking out of turn and I apologise.”

“Nonsense!” Lizzy told her, relief palpable on the older woman’s face. “You might work for me but I’d like to think we’re friends too… or at least can become friends.”

Lizzy winked.

“I happen to think strong women like us should be able to speak our minds when we wish to and without constraint. It’s not often I meet someone of my own sex who is of a likemind but I sense that you are. You may say anything you wish to me and be sure that, though I may not agree with you – and this, I would hope, applies in reverse - I will not take the slightest offence for your having done so.”

Sally Grayson, though relieved, remained a little pensive, worrying, no doubt, that the saying of something was one thing but actually following through on it quite another.

“And you are quite right,” Lizzy went on, sensing reassurance was required. “Though it was not the way he saw himself, Patrick, as well as being neither a big decision maker or dynamic, has never been very manly – barely manly at all, in fact – and the position he has in respect of me now is a fitting one only tarnished by having taken him so long to occupy it.”

Lizzy held up her hands in a posture of *Mea Culpa*:

“And for *that* I am afraid I must take full responsibility, my dear Sally.”

Emboldened by alcohol and, now, familiarity, Sally felt able to question her hostess further:

“Is it just me, Lizzy,” she laughed; “I’m not a drinker as a rule and I think these are going to my head; but it seemed to me as if your husband was not just helping around the house but actually… well… *deferring* to you, if that’s the right word.”

“It’s the perfect word,” Lizzy assured her, sensing her husband’s newly born docility and willingness to make himself useful was not unappealing to the widow and that she had been imagining having her late-husband in such a position almost from the moment she sat down and was served coffee and a sandwiches by her former boss.

A *“boss”*, moreover, who was wearing a floral kitchen-apron over his everyday clothes.

“I’m probably being silly,” Sally went on, “but…”

Again she hesitated.

“Do go on, Sally. I’ve told you I will take no offence at anything you say.”

“Well…” still hesitant, Sally finally gave her shoulders a *‘what the hell’* shrug and spat it out. “It seemed to me that he wasn’t just deferring to you but to *Terry* also.”

The name of Lizzy’s lover had been deliberately emphasised and Lizzy chuckled at her employee and, hopefully, friend’s clumsy attempt to nudge her into explaining the mystery of the presence of another in her home.

“That’s because he does defer to Terry, Sally.”

Despite her inhibitions being loosened by the drink, Sally Grayson looked shocked. The forthright reply to what had only been a mild suspicion on her part had now been confirmed as her former boss being… well… *supervised* in his own home. And supervised by someone younger than himself.

Someone younger *and* black.

“I… I don’t think I’m following this, Lizzy. I must have had too much to…”

“Oh, I think you’re following it very well,” Lizzy contradicted her, taking the redness her observation brought to already flushed cheeks as affirmation. “And, if may say, not only following it but finding it… *exciting*.”

The somewhat staccato heaving of a pair of matronly but no less impressive breasts, still full and firm for her forty-something years, was as much a giveaway as the flushed cheeks of the face with its accentuated birdlike features that added to the general air of a formidable woman who stood no nonsense from her menfolk and made the treatment of her by her late-husband Ted all the more inexplicable to those who knew her and firmed Lizzy up in her belief that she would not only find a kindred spirit in the woman but a staunch ally.

“The answer to the question I can see on your lips is yes.”

“Question?”

“Is Terry my lover,” Lizzy reminded her, sure that was what she was going to ask – eventually anyway.

“I… I…”

“It’s perfectly acceptable for you to be a little uncomfortable with the fact, Sally. But, I’m sure you will agree, that we women have suffered uncomplainingly the bedroom ineffectuality’s of our partners for too long and its high-time we took our pleasures the way a woman of our undoubted superiority should.”

As Sally thought about this, Lizzy added:

“Wherever and with whoever best suits our needs at the time.”

There was a pause and Lizzy thought for a moment she had overstepped the mark.

“I’m sorry, Sally. Too much information, as they say.”

“No, no!” Sally assured her, galvanised back into life it appeared. “I’ve never been the judgemental type when it comes to such things, But it’s just…”

“Yes?” Lizzy prompted.

“Well… It’s just that I’m amazed Patrick knows this and just… well…”

“Turns a blind eye to it?”

“Well, yes,” Sally responded, a little relieved at not being forced to voice the question. “That was what I was going to ask.”

“And the answer is no, he doesn’t.”

“Excuse me?”

“No, he doesn’t turn a blind eye to it.”

“I’m not sure I’m following you,” a bemused Sally told her. “You’re saying he doesn’t know?”

Lizzy was already shaking her head before her puzzled friend and employee had finished.

“No. I’m saying he does know and does not turn a blind eye to it.”

“Sorry, Lizzy, but you really are losing me now.”

“Yes, I know and I should be the one who is sorry, but I do so enjoy being enigmatic from time to time. Anyhow, Patrick is in no position to turn a blind eye to the fact Terry and I are lovers as, more often than not, we insist he be present when we go about the actual lovemaking part.”

The jaw that dropped towards the plush living-room carpet found itself in contact with glass swiftly after as a tumbler was raised to widowed lips and yet more much needed gin & tonic was introduced to her bloodstream.

“Unless you’ve actually experienced it you’ve really no idea how incredible it feels to be taken to paradise by a lover as one’s husband kneels in the corner, unable to do anything but look on as his wife is taken by another – and in his own bed in his own home.”

The rise and fall of Sally Grayson’s breasts were supplying Lizzy Statham with all the confirmation that the older woman was, for all her genuine shock at the state of affairs being described to her, aroused as well as transfixed by the prospect of her one-time boss kneeling in a corner as his wife made love to somebody else.

That *“confirmation”* all the respectable librarian and devious wife needed to encourage her to reveal yet more… *intimacies*.

“There really is no feeling in the world comparable to having the husband who had previously failed you in the bedroom watch you taken by another lover and then having kneel between your legs to lap at the pussy that is no longer his as that same lover applies pressure to the back of his head and urges him to please you. The fluttering at one’s clit as the tongue of the man who once refused to pleasure you in such a way while pestering you to take his pitiful little organ into your mouth is so incredible as to be next to impossible to describe and – though I know we’re not supposed to have such thought and such things are proscribed and supposed to be impossible these days anyway – the feeling that he is no more than a slave obeying the wishes of the woman who now owns him makes the whole delightfully decadent mixture all the more delicious.”

Sally Grayson was finding oxygen hard to locate as an image of her late husband’s head bobbing between her thighs, eyes gazing up to hers with a mix of fear and utter obedience, obscured her vision to all else.

“I can’t be sure from your expression if you’re outraged or aroused,” Lizzy observed of the older woman with the glowing cheeks and heaving breasts.

“A… A bit of both, I suppose,” Sally answered before, avian features twisting themselves into a smile that both relieved and encouraged her hostess further: “but mostly aroused.”

After a few beats, both women burst into laughter and, as has been the case since people first interacted, found shared humour drawing them closer towards each other.

When *“arousal”* itself was added to the mix then the deal was sealed.

“I… I’ve heard of men like him who actually get off on such things,” Sally said breathlessly, smile a thing of wonderment now as she found herself warming to the idea of her former boss as a supplicant of his younger wife and asking herself just how on earth she had managed to bring such a miracle about; even as she supplied herself what she thought was the answer. “You know? Asking their wives to… to…” she searched for the correct description.

“I believe *‘cuckold them’* is the description you’re looking for,” Sally offered helpfully.

Sally Grayson nodded, sharp avian features made a little less severe by the look of – *pleasant?* – surprise and the red flush denoting her arousal at the prospect of her former boss being brought to such a pass by his younger wife – willingly or not.

It was a prospect that provoked not a spark of outrage in her considerable breast.

“You are, of course, right,” Lizzy continued. “There are many men who enjoy seeing their wife take a lover before their eyes.

She paused a moment, then:

“Unfortunately for Patrick, he is not amongst them.”

The older woman was lost again – and just as she thought she had a handle on this surprising – and exciting – turn of events.

Just as she thought she was getting a handle on the off-the-wall domestic situation Lizzy Statham was describing another spanner was thrown into the whirl that was her thoughts on the subject.

“He… He wasn’t the one who asked you to… to…?”

“Take a lover?” Lizzy finished for her before shaking her head and delivering a derisive snort. “Not on your life. When it comes to matters sexual Patrick is so banal as to make vanilla seem vibrant and edgy.”

“Then…? He doesn’t get some perverted kick out of seeing you with, hmm, Terry?”

Lizzy smiled, younger tutor to older pupil.

“But…? If he doesn’t then why on earth does he put up with it? You’ve had him sign over his company to you and replaced him with me. If he’s not some kind of… of masochist… why would he just knuckle under in such a way?”

The dominant younger woman smiled enigmatically.

“Believe me, Lizzy,” Sally went on, “whatever I witness here and you tell me will go absolutely no further – I put up with enough shit from Ted while he was alive not to find something just in your treatment of your husband.”

She paused for another much need sip of her beverage and Sally waited patiently, more than pleased at the way her prospective ally was taking to the news of her husband's demotion at home as well as the office.

"In fact, Lizzy," she went on, "I'm already a little jealous of you… well, envious, anyway. I mean, you have him acting like some kind of domestic servant in his own home – he's even being bossed around by your lover."

She spread her arms wide in a gesture of non-comprehension:

"Why?"

Lizzy gave it some thought before she answered, not wishing to go into the specifics of the grip she had over her husband but wanting Sally Grayson to be in no doubt that she had such a hold on her former boss and had absolutely *no* intention of relaxing it in the near future.

"Patrick, I have come to realise over the years, is a very weak man. You yourself, Sally, have pointed out to me his inability to make a decision and his lack of… How did you describe it?... *D*ynamism'. I've simply turned these failings to my own advantage to create a husband of more… *use* to me."

Now it was Sally's turn to wait as Lizzy took a leisurely sip of her own drink, before:

"He is not being blackmailed into remaining here and I describe absolutely nothing illegal," Lizzy assured her, conveniently omitting the threat to make the mobile-phone footage of her husband sucking her lover's cock public knowledge. "But it is the case that the shame he feels at being replaced in his wife's love-life and having friends, family and *former* colleagues made aware of the specifics gives me a powerful hold over him.

Allowing a few seconds for her words to sink in, Lizzy added:

"Not only that but, with every tiny backward step of submission I force upon him, the more and more he loses what small will to resist he had to begin with."

A thought suddenly struck Sally that took the edge off the excitement she was taking from Patrick Statham's fall from grace. Never having had children herself and missing the fact, the thought was a sobering one. There was, after a young life involved here also.

"And what about Sophie, Lizzy?"

Lizzy's expression said: *"what about her?"*

"You surely don't…? You know…? *Flaunt* the situation in front of her?"

For a second, her hostess looked annoyed and Sally thought she had crossed a line.

Palpable relief supplied a few seconds later.

“Yes,” Lizzy acknowledged. “You are right to be concerned on that score and it does you credit that you are. So you will be relieved to know that I love my daughter at least as much as my husband and would not allow her to witness anything that interferes with her fondness for her father. That’s why I chose a very good first school for her near my parents and she stays with them during the school week.”

Sally nodded, relief as palpable for the child as it was for herself in regard of the smile directed her way that gave assurance of her employer’s continuing trust and familiarity.

“Obviously, when she returns at the weekends, it is to see her father performing those domestic tasks once performed by mummy, but she soon adjusted to the idea and, like most children of her age, soon came to see it as normal.”

“And Terry?”

Lizzy smiled, having fully expected the question:

“Patrick and I both come from socially and politically liberal backgrounds and my parents and Sophie are very impressed that we were willing to give a home to a young person from the foundation for the homeless for whom I sometimes work on a voluntary basis – even if that is a long way from the internet site where we first… *‘hooked-up’*… so to speak.”

“I hope you didn’t mind me asking,” Sally said. “It’s just that it’s one thing to… you know?... with an adult. But, with a child…?”

“As I said, Sally,” Lizzy smiled, “your concern does you credit.”

Sally smiled back.

“Anyhow, Sally, you will find in regard to sex, that when a man is denied for long enough he can get a kick out of a whole range of things he would previously have described as sick and this also is a tool we can use in order to control him.”

“Yes, I understand that,” said Sally, clearing her suddenly thick throat to contribute something of her own, none too happy, given her greater years – and despite valuing her employer and now confidant’s good opinion - to be seen as some gauche ingénue. “But the sex you make him witness isn’t necessary the sex he visualises when he… You know?”

“Masturbates?” Lizzy asked, Sally’s attempt to seem less parochial and more worldly wise undermined by her inability to voice the word to her younger hostess and serving only to highlight the difference in their sexual experience.

Sally nodded and decided not to ask any more questions likely to draw attention to her relative inexperience of the matters currently on the table.

“*That*,” Lizzy told her, “is something that has been, if you’ll forgive the pun, taken out of his hands.”

The excitement Sally Grayson could not deny feeling was joined again by puzzlement at the words of her hostess and mingled with her arousal and the wetness at her groin provoked by her former boss's new and submissive role in his own home.

Excitement, it must be said, more powerful than puzzlement and overcoming any prospect of self-recrimination for allowing the perverse treatment being handed out to a man she had once worked for and found a semi-reasonable boss to arouse her in such a way.

A perverse arousal that was about to be increased tenfold as Lizzy produced the key that hung from the thin chain at her neck.

"Do you know what this key unlocks?" Lizzy quizzed, knowing there would be no answer provided and smiling as Sally shook her head, cheeks, if possible, flushing even more scarlet as she sensed something...

Out of the ordinary.

"This, Sally, is the key to the cock-cage my lover locked around my husband's balls within hours of first meeting him."

The older woman started in her seat as she felt a series of telltale tremors go off somewhere inside her and realised she was on the verge of a climax.

And from nothing more concrete than her employer, hostess and, hopefully, friend, telling her how she was treating the husband who had been, as said, Sally Grayson's, boss.

"But not before my husband had been taken up to the spare-room he now occupies, when he isn't cleaning and skivvying that is, to be spanked within an inch of his life and then compelled to provide my new lover with the oral sex he had always denied me."

"Oooooh!" Sally moaned, senses at overload and having the inevitable result. "I… I… Ooooooooh!... Lizzy, I…. Ooooooooooooooh!"

It was an embarrassed Sally Grayson who came down from the most powerful orgasm she could remember, and this without even having been touched, a few moments later; unable to meet the eye of the younger woman opposite. Though, if she had, she would not have felt quite as embarrassed as the smile on her employer's and would-be friend's face was warm and understanding. As it was, however, her inability to meet the eyes opposite required a more verbal reassurance.

"Don't be embarrassed, Sally," she heard as she studied the carpet and tried to come to terms with the power of her orgasm and marvelled that she could be so… energised from hearing of her former employer's plight. "You've just experienced your first orgasm of empowerment."

Sally stared at the woman and it was impossible for her employer and hostess - and now, it seemed, friend *and* younger mentor – to miss the hopeful quality of her expression.

“Imagine, Sally, just how much more powerful your release will be when you have the object of that empowerment helping to provide you with such pleasure and acting totally upon your wishes and instructions.”

The mouth that had previously hung open with astonishment was now agape with another emotion:

Hope.

“Wh-What are saying, Lizzy?” the former straight-laced and matronly Mrs Grayson asked, the quality of hope etched into her features still more apparent and, to Lizzy, even more appealing.

“I’m saying, Sally, that the more strong women there are in my husband’s life the better it is for Terry and myself.”

“Are…?” Sally Grayson began, wondering if this could possibly mean what she thought it meant. “Are you saying you want…? You want *me* to play some part in… in *humiliating* your husband?”

Lizzy nodded solemnly.

“But only if the prospect is pleasing to you. And, if you’ll forgive my presumption, I get the impression that supervising the man who once supervised you is not something likely to curry disfavour with you.”

The silence that followed seemed like an eternity to both but, as is so often the way in such hyperactive situations, was no more than a few moments.

Then:

“When and, more importantly, *how*, do I start?” asked an aroused and jubilant former PA.

Lizzy Statham’s answer was to pour them both another large gin & tonic.

Then she told her.

Virgin Territory

“These little balls aren’t yours anymore, are they?”

“Nnnnnnng,” was the only answer Patrick Statham could make as the long and thick shaft of his wife’s lover filled his mouth and seemed sure to block his throat anytime soon; repetition making such usage of him no more acceptable and certainly not arousing. The massive and hairless black balls of his user were slapping against his nose and forehead and, not for the first time, he wondered how he could allow himself to be abused in such a fashion as Terry faced forward that he might have access to his caged penis and testicles.

“That’s alright, my obedient white pussy-boy,” the demoralised white man heard from above. “I know what a well-brought up little cuckold you are and I understand you don’t want to speak with your mouth full. “I know you know those little balls and that puny cock are the property of your wife and her superior black lover now, so we’ll just take it as read, shall we?”

The black shaft slid out and then back in again, deeper this time so that Patrick Statham gagged.

“Don’t you go choking on me before I give your throat its daily dose of African cream, white-boy,” the voice from above warned. “Unless you want me to take your arse again.”

The threat had its effect and the thoroughly cowed Statham fought the urge to expel the invader from his mouth and throat and, instead, attempted to suck the object that had done so much to reduce him to the state of cringing servility in which he now found himself to not only wife but hated lover. Memories of the *“breaking in”* of his virgin arse from not two days before were fresh in his mind and were unlikely to be banished anytime soon given the reminder of his agonising deflowering every time he moved. Of pleasure there had been none – not for him anyway – and the image of himself lying on his back as his tormentor stared down into his eyes and thrust that monstrous black cock deep into his innards was enough to fetch tears of both pain and shame to eyes that had seen more than enough moistness in the few months since his life had been turned upon its head.

Still sucking on the cock of his black *“master”*, Statham’s thoughts returned to that night, on this very bed in the tiny spare-room that was now his, when he had been reduced to a screaming and begging bitch.

“That’s it, pussy-boy,” Terry had told him, eyes fixed upon his own as the first none too gentle thrust of his cock took him some small way into the tight and virginal anus of the white-man.

The squeal of agony could have been a girl’s.

“Go ahead and scream. Nothing Terry likes better than to hear an obedient white bitch scream.”

Patrick Statham did *not* need to be told.

The pain was utterly excruciating and unlike anything he had ever experienced or imagined and, to make matters worse, at some time during his ordeal Lizzy had returned from the library and entered to watch; the sober working clothes of her respectable profession totally at odds with the abuse and perversion she was visiting and having visited upon her enslaved husband.

Still screaming as the black invader eased further into his back passage, Statham was aware, nonetheless, of his wife gazing down at him as she fiddled with something below.

Soon after his screams were muffled as his wife's pantyhose, fragrant from a day at the library and picturing just this scene, were thrust into his mouth.

"That's it, Terry," he heard as he wailed into the sodden fabric, "fuck him like the worthless bitch he is for us. Show him just where he stands in the pecking order and that you're as much his master as me. I want to hear him beg to suck the jetsam of your wonderful black tool after its just domesticated his arsehole."

Despite his pain and all that had occurred before now, Statham could barely believe this was the woman he had once loved and professed to love him back speaking in such a way. And knew it was and that there would be no return *ever* to the way things had been between them before she decided to strip him of his manhood. The mobile held in her hand giving yet more evidence of her intent things remain this way between them.

Patrick Statham was aware it was filming his debasement and that only his own face and the cock of his abuser would be visible.

Yet one more securing nail ensuring an obedience that was already running at pretty near to total to his two masters.

"Look at these breasts, Patsy," he heard his wife say, her hand cupping one to angle it downward. "Wouldn't you like to be sucking on it right now?" She laughed. "If you weren't sucking on the gusset of the pantyhose your wife's been wearing all day that is."

This fetched a laugh from the hated Terry, though the rhythm of the cock thrusting into its white victim was not altered in the slightest.

Terry's laughter was cut short as Lizzy's lips were lowered and found those of her lover's and slipped a tongue past them; both lover and treacherous wife somehow managing to keep their eyes glued to those of their slave as he was tamed further by a cock that did not seem likely to stop pummelling him anytime soon.

Then, breaking off the kiss, Lizzy gave her husband a smile and proceeded to take the panties from his mouth before kneeling up on the mattress and swinging a leg over his head to bring her moist and hairless pussy onto his still screaming mouth.

“Oooooh!” she swooned above him, voice muffled but still carrying to her buggered and now semi-smothered husband. “He’s screaming into my pussy and… and…”

Statham screamed some more as the monstrous black cock that seemed ready to split him in two redoubled its efforts that its lover may feel the sensation with even greater urgency.

“And… it’s utterly… *wonderful!*”

It was no more than twenty seconds later that Patrick Statham had passed out.

Thoughts coming back to the present and the same black cock that never seemed to tire of humiliating him and was at present halfway down his throat but was at least more preferable to him than having it buried to the hilt in his arse, the demoralised white husband recalled the sight that had greeted him as he returned to consciousness with Terry’s cock no longer thrusting but still buried inside him after he had been smothered into oblivion by the pussy of his own wife.

His own reaction had appalled him as the sight of the breasts above him won an instant acknowledgement of admiration from him and, despite his internal torment, he found himself longing to take those wondrous nipples in his mouth and suck upon them – even if it meant begging to do so, and then begging some more as his own cock hardened in its prison and he pleaded to be released from it that he may find another release of its own.

Sometimes, if he begged pitifully enough, his masters even conceded to his wishes.

The sensuous and feminine lips that curled derisively as they gazed down upon him and read his thoughts were both mocking and triumphant. He had been reduced to the most abject form of life in their world and, in the way all canines lick the hand of the owner who punishes them, he was becoming more and more in awe of the master presiding over his fall from the grace of manhood. The hourglass waist and the unblemished skin running up towards those incredible breasts whose nipples revealed to him the pleasure his subservience was providing their owner making Patrick Statham feel, for the first time… *worshipful.*

And it was then, black cock motionless but still filling him, that the one-time husband, father, and owner of his own business, stared up and said the words that confirmed his utter and complete slavery:

“Please, Master Terry, may your white pussy-boy suck your superior black breasts.

It was only a second or two later, after having shared a look of joint triumph with Lizzy Statham, that the gorgeous black shemale looked down at her slave and smiled.

Epilogue

“Go on, bitch, scream… Yeah!... That’s it scream for Terry’s big black cock till it reaches your throat and you can’t scream anymore… Then you can beg to put that puny little tongue into my beautiful fresh shit-chute…”

Three months had passed since Patrick Statham’s anal deflowering via the cock of his wife’s black shemale lover and he was still taking it.

Only now with a difference.

The black cock that was exploring his innards now belonged not to a black shemale named Terry but a vengeful and even more domineering woman with an even bigger black cocked strapped to her waist.

Mrs Sally Grayson savoured the sensation as the opposite – and almost equally as impressive - end of the strapon invaded her own moist cavern and marvelled at the change that had, indirectly, been wrought in her life by the man who now lived with her during the week and who she ruled with an iron hand she would have loved to have exercised on the late-husband who had led her such a non-merry dance. From being a nondescript widow and secretary to the very man she was now fucking over, she had, in the space of weeks, become the boss of that man’s company and the boss of the man himself. And she owed it all to the man’s weakness that had been exploited so cleverly and so ruthlessly by the man’s wife and, now, her friend.

Even the weekends, when she returned him to his former home to provide a sense of normality for his returning daughter – even if this *“normality”* consisted of him performing *all* household chores whilst wearing his now habitual floral apron – were something she looked forward to as they allowed her to recharge her dominant batteries for his return to her on the Sunday evening and their Monday morning journey to his old company where he now occupied a somewhat different position.

A *very* different position…

…A visitor to the small offices of the company specialising in specialised software solutions for office and business would have been amazed to be told that the man printing off correspondence for one of the two young girls constituting the admin staff, this as he waited for the kettle to boil in the adjacent kitchenette and serve the mid-morning coffee, was the founder of that company and had given his name to the enterprise.

“When you’ve finished printing that off and served the coffee, Boy,” said Lucy, a confirmed lesbian yet to reach the age of twenty and even more confirmed in her contempt of men, “I want you to run to the high-street and pick-up my cleaning. It will save me time and leave me to get on with more important things.”

Her young eyes held his, hands placed upon be-skirted and professional hips as if hoping he would speak back to her for her lack of respect towards an older person.
No such *insolence* was forthcoming.

Grateful as he was for the unexpected turn of events seeing his return to the company he had built, Patrick Statham – and despite the dehumanising elements of his recent past – felt a groundswell of resentment at being treated like a lackey by a girl less than half his years and with less than half of that again when it came to working nous. That she felt free to address him as *"Boy"*, he knew, was a direct result of Ms Grayson insisting upon it with the three teenage girls constituting the new staff at Statham Solutions:

"He's a man and he's older than you girls," Sally Grayson had told her hand-picked young staff of none too pretty teenagers, *"and we what men are like. By calling him 'Boy' you instil in his mind his relationship to you. Just because he is older than you and still handsome you are still his bosses. He needs this job so any trouble with him just come to me and he'll be for the high jump."*

The girls, Lucy, Jenny and Diane, knew nothing of Mrs Grayson's domestic arrangements – and it was apparent to the older woman that it wouldn't make much difference to them if they did - had needed no second telling and with every passing day their contempt for their overage office-junior had grown.

A contempt that had culminated with Jenny, the youngest of the three, asking him if he could run a cloth over her shoes as she worked as they had an important client coming in and they had gotten dusty. She was, she said, running behind with an important report Mrs Grayson wanted pronto but knew how much she valued her staff presenting themselves at their best.

His somewhat ineffectual protest at this nonsense, that he wasn't paid (he wasn't paid at all but considered the girls weren't to know that) to polish his fellow employees shoes, was crushed instantly:

"No problem, Boy," Jenny said, the demeaning form of address never failing to make him cringe. "I'll just pop into to Mrs Grayson and tell her the report will take a bit longer. I'm sure you won't want me to get into trouble and won't mind if I tell her I wanted to look good for her clients and asked you to…"

"No problem, Ms Jenkins," Statham came in, knowing whose side his former PA and now master would take and realising only more humiliation would follow if she were involved. "You're right. You crack on and I'll fetch a cloth and some polish."

Two minutes later, when Sally Grayson exited her office to ask for a file, it was to the sight of her former boss on his knees under the desk of a young office girl applying polish to her low-heeled black courts, head ducked as he went about the task, the girl obviously unwilling to give him the slightest help, either by positioning her feet in a more accommodating way or slipping the shoes from them that he may take them through to the utility room and go about his task in less... *humiliating*… surroundings.

"What are you doing, boy?" she blazed, feigning the wrong conclusion in regard of his position at the feet of a young girl.

So great was his haste to explain, Statham actually hit his head on the underside of the desk and it was all Sally Grayson could do not to laugh – even if it was a feat the younger girls couldn't quite manage.

"I, hmm, I mean, Ms Jenkins asked me to polish her shoes for her as we have important clients coming in and she was busy with a report for you."

"Is that right, Jenny?" Sally Grayson asked, expression stern even as she wondered at the depths to which this once relatively confident man had been taken and luxuriated in the thrill of utter dominance and possession she now exercised over him.

"I knew you needed this report and wouldn't want me not looking my smartest when the clients arrived, so yes, I did ask him. I hope you don't mind?"

"Mind, my dear?" Sally Grayson quizzed as a hopeful Statham stared up at her from his position at the girl's feet, hoping for a reprieve from his humble task.

She took a few steps forward and was soon towering over the crouched Statham.

"That's why we have an office-boy and you should be praised for your attention to detail. I'm sure Boy is only too happy to lend a hand. Isn't that right, boy?"

Wanting the floor to swallow him, hopes dashed, Patrick Statham, also known as *"Patsy"* and, now, *"Boy"*, stared up at the woman whose powerful legs clad in navy pantyhose rose up before; the sight of her muscled and defined calf muscles and large feet, not to mention the use she could put them to when punishing the cock she liked to unlock for just that reason, compelling his acquiescence.

"Yes, Ms Grayson," he replied, voice as small and obsequious as the voice of a grown adult male can be. "I'm only too pleased to be of help to both you and Ms Jenkins."

Sally Grayson raised an expectant eyebrow, loving nothing better than to exercise her power over him before an audience.

The girls, becoming more used to these power-plays and feeling empowered enough to re-enact something of the same with the older man when their boss wasn't present, looked on and listened with rapt attention – arousal a given - that did not bode well for the treatment the office *"Boy"* could expect to get from them in future.

Treatment – witness his current position – that wasn't exactly pleasant at this early stage of the working relationship.

Sally Grayson's eyes continued to hold his in a battle of wills so unequal it could barely be described as such; certain her still raised eyebrow was all she required to bring her pet to heel. It being no more than the simplest hint of the whip yet possessing the power to make him again, and just like the well-schooled animal his wife and her shemale lover had decreed he become, cave in before her.

“And the same goes, of course,” he added, beaten eyes flickering in the direction of the other two watching and utterly delighted office-girls, “for Ms Bennett and Ms Harvey.”

Not acknowledging his courtesy with either word or expression, Sally Grayson simply located the required file and returned to her office…

…Sliding the monstrous, black and fake, cock from the anus of her former boss, Sally Grayson delighted in the memory of her office-boy and manservant at the feet of a girl young enough to be his daughter as she had him polish her shoes, acknowledging, as she presented her rear for the attention of his tongue, the description of her new flunky by the black shemale so instrumental in bringing about his current level of docility to the superior sex:

Patrick Statham, she told herself truly was an utterly obedient and:

“Very English cuckold.”

END

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Prologue

To say it was difficult for him would be to deliver a massive understatement.

Wanting nothing more than for his own arousal and need to find fulfilment, the breathing of the woman he loved was becoming shallow in a way that heightened his own need for release and the stream of endearments leaving her lips in a raspy rush warned him her first orgasm of the evening was imminent.

She had transformed into a wholly sexual animal of late and what he had once described as lovemaking had become for her something primal and visceral in which love itself played no apparent part.

This was about the satisfying of lust and *nothing* else.

It was obvious to him that the satisfaction she sought was making its arrival with a rush and a familiar thought added itself to the confusion of emotions swirling inside his head.

If only it could have been him providing her with the release she sought.

Patrick Statham could see the sheen of perspiration forming on her forehead and looked on with a feeling of the deepest humiliation and a sense of equally powerful frustration as his body responded against his wishes to the sight of his wife being taken in front of him and the cock she now referred to as *"Mr Tiny"* attempted to grow in the metal cage she had insisted he wear since the… *thing*… had entered their home to take over those duties that were rightfully his and once had been.

Not for the first time in the previous two months, he was being forced to look on as his wife received the drilling of her life from the abomination of nature that had not just come into their lives but taken them over – his anyway – in the most demeaning and abject of ways. Worse, was the enjoyment his wife took from the subjugation of her own husband at the hands, feet and cock of the monster she was responsible for installing in their home. Pleasure at the treatment he was enduring that was detailed in the diary he had recently stumbled upon that she had started keeping shortly after the change in their marriage; entries he appraised himself of secretly, if not without much personal pain, when she and the monster were out of the house and he could take it from its hiding-place without fear of discovery.

Suddenly, without warning, she screamed and Patrick knew she was on the verge.

Desperate to go to her, that he might gain some small crumb of affection and knowing how pathetic such a reaction was under the circumstances and her treatment of him, he nonetheless remained kneeling in the corner that had been assigned as his spot and to which he had been directed upon entering; terrified to do anything else with the memory of the treatment he received at the hands – and cock – of the *"Creature"* the last time he disobeyed instructions.

"Terry!" she screamed, the name provoking the usual and, it seemed, ever-evolving revulsion and fear for the lover who controlled him so effortlessly.

He had heard it said that the meaner the master the more fervently a dog abased itself before him or her, and now, as his eyes began to leak and his treacherous cock tried to defy the metal of the cage in which they had *both* taken such pleasure in confining him, he realised the master he had once loved as a wife and, incredibly, still did was ready to cum as she screamed out the hated name once again.

"Terry!!!!!"

Patrick Statham's librarian wife, the same wife who had been so sexually timid when he had first met her, was howling her release to the ceiling as the cock she now coveted took her to places he had never been remotely close to visiting with her.

Covered in a sheen of perspiration that made the creamy white skin now denied to him seem even more smooth and flawless, he wondered what the visitors to the small village library who seemed to see her as the epitome of English correctness and solid middle-class breeding would think of her now.

Or *him* come to that.

The massive brown cock that continued to thrust with an almost metronome-like insistence at her greedy little pussy – though by now, and from the attentions of that very cock, it was no longer so *"little"* – showed no sign of letting up; even if it had just won an orgasm from her in front of the man she had once professed to love and loved no longer in the way of old.

Not for the first time, Patrick Statham asked himself how he could allow the situation to continue and, with an equally frequent self-reminder, told himself he had no choice in the matter unless he could find the strength to face up to the disgrace his wife and the *"Creature"* insisted would be coming his way if he defied them.

But that was not all.

Far worse, and in a way that made him question the very masculinity he had once prided himself upon, he knew that, despite everything, he was still obsessed with his wife and the prospect of not having her in his life was far more painful to envisage than any disgrace that might come his way for what had gone on under his roof.

That he could still have such feelings for her were a constant source of incomprehension to him yet, even as he questioned himself for the illogicality of their continued existence, he still prayed that his previously prim, proper and sexually buttoned-up wife would soon get her need to express herself sexually after having been so unadventurous previously out of her system and return to the loving wife and mother she had been before the advent of her need to – how did she put it at the time:

"Have myself filled by a real cock and not some bite-sized substitute."

It had killed him to hear it from her lips and now, as she again went about proving to him that it had not been a slip of the tongue, he wondered how he could bear to see what he was seeing.

How could *any* man?

And yet, despite all of the negative emotions that gnawed at him, Patrick found he wanted nothing more than for his cheating wife to release his cock from its confinement to let it return to its rightful place in her molten cunt - even if she had done just that some weeks before, simply to humiliate him further with the knowledge that she was now so stretched from the cock of the creature currently in possession of her womanhood that he would be able to feel *nothing*.

Which is exactly what he did feel as she let him thrust into her futilely for some thirty seconds or so before declaring him useless and go on to lock *"Mr Tiny"* back in its cage where she insisted it now belonged.

The tiny key dangling from the chain she had proceeded to return to her ankle, he realised, would not be coming off again in the near-future.

"Unless," as she had told him, "you are a really good boy for us."

And now, as he remained on his knees in the corner to which he had been sent, he realised she had recovered from her first orgasm and the creature's insistent drilling was bringing her back to the boil once again.

Not for the first time recently, he found himself admitting a grudging admiration for the cock that could satisfy such a capacity on her behalf and cursed whatever department it was to which the heavens had allocated the disbursal of equipment capable of meeting such expectations.

Humiliated beyond regular comprehension by his own shortcomings and the advantage the wife he loved had taken of them, he knelt and watched, powerless to prevent that same woman being taken – once more - before his eyes. Moistness became fully fledged tears as he saw his wonderful Lizzy reach up to embrace and kiss her lover with a passion he was beginning to realise he himself would never experience again – if he had ever won or experienced passion of such a kind from her anyway. Shame and jealousy raged through him as he watched his wife's legs part further that the abomination above her might drill that monster cock into the as yet unexplored depths of a pussy that now seemed to go on forever.

A forever, it seemed, that would not include him again.

Pulling away from her though, the creature motioned Lizzy to get on all fours facing her husband and, as she eagerly and hastily complied, the tormentor of that husband took up a position behind her.

As Lizzy's eyes found those of her husband to take in his disgrace and be further aroused by it, the monster cock was positioned at her arsehole and pushed forward sharply.

Lizzy cried out with pain as her bowels were invaded.

Pain and… *rapture*.

Patrick Statham could only look on as the most private place belonging to the woman he had loved – and, amazingly, still did - was invaded. Watched with a sickness of heart that matched the perversity of the reaction at his caged groin as her eyes closed tight with ecstasy as the creature introduced her to yet more new sensations that would wrench her further and further away from the Lizzie she had once been and who he so desperately wanted back.

It seemed to take only seconds before the pain of that anal penetration changed to groans of unmistakable pleasure as Lizzy's tight rear entrance began to loosen up and accommodate its invader. Almost frantic with passion, and keeping her eyes fixed upon those of the husband she was torturing, a long and feral groan that seemed to build with power as it made its way past throat and mouth to be released into the sweat drenched ambience of the bedroom almost made her lose the eye-contact that was almost as large a part of her pleasure as the cock in her shit-chute.

To Patrick's amazement, and as if the attention she was receiving were not enough, he saw her reach under herself with one hand and began to frantically play with her clitoris.

"That's it, lover," she moaned, "Fuck my arse in front of our little cuckold… Let him see how good you make me come!"

Her eyes as she had said this had held his with an unholy joy and, having thought he had reached rock-bottom, the husband found his soul possessed yet more levels of misery for her to mine.

The creature needed no further encouragement and began pumping that rock-solid length even harder into her burning arsehole until, the sensation proving too much even for this animal, a massive blast of cum shot straight into her bowels.

"Yes!" she screamed. "That's it, Terry! I can feel your cream in my anus."

The bestial sounds of the creature were added to those of the wife now as the monster cock jetted the last of its cum into the willing receptacle that was the arse of another man's wife.

A man watching from his knees in the corner.

The screams of the two unlikely lovers merged into one then as, yet again, they found themselves enjoying that very completion the watching husband desired so much and was denied.

The same denial that added so much to the already exalted levels of their ecstasy.

As the lovers collapsed to the mattress in a temporarily spent heap before resuming what had only just started, the excluded husband sank down onto his haunches and asked himself if there could ever have been a man who had allowed his wife to reduce him to such a condition of dependence and need he would suffer her taking the cock of another in front of him rather than face the thought of being excluded from her life.

Stranded and isolated in his corner of shame, he shook his head yet one more time at the unbelievable nature of his situation.

It seemed to him a lifetime had passed since the time they had been yet another middle-class couple living out an uneventful if comfy existence in the cosy environs of England's Home-Counties.

Even if he knew it had not been a lifetime at all.

In fact, it had barely been even two months ago…

Bombshell

“Is that it!”

Lizzy, Patrick Statham’s correct, loving, and, up to now un-vocal when it came to matters of sex, wife was looking up at him unhappily as he planted his hands either side of her head to prop his post-coital form above her.

A small look of perplexity tarnished his self-satisfaction to crease the still boyish and good-looking features he had retained into his fortieth year.

“What do you mean?” he asked, having done no more and no less than he usually did during their Saturday night lovemaking interlude.

They had been married for some years and, as with the vast majority of married couples, sex between them had become more infrequent after the birth of their daughter and, having received no complaints up to now, he had thought all remained status quo.

Until now.

“How about thinking of me for a change?” she countered question with question. “What do you think I get out of this arrangement if you’re tiny penis just explodes the second its inside my pussy.

“Lizzy!” he gasped, open-mouthed, too shocked by the type of language he had neither heard nor ever expected to hear coming from her lips to register the *‘tiny penis’* jibe at this point. “What…? What’s gotten into you?”

A sudden look of contriteness crossed her pretty face with the snub nose that had so enchanted him fifteen years before on first meeting her but, had he looked closely, he would have seen something else there too.

Determination.

“I’m not sure,” she told him, qualifying it immediately. “Not entirely.”

She appeared to consider her own words:

“Then again, maybe I am.”

“What is it, Lizzy? If something’s troubling you I want to know. I’m your husband. We’re supposed to share these things.”

“This is different,” she said. “I’m not sure I can...”

She thought about it.

“… Though I really think I should.”

He recognised the look transforming her features now.

She had reached a decision.

It was typical of her, he thought. Being a wife, a mother and a librarian, and having that English rose look into the bargain, people always leapt to the conclusion that she was the stereotype of all those things. And, to an extent, she was. She was also, he knew, a very determined lady when something truly required being acted upon and, once her mind was made up on a subject, that was an end to it.

Given that he was her senior by eight years and with the money he made from his software accessory company – it was niche, so it wasn't a fortune, though it did keep them comfortably - it had always been accepted between them that he would be the leader in their relationship and this had proved the case. But that did not mean she was a pushover by any means. She could be, he had told himself on many an occasion, the proverbial dog with a bone if, for instance, she disagreed with, say, his choice of the secondary school young Sophie would soon be of an age to attend.

This bone though, as he was about to find out, would be of a kind that would have consequences more far reaching and life-changing than a simple choice regarding their only daughter's place of education.

Far, far more.

"You're being mysterious, Lizzy," he told her. "It's not like you."

She had wriggled out from underneath him by now and was lying on her side looking at him, head propped upon her right hand with an expression he knew well from years of exposure to it.

His wife had reached a decision.

To his surprise, the two of them having always been once a night – or week, as the case was now – love-makers, he felt Lizzy's hand encircle his penis.

He gave her a puzzled look that was quickly replaced by surprise as he felt himself start to harden again.

"I've always liked your little dick," she told him, fetching another gasp of shock from him for her vulgar forthrightness – not to mention a little indignation at this, her second, reference to the size of his manhood; retaliation forgotten though as she gently feathered her fingers over his groin and balls.

"If you must know," she said in a low voice, "When your little dick exploded in me I was thinking about what it would feel like to have a really big thick cock in me for once. The type of cock that refused to stop until I did and put my orgasm first for once."

She felt his *"little dick"* twitch in her hand and prayed it meant what she thought it meant and that her online reading on the subject that had aroused both her passion and her hopes might yield a positive result.

At least for her.

"Oooh," she cooed, "does someone like the thought of his prim and proper wife taking a nice big fat cock up her cunt?"

"Lizzy!!" he gasped and she could see from his expression that her choice of words had truly shocked him.

She also noted he did *not* attempt to extricate a *"little dick"* from her feathering hand; a dick that was, unimpressive or not, about as hard and urgent as she could ever remember it being in their life together thus far.

And this after having just had his premature way with her!

"Is that why your tiny cockle is so hard for mummy, sweetheart? Do you love mummy so much you want her to find a nice big man – a *real* man – to fill her pussy so you don't have to feel bad about not being able to help her?"

She could see he was going red in the face under her unexpected and out of character onslaught but still did not attempt to remove the equipment she was disparaging from the attentions of her hand.

"That's so considerate of you and it makes mummy love her little boy all the more," she breathed, realising with a sense of triumph that he was actually responding to words most husbands would have considered grounds for divorce and growing more and more excited as she whispered them into his ear."

Perhaps, she told herself, her online reading had been as correct as it had been exciting.

Perhaps he was one of those men who, willingly or unwillingly, could not match up to their wives sexually and became more and more docile the more the wife in question asserted herself.

Perhaps what she wanted and what those online stories described was possible to experience in real time and real life.

Emboldened by this and spotting the usual signs that acted as giveaways on those occasions when she had brought him off with her hand, she took the head of his cock between thumb and forefinger and began to jerk it more swiftly. He would, she knew, be unable to last much longer and had, in fact, already surpassed her expectations of him time-wise when in such a state of rut. Even if those expectations could hardly be said to be on the high side.

Sure enough he gave out with what seemed almost like a swoon and a tiny jet of semen squirted from his cock to land on the duvet.

Knowing he would feel humiliated now the euphoria was missing she simply sat and waited, eyes on him as he came to terms with the reaction he had just provided.

Knowing also that he would want some reassurance that she had been playing around when describing his dick as *"tiny"* and *"little"*.

Reassurance he was *not* going to get.

As she suspected, it was humiliation for his reaction to her words that kicked in first:

"Sorry about that," he told her sheepishly, reaching for a tissue from the bedside cabinet to wipe himself, though she could tell he wasn't entirely sure exactly what it was he had just apologised for.

"Nothing to be sorry about, sweetie," she assured him, deciding to continue with the childish endearments she knew he had never been fond of seeing if he took her to task for using them. "Though I am surprised you got so excited when I made fun of your little cockle."

He looked truly pained.

"You, er…" he began, face reddening in a way she found utterly delightful as she realised she had set them both on a voyage of discovery; even if she did suspect – nay: hope – that his living-quarters would soon be found below decks.

"I'm your wife, sweetie," she began, picking up on his hesitation and paraphrasing his earlier assertion. "We're meant to share these things.."

If he was aware of the irony he was going to some lengths not to show it, taking her instead, it seemed, at face value:

"You didn't mean that about my… about my…"

"Tiny cock?" she offered helpfully, winning a look of anger and reproach.

And, unless she was very much mistaken, a fair to middling helping of shame.

He tried to put his hands round her waist and draw her in for an affectionate kiss, as if this would somehow restore the equilibrium and his cock could return to the average dimensions he had always been convinced were the case – this despite the evidence of changing-room showers before, with much relief, he had left school and sports days behind.

"That can wait," she said, pushing him away for the first time in their marriage and knowing the effect it would have upon him; knowing also that she had allowed him to lead for too long.

As of this moment, however, as her anonymous online guides to this new sexual territory insisted, he needed to be shown the power she wielded over him and realise it was her decision as to how far she took it.

Right now though, she told herself, and if she went on feeling the way she felt at the moment, it would not be so much a question of how far so much as one of how to stop.

The – supposed – real life experiences she had read with such avidity had all spoken of how addictive the lifestyle could be and, if this first and small experience of what it might have to offer her were a harbinger of delights to come, she could only believe them.

Already, in fact, she wanted to take things forward.

"You mustn't be ashamed to get excited at the prospect of another man satisfying your wife, Patrick," she began, loving the way his cheeks reddened as she said it.

"In a way," she went on, "it's only right that a man would want his wife to be… *fulfilled*. Even if it is the cock – the *larger* cock - of another man performing the feat for her. I suppose, when you think about it, it's a statement of that husband's love for his wife, isn't it?"

These unexpected events were moving at a rate-of-knots he was un-equipped to keep up with and, as he stared at her open-mouthed with shock at hearing such words and statements making their way past her lips, she upped the ante:

"You asked me a question and I think we've reached a point in our marriage where you need to be supplied with a truthful answer."

For the first time she saw real fear in his expression and was elated to know she was its cause. He was not a stupid man, not by a very longshot, and would know by now that something was badly wrong. Her out of character behaviour, he would be telling himself could only be the cause of some dissatisfaction with their relationship he had managed to miss and he would be worrying that she might want to end their marriage.

It was, she knew from her reading, the kind of *"worrying"* that could, if handled wisely, place power in those hands that should have been wielding it from the beginning.

Her hands.

"The answer, sweetie, is yes. I did mean it. You have a tiny cock."

"But…"

"No buts," she shushed him, flicking a look to the wilted nubbin that no advocate of even the most articulate, devious and persuasive type could prove to be otherwise and delighting as his guilty eyes followed the direction of her own and then looked away; unable to meet the certainty waiting to meet him if he were to return her gaze.

"The time for massaging your ego is over, I'm afraid."

"My… ego?"

“For too long now I’ve allowed the fact you’re older than me and have a company that makes money to keep me from taking that place in our relationship that is rightfully mine.”

“For god’s sakes, Lizzy,” he said, leaping from the bed as if it had suddenly become a red-hot griddle-pan intent on cooking him, staring down at her with an outrage that was not helped by the now flaccid prick retreating ever further towards his pubic growth. “What’s going on with you? Are you actually listening to the nonsense you’re spouting?”

She shrugged and waited for him to finish.

“I just can’t believe what I’m hearing. You’re my wife. We’ve been together eleven years. Why would you speak in such a way to someone you say you love?”

She could see where his thoughts were going and, well-read and forearmed, took the necessary action.

“And I love you still,” she assured him, certain the relief he was unable to prevent revealing itself upon his features would not last longer than her next observation. “But I have decided that from now on you need to be loved in a way that is more truthful and more fulfilling for me. Perhaps for both of us.”

Now he was just plain confused; though not so off-balance he couldn’t take his robe from the back of the bedroom door to wrap around himself and thus deprive his *“tiny penis”* from being seen and, worse… *ridiculed.*

“You’re not making any sense to me, Lizzie. My… cock… is the same size it was when we met and you didn’t complain then or since.”

“Which makes it high-time I did so. I told you I still love you and I do. But I need a real cock in me that I can actually feel from now on.”

The horror etched into his features was all too real as she finished:

“A *man’s* cock.”

She could see he was unsure how to react and loved having him on the backfoot in such a way. If this was what power felt like, she told herself, then the sooner she truly experienced it the better she would like it. Also, and equally as exciting, she felt certain that, despite the anger and bafflement transfiguring her husband’s face, if she were to open his robe she would find his *“cockle”* again becoming erect.

Something, she told herself also, that would be ground-breaking for him.

Three erections in a single evening!

Unheard of.

“It does excite you though, doesn’t it,” she said, not bothering to accompany her sentence with the high-rise terminal necessary to make it a question, certainty and confidence growing with each passing second as she raising herself up to rest upon her elbows to allow full and pert breasts to point in his direction along with erect nipples of her own that were, she exaggerated to herself, not much smaller than her husband’s penis itself.

He looked away shamefacedly and she had her answer.

“Relax, sweetie. I’m not going to judge you. It really isn’t as uncommon as you think for a poorly endowed husband to express the love he has for his wife by insisting she be filled by the cock of a physically superior man.”

He looked absolutely devastated – not to mention guilty – and the certainty grew within her that she could accomplish just about what she wanted with this man she still loved but who, perversely, she wished to torture for his shortcomings.

Love, she told herself, was not all about hearts and flowers and eternal fidelity.

It could also be about one partner standing aside selflessly that the one with more potential might live her life to the full.

Even if that standing aside might involve being forced to watch as that living to the full was accomplished – amongst the providing of other more... *domestic*… services.

“You…? You really think I…? I…?”

He hesitated again, unable to even voice the same words she had used so easily.

“Love me enough to allow a real man give me the fucking I deserve?” she asked, loving the effect such language, and upon *her* lips, had on him.

She nodded, holding mortified and outraged eyes with her own.

“Of course I do, sweetie,” she assured him. “Why else would your little cockle get all hard again after it had just done its business inside mummy?”

The averting of his eyes and cheeks reddening to scarlet told her she had hit the mark and she pushed on, the situation she had engineered taking on a forward momentum of its own – again as her reading had insisted it would – once she had given it the necessary kick-start.

“Why,” she pressed on, “I bet if mummy came over and opened her little boy’s robe she would find his little cockle trying to be all big and hard for her again.”

If more blood found its way to his face, she told herself, it would have no other option but to explode.

He returned his eyes to hers now and she knew what was to follow, her husband's thoughts as facile to her as ever and only serving to increase her confidence in her ability to manipulate him into a position of her choosing.

The conclusion he had allowed himself to reach was not, therefore, a surprise to her exactly:

"Look, Lizzy, if this… *talk*… is your way of trying to add a little zest in the bedroom, I'm…"

He paused to choose the words most likely to help his cause, not to know there weren't any.

"Listen, I'm as broadminded and spontaneous as the next man, but it would have been a good idea if you'd discussed your intentions with me beforehand instead of just springing them on me out of the blue like this."

The smirk his chosen words elicited was not encouraging – the words chosen by his wife of eleven years to answer his own even less so; formed as they were of her knowing he was only as broadminded and spontaneous as the next man if that next man happened to be a hermit cleric:

"Is that what you think this is about then?" she asked. "An attempt on my part to instil zest into our pathetic love-life by ridiculing your even more pathetic equipment?"

He looked crestfallen as even this fig-leaf was ripped from his self-deluding grasp.

"You…? You mean it isn't?"

The emphatic shaking of her head was hardly a reassurance.

"Then…? If that's not what it is, what the hell is it?"

Though anger simmered very close to his surface she saw in him that same unwillingness to confront her she had seen in the past when they had bumped heads over a point-of-disagreement; she was, she knew, mentally, if not physically, stronger than him and the superior muscle he possessed – such as it was – had never proved a factor in their, admittedly few, confrontations in the past.

Arguments in which she had *always* triumphed.

Unlike those other arguments though, she told herself, this was one he dare not lose if he didn't want to lose his self-respect and personal autonomy in the process.

And one she was utterly determined he should.

"Haven't you been listening to a word I said?" she rebuked him, enjoying doing so and promising to experience the same pleasure on a regular basis from now on. "It's about a new way for us to live together," she told him.

“But…? What’s wrong with the way we live now?” he protested. “You’ve always been happy with it?”

“No,” she said, over-pinning the negative with heavy emphasis. “I went along with things as they were because you were happy and I wanted to please you. It’s what loving partners do for each other. Happy, though?”

She held his eyes as she shook he head and finished with an emphatic:

“Never!”

World being torn down about him or not, he looked about ready to come back with something at this and she went on quickly, knowing she had to lay it on the line while the blood was hot, so to speak, and that there be no backtracking later; colours needing to be nailed to the mast that he may see her readiness to make sail.

With him on board or not.

Though, preferably, with.

“Now, if you love me the way you’re always insisting you do, it’s time you did the same thing for me I’ve been doing for you all these years and made your own happiness secondary to that of mine. It’s my turn to be fulfilled and I expect you to support me – *totally* – or we *will* take it to the divorce-courts.”

It seemed to her that the life went out of him with a rush at her words and for a moment, so devastated was he by her thunderbolt, she fully expected him to collapse to the floor in a heap.

“Don’t pretend to yourself that I’m not serious, Patrick,” she spoke over the fear of losing her she could see unmanning him; yet another pointer to his dependence upon her and boding well for ultimate success. “Just because I’ve been content to follow your lead over the years doesn’t mean I wasn’t aware of which of us had the real strength in the relationship. My love for you remains – albeit in a different form – and from now on I expect you to show your gratitude for letting you stay in my life in ways of *my* choosing.”

“Letting me stay in your…?”

“Life,” she finished for him. “That’s right. Under the right conditions, I would far rather you remain at my side.”

“Right con…? Have…? Have you gone mad, Lizzy?” he asked what was left of his voice growing louder. “We have an eight-year-old daughter for heaven’s sakes! What the hell are you thinking?”

Lizzy shrugged, unsurprised he had introduced Sophie into the mix so quickly.

It was, after all, exactly the tactic a *weak* man would adopt.

A man it was obvious, just as it had always been obvious she saw now, who could not match her strength of character or the iron-will that went with it.

She found herself smiling inwardly as it struck her that it was not for nothing that she had a legion of adoring, if undeclared, admirers at the library where her bespectacled and officious manner – together with the shapely and matronly legs she was at pains to let them see to best effect in shoes with a heel high enough to flatter and low enough to be decorous – seemed to attract and compel a kind of male… *servility*.

"What I intend for us will *never* impact upon our daughter unless you are unwise enough to make it do so," she told him sincerely, loving her daughter equally as much as the doting father. "But my love for her won't prevent either your agreement to what I want or the divorce that will follow if you can't bring yourself to… *comply*."

She noted that every time she mentioned divorce he seemed to shrink into himself further and decided it was time to bring proceedings to a close.

At least for now.

The first steps had been taken and he was now aware of what not going along with her plans for their marriage would mean for him; now it was time to give him some space in which to think about it."

"We will talk at greater length on the subject at a time of my choosing tomorrow," she told him in her most authoritative and library-like voice."

He looked about ready to try and force her to talk now but she spoke on over him:

"You can spend tonight in the spare room to think long and hard about what I've told you. I don't want you sharing the same bed with me until you agree your cock's not up to the job and tell me you accept I have the right to have myself filled with those that are. Perhaps not even then, we'll see."

Again, he was about to say something and again he was cut off.

This time, however, it was from a quite different source; namely the opening of the bedroom door:

"Mummy, I'm thirsty and couldn't sleep," said little Sophie, red-hair and snub nose making her a spit for her mother and looking angelic in a way her father had, under an hour before, applied to the mother also, only to have his thoughts on that score – his thoughts on everything important to him – revised drastically.

"That's alright, Sophie," Lizzy assured her. "Daddy has a headache and is going to sleep in the spare-room. He'll fetch you a nice glass of juice."

"Can I have blackcurrant?"

"Of course you can, precious. Now off you get to bed."

Sophie did as she was told and left, leaving her mother to fix her husband with a look: “Both of you.”

Lizzy's Diary

October 25th

My mind is abuzz!

It's three in the morning and I'm back in my old room at mum and dad's. My husband is at home where I left him with strict instructions not to try and contact me for the week I'll be here. Our daughter is tucked up in the little bedroom my parents set aside for her the day I told them I was pregnant… and I've just come back from London – ostensibly to meet an old girl-friend – where I allowed a stranger I met via the Internet to take me up to a hotel room and make me squeal with a cock that was as impressive in the flesh as it had been as a photo attachment.

It's the first cock I've experienced other than my husband's and the frustration I've been feeling pretty much from the first time Patrick made love to me has now turned into anger towards him for having deprived me of sex of such an intensity for all these years.

Any small feelings of guilt I had on behalf of the man whose life I'm determined to turn on its head have gone completely now. Though I shall keep on being me, of course. Just because what I have in mind for my private life might be seen as perverted and obscene by most people doesn't mean I don't value the respect I have in our little community – but that "Me" will be a woman my tiny-dicked husband won't recognise.

The power I felt a couple of nights ago when I dropped the bombshell on him was incredible! Any nerves I had were quickly put aside when, instead of acting the way any real man would and either kicking me out or giving me a verbal slapping, his shock soon turned to whining and I just knew the life I wanted us to lead together from now on was possible.

And now here I am, fresh from being fucked by another man, a stranger, while Patrick is at home trying to work a way out of his mess and make his wife see sense.

Forget it!

My husband's only in a mess because I have seen sense.

Andy was good looking, and very interested in me. I had hooked up with him on a dating-site for "Wives Who Cheat" I'd signed up with.

He said he was experienced in the whole cuckold husband scene and had fucked wives whose husbands had given their full consent and those with husbands who hadn't.

He also told me he was about 6' 4" and very well built.

From the pictures of himself he sent – draped and undraped – I could see he was well proportioned everywhere and certainly no liar.

He was also, he told me, a chartered accountant; which was not quite the profession I had in mind for my first lover outside of marriage – even if the look of him did make up for that small disappointment.

Judging by what I could tell from his pictures and the tasteful clothes and immaculate grooming, he was a perfect example of a thirty-something white professional.

During our email conversations. I'd told him I didn't want to get into the full cuckold relationship thing and invite another man into our marriage full-time, just yet, perhaps not ever, but that I could certainly use some real sex.

Now, two weeks after our first online conversations, he had given me just that.

We met in a wine bar located in an alley almost directly opposite the theatre on Whitehall that had once been famous for hosting the farces of Brian Rix, but, if the way his lips felt on mine when he rose to greet me, I knew right from the beginning that this would be no farce. In fact, it was not minutes afterwards, and a few hurried swallows of the Cabernet Sauvignon he'd had waiting for me, that we decided to cut the small talk short and head for the hotel room he had booked a few hundred yards away in the Strand.

The moment the door to the room closed behind us he was on me; full-on, animal and commanding.

And I loved it!

Right from the start he took control in a way my little Patrick would have found impossible – even if he had been blessed with a bigger cock than the dicklet he had dipped into me from time to unfulfilling time.

Within seconds, my skirt had been pulled all the way up and large hands were cupping my arse and the tiny panties with which I'd covered it. I also had a grip on his arse cheeks through his chinos and our tongues clashed as the pent-up excitement resulting from two weeks of anticipation for him, and eleven years for me, were given full expression.

He staggered backwards towards the bed, hands still on my arse as my legs wrapped themselves around his waist, and when we sprawled out upon it I simply left years of sensible and sober behaviour behind and went straight after his cock.

Unbuttoning his chinos and their fly. I ran my hand inside his underwear to grasp the biggest and hardest cock I've ever felt.

If I hadn't known it before, I knew it then.

Sex with Patrick from now on was history.

Excepting, of course, that sex which I decided to let him give me with his tongue.

It felt hot and large in my hand, pulsing with a power that had absolutely nothing in common with any erection of my husband's I had ever experienced. I've never held a cock so big in my life. Though I fully intend to do so again. It was huge and I – Lizzy Statham, wife, mother, local librarian and a Town Councillor old beyond her years - was going to be the one on the end of it.

But not before I did something else.

Another first.

The feel and taste of a real man's cock in my warm and willing mouth.

Its presence there banishing forever the dicklet of the husband who had once been so fortunate and would never be a real man in my eyes again.

Lowering my head to his lap, I nibbled at the wonderful mushroom head a little, then, when his interest levels were raised, so to speak, I stood up and told him to watch me strip, amazed at my own assertiveness as he did just that.

As I stared into his eyes, I slowly pulled my skirt down my legs to the floor and smiled as his eyes left mine to take in the full, if matronly, perfection of legs I knew men – certain men – lusted after.

Shapely and powerful legs or not, though, Andy's eyes were soon locked on my crotch, muscular calves and smooth and creamy skin forgotten for the moment as I exposed the pussy I had only that day shaved with him in mind. Giving him a few moments to drink it in and admire, I then let my panties snap back up and into place and was rewarded for my patience when he looked back up at me to watch as I slowly started to unbutton my blouse.

As he ran a tongue over suddenly dry lips, I could hardly believe that I was actually stripping in front of a man other than my wimpy-dicked husband.

The thought made me so wet I fully expected to dehydrate on the spot.

When I had all the buttons undone, I shrugged the blouse from my shoulder and allowed it to drift to the floor, confidence soaring with the irrefutable evidence of the pleasure Andy took from watching my striptease as it rose up on the bed before me.

Despite his experience in these situations and the fact he was my physical superior – if only in strength – I knew I was the one in control and felt enthralled with the power I was exercising.

Suddenly though, Andy rose up from the mattress and moved behind me, allowing his chinos to fall to his feet and kicking them off and away as he did so; wrapping his arms around me for both hands to find my tits and the nipples proclaiming my own arousal through the fabric of my bra.

The feel of those strong hands as they handled me was wonderful.

His hard cock rubbed against my arse and I wiggled back into him as he found the clasp holding my bra together in the front and opened it to slide sensuous fingers under the thin material to stroke the naked skin waiting to greet them.

As he started to tweak my nipples, my bra fell away to the floor and I gazed down with a kind of mesmerized pleasure at the sight of his tanned and manly hands cupping my creamy white and still firm tits.

I had been moving my ass on him all the time, and now moved away a bit so I could reach behind me and again feel his impressive cock in my grip and, as my hand found it, his caresses began a downward journey from my tits.

Within a few incredibly anticipatory moments I felt his fingers fluttering at my pussy through the gusset of the panties and sucked in my breath as he slid his fingers under the waistband and right to my bare pussy.

His touch was electric and I nearly came on the spot as his fingers fluttered against my hot, wet pussy.

Wanting to extend the pleasure, I pulled his hand out of my panties and turned around to face him and start unbuttoning his shirt to remove it and then do the same for his boxers. Then, pushing him backwards and down to the mattress, I decided this would be a good time to tease him a little and began to stroke his moderately hairy legs, running my hands up to fleetingly caress his balls before returning to caress his thighs again.

There was, I noticed, a good deal of fluid leaking form the head of his cock and I reveled in the power I had over this physically imposing man with strength enough to take me in any way he wanted should he so choose. Finally, I slid my hands up to give his balls a gentle squeeze and turned my attentions to the shaft of his cock itself, allowing my fingers pinch and squeeze at its length. Without doubt, it was the biggest cock I had ever seen, let alone handled, and the knowledge it was both wanting and waiting for me was heady for a local librarian who, despite the fact she was into her thirties and married with a daughter into the bargain, was pretty inexperienced sexually thanks to the limitations of her tiny-dicked husband.

Again, I mentally castigated Patrick for depriving me of the fulfilment I was certain I was about to experience and swore to myself that he would be the one to be deprived from now on and that I would take great satisfaction from being the one doing the depriving.

Coming back to the delight sprawled below me, I again ran my hands slowly back up over my lusty chartered-accountants legs and over the big balls full of his manly cream. I swear I almost swooned when I finally took a tighter grip upon the shaft, holding it in both hands, it was so long.

It was very hot, and throbbed at my touch as I started to kiss his thighs while moving my mouth ever higher. My experience of sucking cock for Patrick had not been positive. But this, I knew, would be different.

Completely.

Obviously, the size difference between the two men was a massive factor, but something else was taking my arousal to levels off what I had previously considered the scale. Whether it was he was responding to my control of the situation or just the taboo of the whole thing, my feelings were in a place and at a level I had not suspected could exist for me.

Amazed at my calmness and prepossession, I looked Andy in the eyes as I got closer and saw his own excitement mirrored back at me as I finally started kissing my way up his throbbing cock; paying special attention to the area right under the head that I had learned was extremely sensitive even from the sucking of a cock-substitute such as was possessed by my husband. Dropping my eyes from his, I saw a large drop of clear fluid appear and, rather than wipe it off as I did with Patrick before continuing to provide him the oral service he refused to provide me, I wrapped my lips around his head and sucked upon it as if I were a greedy schoolgirl in possession of the world's very last lollipop.

Far from being repulsed as I had always thought I would, it was actually enjoyable and spurred my mouth to greater exertions.

"Oh, baby," I heard from above me as I continued to suck, "that husband of yours must be some kind of special fool not to give you what you need."

My first "Bull", as they are called – though he was far from controlling me in the way of the men I'd read of who were described in such a way - was loving this and I felt a sense of pride for being able to please him in such a way. I was staring up into eyes as I sucked now and his expression was priceless. My mouth was taking him to heaven and I would soon insist he return the same favour for me.

He kept telling me how good it felt and how he loved my mouth and how Patrick must be the world's biggest loser to risk losing me. Most of it was hyperbole, of course, inspired by the sensations my mouth were provoking from him, but it was wonderful to hear just the same and added another strand to the sense of liberation I was feeling as his manhood throbbed and pulsed under my command.

Soon, though not as soon as Patrick's pitiful attempts to delay his own orgasm that he might prolong his own pleasure – certainly not mine – I could tell he was reaching a crisis and knew I would have to make a decision.

I had, you see, never let anyone come in mouth.

Andy's hyperbole was beginning to get a little incoherent now and I could feel his thighs trembling against my tits as his balls readied themselves to unload their cream into his cock and then into my enveloping mouth. Yet, and to his credit, he didn't simply take my head between his hands and try to force anything but simply announced to me that he was coming and allowed me to make my own decision.

My decision being to just let it happen.

Convulsing suddenly, his cock seemed to spasm against my slurping tongue and a split second later I felt his semen hit the back of my mouth.

Not having left myself much in the way of a choice, I started swallowing, but there was so much of it I felt myself gag, compelling me to take his cock from my mouth and allow his copious cream to leak from my mouth and over my hand to travel down over the shaft oh his cock itself.

Recovering somewhat and greedy for another taste of that wonderful cock, I plopped him back inside my mouth and resumed sucking, not stopping until I felt the last of his semen – for now - running down my chin.

Raising myself up before him as he lay back down upon the mattress, propped upon his elbows as glazed and appreciative eyes took in the rise and fall of my tits, I wiped his cum from my chin with a finger and then, playing the wanton slut, licked it off as I stared into his eyes.

"That," he told me a few seconds later with a huge smile of gratitude that made me feel inordinately proud of myself, "was up there with the best blowjobs I've ever had. And believe me, I've been on the right end of enough of them to be in a position to compare.

After that, we snuggled up together, both of us amazed that we had only met in the flesh for the first time not an hour before – even if I promised myself that it would a one-time and a one-time only thing. A relationship was not what I wanted right now – I had one of those waiting for me at home when I decided to return and mould it to my liking – and I didn't want any complication that might get in the way of the sexual experimentation I intended to make with different partners as a way of making up for lost time.

"One-off", or not, however, I couldn't stop myself from staring at the awesome cock I had just sucked to completion before swallowing the load my efforts had coaxed from it.

Amazingly – having only ever experienced Patrick's one-time-and-out efforts – that same cock began to seem even more awesome to me when I realised it wasn't appearing to get soft.

I did not need a spoken invitation.

Moving my hand down, I started to stroke him again, the remnants of the fluid from his last ejaculation that smeared his shaft made a nice lubricant and I moved my head back down to lick up some of the come I'd missed as the still hard cock became even harder.

Now though, I decided, it was my turn.

I wanted… needed… to feel that cock inside of me.

Straddling his torso, I moved up and positioned my pussy right over his cock before reaching down and grasping his shaft so I could move the head around between my pussy lips; then, once the head was shiny and wet, I lowered myself onto it and felt my pussy stretch as the shaft eased its way into me.

For the very first time in my life I was about to be really fucked and would, in the process, fuck the complacent and sexually bastard waiting for me back at home, praying, no doubt, that this was some temporary phase his wife was going through and things would return to their usual mundane predictability the moment she had gotten it out of her system.

Far from this being the case, it was the cock pistoning its way into my system that would, I knew, change everything.

For both me and him.

Thoughts of my husband in the new role I intended for him for once provoked arousal in me and ensured I rose back up and pushed down again on Andy's cock to force more of him into me while he began to fondle my tits as I did so and added yet another strand of sensation into the mix.

Before long – and to my most pleasurable surprise given the length of my lover - I felt his pubic hair brush my pussy and I was completely impaled on his lovely cock.

The feeling was utterly incredible and again anger towards Patrick for having deprived me of such joy for so long accompanied my, admittedly, scrambled thought.

Resting a little to savour the feeling of him inside me, I then rose all the way up and slowly lowered myself onto him again.

It was impalement of the most positive kind.

I was taking to my new role as a size-queen as if born to it and simply sat there, working his shaft with my inner muscles as he played with my hardened nipples. It was amazing how full and stretched my little pussy felt. Even if I knew it would not be remaining "little" for long.

Afterwards he told me that he had never had a pussy grip him so tightly and he complimented me for being a natural, saying my pussy was naturally talented.

But that, as I say, and as pleased as I was to hear it, was afterwards.

More comfortable now, gripping his cock between my vaginal muscles tightly, I started to fuck him.

Me? Lizzy Statham? Fucking him?

Moving my pussy up and down on his cock whilst still maintaining my grip upon it, I began to ride the man who was liberating me from the years of sexual dissatisfaction and neglect.

It felt wonderful.

Just the same, I knew – for the reasons of sexual neglect I've already mentioned - I wouldn't last very long.

Then I realised something else that made my lack of staying power more acceptable.

I'm a woman.

As long as my lover could stay hard – and he showed every sign of having such a trick in his locker – I would have another chance to last longer very shortly.

And, hopefully, another after that.

With that, I started slamming down on him, feeling him reach depths heretofore unexplored and knowing there were still greater depths even beyond his impressive equipment. Yet, still, I was as full of cock as I had ever been and the sensation of it was simply staggering as, feeling my own orgasm approaching, I pumped him harder.

When one of his hands left my nipples to reach beneath me and find my clit the sound of my explosion must have been heard the length of the Strand by lawyers off Fleet Street in Chancery Lane at one end to the pigeons of Trafalgar Square at the other.

At that moment, Patrick as a sexual entity in my life was all but finished.

Ultimatum

“Did last night do it for you?”

It was mid-evening in the Statham household and Sophie was fast tucked up in bed. Her parents were sat opposite each other on facing sofas in the living-room downstairs and ready to address the issues between them. Lizzy had refused to let her husband engage her in conversation regarding the events of the previous evening either in the morning before work and getting their daughter to school and was equally as adamant that they not do so until the eight-year-old was upstairs asleep; or at least on the way there.

“Do what for me,?” he asked, instantly defensive, though she knew he was completely up-to-speed with what she was asking.

“Turn you on.”

He said nothing but immediately averted his eyes and she could see he had been doing much thinking – which was only to be expected, of course – overnight and through the day.

She could also see that he knew now with certainty that she was serious about wanting to cuckold him – even if she wasn’t sure he would be up to speed with the way she herself defined the word.

“You came twice,” she reminded him, still dressed in her working clothes of two-piece dark-grey suit, navy blouse and pantyhose of the same shade, legs crossed in such a way as to push the calf-muscle of her right leg against her left knee and emphasise its… power.

“In fact,” she added, “I’m pretty sure that if I’d pursued it I could have got a third helping from you as well.”

Her smile, had his head not been turned away, would have seemed… nasty… to him; the glee provoked by her own unchallenged malice towards him unmistakable.

He would have been right.

“A child’s helping,” she finished.

No response came from opposite her and, for once, she was unsure either of what her husband was thinking or how he would approach the problem.

Though she was sure it would not be divorce.

“Was it thinking about a big powerful brute of a man with equipment to match as he touched my pussy in places yours could only dream of reaching that did it for you?”

She watched as he swallowed something: saliva, pride or, more likely, both and marvelled at the pleasure she took from treating him in such a way; telling herself that if she was finding power addictive then cruelty might soon become a rival.

Shame for having feelings of such a kind towards a man who loved her and was the father of her daughter was completely absent; so absent, in fact, she decided to turn the screw more:

“The man I imagined fucking me as your little cockle was given the undeserved honour was larger than you in all respects. I even pictured you in the room with us, kneeling at the side of the bed as he rode me, tears streaming down your cheeks as you realised you’d lost me.”

Pausing to give extra emphasis to what passed for the reassurance she was about to supply him, she noted her husband’s seeming helplessness in the face of her renewed onslaught.

“Lost me ‘physically’, that is,” she disabused him. “The emotional bond between us is very important to me and, under the right circumstances, I would love nothing more than to keep you at my side.”

And now he did turn, face a mask of misery and sheer uncertainty and indecision that screamed evidence of the mental state to which she had reduced him with such swiftness.

“And you really think I can stay with you? Knowing you want to be with other men?”

“Other ‘bigger’ men, she corrected him.

“Fuck it, Lizzie!” he almost screamed, leaping to his feet and swearing at her for the very first time – another indicator of the mental turmoil she had inspired and found pleasing, “you can’t do this to me.”

“But that’s just it, Patrick. I can. And, what’s more, you know it.”

“I don’t believe it,” he told her. “You really are serious about this… *filth*.”

An idea seemed to occur to him:

“And what do you think your parents will say when I tell them why we’re splitting up? And them so proud of their ‘little Elizabeth’. Might feel a bit different about her when they find out she wants to cheat on her husband with the nearest available black-cock.”

He had used, she realised, her parents insistence upon using her first name – never keen on his use of ‘Lizzy’, though they were too polite and well-mannered to ever tell him – in the same demeaning tone of voice with which she had referred to his penis; but, more importantly, it was what he had added afterwards that caught her full attention.

“Did I mention the colour of the cock I want filling me?” she asked with high sarcasm. “Because if I did I certainly don’t remember doing so.”

She feigned revelation as he fidgeted before her:

“Or…? No. Surely not.”

“Lizzy, I’m warning you. I won’t…”

“Yes! You do, don’t you?” she asked with excitement that was half-acted and half-genuine.

“Look…”

“You want me to be fucked by a black man, don’t you?” she teased.

“Lizzy, I…”

“A black man with a big cock that can actually fill me rather than that dinky white version of yours I barely feel penetrate me before it’s finished?”

She pretended to give it some thought:

“Well, I can’t say that aspect occurred to me but, now you’ve brought it to my attention, I shall certainly give it some serious thought.”

He looked, she noted with a pleasure growing unholier by the second, a perfectly abject example of a perfectly abject man.

“Why are you speaking to me in such a way?” he whined, underpinning her observation of him and placing himself even more on the backfoot with her by doing so. The absence of any real strength of character that would have allowed him to stop her treating him the way she was treating him leaving him no alternative but to plead his case rather than assert it. The same lacking strength of character and sexual manliness ensuring she was confident of being able to treat him in the manner she was treating him without fear of physical retaliation.

“You haven't satisfied me sexually once in all the years we’ve been married,” she reminded him again in case he’d forgotten her assertion of the night before. Until now I've let it slide without comment, so part of the blame lies with me. But now I am saying something and I've thought of a just and fair way for you to make up for all the nights of frustration I’ve spent after your little cockle has shot it’s pitiful load.”

“Do you have to be so crude and insulting?” he snapped at her, showing some spirit that was arriving far too late in the day to be of any use to him – even if he had yet to be made completely aware of it yet.

Remaining silent, she let him have his moment.

“Have I been such a disaster as a husband for you?” he went on, indicating the surroundings that had been bought and paid for with the company money resulting from his own hard work. “Do you want for anything? Have I ever denied you one thing you wanted and it was in my power to give you?”

“How about a good fucking?” she offered, coming back at him instantly with such unfazed venom that his burst of spirit faded from view with more swiftness than its arrival.

She went on, sarcastically:

“Sorry. I apologise for that. You’re right. I mean, a good fucking isn’t in your power to give me anyway.”

She watched, more and more sure of a successful outcome in regard of him, as he slumped back down onto the sofa opposite her. Already he looked beaten. It was something she knew no caring wife should wish to see in a husband – and it curtailed her pleasure at being the cause of it not one whit.

“In case you hadn’t noticed,” she went on as his head found his hands, “I’ve been bringing a wage of my own into this house since the day we were married and continue to do so as well as bring up our daughter with little in the way of practical help from you.”

There was no response from opposite and she decided he seemed to be withdrawing into himself, shoulders hunched and hands covering his eyes as if this alone would make the situation go away.

The typical response, she observed to herself, of a weak personality.

“I hoped and prayed that you would mature into the kind of lover I need and be a part of my sex life; rather than just use me to service your own. But I’ve finally realised – and not before time – that this will never happen. For what it’s worth, I still think you’re a good man and want you to be a part of my life still, but for that to happen your commitment to me has to be unconditional. In fact, Sophie broke for half-term today so, when we return from my parents in a week’s time I expect…”

His head came up at this, eyes, she was delighted to see, moist with the anguish she was fetching him, making her ask herself when it was exactly that she became such an unfeeling and sadistic bitch.

And, even more surprisingly to a woman born to devout parents and brought up to have a conscience, why she loved being one to her husband so much.

“You’re going away?” he interjected, the comfortable and unthreatening world he had built for himself with her connivance crumbling under the wrecking-ball of her intent.

“That’s what I said,” she told him without a shred of feeling other than sexual arousal for his misery. “And when we return I expect…”

“You’re not taking Sophie,” he told her with something that almost resembled a backbone. “If you go, you go alone.”

Lizzy tutted:

“Patrick, Patrick. That almost sounded as if you were giving me an order. Something that will never happen again; whether you stay or I divorce you.”

Already he was quailing before the fire of intent in her eyes and she wondered how she had ever let such a feeble, if decent, individual take the position at the head of her household he had thought was his in perpetuity.

“Patrick,” she began in a voice that was a little more inclusive but no less authoritative for all that, “if you value our marriage and want to remain a part of my life, you really need to listen to me now.”

The despondent head slumping back into his hands and the fact he remained seated told her he was not going anywhere soon and she went on:

“There is no point lying,” she told him. “Without trying to sound egotistical, I know how much I mean to you and, though I still love you and want you to stay, how devastating it will be for you to know you will never see me again except on those occasions when you take Sophie for the day. The probability being that I’ll marry again and Sophie will have a second father.”

His body language told Lizzy her scenario had found its target and she continued to pour it on:

“Just think how you’ll feel to know your daughter is being raised in the home of another man? I know you better than any other living person knows you, Patrick Statham, and I know the knowledge would be a slow death for you. That’s why my solution to our problem is the best and most sensible.”

“Who the fuck for?” he asked, swearing for the second time in almost as many minutes as his head came up to let her see the full extent of the bitterness he felt towards her right then – a bitterness even she could admit was understandable; despite knowing it would be a constant companion in his life from now on if he capitulated to what she wanted from him.

“For both of us,” she told him, holding his stare unblinkingly. “I get all the cock I want to make up for the sex you’ve been depriving me of all these years, plus I get to keep the man I married and still love by my side – even if he’s with me in a slightly… *different*… way.”

“That’s nice,” he told her, voice dripping with a sarcasm she hadn’t heard from him until now – at least not sarcasm aimed at her. “And just what do I get out of it?”

Her answer was as instant as her confidence in her eventual success was unshakable:

“You get to keep the woman you adore more than anything in this world in your life, the woman who gives meaning to your existence.”

“How kind of you,” he thanked her, still in heavy sarcasm mode, “and, yet, how incredibly self-regarding.”

“Stop it, Patrick,” she said harshly in her no-nonsense librarian voice the locals of a more masochistic bent who still read books and visited a library to borrow them found so… exciting.

Her husband, it seemed, not of their number.

Yet.

“Stop what? Being unsupportive because the wife I’ve loved and cherished for eleven years, the mother of our daughter, wants to fuck other men while I turn a blind eye to it.”

Her manner now was that of indulgent parent to wilful and sulky child.

“Now, now, Patrick, that’s not true and you know it isn’t.”

The hopeful look he again turned in her direction was not to prove of much duration.

“Not once,” she went on with relish, “have I said that you’ll have to turn a blind eye to me having other men fuck me.”

He winced at both her phrasing and this most recent dashing of hope.

“I’m not some kind of low-grade slut who cheats on her husband behind his back, you know?”

The quizzical eyes that found hers were again, a tribute to his levels of self-delusion, hopeful once more.

Hope she would enjoy dashing.

“I promise you, sweetie, you’ll be the first to know when I decide to have myself… penetrated. In fact, I’d really like it if you were to help me get ready for my… dates… from now on.”

The mouth that dropped to his chest looked as if it might continue its rapid descent to drop to the carpet itself.

“I know how proud you are of me and just how much you’ll want me to look my best for my new lovers.”

When he seemed incapable of a rejoinder of any kind she decided it was time to wrap things up:

“You mustn’t think I don’t realise how much this is going to hurt you, Patrick. You're a sensitive individual and watching me with someone else – if I decide to let you – will be hard for you to bear.

His expression told her that, on this at least, he was in total accord with her.

“But not impossible.”

Accord vanished.

“There will be times, of course,” she went on, “when the jealousy and, yes, rage, you feel will become intolerable. But I have complete faith in your ability to come to terms with the situation and devote yourself to putting my pleasure first for once. Because that’s what your acceptance of what I expect from you will be doing: providing me with pleasure.”

Savouring the look of complete outrage and helplessness on his face, she paused for a couple of beats before finishing:

“Is it really so important that the cock doing the actual providing isn’t yours?”

The look he aimed her way now was utterly incredulous of the fact that she could actually ask him such a question.

“So, yes, it will be difficult for you to handle but, if you think about it, is it any less than you deserve for having left me high and dry all these years? I’ve lost count of the times you asked me to take you in my mouth and I obliged. And how many times have you returned the compliment?”

It was a reminder of a non-event that returned despondent head to supportive hands.

“You’re ashamed, and so you should be,” she told him, marvelling herself at how quickly she had taken to talking down to him in such a way. “But that’s good. It shows contrition. You deserve to be punished for not satisfying me the way a husband should and must be grateful I’m not about to do so.”

As she had expected, head and eyes came up again.

“Not punishing me? You call what you’re putting me through not punishing me?”

“Yes. I do. Or would you prefer me to really make you pay for your sexual selfishness and neglect of me by going straight to divorce proceedings?”

No response.

“Is that what you would prefer, Patrick? That we take it to court and I cite mental cruelty via the withholding of sex – or at least sex with any enjoyment in it for me? Would you enjoy having your sexual inadequacy made common knowledge for all and sundry??

Still he remained quiet, not quite knowing how to respond, though she was certain her description of what awaited him should he defy her on this was getting through.

“Because that’s what I’ll do, Patrick,” she hammered the message home. And if I say I will then you know me well enough to know that I won’t change my mind – no matter how you beg.”

She had said the word *“beg”* with relish and loved the way she felt as it left her lips to impact upon his ears; knowing as she did that he would be doing a great deal of it in respect of her if he caved in to her demands as she expected him to.

“I’m giving you a chance to still be a part of my life here, but one wrong word from you now and we’re finished. Understand?”

He shook his head, helplessly.

“I asked you a question,” she said in a low voice that lost nothing of its intent in the process.

Their eyes held now and it was obvious to both that there would be but one winner though she was not entirely sure that her demoralised and disbelieving husband had any real idea of just what his ultimate loss to her would involve.

Though she was utterly determined that he soon would.

Then, finally, in a voice so tired and beaten it was barely audible:

“Yes,” he told her, the compliance he found so shameful requiring him to lower his eyes rather than see what it inspired in her own.

“Very well,” she said in a brisk and businesslike voice now she had prevailed, “you can sleep in the spare-room again tonight and, in the morning, I’ll be taking Sophie to my parents with me for the week. While I’m there I don’t want you to contact me. Not by phone, text, email or letter. Understand?”

He didn’t respond and she was about to nudge him again when he nodded.

She would rather he had shown more respect with a verbal answer but assured herself it would be something she could work on later.

“You’re to have a week to yourself to come to terms with what it will mean to you not to have Sophie and myself in your life any longer.”

He looked, she decided at this point, physically sick.

But then, she told herself, this was not so surprising given that she was in the process of dismantling the carefully assembled bricks and mortar of his safe and unsurprising life around him as he looked on, helpless to prevent the demolition.

If you decide it's something you can live with then, at the end of the week upon my return, I'll immediately see a lawyer and get the divorce process started. Yes?"

The nod this time did not take so long in coming.

"However, if you decide you want to still have a life by my side and are willing to accept what I expect from you, the moment I return home and we have some time together alone I want…"
She had to pause herself now as the magnitude of what she was about to say and the current passing through her body to electrify her pussy all but made her swoon as she utilised the same word that had given her so much satisfaction in the uttering not moments before:

"…I want you to *beg* to become my cuckold."

Lizzy's Diary

November 4th

The day before Guy Fawkes!

It was, I thought, the perfect time to return and get the fireworks going early.

And so it proved.

When I returned from my parents – both of whom looked relieved when I told them the temporary situation between Patrick and me would soon be resolved, though for obvious reasons I declined to enlighten them on what the exact nature of that situation consisted of – my tiny-dicked pussy was already a cuckold but had yet to be informed of the fact.

He had greeted me and Sophie in the hallway, unshaven and looking like hell, eyes heavy from the absence of the usual solid and regular eight hours sleep he insisted upon and looking nothing like the crisply attired and well-groomed owner of a software company usually to be seen entering and leaving our home.

Another tribute, had I needed one, to his dependency upon me and the power I had over him.

When our daughter ran into his arms and his eyes moistened at having one of the females in his life pleased to see him at least, I almost felt a sense of pity and guilt for what I intended his life with me to be.

Almost.

"I've missed you, daddy," she told him, even if I hadn't seen any evidence of such loss while she was with her doting grandparents – she might have loved her daddy but she was quite partial to gifts and treats and generally being fussed over by my mum and dad.

"I've missed you too, sweetheart," he told her and, for a moment, I thought he was about to burst into tears.

It was nearly enough to trigger another 'almost' from me.

When I had unpacked our things and settled Sophie upstairs I returned down to find him waiting to meet me.

In his typically English way, he had made tea and added some biscuits on a plate.

The usual consolation for all manner of problems ranging from illness, to bankruptcy, to death.

And now, it appeared, the prospect of an imminent cuckolding.

It struck me again that he was looking about as shabby and dishevelled as I had ever seen him and I reveled in the knowledge I was the one responsible for this fall from his usual high standard of grooming and presentation.

Of course, I knew how hard it would have been for him not make contact during our stay at my parents, but I was also aware that he knew me well enough to know I had meant what I'd said about not doing trying to get in touch while we were there and there had never been any danger of him not observing my instructions.

Now he was wondering – praying – if I remained as determined on the subject of what had sent me to stay with them and had provided tea and biscuits in the hope that this reminder of bland normality would return me to my previously predictable senses.

"Lizzy, I…"

"No!" I snapped, feeling even more empowered and controlling after the experience with the real man that had been Andy under my… gusset.

"I speak. You listen. And I promise, if I don't hear the answer I want when I'm finished I shall go straight upstairs and pack you a bag. Your other things I can send on when you send me your new address."

He looked utterly appalled. Whatever he had been hoping and praying would happen when I returned it resembled this opening salvo of mine not one iota.

"Please, Lizzy," he said, ignoring my command to listen and already whining like the pussy-boy husband I intended for him to become. "Don't do this to us. We were happy once. We can be happy again."

"Exactly what I've been telling you," I deigned to answer him. "The only difference being that from now on it will be my happiness that comes first."

"By…? By seeing other men?"

"Why keep asking questions to which you already know the answer.?"

"Lizzy, I love you, and I'm sorry if I've been… selfish… when it comes to the bedroom. I promise I'll try harder to please you. But staying with you while you have affairs with other men just isn't going to happen. I could never stay as your husband knowing you'd slept with another man."

"Then there's no more to talk about. The moment I've had a hot drink and relaxed after the drive from my parents, I shall pack you a bag – unless, of course, you wish to pack one for yourself?"

"Please, Lizzy. Consider what it is you want to do. How do you think people will react when they find out? Our friends and family? Sophie? What will it do them to discover you want to behave like a slut for other men."

“This is ground we’ve already covered,” I told him, impatience with his prevarication growing as I sensed his growingly desperate attempts to change my mind were no more than indicators that he was ready to cave in. “The only way anyone ever finds out is if you tell them.”

Taking a step towards him, I placed my hands upon my hips and gave him my most inflexible stare.

“And if the word ‘slut’ passes your lips again when I’m in earshot, no pleading in the world will save your arse from being kicked out of here.”

I held his eyes.

“For good!”

My attitude had him intimidated but, to his small credit, he persisted:

“Please, Lizzy. Stop this madness now before it’s too late.”

“How do you mean? Too late?” I asked him, knowing exactly what he meant but wanting to act the scene out for my own pleasure..

“Before… Before you let this madness get completely out of control and you do something with a man you can’t take back and I can’t forgive.”

I feigned surprise:

“But what makes you think I haven’t done just that already?”

It didn’t sink in with him for a while but, when it did, his face fell in imitation of the little boy I was more and more coming to see him as, despite his seniority of years over me.

“You…? You…? No. You… You wouldn’t.”

“But I have, Patrick,” I assured him. “The very night after taking Sophie to my parents.”

“But…?”

“Mum and dad were only too pleased to provide me with a break from the problems I told them we were having – and don’t worry, the subject of sex never came up. They thought it would do me good to meet an old school-friend in London for an overnight stay.”

Tears were flowing freely now as the nature of what I was saying dawned on him and - knowing as he did that I never lied - that I had spent an evening in London without him.

The only strand he could grasp to being the hope that I had indeed spent it with an old school-friend.

A strand of hope I soon obliterated.

That he truly loved me in his own sexually selfish and incompetent way was not a doubt to me, and I suppose the tears flowing freely down his cheeks at the knowledge I had allowed another man to place a cock in the same pussy he had been told I intended to deny him should have evoked feelings of a more tender and compassionate kind in me, rather than the enjoyment and contempt his emotional pain inspired.

But they hadn't.

"I met him via an Internet dating website for dissatisfied wives," I explained to him, substituting the 'dissatisfied' for the actual prefix of 'cheating'. "There's no nice way of dressing this up for you, Patrick, but in comparison to him you have the physique and cock of a five-year-old."

For a moment, so swiftly did what I described to myself as the 'animus of life' leave his body, I thought he must collapse in a heap at my feet and the thought pleased the new me.

"He was utterly incredible, Patrick. For the first time I was actually fucked and felt it. And do you know what? While his cock was pistoning me into submission all I could think about other than the ecstasy he was providing me was how you had deprived me of the experience all the years of our married life."

His shoulders slumped even further down and he looked like a man withdrawing into himself.

"I love you still, Patrick, but I'm madder than hell for what you've denied me. When his wonderful cock was in my mouth and the semen hit the back of my throat…"

I can't be sure, so wrapped up was I in my recounting of my first real fucking, but I thought I heard him sob.

"…I felt feelings of such anger towards you for having allowed me to waste my sexuality on your own I really think I could have caused you physical damage had you been there."

The hands he had raised to massage a besieged head slumped to his side lifelessly and, seizing the moment, I took another step towards him and placed a hand under his chin to raise his eyes to mine:

"It's decision time Patrick," I assured him as tearful eyes did their best to meet mine and succeeded only in the underlining of just how beaten I had the man behind them.

“When I release your chin, I want you to kneel in front of me and place your lips on the toes of my shoes,” she told him, not having intended to go this far but spurred on by the sense of him giving way to her.

The look mingling freely with his tears was disbelief that she could ask such a thing of him.

This despite what she had already outlined as his future behaviour towards her.

“Then, after you’ve kissed both shoes respectfully, I want you to remain on your knees, look up into my eyes, and ask me if I’ll do you the honour of taking you as my husband.”

His eyes widened at this and for emphasis I allowed my fingers to apply extra pressure to the chin still held captive between them as I added:

“My cuckold husband.

END OF PART-ONE

(Part-Two to follow shortly)

A Very English Cuckold

Part-Two-of-Two

By
Xavier Couperin

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Terry on Top

Patrick Statham got up wearily from a long and exhausting night watching his wife as she was fucked before finding himself punished by his new Master and the lover of the woman he had married. As his eyes came open the full and sickening depravity of the situation into which his own beloved wife had forced him brought the usual moistness to his eyes. Even now, some two months after his life had changed from normal and vanilla to dark and perverse nightmare, he could scarcely believe that he had allowed himself to be manipulated into such a position.

One minute he had been a run-of-the-mill and happily married man and father – with a sex-life he had thought was working and a librarian wife who loved him. Now he was no more than a whipping boy and figure of ridicule in his own home for his wife and her monstrous lover. His only saving grace being that his darling Sophie was not present when the urge to humiliate and use him became too great and was becoming more and more of a fixture at the home of Lizzy's parents as their home was nearer the new primary school Lizzy had decided upon for her and would be a help as *"we try to work out things between us"*.

The excuse his loving wife used for the benefit of her parents a joke that seldom failed to amuse him in the most bitter and abject of ways.

Lizzy's way of trying to *"work it out"* had, to begin with, been to start stepping out with any number of men she met on the Internet while her loving husband stayed at home to look after their daughter and, increasingly, take on those household chores that had previously been her province and now fell to him – even if he didn't recall ever insisting she polish his shoes and handwash his underwear. Not to mention insisting she become proficient in the giving and supplying of foot-rubs and pedicures.

All in all, and even as he acknowledged the weakness in him that held him in place to suffer at her feet still – and his love for their young daughter was not his only reason for staying when any sane man would have left – Lizzy seemed intent on seeing just how low she could take him before he finally found balls enough to rebel.

An exploration on her part, and as much as a surprise to her as to him, that had yet to touch base; though the depraved joy she took from her surprise found no corresponding reaction in him. But what truly kept him there still to take her abuse? Certainly he would be the financial loser in any divorce, but he would still get to see Sophie, surely; even if Lizzy would put another man in place to bring her up in his place. The fact Lizzy had said she would make it known it was his desperate shortcomings in bedroom matters that had led her to seek out other men was galling to him, but even that did not explain his presence there.

Not for the first time since he woke alone in the spare-room of the house he was once master in and now served as flunky, Patrick bemoaned the injustice of his fate and explained away his resignation to it in the usual evasive way.

He was simply too much of a gentleman in his own unique English way to fight the way he should fight.

Another man might have braved the prospect of having his shortcomings as seen by his wife dragged through the courts. But not him. Privacy and a certain self-consciousness in matters of the physical only heightened his distaste and, yes, fear of having the life personal made public for all to point fingers and supply ridicule.

And then there was the even more demeaning presence of the hope he still carried that his formerly loving wife might come back into contact with the feelings she had once held for him; the fact he could still harbour both desire and affection for a woman who was treating him so disgustingly almost as amazing to him as the fact he was allowing it to happen. If he could just hang in there, he told himself, things might just return to normal – even if the scars of the treatment he was receiving from her hands and feet would always be lurking somewhere in his sub-conscious.

Part of him, of course, realised he was being delusional and that no woman who could humiliate a man she had once professed to love in such a way could ever feel the same for him again; but hope refused to die.

Until, that is, she decided to bring the one she thought could help her out most home to stay.

Which was when his real nightmare had begun.

“Say hello, to Terry,” she had told him that day after returning from the library and finding him in the kitchen preparing her meal as per the new household regime.

His cheeks had coloured instantly at the unexpected presence in their home, embarrassment not eased any by the patterned apron his wife insisted he wear to perform his household chores; yet good manners had him step forward to hold out a welcoming hand of greeting for their young visitor.

“Hello, Terry. Nice to meet you.”

Both hand and greeting were ignored.

“You have a Black Master now, white-boy,” he was told, barely seconds after Lizzy had sprung what would turn out to be their new and *‘long-term’* houseguest on them.

The horrified Patrick Statham was stunned to silence and looked on with a mixture of outrage and horror as his surprise and unwanted houseguest went on.

“And I won’t stand for any disrespect.”

Never a violent man, Patrick considered becoming one as the stranger regarded him with the kind of insolent contempt he would have considered bad manners from anybody, let alone from someone he had only just met and was a guest in his home.

“Terry means it, Patrick,” Lizzy had assured her utterly dumbstruck husband, looking the perfect middle-England matron after having met her lover straight from the library before coming directly home, the sober two-piece navy jacket and skirt, complimented by hose of the same colour and black shoes with a low-spike, contradicting the fact she was a woman who not only cheated on her husband but did so with his full and bitterly resented knowledge. “I’ve already given my permission for you to be punished if you’re less than obedient.”

For Patrick Statham it had been a tipping point:

“Permission to punish me?” his thoughts had raged as his jaw fell floor-wards, the acquiescence via increments she had brought him to over the past months unable to quell his anger – even if it was internalised - at being spoken to in his own home in such a way by a stranger.

And a stranger so many years his junior.

“I’m sure it won’t be necessary for you to discipline him too much, Terry,” the wife he had thought he knew and was now a stranger to him – even if the prospect of being without her terrified him for some inexplicable reason – went on, aware of his disbelief at what was unfolding and simply not bothered; her power over him seeming to grow exponentially with each sickening backward step he took.

A power she was now displaying for the first time in front of a stranger.

“He really has adjusted to his new role,” she continued, going so far as to step towards him and run a hand over his hair as if stroking a pet. “In fact, I’m very proud of the way he has put himself second and adjusted to the new regime around here.

“We’ll see,” Terry had said, the words sounding to Patrick Statham very much like a threat. “Looks to me like your boy needs a little attitude adjusting.

The words, coming from someone who looked to be barely twenty, only served to stoke his anger and he turned to his wife:

“Hmm, look, Lizzy, can we have a word?... You know? In private.”

The back of the black hand that connected with his smooth white cheek landed with such power that his head jolted to one side and he stumbled, thoughts of a tete-a-tete vanished as a whole range of sensations rushed in to fill the void created by the unexpected blow.

One of them triggering a *brief* return to the status of manhood and the previously considered use of violence.

Drawing himself up threateningly and fixing his eyes upon those of the unwanted visitor who had just struck him in his own kitchen – too angry to realise that threat was a concept somewhat difficult to deliver when one was wearing a floral apron – Patrick Statham nonetheless meant it when he said:

“You have precisely ten seconds to find the door and leave through it. If your face is anywhere near mine after that time it won’t resemble anything that could be mistaken for a face pretty soon after.”

The fist that sank into his midriff with enough power to rob him of both air and resistance was not as articulate a response as that of the householder, but it was certainly more effective.

Patrick Statham collapsed in a heap, thoughts of further violence on his part already a memory.

“I’ll leave you two to get better acquainted,” he heard his wife giggle as he stared down at the kitchen floor inches from his eyes and tried to suck air into his emptied lungs.

“You do that, Lizzie, and I’ll have my little white-boy up to speed with the way things going to be from now on around here in no time.”

“Don’t be *too* hard on him, Terry,” Patrick Statham heard, the emphasis on the *‘too’* telling him she wasn’t putting *‘easy’* forward as an alternative.

The foot that had buried itself into the side of his ribs with such alarming force and sent him flat to the tiles after she had left told him their visitor had taken her drift.

By the time he had left that kitchen and, later, his own spare-room into which his new houseguest had dragged him, Patrick Statham was a beaten man.

Or to put it more accurately:

A *more* beaten man.

Lizzy's Diary

Jan 10th

It's official! I've truly become an unfeeling monster – well, not totally unfeeling, if you get my drift. And, what's more, I love it! All those years of being correct and doing the right thing are counter-balanced now by the way I can use Patrick and have him used; knowing I have him so pussy-whipped he'll submit to pretty much anything from me. It's the best of both worlds. The respect of conventional society in public and the facility to act exactly how I please in private at the expense of my husband. A husband who is now truly and rightly terrified of the images I have of him on my mobile phone being shown to the world with the prospect his darling young daughter likely to one day be familiarised with them.

That's without mentioning everybody else who knows him.

It won't happen, of course, I love our daughter every bit as much as him and there's no need – if he's obedient and sensible enough from now on – for her to ever know just what a coward and a wimp her father actually is.

That's a conclusion, being the bright young girl she already is, she will eventually draw for herself.

But that's for later.

Today, Terry became a fixture in our home. And what a day it's been. Especially for "Patsy", as Terry has re-christened him.

Someone who had been a stranger to him only minutes before had slapped him as he stood in his own kitchen and informed him that he had a "new black master". I can't explain the thrill – the unholy thrill, I grant – that turned my legs to mush as my husband met one of my lovers for the first time and found himself totally dominated by someone he knew was enjoying me in a way he never would again. Namely, with his cock in my pussy.

My lover had mastered him in exactly the way he had assured me he would and it was a very different Patrick who emerged from the spare-room into which I had consigned him.

And it wasn't only his attitude and the tears streaming down his cheeks that was different.

"My husband may be weak but even he won't let himself be forced to wear that," I told Terry as the fiendish looking contraption he had purchased on the Internet was held up for me to inspect. What man would?"

Some twenty years younger than my husband, Terry's answer belied the gap in years:

“First off, Lizzy, he’s not a man. And secondly, after he’s had a taste of my cock and a good spanking over my knee, he’ll wear a maid’s uniform with stockings if I tell him that’s what we want.”

It wasn’t what I wanted, not at all. The maid’s outfit, I mean. It had always been a man I wanted to dominate, not a girly/man.

The scary looking metal device – scary for Patrick, that is – with attached metal ring that locked around the base of the cuckold’s balls, was another matter entirely.

Hence my excitement when Terry had my sobbing and naked husband exit the spare-room to model his new cock-cage to me and present his wife with the key. This after he had been used by Terry and my lover had caught the evidence of it on my mobile-phone.

“I…” he had begun, looking into my eyes with a look of such desperation and pleading that I almost climaxed on the spot, “I… would like…”

I could see the key in his hand and knew what was coming, but he hesitated.

Until Terry moved up behind him to speak into his ear.

“Are you going to disobey your black-master, Patsy? Am I going to have to spank you again, like the naughty little white cuckold boy, you are in front of your wife?”

It was hard not to giggle and ruin the symbolic moment of his surrender to not just me, but my lover also, as I heard Terry address him as “Patsy” for the first time. I liked it. Just because I didn’t want the man I dominated dressed as a woman it didn’t mean I couldn’t enjoy having him addressed by a feminine name.

Strangely enough, as Patrick stumbled through the words Terry had insisted he speak and asked me to accept the key to his “worthless” white cock and balls, it was the tongue of my husband and not the fabulous, very worthy, black cock of my lover I wanted to feel slathering at the entrance to my sopping pussy. I mean, it really was just too incredibly perverse for me not to find it arousing. My husband and the one-time head of our household had just been taken me to a place he hadn't realized existed. Let alone wish to visit. And, now that he was there, he was terrified beyond belief. He had been slapped around and given a bare-bottom spanking as if he were a recalcitrant schoolboy over the knee of his young black master as I diddled myself at the door to the sounds of his screams and pleading before they subsided into the beaten and broken sobbing that only reinforced my opinion of him as less than a man. A real man, after all, would surely have put up some show of resistance rather than simply cave in before what was, admittedly, a superior force. But not Patrick.

As I listened at the door, obedient myself to Terry’s advice that I not watch or interfere as my husband was “put under” but allowed my lover to subjugate my husband without distraction of any kind, I realised that my invitation to Terry to share my home and my bedroom was going to have far-reaching consequences.

Wonderful consequences for me; less wonderful for my husband.

It would only be later when we were alone in my bedroom and I was bathed in the afterglow resulting from the attention of his big and beautiful black cock that Terry would translate the actions corresponding to the sounds coming through the spare-room door to me.

After the spanking – a spanking that had seemed to last forever as the sound of a black hand descending upon the unprotected flesh of white buttocks found itself accompanied by the increasing shrill cries of my conquered husband – Terry had forced Patrick to his knees and told him to pay homage to the black cock that was now before his eyes.

The renewed cries and the sound of a hand smacking against flesh I had heard after the spanking had stopped at least gave evidence that my pussy of a husband had made some show of resistance – no matter how futile or short-lived.

Terry's cock had, unsurprisingly, found its way into Patrick's unwilling mouth and gagging throat shortly after and was again caught by the wonders of modern technology that was my new Sony-Erickson; the anguish and sheer nauseating distaste written across my husband's features preserved for posterity on my phone's memory-card as he felt and tasted a cock for the very first time in his life while knowing it would not be the last.

Terry had crowned his humiliation by forcing his cock as far down Patrick's virgin throat as it would go before pulling out and then cumming all over my husband's unsuspecting face as he sucked air into his lungs and tried to come to terms with what was happening to him. Then, as if this had not been enough, my lover insisted he leave the semen resulting in his first foray into cock-sucking on his cheeks as he ate that wonderful black arsehole.

Later that evening, after Terry had taken off to ferry the last of his belongings over, I sat my thoroughly cowed and beaten husband down – or rather I sat down and had him kneel at my side in a pose more becoming of his position in relation to me – and laid the law down to him. We were both fully dressed: him in a tracksuit that was not too rough on his tender arse; me in my usual sober and severe outfit of dark skirt, pantyhose and heels; Terry had indicated that it would be nice if we kept him naked about the house but I didn't want that as friends of mine did call out of the blue at times and if the nature of his new situation were discovered and made public knowledge the less of a hold I would have over him. Also, it is the normality surrounding his subservient position in relation to his wife that helps make it so exciting for me.

I noticed he was trembling and shaking as the harsh words left my mouth and I realized he was crying too.

It was all too wonderful. My husband was on his knees in front of me awaiting orders like the serf I intended he become, And, even more pussy-wateringly, a key hung around my neck that gave me complete control over the cock resting between his legs

And if he thought his tears would inspire compassion in the wife who was coming to own him I soon disabused him of the fallacy.

“That was a test,” I told him, referring to Terry and about to lie through my teeth that I may intensify his anguish; his eyes coming up to mine hopefully, as if expecting to hear something halfway good.

Some chance.

“Had you fought Terry, or even put up a half-decent fight, I might have been persuaded that you had something to offer me as a man and we could return to a more conventional marriage,” I lied, having had no such intention and being too far gone in my adoration of the perverse delights my growing domination of him provided – not to mention the delights of that incredible black cock and the body that went with it.

“But,” I went on, “you have shown me just how weak you truly are and, though you will never be my husband except in a legal sense again, I am determined that you will become the best servant for me you can be.”

Hope was stillborn as he took in my inflexible expression and the words I was fully expecting to hear tumbled from his mouth.

“How… How could you do this to me, Lizzy? I’ve done nothing but love you and yet you let that… creature… treat me in such a way.”

“I allowed nothing,” I told him, aware where he was heading and armed with all the ammunition I needed to quell any mini-rebellion on his part. “If you recall, I was not the one spanking you on the bare-bottom as if you were an infant. I was not the one forcing you to scream and beg for mercy like a squealing schoolgirl.”

His face was a picture of misery as I delivered my last observation in this triad of his misery.

“And I certainly was not the one forcing you to suck my cock then covering you in cum and telling you to lick my arse before locking your little cock into a cage and asking you to politely present me the key.”

“What’s happened to you, Lizzy?” he screamed, doing nothing to disabuse my ‘schoolgirl’ description of him and too far gone in his misery to realise the fact as my reminder of the key and the fact I was now in control of his cock kicked in. “You’ve become a monster. How can you be this way towards me?”

“You’ve asked that already,” I told him with a sigh of weariness. “I’m being this way because it pleases me and because you are too weak to stop me. You are not a man in the real sense of the word and I fully intend to teach you that lesson. But you are going to become useful to me in all kinds of ways befitting of a servant towards the master who takes care of it and gives it a reason to live.”

Despite all that had happened already, my words inspired disbelief in him – and were about inspire yet more.

“Who knows,” I told him, “your obedience and service to me may rekindle those feelings I once had for you. A longshot but possible.”

Suddenly, and with Terry temporarily absent, the man who had just allowed himself to suck cock and be spanked in his own home, found some backbone.

“I can’t do this,” he said, rising to his feet with a grimace as the movement triggered a reminder of his tender buttocks and how they had got that way via a burst of pain.

“What choice do you have?” I asked.

“Fuck this,” he cried, swearing and raising his voice to me in an uncharacteristic if, I can only admit, totally understandable way, “I have my own business and I don’t care if you drag what you call my ‘sexual shortcomings’ through the divorce courts. Sophie’s too young to understand all that and you can be assured I’ll put her in the picture when she is old enough to realise what a disgusting slut her mother really is.”

He was on a roll now and I allowed it, the incendiary device that would halt his rebellion in its tracks held tightly in my hand.

“We’ll see what happens to your respectable position in the village after the court and your friends hear how you moved your black lover into the family home.”

“Won’t that be embarrassing for you too?” I asked, totally unfazed and, if I’m honest, enjoying his little girly tantrum.

“I’ll live with it,” he told me, looking as if he meant it. “Now, give me that key. Then I’m packing some things and leaving before your disgusting lover gets back and I’m forced to call the police.”

He held out a hand, fully expecting me to hand over the key to his genital freedom.

Only to see me hold up my mobile phone with the images flicking across its tiny screen.

He looked as if a hand had reached inside him and snatched out his vitals.

“It’s already downloaded to Terry’s computer and will be circulated to various… sites and personal email addresses should you disobey your new masters.”

“New…?”

“Masters,” I finished for him. “Yes. That’s how you’re to think of us and behave towards us from now on if you want to stay here and prevent us making the knowledge of your sexual depravity common knowledge.”

“But…?”

The gravity of his position began to sink in as the events of the day that had removed what last shred of choice he had in his destiny kicked in. At least if he ever wanted to look friends, family and, more importantly, daughter in the face ever again.

"Think of the sympathy that will come my way when people discover how I found you in our home sucking a cock," I told his visibly wilting defiance. "Imagine how impressed they'll be with the wife who, despite her pain and anguish at seeing the man she loved acting in such a way in the home they shared with their lovely young daughter, had enough presence of mind to record his perfidy on her mobile-phone."

Two hours later, when Terry returned, laden with the last load of personal belongings, it was to the sight of his older lover having her feet massaged and kissed as if his life depended upon it by that older lover's even older husband.

Intimate Moments

“It’s important we have these little chats and intimate moments, just between the two of us, from time to time she told him as he sat at her feet with his back against the sofa she rested upon, her hand ruffling the hair she had told him she was considering having him shave, knowing how much pride he took in his still thick locks. “We’re still husband and wife, after all, and Terry understands you should be rewarded when you’ve been an attentive manservant to us.

As ever, the mention of her lover induced a feeling of sickness in Patrick Statham’s stomach as it triggered off any number of images of himself with the cock of that lover thrusting in and out of his mouth, this after he had licked the massive, monstrous and hairless black ball-sac to show his acceptance of the new master of the house – an *acceptance* that new master never seemed to tire of accepting. He had been told by his loving wife that the time was coming for Terry to take his anal virginity and, cowed by the consequences and loss of face in the eyes of friends, family and, most terrifyingly of all, the young daughter he doted on so fiercely, he knew it was something he would accept. His wife’s black lover never tired of humiliating him and had even taken to handling his cock and balls through their plastic restrainers as a way of hammering home the position of superiority over him Lizzy had agreed to share.

The black nylon encasing the outside of His wife’s shapely if muscular right calf brushed against his naked body and, despite his hatred of her and what she was doing to him, he felt a stirring in his balls. Even now he could not jettison the sexual attraction his wife and her matronly body with the superb tits held for him. A reaction that did not please him, endowing her as it did with even more power to add torture to his torment if she so chose.

A choice she made more often than not.

“I still love you, you know,” he heard her utter the words, unable to quite comprehend how a person of intelligence could make such an assertion given the way she treated him.

He stayed silent, the new rule – amongst others Patrick Statham found even more soul-destroyingly humiliating - instigated by the hateful Terry, that he not speak unless spoken to or given express permission after having coughed to have brought his need to the attention of his masters, making him wary of answering his wife the way any normal husband would.

Her hand stroked the side of his neck reassuringly and, as usual, he was unable to prevent even such a small and insignificant show of affection from filling his eyes with tears.

“You have my permission to speak freely, Patrick,” she told him, using his full Christian name rather than the feminine diminutive of it her lover had started using not hours after taking residence. “Don’t worry about Terry. I’m the real head of the household – even if you are not.”

As always, he flinched at the mention of her lover and, with a satisfied smile her beaten husband could not see, Lizzy Statham went on:

“Terry knows I want to have these moments between us. That’s why I wanted you naked, to show you your body does not repulse me. You know how attractive I’ve always found you,” she told him truthfully, having been one of a number of women she knew to have been pursuing him before he was landed by her. “Who knows? If your cock had been bigger than a… Let’s just say, if it had been bigger, we might never have reached this state of affairs between us.”

When he remained silent, Lizzy slipped a foot from a spiked black court and ran it the length of his thighs, the fuzzy hairs beneath it bristling with the static and adding another frisson of enjoyment to the way she was manipulating the husband she had, to all intents and purposes, enslaved.

“Do you like that?”

The nod from below her was instant if, she sensed, grudging.

“Don’t be insolent, Patrick,” she said, voice hardening to apply the merest flick of the whip. “Answer me when I speak to you.”

“Y-Yes,” came a barely recognisable croak from below her as a voice unused to usage recently attempted to frame a reply. “Yes, I… I like it.”

She sighed exasperatedly and, like the well-trained animal they were schooling him to be, he realised his error instantly.

“I’m sorry. That should have been *‘Yes, Ms Lizzy’*,” he gave correction, knowing she would have no compunction in sentencing him to another session over the lap of her monstrous lover, followed by a lees physically painful but more debilitating hour or two with his nose in an available corner to contemplate his behaviour.

To the beaten and degraded husband’s relief, the hand that had been stroking his neck resumed its ministrations and he was rewarded with a *“Good boy”* from above and behind him as her hosed foot continued to rasp against his thigh before moving up and going lower to flick at his imprisoned balls with her toes.

Involuntarily, a gasp was drawn from him as his cock began to swell against its captivity.

A gasp becoming a groan of pain and discomfort as the flesh of his captive penis met the unyielding plastic in which it was confined.

“You have been very obedient and very attentive just lately,” she told him, removing her foot and placing it once again upon his thigh, “and it’s pleased me. I know how difficult you found it to step down from the company and allow Mrs Grayson to take over the running of it but I think we both know now that it was for the best. Even in the short time since your former PA has been at the helm profits and efficiency have increased.”

She felt him flinch at this and knew how much he missed running the company she insisted he give up to remain at home and be at her and Terry's beck and call – especially as Terry was at home all day while she herself worked at the library and it would mean him being under the supervision of his wife's lover.

"I spoke to her yesterday," she went on, intending to make it plain to him that there would be no returning now he had been forced to leave; despite it being *his* company. "She is a very capable woman and we are meeting for lunch tomorrow, but she did say that, as fond of you as she was, that the company is far better served with you in a less hands-on role as you could sometimes be a little indecisive."

Again, the flinch from below, cock retracting from plastic as other deprivations took over his thoughts.

"She apologised if she was speaking out of turn and acknowledged your efforts in getting the company off the ground to begin with, but was quite adamant that it would be better served with you in a less… active role."

Lizzy sensed the question her husband wanted to ask and obliged him:

"I told her it wasn't a problem, of course, and that she only had the best interests of the company at hear in speaking out in such a way. I also told her that there was absolutely no likelihood of you returning to helm the company as the pressure had been getting to you for some time and you far preferred to stay at home and take care of the house for your wife. She was extremely pleased to hear how delighted we both were with the way she was running things and that we wanted her to go on doing so. She was also pleased to hear that you had signed over the majority holding in the company to me and that, from now on, I was her boss and not you."

Had there been any fight left in her husband – and there hadn't been a whole lot of it to begin with, Lizzy told herself – then this last news seemed to destroy it. She knew that, despite having effectively signed the company over to her, he still harboured hopes that his expertise would be called upon in the future and he would find himself back at the helm where he belonged. It would, she smirked to herself, never happen, and the toes that again found the underside of his be-ringed ball-sac could not take his mind from his disappoint.

Not *entirely*, anyway.

A sob escaped him as his treacherous penis acted in opposition to his misery.

"That's it, Patrick. Let it out," she urged him; voice warm and caring for the first time in a long time.

Another sob greeted her ersatz compassion.

"Don't be afraid to show your feelings. Mummy needs to see who you are."

The word "*Mummy*" had a galvanising effect on him and, though she had pre-determined to use it she was delighted with its effect.

“Come up, here and sit on the couch next to mummy, now,” she said, running with her discovery and elated that she had found yet another way to heighten his humiliation, sensing pre-conditioned behaviour would be in her favour and that the, unknowing, foundations laid by his late and overbearing mother on his subconscious would make such treatment of him difficult to resist – especially as he was already so far down the road towards complete subservience.

She sensed, also, hesitation on his part and knew from whence it stemmed;

“I know you’re not allowed to be on the furniture anymore,” she told him, giving voice to yet another rule from a growing list of *“must do’s”* and *“no, no’s”* he was expected to abide by and still unable to do anything else but marvel at how low she and her lover had taken him in so short a space of time, “but this is our special time together and I want my lovely new obedient husband next to me as we speak.”

When a naked and red in the face Patrick Statham, still in a state of some wonderment himself that his life could have come to such a pass in such a way – and that *he* could have allowed it – hoisted himself from the floor and was about to sit on his own sofa in his own home for the first time since the directive proscribing it had been handed down to him, it was to the sight of his treacherous yet still desirable to him wife as she fingered the key hanging from her neck. The same key he himself had been compelled to hang there. A key, moreover, that gave her complete control of his cock to go with all the other facets of her sudden and swift domination of him.

Her other hand patted the cushion at her side and his face reddened further as he saw the complete and unholy joy she took from having him under such control.

“That’s my good boy,” she told him, adding a kind of maternal fondness to the perverse enjoyment of his predicament she was unable to prevent informing her features. “Come and cuddle up to mummy and we’ll have a nice talk. As I said, I’ve been very pleased with how you are dealing with the new arrangements and even Terry has begun to speak favourably of you. As you know my lover with that wonderful black cock has African ancestry in the recent past and still finds it hard to believe you’re are being so reasonable and obliging about it all.”

She laughed, not pleasantly.

“The men from that part of the world, it seems, would rather have themselves decapitated than accept such humiliation.”

Again she laughed, still with no sign of anything approaching the pleasant.

“Terry is really tickled by your politeness in the face of everything and calls you *‘The very English cuckold’*, she told him, as if she actually believed he too would be tickled to hear such a description of himself from the lips of her hated lover.

The searing anger her lover’s name never failed to evoke in him, and was all the more powerful for his being utterly powerless to act upon it, saw Patrick Statham lower his eyes that he might hide the reaction as he took his place next to her and felt her arm encircle his naked shoulders in a way that seemed both proprietorial and protective.

“What the fuck is happening to you?” he asked himself as he sank into her embrace and felt her manoeuvre his head towards the impressive breasts enclosed in her obligatory and authoritative white-cotton shirt; acknowledging the feeling of security her presence at his side gave him and cursing himself for being the very worst of weak-willed fools.

A fool with a tiny cock that was once again testing the boundaries of the plastic containing it as her wonderful tits had their usual effect on him… and then some.

“Is this actually turning you on?” he screamed at himself, the pain from his penis making contact with the bars of its unyielding prison making the question unnecessary.

“In fact,” her voice came to him from a distance as he tried to hide his discomfort caused by her closeness, “judging by the way my lover seems to love handling your little dicky and balls I’m beginning to get a little jealous. Especially as you seem to enjoy Terry doing it so much.”

Patrick Statham’s groan was internal but no less anguished. Having such a monster handle him was *not* enjoyable. Not in the slightest. And just because his own less impressive manhood tried to grow hard in its prison it only did so because of the constant denial and in no way as evidence of any attraction he felt for his wife’s lover.

“You do enjoy Terry handling your little dicky, don’t you?” she asked, an ominous tone supplying just enough in the way of threat for his repugnance to be replaced by fear.

“Y-Yes,” he told her, before the hand draped over his shoulder tweaked a bare breast and made him yelp by way of a reminder.

“I mean, yes, Ms Lizzy,” he added.

“I should hope so. I would be upset and disappointed – and so would Terry – if I thought you were ungrateful to my lover for being good enough to come and live with us so that I might experience a real cock after having been deprived of one for so long.”

He listened to the wife he no longer knew but felt more and more compelled to obey with wonder.

“Grateful?”

Had he possessed the necessary physical attributes and the mental fortitude to go with them, he would have murdered the lover supplying her with this *“real cock”* from the get-go.

“You’ve seen how that wonderful black cock fills me,” she continued, hand again stroking his hair again absently, as if were truly a mere pet and no more than a mute and obliging sounding board for her to spill out her thoughts. “Aren’t you happy for your wife to be satisfied in such a way to make up for your shortcomings?”

"No!" he wanted to scream. He was desolated by the fact and only his own cowardice and fear of what the effect would be on his lovely daughter prevented him from putting an end to his countenance of it by ending his own existence. Did she truly believe the horseshit she was attempting to feed him or was it simply another way for her to torture him.

"I've seen that look of absolute wonder on your face when we let you kneel in the corner and look on as your wife is taken by a superior black cock," she accused.

His response was to bury his head into her cotton covered breasts, unable to refute the truth of the statement, having seen that *"superior black cock"* in action and knowing it had explored his wife in intimate places he himself was simply not equipped to experience.

"Don't be embarrassed now, sweetie," she cooed. "I'm sure you are not the only man around who would feel intimidated at seeing his wife plowed by such a cock and for so great a length of time. I was amazed myself when that beautiful black shaft first found its way into me and took me to heaven again and again and again."

Being one of a number – a *vast* number, Patrick Statham confessed to himself – who would find themselves diminished at witnessing such a performance was no consolation and wasn't improved any by his perfidious wife's next attempt at reassurance, if that was what it was:

"And you mustn't think you don't play your part in mummy's pleasure too."

Almost instinctively, and despite recognising her words to him for the bullshit they were, his lips had found a hardened nipple that was so aroused it jutted out from the fabric of her shirt to present him with a small target and a chance for some intimacy, thrilling after such a relatively long absence to know she was braless beneath her shirt and only some simple white cotton was between him and the full naked glory of the breasts he had always adored – even if they were now denied him and placed at the disposal of another.

"You always look so sad in your little corner at not being able to fuck me in such a way yourself," she went on, "but knowing how much you really want me to be satisfied and how willing you now are to clean me up with your loving tongue afterwards only makes my pleasure all the more intense."

Even her the distraction of her cotton covered nipple between his lips couldn't detract from the pain her words evoked in his breast and a little sob escaped him.

"That's it little Patrick," she told him. "Suck on mummy's nipple and have a little cry so we both know you've accepted the fact you're not a man and we can move things onto a more realistic playing field. The sooner you stop thinking of yourself as a man the better things will get for the three of us. Well, four with Sophie."

The activity at her breast stopped immediately and she almost laughed at his predictability and the way she could lead him so effortlessly these days.

“Lizzy…? I mean, Ms Lizzy, you…? You don’t mean for Sophie to…””

Taking a handful of his hair and pulling his face up to hers, she slapped his face with some force while adopting a look of anger she certainly didn’t feel.

“How dare you even think such a thing!” she blazed. “Do you think I love our daughter any less than you? Do you really think I want her to know just what a spineless pussy of a man her father really is, knowing how much pain that would cause her.”

“I… I’m sorry, Ms Lizzy. I…”

Another slap cut him off.

“If you ever suggest such a thing again,” she told him, “I’ll have Terry replace that plastic cock-cage with one of the metal models with spikes on the inside. How dare you thank me for my kindness and the keeping of my word by suggesting such a thing.”

“Kindness?” his thoughts questioned through the fear she could instil in him with such ease these days – especially as she had shown him the *“Kali’s Teeth”* restrainer he had been told would be his if his behaviour did not come up to scratch.

The prospect was yet another reason for his growing fear of his own wife.

“I told you Sophie would *never* learn of your shame and lack of manhood through either me or Terry and I’ve kept that promise. As far she and my parents know, Terry is a homeless young person I met through my voluntary work and persuaded you to let stay until suitable accommodation could be provided. They were very impressed by this example of your charitable behaviour towards a *“person of colour”* and thought it reflected well on us that we would provide someone less well-off with a home and allow them to stay on more permanently in return for work around the house.”

Bile mixed with Patrick Statham’s fear now as he wondered how well it would reflect upon *her* charitable behaviour if her parents were to be told that this person of colour not only did *nothing* around the house but supervised her husband as he went about the performing of all household chores.

“Terry and I,” his wife was continuing, “make sure to keep our behaviour normal at the weekends when she returns from my parents and, though Sophie is bright enough to realise something has changed, she accepts that it was your choice to retire from the company and stay at home that you might help look after mummy.”

She looked thoughtful and a small smile played at her lips:

“Mummy and daddy took a little more persuading,” she mused, “but when I told them it had been your inability to deal with the stress of the workplace that had contributed to our *‘marital problems’* and how the doctor had recommended you step down and leave it to someone else, they understood entirely.”

Knowing how this was going to play out and what the consequences for him would be if he didn't persuade her he was grateful for her tact and consideration – no matter the simple considering of such risible concepts in regard of her made him want to throw-up – Patrick Statham was conciliatory:

"I'm sorry, Ms Lizzy," he began, raising eyes and reddened cheeks to meet her still angry gaze. "I didn't mean to question your sincerity. I realise you've kept your word. But… But…"

"But, what?" she asked, utterly thrilled at the deference she had won from him with such ease, even if she knew the words he used to show her it to be completely insincere.

Patrick Statham took one of his wife's hands and kissed the back of it after the fashion of the supplicant into which he had been transformed; the moist eyes that looked up into her own as desperate as any medieval counterpart seeking alms from a representative of the Holy Roman Church.

"Please, Lizzy… Ms Lizzy… I am so miserable. I truly don't know if I can live under these circumstances. I realise now how weak I must be but a man must be left with some pride, no matter how small."

To his relief – and hope; having expected another slap for having spoken out of turn; the hand that had just done the slapping caressed the back of his neck and, despite the abject nature of his condition, he felt himself thrill to her touch.

Her words, however, were not so thrilling:

"Oh, Patrick," she sighed, as if explaining a simple library procedure to a work experience placement from the local school for the umpteenth time. "How many times do I have to say this before it sinks in? "You are *not* a man and, therefore, do not need to either be treated as if you were one or to feel in need of the same reassurances."

"But…?"

"You are," she came in over him, voice slightly raised that he may take the hint and not interrupt again, neither man nor husband and certainly *not* a lover. Your pitiful weakness in allowing your wife to invite her lover into the home and have that lover spank you before locking your own little cockle away and having the dick that had and has been fucking me sucked by you, ensures you will *never* be any of those things again."

Patrick Statham lowered his eyes from those of the triumphant woman who had once professed to be his and his alone.

He would have been amazed, if not pleased perhaps, to know that the woman gazing down at him was as sexually excited by his capitulation to her authority and womanly power as she could ever recall being.

The gift of his submission, she told herself, was one that simply went on giving.

“From now on,” she went on, exultant in her control of the man who once considered himself head of their household, “you will be my cuckold and domestic servant as well as the servant of my lover. Any pride you may feel from this point on will be derived from knowing you have been as obedient and dutiful to your two masters as it is possible for a weakling such as yourself to be.”

To give her words emphasis, she shoved him away by the shoulders and sent him to the carpet at her feet.

“I was intending to reward you for being a nice obedient servant and cuckold by letting you out of your cage for a few moments and letting you rub your little cockle against my hosed legs,” she told his shocked expression.

“Her leg??”

Was that what he was to her now? No more than an animal? A functional pet she could reward by allowing it to hump her leg?

“But your ingratitude and disgusting suspicions in regard of Sophie have made me too angry.”

Naked at her feet, cock imprisoned, Patrick Statham could only marvel that she could say such a thing to him. If anybody had a right to be angry it was…

The slap rocked his head to the side and killed his resentment stone-dead.

“I don’t want to see you for a while until I cool down,” she told him. “Go to your room and stay there until its time to prepare for the arrival of our guest tonight.”

Despite the pain of the slap and the humiliation of just taking it from her, warning bells rang in Statham’s head.

“Guest?”

This was the first he had heard of any guest.

“She’ll be here at eight sharp and I want you on your very best behaviour,” his wife warned. “There is no need to cook but I expect you to make some sandwiches and have some titbits laid out in here for when she arrives.”

She allowed a second or two for this to sink in with him, then:

Now get out of my sight.”

Anxious at this surprise news but grateful to effect an escape, put on some clothes, and flop out on his tiny cot, Statham scrambled to his feet and headed for the stairs beyond the living-room door.

Only to be halted in his tracks:

“I promise you, Patsy,” she told him, reverting to the name with which her lover had christened him that he might not mistake her intent; “make one mistake tonight, one wrong word or disrespectful look, and someone else will witness for themselves just what a pussy-whipped little cocksucker you really are… Now fuck off.”

The obscenity from the lips of his once verbally fastidious and God fearing wife was yet another new development Patrick Statham was finding it hard to come to terms with as he scurried off to the sanctity of the spare-room that was now his.

Unfortunately for him, there were still a good number of similar developments yet to come.

A Surprise Visit

The black hand manipulating the penis it had only just freed from its captivity was not the only thing surprising Patrick Statham.

And the fact he did not want its attentions to stop possessed an even greater facility for shock.

As the free black hand that wasn't sliding up and down the meagre few inches of his erection ran itself through his hair, the beleaguered husband found his earlier pleas for his wife's lover to spare him this humiliation receding and found himself leaning in to both her embrace and her caress; thrilling to what seemed like a desire on the monster's part to provide him with a release his wife had come close to delivering and then used his perfectly reasonable concerns on behalf of his daughter and the situation of which she was an, albeit temporary, part of to deny him yet again.

As he thrust into the masterful black hand currently in control of his cock, and despite the unsought excitement from such a source it brought him, Statham realised just how far he had been reduced as a man in so short a time-frame.

"Is my little white pussy-boy enjoying master's hand?" the hateful voice of his tormentor penetrated his demeaning euphoria to ask.

When he made no attempt to answer, the movement of that black hand stopped and a sense of desolation he would never have believe it possible for him to feel in such a situation caused his eyes to open, it taking only a few seconds longer for him to realise his *"black master"* was waiting for a reply.

"Y-Yes," he croaked, unable to quite believe what he was asking for.

It was, however, not good enough.

"Are you disrespecting me?" came from above him where his black tormentor sat in sweatshirt and running shorts upon his cot while he lay – naked again – with his back against his tiny bed and his tormentor's potent ebony legs either side of him.

"N-No… m-master," he stuttered, grateful their respective positions prevented the eye-contact that would have heightened his shame.

"Good boy," came from the thick black lips above and behind him, the usual demeaning form of encouragement used with him by both wife and lover but somehow even more humiliating on the lips of the lover. Statham could feel the warm breath of his tormentor and would-be unlikely giver of pleasure in his ear and, as the hand resumed its ministrations, his head flopped to the side to rest upon a powerful ebony thigh.

"That's master's nice obedient little pussy-boy," the words came down to him through the perverse pleasures he was receiving from his tormentor's hand. "You see how nice master can be when you show just what an obedient baby-dick boy you can be?"

Suddenly, it happened.

A hand ran itself through his hair caressingly and, what with the gentle and metronomic manipulation of his recently denied cock, the twin sensations of imminent explosion and unused to tenderness, he felt something begin to give way inside of him. It was as if besieged and totally useless defences had sensed the game was up and called for a white flag to be brought to the front-line for the final abject surrender.

“No point fighting it now,” the black voice with the hint of its African ancestry told him. “master can feel just how much you like having my black hand around your little peter and, if you keep being a good boy, there is no reason you can’t feel it there more regularly.”

Statham’s groan was a mix of the pleasure induced and about to come and sheer self-disgust at the irrefutable evidence of just how low he had fallen and, suddenly, without knowing himself it was about to happen, he was crying, tears flowing even as he continued to thrust into the black fingers manipulating his little cock.

“That’s my good little white bitch,” he heard through his unbidden tears. “Everything is going to work out just as it should for you. Just not as you thought it would is all. You just do as your owners tell you from now on and life can be pretty good for you.”

The voice, Statham realised, had taken on something of the quality of Lizzy’s from earlier in the living-room when it looked likely it would be her hand pleasuring his *“little cock”*. The black monster who was in the process of taking his wife from him and making his life a nightmare was speaking to him as if he, Patrick Statham, were a young man in need of a strict hand and the knowledge, far from jolting him from his embarrassing tears of self-pity, seemed only to trigger his hips into a more frantic bucking as he thrust against the fingers of his *“master”*.

“That’s it,” he the coo, “Terry will take good care of that little white cock for you. All you have to do from now is be nice and submissive to me, because that really pleases me and, when I’m pleased, I’ll be more likely to give my little white bitch more treats like this.”

Statham’s breath caught in his throat as one forefinger ran the unimpressive length of his erection and back down again before repeating the process and assuring him:

“You still have a life with Ms Lizzy, my little baby-dick bitch,” he was told. “It’s just going to be a different one, that’s all. A new life.”

He groaned, too far gone to evaluate either the sense or the stupidity of what was being said to him as the voice above and behind droned on in time to the up and down movement along his penis.

“And that’s why Master Terry is here to assist Ms Lizzy. To help her little baby be good for his mummy.”

The two fingers manipulating him returned either side of his cock and began to squeeze gently, again tracing the none-too-great length of his erection before retracing the route and doing the same again; drawing sighs of elation and growing anticipation from the prone white man as they did so.

“You do want to be good for mummy and master, don’t you?”

Rhetorical or not, the question, as it turned out, would not receive an answer at that point for, with a convulsion that jack-knifed his head away from the surprisingly smooth black skin of that powerful thigh, his little cock finally erupted and spewed two months of denied orgasms up and over his own naked thighs to land upon the spare-room carpet.

For what seemed an eternity after his crisis had passed and his breathing returned to something like normal and the full awfulness of his thoughts took their place in the void that not seconds before had been filled with pleasure, there was silence and it took him awhile, through the jumble of my thoughts, to realise the provider of his release had risen from the cot to stand above him, bare black legs placed either side of his startlingly white and puny in comparison body.

“Did my little white-bitch enjoy that?” he heard.

“Y-Yes… master,” Patrick Statham replied instantly, knowing that not to would only result in his being draped across those big black thighs to be slapped and spanked into a shrieking mass of unmanly capitulation. “Thank you, master.”

“Good boy,” came the reward for his politeness and obedience as a powerful black leg swung over Statham’s head and his *“master”* turned to face him, expression dismissive and triumphant all at once.

Statham’s spirits sank as his black tormentor and self-professed owner took a few steps back and lowered his shorts to reveal a monstrous veined cock that was already pointing at its white flunky expectantly.

“Now crawl over her and say thank you properly.”

Mrs Grayson

"It's really lovely to see you, Sally," Patrick Statham told the woman who had been his former PA and now ran the company he had built while her erstwhile boss stayed at home and looked after his wife and her lover. Knowing him as she did, even if it had been in a previously subordinate position, Sally Grayson knew he wasn't being quite truthful and couldn't say his evasion surprised her to any great extent. It wasn't, after all, many business owners who stepped aside from their company to don a floral apron and serve refreshments for his wife and former secretary.

And the present of this younger and black *"Terry"* character, a houseguest who he not only seemed edgy around but seemed to be allowing to *supervise* him, truly baffled her.

Even if she did find something… *pleasing*… in her former boss's mystifying and untoward deference.

It was a response that, given that the opinion of men in general on the part of the middle-aged and matronly woman sitting in the Statham's living-room opposite her hostess, was hardly surprising. Her view of the male sex, after all, had been forged first by an antediluvian and fatherly believer in Victorian values (those applying to the fairer sex, at least) and by her late-husband. The latter being overbearing and self-interested man. A man, it would turn out, whose early promise as a spouse had fizzled out very shortly after having slipped a ring upon her finger and his shortcomings as a provider became glaringly obvious. Ted, her husband, had been somewhat idle into the bargain and she had been the one forced to pursue a full-time job while he remained in a part-time position at the local bookmaker's. A position that enabled him to be around the main love of his life and ensured she saw little or nothing of his earnings from the collating of losing bets and other menial tasks he was willing to accept in order to be around the sport of kings he loved so much.

Unsurprisingly, his premature thrombosis and subsequent passing was greeted by his widow with a little less sorrow than might be expected from a woman who had just lost a husband of over twenty-years. An absent sense of loss not likely to assert itself for the loss of the anchor chain that had held her so firmly to the ground from which she would have flown. And held her there simply that she might be there to pick up after and cosset him during that time before the *"big win"* he was convinced would come his way – be that win of either an equestrian or a lottery nature.

Now though, and since taking the helm at the company owned by the woman opposite her, Sally Grayson barely even gave her deceased spouse a passing thought, let alone one of loss and remorse.

"If I'm being too personal, do say, Sally," said her hostess after her host and former boss left for the kitchen with an armful of plates – plates that had contained the sandwiches *he* himself had made and, to his former PA's amazement, *served*; his progress monitored it seemed, and even more amazingly, by the Statham's young *black* houseguest.

Sally smiled to herself, having been on the end of the question she was about to be asked too many times since her widowhood not to know when it was about to be asked again.

Sure enough:

“But I’m surprised a capable and attractive woman such as yourself hasn’t found herself a man. I mean, it has been two years now since the sad passing of your husband.”

Along with the others who had asked the very same thing, Lizzy Statham was being disingenuous on two counts and they both knew it. The passing made reference to had not been sad in the slightest and Sally Grayson could hardly be said to be attractive – at least not in any conventional sense. Even if there was, in common with Lizzy herself but in an altogether more prosaic way, something in her matronly curves and no-nonsense features – the same no-nonsense features that had allowed her late husband to get away with domestic and marital murder just the same – that appealed to a certain type of man.

“There was nothing sad about it,” Sally Grayson said matter-of-factly. “Believe me, having allowed myself to suffer Ted’s failings for so long I’m in no great hurry to invite more of the same into my life.”

“And especially when things are going so well for you,” Lizzy agreed; adding: “I’m exceptionally pleased with the way you’ve taken the company to the next level since my husband stepped aside. Thank you.”

“Any thank you’s should be made by me, Lizzy,” said the woman, buoyed and mildly euphoric as she was by the consumption of a couple of gin & tonics as well as the elation supplied on a regular basis these days of knowing the anchor-chain was gone and he talents and ability for decision making and organisation were finally being put to good use rather than placed at the service of a no-hoper husband. “You took a chance in promoting me when your husband decided he’d had enough and I could not be more grateful.”

About to go on, she hesitated, unsure of her ground.

“Though…”

“Though you’re surprised that he took that course of action,” her hostess finished for her, statement rather than question.

Sally Grayson nodded.

“He just seemed so… well… *happy*… to be running the company,” she remarked. “When you told me he had decided to step down to take over the running of the house for you it came out of the blue. After all, it’s not every day a man steps down from being the head of his own business, signs over the majority holding to his wife, and becomes a… a…”

“Househusband?” Sally offered the requisite and elusive description.

Again, the widow and now boss of Statham Solutions nodded and Lizzy picked up an undercurrent of excitement in a woman she sensed could become as much intimate friend as valued employee.

“Does that offend you?” she asked, like all good attorneys knowing the answer in advance.

“Not in the slightest,” snorted Sally Grayson, a hint of wistfulness in her expression allowing Lizzy to read the thoughts that were, at that exact moment, picturing her late-husband for once in a similar situation to that of her now former boss.

“I suppose it isn’t a very… *manly*… thing for someone of his age – of any age, come to that – to be doing but…”

Lizzy was being deliberately provocative, knowing it would draw the woman in and, sure enough, helped by the g&t’s:

“Well, if you don’t mind me saying,” Sally began, “your husband has never struck me as being the most manly and…”

A hand covered Sally Grayson’s mouth and she threw Lizzy a look of remorse.

“I’m so sorry, Lizzy. I shouldn’t have said that. I’m speaking out of turn and I apologise.”

“Nonsense!” Lizzy told her, relief palpable on the older woman’s face. “You might work for me but I’d like to think we’re friends too… or at least can become friends.”

Lizzy winked.

“I happen to think strong women like us should be able to speak our minds when we wish to and without constraint. It’s not often I meet someone of my own sex who is of a likemind but I sense that you are. You may say anything you wish to me and be sure that, though I may not agree with you – and this, I would hope, applies in reverse - I will not take the slightest offence for your having done so.”

Sally Grayson, though relieved, remained a little pensive, worrying, no doubt, that the saying of something was one thing but actually following through on it quite another.

“And you are quite right,” Lizzy went on, sensing reassurance was required. “Though it was not the way he saw himself, Patrick, as well as being neither a big decision maker or dynamic, has never been very manly – barely manly at all, in fact – and the position he has in respect of me now is a fitting one only tarnished by having taken him so long to occupy it.”

Lizzy held up her hands in a posture of *Mea Culpa*:

“And for *that* I am afraid I must take full responsibility, my dear Sally.”

Emboldened by alcohol and, now, familiarity, Sally felt able to question her hostess further:

“Is it just me, Lizzy,” she laughed; “I’m not a drinker as a rule and I think these are going to my head; but it seemed to me as if your husband was not just helping around the house but actually… well… *deferring* to you, if that’s the right word.”

“It’s the perfect word,” Lizzy assured her, sensing her husband’s newly born docility and willingness to make himself useful was not unappealing to the widow and that she had been imagining having her late-husband in such a position almost from the moment she sat down and was served coffee and a sandwiches by her former boss.

A *“boss”*, moreover, who was wearing a floral kitchen-apron over his everyday clothes.

“I’m probably being silly,” Sally went on, “but…”

Again she hesitated.

“Do go on, Sally. I’ve told you I will take no offence at anything you say.”

“Well…” still hesitant, Sally finally gave her shoulders a *‘what the hell’* shrug and spat it out. “It seemed to me that he wasn’t just deferring to you but to *Terry* also.”

The name of Lizzy’s lover had been deliberately emphasised and Lizzy chuckled at her employee and, hopefully, friend’s clumsy attempt to nudge her into explaining the mystery of the presence of another in her home.

“That’s because he does defer to Terry, Sally.”

Despite her inhibitions being loosened by the drink, Sally Grayson looked shocked. The forthright reply to what had only been a mild suspicion on her part had now been confirmed as her former boss being… well… *supervised* in his own home. And supervised by someone younger than himself.

Someone younger *and* black.

“I… I don’t think I’m following this, Lizzy. I must have had too much to…”

“Oh, I think you’re following it very well,” Lizzy contradicted her, taking the redness her observation brought to already flushed cheeks as affirmation. “And, if may say, not only following it but finding it… *exciting*.”

The somewhat staccato heaving of a pair of matronly but no less impressive breasts, still full and firm for her forty-something years, was as much a giveaway as the flushed cheeks of the face with its accentuated birdlike features that added to the general air of a formidable woman who stood no nonsense from her menfolk and made the treatment of her by her late-husband Ted all the more inexplicable to those who knew her and firmed Lizzy up in her belief that she would not only find a kindred spirit in the woman but a staunch ally.

“The answer to the question I can see on your lips is yes.”

“Question?”

“Is Terry my lover,” Lizzy reminded her, sure that was what she was going to ask – eventually anyway.

“I… I…”

“It’s perfectly acceptable for you to be a little uncomfortable with the fact, Sally. But, I’m sure you will agree, that we women have suffered uncomplainingly the bedroom ineffectuality’s of our partners for too long and its high-time we took our pleasures the way a woman of our undoubted superiority should.”

As Sally thought about this, Lizzy added:

“Wherever and with whoever best suits our needs at the time.”

There was a pause and Lizzy thought for a moment she had overstepped the mark.

“I’m sorry, Sally. Too much information, as they say.”

“No, no!” Sally assured her, galvanised back into life it appeared. “I’ve never been the judgemental type when it comes to such things, But it’s just…”

“Yes?” Lizzy prompted.

“Well… It’s just that I’m amazed Patrick knows this and just… well…”

“Turns a blind eye to it?”

“Well, yes,” Sally responded, a little relieved at not being forced to voice the question. “That was what I was going to ask.”

“And the answer is no, he doesn’t.”

“Excuse me?”

“No, he doesn’t turn a blind eye to it.”

“I’m not sure I’m following you,” a bemused Sally told her. “You’re saying he doesn’t know?”

Lizzy was already shaking her head before her puzzled friend and employee had finished.

“No. I’m saying he does know and does not turn a blind eye to it.”

“Sorry, Lizzy, but you really are losing me now.”

“Yes, I know and I should be the one who is sorry, but I do so enjoy being enigmatic from time to time. Anyhow, Patrick is in no position to turn a blind eye to the fact Terry and I are lovers as, more often than not, we insist he be present when we go about the actual lovemaking part.”

The jaw that dropped towards the plush living-room carpet found itself in contact with glass swiftly after as a tumbler was raised to widowed lips and yet more much needed gin & tonic was introduced to her bloodstream.

“Unless you’ve actually experienced it you’ve really no idea how incredible it feels to be taken to paradise by a lover as one’s husband kneels in the corner, unable to do anything but look on as his wife is taken by another – and in his own bed in his own home.”

The rise and fall of Sally Grayson’s breasts were supplying Lizzy Statham with all the confirmation that the older woman was, for all her genuine shock at the state of affairs being described to her, aroused as well as transfixed by the prospect of her one-time boss kneeling in a corner as his wife made love to somebody else.

That *“confirmation”* all the respectable librarian and devious wife needed to encourage her to reveal yet more… *intimacies*.

“There really is no feeling in the world comparable to having the husband who had previously failed you in the bedroom watch you taken by another lover and then having kneel between your legs to lap at the pussy that is no longer his as that same lover applies pressure to the back of his head and urges him to please you. The fluttering at one’s clit as the tongue of the man who once refused to pleasure you in such a way while pestering you to take his pitiful little organ into your mouth is so incredible as to be next to impossible to describe and – though I know we’re not supposed to have such thought and such things are proscribed and supposed to be impossible these days anyway – the feeling that he is no more than a slave obeying the wishes of the woman who now owns him makes the whole delightfully decadent mixture all the more delicious.”

Sally Grayson was finding oxygen hard to locate as an image of her late husband’s head bobbing between her thighs, eyes gazing up to hers with a mix of fear and utter obedience, obscured her vision to all else.

“I can’t be sure from your expression if you’re outraged or aroused,” Lizzy observed of the older woman with the glowing cheeks and heaving breasts.

“A… A bit of both, I suppose,” Sally answered before, avian features twisting themselves into a smile that both relieved and encouraged her hostess further: “but mostly aroused.”

After a few beats, both women burst into laughter and, as has been the case since people first interacted, found shared humour drawing them closer towards each other.

When *“arousal”* itself was added to the mix then the deal was sealed.

“I… I’ve heard of men like him who actually get off on such things,” Sally said breathlessly, smile a thing of wonderment now as she found herself warming to the idea of her former boss as a supplicant of his younger wife and asking herself just how on earth she had managed to bring such a miracle about; even as she supplied herself what she thought was the answer. “You know? Asking their wives to… to…” she searched for the correct description.

“I believe *‘cuckold them’* is the description you’re looking for,” Sally offered helpfully.

Sally Grayson nodded, sharp avian features made a little less severe by the look of – *pleasant?* – surprise and the red flush denoting her arousal at the prospect of her former boss being brought to such a pass by his younger wife – willingly or not.

It was a prospect that provoked not a spark of outrage in her considerable breast.

“You are, of course, right,” Lizzy continued. “There are many men who enjoy seeing their wife take a lover before their eyes.

She paused a moment, then:

“Unfortunately for Patrick, he is not amongst them.”

The older woman was lost again – and just as she thought she had a handle on this surprising – and exciting – turn of events.

Just as she thought she was getting a handle on the off-the-wall domestic situation Lizzy Statham was describing another spanner was thrown into the whirl that was her thoughts on the subject.

“He… He wasn’t the one who asked you to… to…?”

“Take a lover?” Lizzy finished for her before shaking her head and delivering a derisive snort. “Not on your life. When it comes to matters sexual Patrick is so banal as to make vanilla seem vibrant and edgy.”

“Then…? He doesn’t get some perverted kick out of seeing you with, hmm, Terry?”

Lizzy smiled, younger tutor to older pupil.

“But…? If he doesn’t then why on earth does he put up with it? You’ve had him sign over his company to you and replaced him with me. If he’s not some kind of… of masochist… why would he just knuckle under in such a way?”

The dominant younger woman smiled enigmatically.

“Believe me, Lizzy,” Sally went on, “whatever I witness here and you tell me will go absolutely no further – I put up with enough shit from Ted while he was alive not to find something just in your treatment of your husband.”

She paused for another much need sip of her beverage and Sally waited patiently, more than pleased at the way her prospective ally was taking to the news of her husband's demotion at home as well as the office.

"In fact, Lizzy," she went on, "I'm already a little jealous of you… well, envious, anyway. I mean, you have him acting like some kind of domestic servant in his own home – he's even being bossed around by your lover."

She spread her arms wide in a gesture of non-comprehension:

"Why?"

Lizzy gave it some thought before she answered, not wishing to go into the specifics of the grip she had over her husband but wanting Sally Grayson to be in no doubt that she had such a hold on her former boss and had absolutely *no* intention of relaxing it in the near future.

"Patrick, I have come to realise over the years, is a very weak man. You yourself, Sally, have pointed out to me his inability to make a decision and his lack of… How did you describe it?... *D*ynamism'. I've simply turned these failings to my own advantage to create a husband of more… *use* to me."

Now it was Sally's turn to wait as Lizzy took a leisurely sip of her own drink, before:

"He is not being blackmailed into remaining here and I describe absolutely nothing illegal," Lizzy assured her, conveniently omitting the threat to make the mobile-phone footage of her husband sucking her lover's cock public knowledge. "But it is the case that the shame he feels at being replaced in his wife's love-life and having friends, family and *former* colleagues made aware of the specifics gives me a powerful hold over him.

Allowing a few seconds for her words to sink in, Lizzy added:

"Not only that but, with every tiny backward step of submission I force upon him, the more and more he loses what small will to resist he had to begin with."

A thought suddenly struck Sally that took the edge off the excitement she was taking from Patrick Statham's fall from grace. Never having had children herself and missing the fact, the thought was a sobering one. There was, after a young life involved here also.

"And what about Sophie, Lizzy?"

Lizzy's expression said: *"what about her?"*

"You surely don't…? You know…? *Flaunt* the situation in front of her?"

For a second, her hostess looked annoyed and Sally thought she had crossed a line.

Palpable relief supplied a few seconds later.

“Yes,” Lizzy acknowledged. “You are right to be concerned on that score and it does you credit that you are. So you will be relieved to know that I love my daughter at least as much as my husband and would not allow her to witness anything that interferes with her fondness for her father. That’s why I chose a very good first school for her near my parents and she stays with them during the school week.”

Sally nodded, relief as palpable for the child as it was for herself in regard of the smile directed her way that gave assurance of her employer’s continuing trust and familiarity.

“Obviously, when she returns at the weekends, it is to see her father performing those domestic tasks once performed by mummy, but she soon adjusted to the idea and, like most children of her age, soon came to see it as normal.”

“And Terry?”

Lizzy smiled, having fully expected the question:

“Patrick and I both come from socially and politically liberal backgrounds and my parents and Sophie are very impressed that we were willing to give a home to a young person from the foundation for the homeless for whom I sometimes work on a voluntary basis – even if that is a long way from the internet site where we first… *‘hooked-up’*… so to speak.”

“I hope you didn’t mind me asking,” Sally said. “It’s just that it’s one thing to… you know?... with an adult. But, with a child…?”

“As I said, Sally,” Lizzy smiled, “your concern does you credit.”

Sally smiled back.

“Anyhow, Sally, you will find in regard to sex, that when a man is denied for long enough he can get a kick out of a whole range of things he would previously have described as sick and this also is a tool we can use in order to control him.”

“Yes, I understand that,” said Sally, clearing her suddenly thick throat to contribute something of her own, none too happy, given her greater years – and despite valuing her employer and now confidant’s good opinion - to be seen as some gauche ingénue. “But the sex you make him witness isn’t necessary the sex he visualises when he… You know?”

“Masturbates?” Lizzy asked, Sally’s attempt to seem less parochial and more worldly wise undermined by her inability to voice the word to her younger hostess and serving only to highlight the difference in their sexual experience.

Sally nodded and decided not to ask any more questions likely to draw attention to her relative inexperience of the matters currently on the table.

“*That*,” Lizzy told her, “is something that has been, if you’ll forgive the pun, taken out of his hands.”

The excitement Sally Grayson could not deny feeling was joined again by puzzlement at the words of her hostess and mingled with her arousal and the wetness at her groin provoked by her former boss's new and submissive role in his own home.

Excitement, it must be said, more powerful than puzzlement and overcoming any prospect of self-recrimination for allowing the perverse treatment being handed out to a man she had once worked for and found a semi-reasonable boss to arouse her in such a way.

A perverse arousal that was about to be increased tenfold as Lizzy produced the key that hung from the thin chain at her neck.

"Do you know what this key unlocks?" Lizzy quizzed, knowing there would be no answer provided and smiling as Sally shook her head, cheeks, if possible, flushing even more scarlet as she sensed something...

Out of the ordinary.

"This, Sally, is the key to the cock-cage my lover locked around my husband's balls within hours of first meeting him."

The older woman started in her seat as she felt a series of telltale tremors go off somewhere inside her and realised she was on the verge of a climax.

And from nothing more concrete than her employer, hostess and, hopefully, friend, telling her how she was treating the husband who had been, as said, Sally Grayson's, boss.

"But not before my husband had been taken up to the spare-room he now occupies, when he isn't cleaning and skivvying that is, to be spanked within an inch of his life and then compelled to provide my new lover with the oral sex he had always denied me."

"Oooooh!" Sally moaned, senses at overload and having the inevitable result. "I… I… Ooooooooh!... Lizzy, I…. Ooooooooooooooh!"

It was an embarrassed Sally Grayson who came down from the most powerful orgasm she could remember, and this without even having been touched, a few moments later; unable to meet the eye of the younger woman opposite. Though, if she had, she would not have felt quite as embarrassed as the smile on her employer's and would-be friend's face was warm and understanding. As it was, however, her inability to meet the eyes opposite required a more verbal reassurance.

"Don't be embarrassed, Sally," she heard as she studied the carpet and tried to come to terms with the power of her orgasm and marvelled that she could be so… energised from hearing of her former employer's plight. "You've just experienced your first orgasm of empowerment."

Sally stared at the woman and it was impossible for her employer and hostess - and now, it seemed, friend *and* younger mentor – to miss the hopeful quality of her expression.

“Imagine, Sally, just how much more powerful your release will be when you have the object of that empowerment helping to provide you with such pleasure and acting totally upon your wishes and instructions.”

The mouth that had previously hung open with astonishment was now agape with another emotion:

Hope.

“Wh-What are saying, Lizzy?” the former straight-laced and matronly Mrs Grayson asked, the quality of hope etched into her features still more apparent and, to Lizzy, even more appealing.

“I’m saying, Sally, that the more strong women there are in my husband’s life the better it is for Terry and myself.”

“Are…?” Sally Grayson began, wondering if this could possibly mean what she thought it meant. “Are you saying you want…? You want *me* to play some part in… in *humiliating* your husband?”

Lizzy nodded solemnly.

“But only if the prospect is pleasing to you. And, if you’ll forgive my presumption, I get the impression that supervising the man who once supervised you is not something likely to curry disfavour with you.”

The silence that followed seemed like an eternity to both but, as is so often the way in such hyperactive situations, was no more than a few moments.

Then:

“When and, more importantly, *how*, do I start?” asked an aroused and jubilant former PA.

Lizzy Statham’s answer was to pour them both another large gin & tonic.

Then she told her.

Virgin Territory

“These little balls aren’t yours anymore, are they?”

“Nnnnnnng,” was the only answer Patrick Statham could make as the long and thick shaft of his wife’s lover filled his mouth and seemed sure to block his throat anytime soon; repetition making such usage of him no more acceptable and certainly not arousing. The massive and hairless black balls of his user were slapping against his nose and forehead and, not for the first time, he wondered how he could allow himself to be abused in such a fashion as Terry faced forward that he might have access to his caged penis and testicles.

“That’s alright, my obedient white pussy-boy,” the demoralised white man heard from above. “I know what a well-brought up little cuckold you are and I understand you don’t want to speak with your mouth full. “I know you know those little balls and that puny cock are the property of your wife and her superior black lover now, so we’ll just take it as read, shall we?”

The black shaft slid out and then back in again, deeper this time so that Patrick Statham gagged.

“Don’t you go choking on me before I give your throat its daily dose of African cream, white-boy,” the voice from above warned. “Unless you want me to take your arse again.”

The threat had its effect and the thoroughly cowed Statham fought the urge to expel the invader from his mouth and throat and, instead, attempted to suck the object that had done so much to reduce him to the state of cringing servility in which he now found himself to not only wife but hated lover. Memories of the *“breaking in”* of his virgin arse from not two days before were fresh in his mind and were unlikely to be banished anytime soon given the reminder of his agonising deflowering every time he moved. Of pleasure there had been none – not for him anyway – and the image of himself lying on his back as his tormentor stared down into his eyes and thrust that monstrous black cock deep into his innards was enough to fetch tears of both pain and shame to eyes that had seen more than enough moistness in the few months since his life had been turned upon its head.

Still sucking on the cock of his black *“master”*, Statham’s thoughts returned to that night, on this very bed in the tiny spare-room that was now his, when he had been reduced to a screaming and begging bitch.

“That’s it, pussy-boy,” Terry had told him, eyes fixed upon his own as the first none too gentle thrust of his cock took him some small way into the tight and virginal anus of the white-man.

The squeal of agony could have been a girl’s.

“Go ahead and scream. Nothing Terry likes better than to hear an obedient white bitch scream.”

Patrick Statham did *not* need to be told.

The pain was utterly excruciating and unlike anything he had ever experienced or imagined and, to make matters worse, at some time during his ordeal Lizzy had returned from the library and entered to watch; the sober working clothes of her respectable profession totally at odds with the abuse and perversion she was visiting and having visited upon her enslaved husband.

Still screaming as the black invader eased further into his back passage, Statham was aware, nonetheless, of his wife gazing down at him as she fiddled with something below.

Soon after his screams were muffled as his wife's pantyhose, fragrant from a day at the library and picturing just this scene, were thrust into his mouth.

"That's it, Terry," he heard as he wailed into the sodden fabric, "fuck him like the worthless bitch he is for us. Show him just where he stands in the pecking order and that you're as much his master as me. I want to hear him beg to suck the jetsam of your wonderful black tool after its just domesticated his arsehole."

Despite his pain and all that had occurred before now, Statham could barely believe this was the woman he had once loved and professed to love him back speaking in such a way. And knew it was and that there would be no return *ever* to the way things had been between them before she decided to strip him of his manhood. The mobile held in her hand giving yet more evidence of her intent things remain this way between them.

Patrick Statham was aware it was filming his debasement and that only his own face and the cock of his abuser would be visible.

Yet one more securing nail ensuring an obedience that was already running at pretty near to total to his two masters.

"Look at these breasts, Patsy," he heard his wife say, her hand cupping one to angle it downward. "Wouldn't you like to be sucking on it right now?" She laughed. "If you weren't sucking on the gusset of the pantyhose your wife's been wearing all day that is."

This fetched a laugh from the hated Terry, though the rhythm of the cock thrusting into its white victim was not altered in the slightest.

Terry's laughter was cut short as Lizzy's lips were lowered and found those of her lover's and slipped a tongue past them; both lover and treacherous wife somehow managing to keep their eyes glued to those of their slave as he was tamed further by a cock that did not seem likely to stop pummelling him anytime soon.

Then, breaking off the kiss, Lizzy gave her husband a smile and proceeded to take the panties from his mouth before kneeling up on the mattress and swinging a leg over his head to bring her moist and hairless pussy onto his still screaming mouth.

“Oooooh!” she swooned above him, voice muffled but still carrying to her buggered and now semi-smothered husband. “He’s screaming into my pussy and… and…”

Statham screamed some more as the monstrous black cock that seemed ready to split him in two redoubled its efforts that its lover may feel the sensation with even greater urgency.

“And… it’s utterly… *wonderful!*”

It was no more than twenty seconds later that Patrick Statham had passed out.

Thoughts coming back to the present and the same black cock that never seemed to tire of humiliating him and was at present halfway down his throat but was at least more preferable to him than having it buried to the hilt in his arse, the demoralised white husband recalled the sight that had greeted him as he returned to consciousness with Terry’s cock no longer thrusting but still buried inside him after he had been smothered into oblivion by the pussy of his own wife.

His own reaction had appalled him as the sight of the breasts above him won an instant acknowledgement of admiration from him and, despite his internal torment, he found himself longing to take those wondrous nipples in his mouth and suck upon them – even if it meant begging to do so, and then begging some more as his own cock hardened in its prison and he pleaded to be released from it that he may find another release of its own.

Sometimes, if he begged pitifully enough, his masters even conceded to his wishes.

The sensuous and feminine lips that curled derisively as they gazed down upon him and read his thoughts were both mocking and triumphant. He had been reduced to the most abject form of life in their world and, in the way all canines lick the hand of the owner who punishes them, he was becoming more and more in awe of the master presiding over his fall from the grace of manhood. The hourglass waist and the unblemished skin running up towards those incredible breasts whose nipples revealed to him the pleasure his subservience was providing their owner making Patrick Statham feel, for the first time… *worshipful.*

And it was then, black cock motionless but still filling him, that the one-time husband, father, and owner of his own business, stared up and said the words that confirmed his utter and complete slavery:

“Please, Master Terry, may your white pussy-boy suck your superior black breasts.

It was only a second or two later, after having shared a look of joint triumph with Lizzy Statham, that the gorgeous black shemale looked down at her slave and smiled.

Epilogue

“Go on, bitch, scream… Yeah!... That’s it scream for Terry’s big black cock till it reaches your throat and you can’t scream anymore… Then you can beg to put that puny little tongue into my beautiful fresh shit-chute…”

Three months had passed since Patrick Statham’s anal deflowering via the cock of his wife’s black shemale lover and he was still taking it.

Only now with a difference.

The black cock that was exploring his innards now belonged not to a black shemale named Terry but a vengeful and even more domineering woman with an even bigger black cocked strapped to her waist.

Mrs Sally Grayson savoured the sensation as the opposite – and almost equally as impressive - end of the strapon invaded her own moist cavern and marvelled at the change that had, indirectly, been wrought in her life by the man who now lived with her during the week and who she ruled with an iron hand she would have loved to have exercised on the late-husband who had led her such a non-merry dance. From being a nondescript widow and secretary to the very man she was now fucking over, she had, in the space of weeks, become the boss of that man’s company and the boss of the man himself. And she owed it all to the man’s weakness that had been exploited so cleverly and so ruthlessly by the man’s wife and, now, her friend.

Even the weekends, when she returned him to his former home to provide a sense of normality for his returning daughter – even if this *“normality”* consisted of him performing *all* household chores whilst wearing his now habitual floral apron – were something she looked forward to as they allowed her to recharge her dominant batteries for his return to her on the Sunday evening and their Monday morning journey to his old company where he now occupied a somewhat different position.

A *very* different position…

…A visitor to the small offices of the company specialising in specialised software solutions for office and business would have been amazed to be told that the man printing off correspondence for one of the two young girls constituting the admin staff, this as he waited for the kettle to boil in the adjacent kitchenette and serve the mid-morning coffee, was the founder of that company and had given his name to the enterprise.

“When you’ve finished printing that off and served the coffee, Boy,” said Lucy, a confirmed lesbian yet to reach the age of twenty and even more confirmed in her contempt of men, “I want you to run to the high-street and pick-up my cleaning. It will save me time and leave me to get on with more important things.”

Her young eyes held his, hands placed upon be-skirted and professional hips as if hoping he would speak back to her for her lack of respect towards an older person.
No such *insolence* was forthcoming.

Grateful as he was for the unexpected turn of events seeing his return to the company he had built, Patrick Statham – and despite the dehumanising elements of his recent past – felt a groundswell of resentment at being treated like a lackey by a girl less than half his years and with less than half of that again when it came to working nous. That she felt free to address him as *"Boy"*, he knew, was a direct result of Ms Grayson insisting upon it with the three teenage girls constituting the new staff at Statham Solutions:

"He's a man and he's older than you girls," Sally Grayson had told her hand-picked young staff of none too pretty teenagers, *"and we what men are like. By calling him 'Boy' you instil in his mind his relationship to you. Just because he is older than you and still handsome you are still his bosses. He needs this job so any trouble with him just come to me and he'll be for the high jump."*

The girls, Lucy, Jenny and Diane, knew nothing of Mrs Grayson's domestic arrangements – and it was apparent to the older woman that it wouldn't make much difference to them if they did - had needed no second telling and with every passing day their contempt for their overage office-junior had grown.

A contempt that had culminated with Jenny, the youngest of the three, asking him if he could run a cloth over her shoes as she worked as they had an important client coming in and they had gotten dusty. She was, she said, running behind with an important report Mrs Grayson wanted pronto but knew how much she valued her staff presenting themselves at their best.

His somewhat ineffectual protest at this nonsense, that he wasn't paid (he wasn't paid at all but considered the girls weren't to know that) to polish his fellow employees shoes, was crushed instantly:

"No problem, Boy," Jenny said, the demeaning form of address never failing to make him cringe. "I'll just pop into to Mrs Grayson and tell her the report will take a bit longer. I'm sure you won't want me to get into trouble and won't mind if I tell her I wanted to look good for her clients and asked you to…"

"No problem, Ms Jenkins," Statham came in, knowing whose side his former PA and now master would take and realising only more humiliation would follow if she were involved. "You're right. You crack on and I'll fetch a cloth and some polish."

Two minutes later, when Sally Grayson exited her office to ask for a file, it was to the sight of her former boss on his knees under the desk of a young office girl applying polish to her low-heeled black courts, head ducked as he went about the task, the girl obviously unwilling to give him the slightest help, either by positioning her feet in a more accommodating way or slipping the shoes from them that he may take them through to the utility room and go about his task in less... *humiliating*… surroundings.

"What are you doing, boy?" she blazed, feigning the wrong conclusion in regard of his position at the feet of a young girl.

So great was his haste to explain, Statham actually hit his head on the underside of the desk and it was all Sally Grayson could do not to laugh – even if it was a feat the younger girls couldn't quite manage.

"I, hmm, I mean, Ms Jenkins asked me to polish her shoes for her as we have important clients coming in and she was busy with a report for you."

"Is that right, Jenny?" Sally Grayson asked, expression stern even as she wondered at the depths to which this once relatively confident man had been taken and luxuriated in the thrill of utter dominance and possession she now exercised over him.

"I knew you needed this report and wouldn't want me not looking my smartest when the clients arrived, so yes, I did ask him. I hope you don't mind?"

"Mind, my dear?" Sally Grayson quizzed as a hopeful Statham stared up at her from his position at the girl's feet, hoping for a reprieve from his humble task.

She took a few steps forward and was soon towering over the crouched Statham.

"That's why we have an office-boy and you should be praised for your attention to detail. I'm sure Boy is only too happy to lend a hand. Isn't that right, boy?"

Wanting the floor to swallow him, hopes dashed, Patrick Statham, also known as *"Patsy"* and, now, *"Boy"*, stared up at the woman whose powerful legs clad in navy pantyhose rose up before; the sight of her muscled and defined calf muscles and large feet, not to mention the use she could put them to when punishing the cock she liked to unlock for just that reason, compelling his acquiescence.

"Yes, Ms Grayson," he replied, voice as small and obsequious as the voice of a grown adult male can be. "I'm only too pleased to be of help to both you and Ms Jenkins."

Sally Grayson raised an expectant eyebrow, loving nothing better than to exercise her power over him before an audience.

The girls, becoming more used to these power-plays and feeling empowered enough to re-enact something of the same with the older man when their boss wasn't present, looked on and listened with rapt attention – arousal a given - that did not bode well for the treatment the office *"Boy"* could expect to get from them in future.

Treatment – witness his current position – that wasn't exactly pleasant at this early stage of the working relationship.

Sally Grayson's eyes continued to hold his in a battle of wills so unequal it could barely be described as such; certain her still raised eyebrow was all she required to bring her pet to heel. It being no more than the simplest hint of the whip yet possessing the power to make him again, and just like the well-schooled animal his wife and her shemale lover had decreed he become, cave in before her.

“And the same goes, of course,” he added, beaten eyes flickering in the direction of the other two watching and utterly delighted office-girls, “for Ms Bennett and Ms Harvey.”

Not acknowledging his courtesy with either word or expression, Sally Grayson simply located the required file and returned to her office…

…Sliding the monstrous, black and fake, cock from the anus of her former boss, Sally Grayson delighted in the memory of her office-boy and manservant at the feet of a girl young enough to be his daughter as she had him polish her shoes, acknowledging, as she presented her rear for the attention of his tongue, the description of her new flunky by the black shemale so instrumental in bringing about his current level of docility to the superior sex:

Patrick Statham, she told herself truly was an utterly obedient and:

“Very English cuckold.”

END