A Wife Takes Control

By
Rebecca Tarling

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PART ONE

One

“I sense a woman with very special desires, Helen. A woman very much like me.”

The black woman uttering these words to the white thirty-something was sat opposite her at a corner table of a busy Starbucks, voice kept low that an adjoining table of boisterous students, doing their best to eke out the one Cappuccino or luxury hot-chocolate to which their meagre funds would run, might not overhear.

“I see so many women of your age – especially white women - who realise just how much potential they have to get so much *more* of what they want, that you must trust me when I tell you that what you’re looking for is already partly in your hands.”

Helen Drayton, the woman in question, was in her mid-thirties with shoulder length blonde hair and an hourglass figure that, while not fat, could not be described as slim either. Facially she was composed of those sharp angles that hinted at severity and came nowhere close to being described as *“beautiful”*, even if that *“severity”* was counter-balanced somewhat by sensuous and full lips. A *sensuousness* that, as the black woman had already referenced, had decided to kick into life with a vengeance and whose existence had led to their meeting.

Though it had taken many weeks of emails between the two before Helen’s coffee companion had been convinced enough by the sincerity of the older woman’s need to consent to seeing her face-to-face.

“You already have everything in place,” the woman who had introduced herself as Mariah continued. “The failure of your husband’s business and the fact it is now your salary as an executive P.A. that keeps him is a massive plus in your favour. As is the fact, and probably more so, that he was foresighted enough to see his company would be going under long before it did and transfer ownership of the house into your name alone. But the one thing you must be sure of before we go ahead is that this is what you want.”

Helen had sighed internally. She had already spent weeks assuring the woman via their emails that this is what she wanted – and for good. Now, it appeared, she was going to be required to do so again, even though *she* would be the one paying for the woman’s services.

Except she wasn’t required to do so again.

“I only mention this again,” the woman had gone on, because your husband is obviously smitten with you still and what you want for him is so… drastic.”

She paused a moment, then added:

“And irreversible. Once done it cannot be taken back and, whether the outcome be good or bad, will have to be lived with.

Helen gave a *“so what?”* shrug.

Trevor, her fortysomething husband, had long been boring her since those first heady days when his good looks – though they were still intact – had swept her feet from under her when doing business with the man who had been her boss at the time. The fact such a handsome man could find her interesting – even come to love her – both puzzled and flattered her and, for a while, she found herself returning the compliment with a passion strong enough for her to be led down the aisle and into an existence as a housewife she had always insisted was not for her – though she did, in deceitful ways, manage to stay true to her intention *not* to be burdened with the children he had always insisted he wanted. Though, after leaving her job, she had – amazing herself in the process – settled down into domesticity.

And eventually realised it was *everything* she had always believed it would be:

Soul destroying *and* mind-numbingly boring.

Into the bargain, the sex with her handsome, if somewhat selfish, husband soon became tame as the novelty of having such a man desire her wore off and his limitations in the bedroom became more glaring.

Thus her forays onto the Internet during his days at the office and her exploration of sexual desires and situations that were new and… *thrilling*… to her.

Explorations that had, eventually, led her to the black woman's site and their meeting alongside a table of boisterous undergrads in Starbucks.

"What I'm trying to say is, you understand, and to coin a cliché," that same black woman was continuing, "is that there is no going back once you start down this road."

Helen Drayton's expression was mildly impatient, English being her native tongue and having instigated what was going down between them in the first place, it was hardly credible she would *not* understand a facile observation that was at odds with the sound practical sense the younger black woman had offered until now.

The woman's dusky voice was still low and she looked for all the world as if she, along with Helen – who had done just that - had stepped out of one of the finance houses lining London's Leadenhall Street, her professional garb a mirror of Helen's in stark grey and white, even if a pair of unmistakably *huge* breasts were not.

Breasts the undergrads at the next table had certainly *not* missed and could be seen, had the two ladies been at all interested in them, sneaking covert and covetous looks in their direction whenever they felt they could do so without being caught.

"The moment we leave each other this lunchtime, and if you have agreed to go ahead and placed the necessary advance in my account, events will have been set in motion and your marriage as you once knew it will be over. I will not stop even if you have a change of heart."

The woman called Mariah paused and Helen knew she expected a response of some kind.

“There will be no change of heart, Mariah,” she said emphatically before flicking a glance at the students and lowering her own voice. I intend to get what I want and, having met you, feel confident you are going to be able to provide me with just that. I’ve thought it all through very carefully, just the way you said, and I’ve never wanted anything more in my life.”

“Even though you will find it impossible to ever see him as a man again once you get it?”

“Mariah, I have read everything you had couriered over to my place of work and *all* of it was a match with my desires and what I intend my relationship with my husband to be from now on. You of all people should know that my *not* seeing him as a man and treating him accordingly is a massive part of the attraction for me. In fact, and while we are on the subject of doubts, my main concern is not that it will be the right move for me but that you can actually deliver it for me.”

The black woman’s *“Hmmph!”* was both indignant and dismissive.

“You may be in no doubt of that, Helen. All the questions I insisted you answer about your husband and you found so tiresome resulted in exactly the kind of male profile that led me to take your case on.”

Helen waited, a little amused at the way the woman described the undeniably perverse and immoral task she was about to undertake for her as if she had been engaged in the capacity of marital counsellor rather than the catalyst that would lead her into a female-led marriage and her husband into what she intended to be a lifetime of physical and domestic servitude.

A *“servitude”* she knew he would find as hateful as he would find it humiliating.

“Everything, you told me about him,” Mariah went on, “from his working and financial situation to his self-regard and the importance he places on maintaining his manly reputation with your joint friends; this, along with his two sisters somewhat… *nauseating*… hero worship of him and his need to maintain it; tells me he is as perfect for what you intend and I can deliver you as the other men I’ve… *re-educated*… for their wives.”

“I sincerely hope you’re right,” Helen told her.

The black woman’s somewhat bored expression told the white wife she was hearing nothing she hadn’t heard many times before.

“Let us review the facts, Mariah answered, ticking them off one by one on her fingers as she ran them past Helen for verification:

“One: he has no employment at a time of recession when jobs are near impossible to come by and his age and bankruptcy make it even more unlikely he will be able to land one…

“Two: he has no credit cards and no credit-rating enabling him to get any…

“Three: the home is in your name and if he leaves he has nowhere to go; given his sisters both live in Florida and as a bankrupt with a criminal record – albeit a minor and driving related one - he has absolutely no chance of being allowed entry into the States…”

Helen listened, enjoying the recital of those factors that… *could*… deliver her husband to her.

“Four: You are working and he is taking care of the home while you do so.”

“Grudgingly,” Helen reminded her. “Until *‘something comes up for him’*. And I pretty much have to redo everything he does so, at the moment, I effectively have two jobs.”

Mariah laughed:

“Yes. It all follows a pattern. Trust me, his delusions will be the last to go. But, even before you ensure they vanish forever, he will soon be doing his chores and a whole host of other duties you will determine to your complete satisfaction.”

“At the moment he acts as if he’s doing me a favour,” Helen said, almost to herself, expression not a happy one. “As if, despite everything you’ve just said, he is still the breadwinner and head of the household and me the little wife grateful for his guidance.”

Again the black woman laughed:

“*That*, Helen, is a state of affairs that will not exist for too much longer.”

“I hope you’re right. I can’t wait for the day when I can actually *order* him to do what I want rather than have to make a polite request and then have to do it again anyway if, and after, he has been good enough to consent.”

“A little more patience and you will not have to wait much longer,” Mariah assured her. “And if I continue to repeat myself, Helen, you must understand it is for your benefit and not mine… Though it is true I have no desire to involve myself with time-wasters who like the idea of what I can offer them only to bleat like sheep when they realise it is, utterly and completely, *real*.”

Helen gave her an offended look:

“I can assure you I’m neither a time-waster nor some bleating sheep.”

At this, the Mariah woman could not help but smile and Helen, after a moment to savour her little outburst, could not help but smile along with her.

Until, finally:

“Then I think it is time we moved things forward,” Mariah told her.

Two

It had been four days after the disastrous tryst in a London hotel during which he had cheated on the woman he loved that Trevor Drayton signed electronically on his own doorstep for what turned out to be *the* pictures from an unknowing and habitually disinterested UPS courier.

To say he was horrified would be to understate big-time.

The pictures of him being… *fucked*… appeared to have been printed from a video and clearly and unmistakably showed him on all-fours taking a massive black cock into a previously virgin arse. What they did not show were the handcuffs securing his wrists and ankles that kept him in place. The pictures were very graphic and left nothing to the imagination.

When he came to the photo of him taking that massive black tool into his mouth and sucking, his face turned white and for a moment he felt he must pass out.

Inside the envelope he discovered a typed note and, placing the sheaf of pictures back, he read what it said:

Trevor,
I know last Monday was a shock to you and this will probably seem worse but, if you value the life you have with your wife you need to read all of this through and come to the only sensible conclusion. I expect my instructions to be followed to the letter and if you don't the pictures of you taking a black-shemale's cock into your arse in a hotel room will go to your wife at her place of work. I don't want money from you – I've checked you out and know you haven't any – but I do want complete obedience if your wife is to remain ignorant of your love of black cock. There is a full video of you taking my erect prick in your arse and I've no doubt that your wife would be devastated if she saw her pervert of a husband in action.

I really would not advise you trying to talk your way out of this with your wife by showing her this letter as evidence of your being coerced as she will only think you've written it to cover yourself anyway. And, besides, what would she think of being married to a man who could allow another… man… to use him in such a way?

He paused in his reading, mind almost completely numb; though not so devoid of memory he could not remember the pain as that cock was slid into him and the way it changed into…

He cut his thoughts off, unwilling to acknowledge the affront to his masculinity and returned his attention to the letter.

"This can't be happening," he cried out loud, thankful Helen was out doing a job he was now quite incapable of finding. Monday had been but the latest in a long line of disasters that had wrecked a life he had loved and placed him in a position of financial dependence upon his wife. Now this!

That *"dependence"* being something he hated and was careful to keep from his friends, together with his sisters and nephews and nieces in Florida, that they might continue to see him as the successful businessman and strong husband they knew him to be.

A dependence he sensed, from little signs of exasperation in her, that Helen was growing tired of also.

All the above explaining why the email inviting him to the Langham Hotel in Lower Regent Street to attend a job interview had lifted his spirits.

He had been, it seemed, *headhunted*.

The email had informed him that he would be one of a very small number of candidates for the position of Sales Director for a large German company opening operations in England and that, should he wish to be considered, he should make himself known at the hotel reception from where he would be directed to where the interview would take place.

He, of course, checked the German company out on Google and they did indeed turn out to be *large*. *Very* large. They were, in fact, the largest suppliers of leathers, hides and acrylics to the automotive industry and he himself had done some business with them when his company dealing in the same area had been up and running; the reason, no doubt, he had been contacted he told himself.

Doing his best to conceal his high spirits for this seeming turnaround in his fortunes from his wife, this that he may surprise her with the good news should the interview prove successful, he had once again donned a suit and tie and made his way from their Oxted home in Surrey to the heart of London for the interview that might just end his recent run of ill-fortune.

The *"Ms Hettie Muller"* he had contacted to accept the invitation to the interview had not attracted his undue suspicion, despite having contacted him via a Gmail address – so delighted was he at the chance of employment –and Monday had seen him upon the fourth floor off the Langham being welcomed into a suite by a black woman who looked and sounded nothing like a *"Ms Muller"*.

The woman had, though, possessed an incredible body below a feline face.

And her tits had been truly amazing.

She had also been utterly professional and asked him all kinds of relevant and necessary questions before, at interview's end, stunning him by making an offer of the position.

How could he refuse?

The offer of a glass of Chilean Merlot to seal the deal when, still marveling at his good fortune, he accepted was not be sniffed at either.

Before the bottle had been emptied - and in his elation he had neglected to ask himself why she did not appear to be touching her own drink as he allowed his excitement to let him down his more swiftly than he would have normally – he was naked and shackled and upon all fours on the carpet as his erstwhile interviewer dropped a sober skirt to reveal thighs equally as shapely as the calves below before presenting him with a cock that looked to his suddenly blurry and befuddled gaze at least twice as thick and long as his own.

And felt twice as big again when it entered where no cock had been before.

Not more than an hour later, she had replaced her skirt and left the room with him still in it.

Even if he was not the same man who had entered.

What self-regarded lady's man and heterosexual could have after having just had his arse pummelled to submission by eleven inches of another man's ramrod stiff cock?

That man being a shemale or not.

It had been almost another hour later that he felt able to dress himself, groaning as he did so at the pain in his abused rear, and make a groggy passage from the hotel to the underground and Victoria Station for a befuddled and uncomprehending journey home to Oxted, Any thoughts of complaint or involving the Police brushed aside. The less anyone knew of his ordeal the better he would like it.

Now he was no longer befuddled – though he remained unable to comprehend why this… *thing*… had chosen him as a victim.

That she had known his email address and certain other pieces of his personal information had not occurred to him.

Yet.

His insides were turning over, her hands visibly shaking, as he continued reading:

"On Saturday, at precisely 12 o'clock, I will be outside the supermarket at the back of Oxted Station in my red Audi soft-top – if you don't see it immediately I'd advise you to make a very thorough search as I expect you to come to me immediately, get into the car, and do not say a word.

I want your eyes low as a sign that you recognise your situation and the power I have to ruin your life. You will be gone for at least two hours so you'll need an excuse for your wife. I would, though, advise you not to tell her or anyone else about this. If I detect even the slightest hint that you have or if you do not follow my instructions to the letter then I assure you that the life you know will become infinitely worse."

He read message and its instructions again, struggling to believe this had/was happening – even if the discomfort he still felt at his rear and the memory of the shemale's fat cock as it slid into him were too real to be the stuff of dreams.

He felt, in fact, shattered.

Locking the note and photos away in his study bureau, he realised his defiler and the writer of the note was right and, if he wanted his marriage to continue and keep his self-respect in the eyes of family and friends, he had no choice but to do as he… she it?... demanded.

In the time before Helen's arrival home, Trevor Drayton convinced himself that his only way forward was to do as the black freak who had somehow selected him to torment asked and hope to either find a way out of his/her/its clutches or that she grew bored with him. Finding an excuse for his absence the next lunch-time would not be difficult – a phone call to a bachelor friend and an appointment on the golf-course would take care of that – but locating a reason for the how and why of his being chosen by the shemale as a victim was completely beyond him; though he did wonder if his surfing of Internet porn of a different kind to that he was unaware his wife had been accessing herself had somehow put he/her/it onto him.

It would be a few months before he knew but, though he was not aware of it at this time, *know* he would.

Three

The moment Helen Drayton had come across the female-led and cuckolding sites online her view of life – and more specifically her own – began to change.

There was, she had often heard said, nothing new under the sun and it was quite galling to her that she had suffered the boredom of being a housewife in a conventional marriage for so many years while her husband felt free to pursue the same business ambitions he had spoken of when they had first met and had now seen them vanish into the ether of failure and bankruptcy. And *"suffered"* it, in fact, when the solution had been at hand the whole time. A solution to her boredom made all the more possible when she had noticed the link to Mariah's site on "Cuckold Place", the largest of the web's cuckolding sites.

Having been blessed, or cursed some would say, by an imagination, she was by no means unversed in the less… *everyday*… aspects of sexual desire and its curious off-shoots; but what she found under the simple Google search of *"female supremacy"* simply left her breathless with surprise and… *need*.

That there could actually be women out there who fucked men – and sometimes women – with their partner's full knowledge, even if that partner was unwilling, astounded her. Astonishment that continued to grow when she read of how so many of those… *partners*… became so diminished and docile by the simple exercise of a woman's right to choose. Becoming so docile, in fact, they not only remained in the relationship but took a secondary and, more importantly as well as excitingly to her, *obedient* role.

And some of the degrading and humiliating ways in which the newly docile and obedient husbands allowed themselves to be used was beyond her comprehension.

Almost.

Hardly surprising that not a month after she had started surfing the net and reading such material that she was ready for the next – and real – step.

All she needed to begin with was a willing – and strange - cock.

A *"cock"* that was *not* her husband's.

Severe of features she might have been but the body below that face was still capable of holding a man's interest – it had kept, and still did, Trevor's, after all – and if the looks she saw thrown her way by businessman and others, senior and junior, successful and not so successful, were to be believed, then finding men willing to fuck her in the way she wanted and in ways of which her handsome, older and utterly ineffectual between the sheets husband was incapable would not be any problem.

And so it had proved.

Spectacularly.

The first time she cheated on her husband was with an attractive older executive who made it obvious he wanted her. An extended lunch, a nearby hotel room close to her office, and voila!...

Instant *"Hot-Wife"*.

It had been an eye-opener and, if the executive's pleasure at having pleased her was as much a shock to him, given he hardly considered himself a stud, then her own surprise put into complete perspective what her dud of a handsome husband had been denying her all these years of her marriage.

What *pleased* her most – in tandem with her surprise - was the confident way she, despite his good looks and influential executive position, took control of the proceedings and directed him in ways of her choosing...

"Slowly… Use the flat of your tongue as if you were a thirsty dog licking water from a bowl…"

She discovered a dominance about herself that seemed to make it impossible for this powerful man to say *"no"* to her.

Now, as she watched from the window their detached home her husband load his golf-clubs into his Mazda that was now in her name, this for a non-existent round of golf with a lying and conniving bachelor friend who, dishonesty or not, she had decided to fuck sometime in the near future, Helen Drayton knew the day was not far from coming when she would be exercising her newly discovered authority and dominance on the handsome man whose name she had once taken.

A dominance that would enable her to take *everything* he had left to him.

*****

The following day after receiving the photos and written directions from shemale tormentor came all too quickly for Trevor Drayton. As he had expected, his wife had barely raised an eyebrow when he mentioned golf with Jerry. Though a look of puzzlement did cross her face when she had to call him back to accept the cash she now doled out to him in the absence of and ATM or credit-card.

He had spent a sleepless night and his anxiety had been so strong he felt at times as if he must cry out as his wife slept peacefully alongside him as he snuggled up to her warm, if turned, body that he might find some reassurance there.

The fact she was less interested in sex with him these days had nothing to do with their changed situation in regard of work other than the fact that her job as a CEO's P.A. was quite pressured and the travelling into London exhausted her.

Exhaustion that was not helped, she had assured him, by having to constantly redo simple chores she had left for him to complete and which he had performed, and continued to perform, less than willingly.

All of which, the deluded husband consoled himself, would change the moment his circumstances took an upturn.

Not that he didn't try to instigate sex between them still and was forever complimenting her on how good she looked when leaving the house for the station and then the office. To no effect. She was always too tired.

Though at least she was not so trite as to plead the cliché of a headache.

Now, though, he was on his way to meet a… *thing*… that *did* want sex from him.

Even if he would rather have given him/her/it both barrels of a loaded shotgun.

The instructions were crystal in his mind – how could they not be given the consequences were he to ignore or forget them - and when he located the Audi soft-top and occupied the passenger seat he was actually relived that he had been ordered to keep his eyes lowered.

The drive to wherever he was being taken commenced in a silence that was uncomfortable, but he assured himself that speaking to the *"thing"* would be a sight worse – even if that and other things could not be put off forever.

Their destination, as it turned out would be a Travel Lodge in Caterham some five miles to the north of Oxted.

They were more than halfway into their journey – though he was not to know this – when his driver finally spoke to him:

"I'm pleased with you, Trevor," she told him, tone strong and confident in a way that told him the shemale knew the cards were in her hands; a dismissive confidence that rankled with him, though he remained with eyes lowered that his anger might not be read in them. "I like a man who knows when he's beaten and does as his new female boss tells him."

A lip was bitten so hard he felt sure it must split, but still he said nothing to what he could only take as provocation on her part.

"I assume," she went on, referring to the habitually tasteless outfit not found out of place at a golf-club bar but risible anywhere else, "that you're dressed like a white Harlem pimp for a trip to the dread golf-course?"

Free of whatever it was she had slipped into his wine in the hotel room and which had made him such easy meat for her intentions, Trevor Drayton again tested his lips durability and bit back his anger as she continued:

"We can assume then that you've kept this all to yourself, yes?"

A surprisingly dainty and feminine black hand reached over to stroke a thigh covered by the material of his golf-slacks.

And did so, despite his flinch, confident in the knowledge that she would not be prevented from doing so.

He wanted nothing more than to spit an answer at her before supplying something in the way of physical violence for her to think about, but knew he wouldn't risk it even as the desire occurred to him.

"Yes," was all he allowed himself to say, the situation in which she had him tearing up his insides.

"Good boy,." She applauded him in a tone of voice that did nothing to lessen his humiliation. "Now be quiet until we get to where we're going."

Their arrival at the Travel Lodge was met with no undue attention and before long Trevor Drayton found himself being led into the usual bland room common to the chain, having watched from behind the swaying arse and womanly figure that gave no clue as to the cock lying at its centre in horrific – for him, anyway – contradiction. Not once had she looked at him since they had entered and had taken care of all the booking in details herself and on the way to their room, her carrying the laptop that was the only luggage they had, it was more of the same, her marching purposefully ahead as he followed obediently in her wake, knowing without having to check that he wold be following close at her heel.

Opening the door to the room, she had reached back and grasped his wrist firmly, strength taking him off-guard, to pull him in after her. Only letting go when they were at the foot of the bed. An unnecessary, if symbolic, example of the power she felt she now had over him.

Releasing him, she slid off her jacket to move to the window and stare out, the shapeliness of the bare and utterly smooth black legs that supplied no hint that he was in the presence of anything but a highly-sexed, if highly evil, woman revealed to his gaze as she spoke without turning:

"Trevor, do you understand the predicament you're in?"

His response came instantly, knowing as he did that there was no point prevaricating and that to do so would only extend the length of whatever ordeal she had in mind for him.

"Yes," he told her, acknowledgement made as softly as it was dejected.

"Then I want you to know that I am going to use the power I have over you to do things... Things I feel confident you will not like."

Suddenly, he could restrain himself no longer:

"Why?" he cried.

The shemale turned to face him, feline features amused but unsurprised by his outburst.

“Why me, for god’s sakes?” he continued, voice sent to the higher register by his outrage and a rightful sense of injustice.

She shrugged, massive breasts jiggling in response to the movement and revealing they lacked nothing in firmness for being minus a bra.

“Let’s just say that your personal situation and the fact I find you handsome and highly attractive made you perfect for me.”

Her eyes had fixed upon his with a look he couldn’t pin down and he was not to know that she was simply reading his, somewhat, obvious thoughts in response to her reply.

Thoughts that reacted to her admission of the appeal he held for her by wondering if that appeal could be turned to his own advantage.

Thoughts that were soon to be disabused as the shemale laughed:

“No, Trevor. The fact I find you attractive will not allow you to bargain your way out of the situation in which I’ve placed you.”

“I… I…”

“No need to apologise, Trevor,” she told him. “It’s a perfectly natural reaction and one Ms Mariah fully expected you to supply.”

His eyes had crinkled:

“M-Ms…Mariah…?”

“Me, silly!” she laughed. “You surely didn’t think I was a *‘Ms Muller’*, did you?”

He was staring at her as if she were from another planet, still unable to quite comprehend how she had manoeuvred him into such a position so effortlessly.

“Do I look or sound German?” she mocked him.

He had been about to retort that she didn’t look as if she packed a python sized cock in her panties either, but thought better of it.

“All you need to know right now,” she went on with what he could only describe as relish, “is that I can ruin what remains of a life that already looks like a ruin if you don’t behave in ways I find *totally* pleasing.”

The curl of her lip was derisive:

“In fact, I can do it whether you please me or not. It all depends upon my mood and, if you’re sensible, you will do your best ensure that mood remains… *benevolent*.”

In spite of his knowing she could do exactly as she said a hint of the spine he had once believed himself to possess had surfaced and his eyes had blazed out at her.

To no appreciable effect.

“I should learn not to stare at me in such a way if I were you, Trevor,” she warned him. “*Especially* after what I just told you. After all, it’s not just your wife who would kick your sad white arse into touch if she were to be confronted with those pictures of you with my lovely black cock halfway towards your throat – or even *in* it.”

The shemale’s smile was purest malice:

“Especially as you look to be enjoying it so much.”

Trevor Drayton blanched, knowing the pictures had been selected with the purpose of showing him – disingenuously – to be enjoying the defilement of both mouth and arse.

Or, at the *very* least, accepting that defilement.

“Imagine what your sister’s and their husband’s would think to see their brother and brother-in-law on all fours worshiping the cock of a black shemale… Not to mention the friends of your wife and yourself. Perhaps I could arrange to have a few copies pinned up in the nineteenth-hole of that pompous golf-club you’re still clinging to membership of.”

He felt physically sick at the thought any and all of the possibilities she had outlined and, spotting this, his tormentor ran with the knowledge:

“How would your adored nieces and nephews react to having photos sent to them at school showing their uncle sucking a big black cock?”

“You…? You wouldn’t do that, would you?” he asked, sounding as if he were about to beg for the first time. “They’re… They’re children!”

Again came the shrug and again the accompanying jiggle of breasts that were, he admitted unwillingly, both wondrous and a contradiction to the gender of their owner.

“It’s your choice, Trevor,” she told him. “It means nothing to me if you keep your self-respect with these people or force me to have it removed from you. But you should know that I won’t hesitate to do just that if you don’t behave in a way I find totally pleasing and respectful.”

The bile at the back of Trevor Drayton’s throat increased in volume and acidity as what had been a pretty horrifying experience – mildly drugged or not – on the Monday began to turn into purest nightmare on the Saturday.

“I understand how new this all is to you so I’ll overlook your silence as being disrespectful and take it as a sign that you intend to be a good obedient boy for me.”

The pause that followed was charged with an atmosphere from which all positive elements and power flowed from that evil hemisphere occupied by the shemale.

Until:

“Tell me that you intend to be a good obedient boy for me,” she said, taking a few sharp paces to narrow the distance between them so that her magnificent breasts were pressed lightly against the underside of his rib-cage and her feline features staring up into his, still some way short of him even in the spiked heels that accentuated her already shapely legs more.

“P-Please,” he began, feeling his will desert him in the face of her confidence and certitude that he would be unable to find either the physical or moral strength to deny her what she wanted. “Stop this now. I don’t deserve to be treated like…”

The slap that rocked his head to one sand resounded in the room and left him open-mouthed; not so much for the pain caused by its delivery, which was considerable, but because of the strength behind the arm propelling black hand to white cheek and the fact it was the first time *anyone* had laid a hand upon him in such a way since his schooldays.

“Tell me now or I’ll take great pleasure from sending those pictures of you taking my cock to those you care for most.”

Through the beginning of tears that were also the first he had shed since being a schoolboy; tears he described to himself as unmanly and berated himself as he did so; Trevor Drayton saw the intent in her eyes and knew with sudden certainty that this… *thing*… into whose clutches he had fallen would have no trouble in doing exactly as she said if he didn’t do as she wished.

“With your wife first,” she added the postscript.

Of course, his first impulse after he had recovered from the slap to his cheek had been to deliver some physical punishment of his own. An impulse that lasted for about as long as it took her to utter her threat and the aforementioned look of fury and intent in her eyes that told him the shemale in whose web he floundered was mentally unbalanced and would have no conscience in doing what she described. Attracted to him or not.

Her next words confirming his assessment:

“Don’t think because I find you fuckable that I won’t do what I say,” she assured him, moving so close he could feel her breath upon his chin as she stared up at him. “You’re not the only attractive and *weak* man around.”

A few seconds passed before she repeated her demand:

“Tell me that you intend to be a good obedient boy for me,” she said.

Her eyes drilled into his and as his Adam’s Apple bobbed in a throat parched by anxiety and fear she again felt that indescribable and perverted joy that came from overmastering another human being.

And especially a human being of the white *and* male kind.

Knowing she had him over a barrel and screwing his eyes shut to blot out the vision of the pleasure he knew she must take from her triumph, Trevor Drayton searched for saliva that was not forthcoming before bowing to what he knew to be inevitable; telling himself by way of compensation for his imminent capitulation – and in the age old way of the vanquished - that this way at least he lived to fight another day.

"I… I…"

"Look me in the eyes as you say it," she ordered.

His soul shrivelled inside him, but – images of his wife, family and friends as they gazed upon pictures of him sucking upon a shemale cock foremost in his mind – he did as she asked.

As he thought, the pleasure she was taking from her victory over him was immense as she ordered once again:

"Say it!"

Swallowing back the bile that seemed constant and likely to project unbidden from his throat at any moment, Trevor Drayton steeled himself to say the most humiliating words he had uttered in his life to now and struggled even harder to make sure his eyes remained fixed upon those of his tormentor as he did so:

"I… I intend to be a… to be a good obedient boy for… for you."

Having told himself to rush through it, he had found it impossible to do so; the words and what they meant simply too demeaning to his sense of self-worth and pride to come easily to the tongue.

Something the black woman with a cock who had set herself up as his tormentor also realised:

"Yes, I know how difficult that was for you," she told him, expression darkening as she reached up to stroke the side of his face with the back of her hand and he flinched.

The punch the other hand she had balled into a fist delivered to his solar plexus took every last gasp of wind from him along with any fight that was remaining as he collapsed to his knees at her feet.

"*Never*," she told him, lips pulled back in a snarl, "move away from my touch in such a way again.

Hardly the most athletic or physical of men, despite a well-kept physique and the golf that could hardly be said to qualify as *athletic*, Trevor Drayton attempted to suck air into his depleted lungs while acknowledging at the same time that he had never been hit so hard and with so much power in his life.

“If I decide I want to touch you then I will,” he heard her voice from above, his eyes fixed on the pointed leather toecap of one navy court shoe as tapped out an angry and impatient rhythm on the carpet. “In time you’ll come to regard it as a privilege.”

“The fuck I will,” he told himself, able at least to refute and fight her in his mind if not aloud and with physical means of his own.

“In fact,” she went on, sounding as if she were giving an idea consideration, “I think this is as good a time as any for you to learn your first lesson concerning the consequences for disobedience.”

Breath still hard to come by and unable to form words he now felt too afraid to utter anyway, his eyes remained fixed on the tapping toecap of her shoe and the coal black foot contained within it as she lowered a pair of equally coal black panties and stepped from them.

The glutes of his arse tensed as he sensed what was to come.

And sensed wrong.

At least when it came to the part of the anatomy she would use upon that arse this time.

Suddenly he felt a hand take a hold of his still luxuriant if greying locks and yank him upwards until he was stood before her, breath still rasping in his throat and feeling about as risible, pitiful and defenceless as he had ever felt.

As a black hand went to the belt of his golf-slacks and unfastened it before undoing the top-button a part of him died.

Yet he allowed the assault. An assault upon the privacy he, along with the rest of civilised society, took for granted to take place. An assault, had civilised society been present to witness it, that was being made upon a healthy white man of middle years by a smaller, if well-built black female a good few years younger.

What they would not have seen, of course, would have been the massive black cock that swung free beneath the camouflage of the skirt now it had been released from the captivity of panties.

A massive black cock that was already erect in anticipation of what was to come.

“Better,” the shemale owner of that erect cock told him as she sat on the edge of the bed and draped him over her strong black thighs, draping one powerful leg over the back of his own and twisting an arm towards his neck to keep him in place.

As he realised with a thrill of utter horror just what she intended his lips opened to voice a protest.

A protest that died in his throat as the panties the shemale had just stepped from were thrust into his mouth and cut off all possibility of coherent speech.

“The sooner you realise I’m your master in every possible way – physically and mentally – the sooner I can stop having to punish you,” he heard her voice from above as he tried to work out what was worse: the fact he was a grown man about to be spanked liked a schoolboy or the taste and smell of the shemale’s unmentionables in and coming from his mouth.

From the very first smack of black hand upon unprotected white buttocks, any considerations other than escaping the rise and fall of that powerful hand as it reduced him to a mess of abject pleading behind his humiliating gag were forgotten. He would not have believed a simple hand-spanking could prove so painful and – never the most physically durable, despite his manly physique – he was soon reduced to muffled whining behind the gag as tears began to flow freely.

The shemale was holding nothing back, raising her arm high in the air and bringing it down on his writhing bottom in a relentless rhythm.

And that was not all.

She *educated* him as she spanked.

His life was now hers, she told him – unless he wished not to have a life; or at least not the life he knew. She saw him as no more than a boy and intended to make him… *useful*. If he did exactly as she said from now on she might be persuaded not to tell his wife, family and friends what a cocksucking little pervert he was, but only if she saw a sincere intention on his part to become her devoted manservant.

Through his agonies and the humiliation of being handled so effortlessly as if he were, to all intents and purposes, a child, Trevor Drayton could scarce bring himself to believe he was in a room at a bog-basic Travel Lodge, not five miles from his own home, draped over the lap of a black shemale as she – *it* – turned his arse from white to red and seemed to have every intention of transforming it to an even more ignominious shade of blue.

He tried to struggle but was held effortlessly in position as the hand descended upon his undraped buttocks, the knowledge this… *thing*… could not only ruin his life but appeared to be his physical superior also searing his own sense of masculinity.

And still that powerful black hand rose and fell.

Again…

And again…

And…

Had it not been for the soiled panties that filled his mouth his cries would have had the entire East Surry Constabulary beating a path to the room as that hand continued to descend and strike his arse.

Time, after time. after time.

He would have begged and pleaded now, promising to do anything if only she would stop, but the only sounds he could affect were pitiful little mewling's from behind the gag.

The shemale who had his life at her mercy was relentless and continued on.

Then, suddenly, and mercifully, the rise and fall of the punishing hand ceased and he was rolled from those coal black thighs to the carpet, where he lay mewling piteously.

There was silence above him and it was only after – he knew not how long – when he made to remove the gag from his mouth that the shemale spoke again.

Harshly:

"Leave my panties in your mouth," she barked. "Don't you dare take them out until I say you have permission, you pitiful piece of shit."

The beaten white man in a foetal ball at the shemale's feet wondered how he would prevent himself from vomiting if he were forced to keep the odious item in his mouth much longer.

As it turned out, that was the least of his concerns.

"I want you to crawl on your hands and knees and kneel in the corner – you can choose which," she told him. "I've some emails to send from my laptop and, while I'm sending them, I want you to have a long hard, and *silent*, think about your situation."

The last part of her statement had been unnecessary, of course, given that he had thought of nothing else since she had turned his life that had already been an uncovered insurance claim into an out and out car-wreck.

"When I've finished I'm going to call you over," she went on as remained curled in physical and mental agony on the carpet onto which she had thrust him. "If you don't crawl to me like the good and obedient white dog you intend to become for me, take off my shoes and lick my beautiful black feet, then I'm out of here and we're done and your wife, family and friends – and don't think I don't have *all* their addresses – will soon have the pictures that show you for weak sissy-boy cocksucker you really are… Now get to your corner, put your nose in it and keep it there until I say you can remove it."

Already part-broken from her fucking of him underneath the influence of the drug she had slipped into his drink on the Monday – though he was beginning to sense she needed no artificial aids to keep him in line, the hand-spanking and the effortless way she had forced him to succumb to it had taken its toll and he found himself obeying his tormentor without even giving it conscious thought.

Smiling as the older white man she was turning into a terrified automaton crawled to the corner of his choice, Mariah smiled to herself.

There was nothing she liked better than reducing some macho and arrogant white man into a willing servant and obliging fuck toy.

But with this particular white man – and his wife – the pleasure she was receiving was like none she had experienced before and was as puzzling as it was welcome. There were, she knew only too well, certain men who actually paid for the treatment she had just visited upon the white man who was already on all fours. But *he* was not, she also knew, and never would be, one of their number.

Was that why she felt so… *turned on*?"

"Good boy," she told him when he chose his corner and was kneeling in it with his nose pressed to the magnolia painted wall. "Be nice and quiet while Ms Mariah does what she has to do then you can make your choice."

Tearing eyes and salivatory mouth from the ruin of the white buttocks his kneeling form in the corner presented, the shemale flipped open her laptop and did indeed begin to compose an email.

An email with an address the man in the corner would have been surprised to see was that belonging to his wife.

It was some ten minutes later, progress report completed, that the shemale shutdown the laptop and rose to her feet.

"Okay, white shit," she said. "The time of reckoning is upon you."

Knelt in the corner, she felt sure the man was trembling.

"What's it to be?"

Four

“I need to do certain things to you,” she had told him.

In the privacy of his study, the latest in a long line of Whiskeys to hand, Trevor Drayton recalled what the shemale had told him after he had…

He swallowed back the twelve-year-old Aberlour he had been saving for better days, and been reduced to opening after the worst - then immediately poured another. Helen had retired to bed hours ago and, apart from asking him why he was so quiet, seemed unperturbed by his troubled demeanour since his return from the *golf-course*. Her *“early night”* a godsend that allowed him to sit in front of his computer and get sloshed.

Not that the twelve-year-old single malt diminished his memory of either the Travel Lodge or the monster who had forced him there.

And certainly not the image of himself as he took his nose from the corner to which she had dispatched him with her panties in his mouth.

The above after spanking his arse.

A mental snapshot formed of himself as he *crawled* upon all fours to her feet and, as she stood above him, removed her shoes and began to lick her…

More whisky went the same way as the last in the hope it could – even if only temporarily – banish the nightmare of his recent experience.

Not to mention the salty taste of the perspiration coating her bare foot that still seemed to pervade his mouth many hours and frequent trips to the bathroom and the swilling of mouthwash later.

“I have a darkness inside me and I’m going to unleash it on you,” the shemale who now insisted he address her as *‘Ms Mariah’* told him as his tongue lathed at a salty black instep in acceptance of what she demanded from him. “The fact you’ll hate me doing it but can do nothing to stop me only makes it all the more… *wonderful*.”

He had been aware of her crouching down and running her hands over the arse her powerful black hand had only just blistered, his trousers and underpants bunched around his ankles just as they had when she lowered them.

“Keep licking,” she ordered him with a relatively light smack upon his reddened rump as a reminder when he paused in his soul destroying duty, appalled by her words and the knowledge she quite, quite, serious in her intent.

His tongue again found the high-arch of her instep and resumed its lathing of the surprisingly smooth and unblemished foot, steeling himself not to gag at the odour of leather and sweat threatening to make him do just that.

“Good boy,” he heard the shemale, his junior by a number of years, offer demeaning praise. “I think we’ll soon be coming to an understanding now you have a better idea of what your place is around Ms Mariah.”

Trevor Drayton, on all-fours at her feet, arse turning all kinds of weird and not at all wonderful shades after the attentions of her relentless hand and its vengeful palm, found that his mental anguish was more than a match for his physical discomforts.

And her reference to herself as *“Ms Mariah”*, and his certainty it was how she wished him to address her from now on, seemed to take that anguish to new depths.

The whisky having no appreciable effect upon him – though he was two-thirds towards emptying it completely - the forty-something and grudging househusband, bankrupt and, now, creature of a black shemale, poured an even larger tumbler as the image of her hauling him up by the hair from his servicing of her… *feet*… to be presented with the monster of a cock that made his own look so miniscule and had pounded his drug-numbed mind into helpless submission at the start of the week before, horror of horrors, being thrust into his mouth.

Larger tumbler or not, it was almost emptied in a single gulp as the image of himself held in place by the shemale as she ordered him to open his mouth assailed him.

This time there had been no drug inspired lassitude – horrified though he may have been in his stupor – to allow him to mitigate the fact that he had taken a black cock into his open mouth and, under the instructions of *“Ms Mariah”*, begun to suck that part of it he was able to accommodate in this early stage of his… *“training”*.

As the image of the black prick invading his mouth re-asserted itself for the umpteenth time since his return home from the Travel Lodge – together with a recall of what seemed like gallons of sperm hitting the back of his throat and coating his tongue when the shemale succumbed to the pleasure she was taking from her control of him and erupted with a suitably high-pitched scream – he felt his stomach lurch.

The picture of himself at her feet as he sucked at her before being ordered to look up and into her mocking eyes as he did so brought the bile to his throat.

But it was his recall of seeing his humiliation being captured for posterity upon the shemale’s mobile phone that sealed his latest bout of… *nausea*.

As he staggered from his study chair to hurry to the bathroom, Trevor Drayton knew that all the Aberlour in the Highlands themselves – of the twelve year variety or otherwise – would not be enough to either banish his memory of the earlier events.

And as for providing a solution?

As his stomach voided itself into the toilet bowl for the fourth time since arriving home, he wondered if there was any way he could somehow come clean to his wife and persuade her that he had been manipulated into sucking a shemale’s cock.

A *black* shemale!

And done so twice.

As he voided the last of his stomach's contents into the bowl and took deep breaths to recover something resembling an equilibrium, he convinced himself that, if he wanted to stay married and keep the respect of friends and family, his only option was to do as this abomination of nature demanded of him and hope she tired and moved on to fresh meat as soon as possible.

Trevor Drayton could be forgiven for not realising his marriage was already over and neither the shemale who insisted she owned him or the wife who intended to would *ever* tire of him.

Five

"Put your hands behind your head, Helen."

Mariah's words had turned suddenly condescending and, with the sensation of being controlled by this magnificent looking black woman with a body Amazon–like in its femininity while being possessed of a cock that was as beautiful as any the white housewife had ever seen or imagined she would see.

Feeling almost childlike in the man/woman's presence, Helen realized her labia was swollen with arousal.

She could feel it and *knew* Mariah could see it.

The shemale just stared at her, slightly cocking her head as her eyes roamed over the naked white body with a gaze Helen could only describe to herself as: *"proprietorial"*.

She felt hesitant, violated and… *alive*.

And not a finger had had been laid upon her.

Yet.

The housewife and P.A. was still puzzled as to how things had progressed so far and so quickly. One second they had been sharing a bottle of Pinot Grigio in a little restaurant come watering-hole above the piazza in Covent Garden. The next they had taken a cab back to the shemale's stylish and expensive home off Pimlico's Eccleston Square and, two glasses of yet more white later, she had been persuaded to strip naked for the shemale she was paying to deliver have husband delivered to her in a metaphorical gift-wrap of chain-mail and fetters.

She almost started when the shemale, fully-clothed still, walked toward and around her, studying her body so intently it almost seemed as if having a female naked before her was a first.

Behind her, Mariah pulled her arms down behind her back and kissed the nape of her neck possessively.

Helen had always been a woman used to control – even if she had allowed her husband's handsome looks to force her to take a backseat in their marriage. At least until now. In the presence of this black god-cum-goddess who was a mixture of Valkyrie and stud, however, she felt submissive and pliable for the first time in her life and had to admit that the sensations supplied by allowing herself to be… *used*… in such a way were something of a revelation. *Never*, she realised, had she felt so… *aroused*.

Removing her plump and demanding lips from Helen's slender neck, Mariah had reached down and grasped her bare ass.

“Beautiful,” the shemale voiced approval of the taut buns clenching against her kneading fingers. “Spread your legs apart, Helen.”

The older woman did just that, amazed at the biddable way in which she was responding and knowing it was anticipation of finding herself upon the end of the cock she had seen in the pictures defiling her husband, in first the Langham Hotel and then in a less salubrious Whyteleafe Travel Lodge, that informed her out of character submissiveness.

She also knew that, if submission felt this good, she would not mind dipping into the condition every now and again.

But *only* now and again.

“Wider, Helen,” the shemale ordered, not harshly or unkindly, her own voice betraying the excitement she herself felt. “Yes, just a little more.... There!... That's the position I want to see you in."

The white housewife had never felt so open and vulnerable. Her complexion was purest crimson as she pictured how lewd her stance would appear to an onlooker. And cared not a whit.

She had, after all, *never* felt so turned-on either.

“That’s my good girl,” Mariah told her. “You like this don’t you?”

It was and it wasn’t a question and no answer was required – especially not when her nipples were so hard and proud and standing straight from her out-thrust breasts.

One of the shemale’s strong but shapely hands – the same hands that had recently spanked her husband’s naked arse as if her were the recalcitrant charge of a demonic nanny from some piece of underground Victorian erotica - reached down to feel between her spread legs.

Helen realised she had never been so… *wet*.

The shemale chuckled:

“Methinks the future dominant wife enjoys doing just what the lovely black Mariah tells her to do.”

Helen didn't answer.

Couldn’t answer.

“Unlike her husband,” the shemale went on with another chuckle. “Was all he could do not to throw up as Mariah’s big black cock filled his mouth and tickled his tonsils.”

“Then… Then he’ll just have to get used to it,” a breathless Helen managed to inform her… *temporary*… dominator, having already given her permission for the husband’s defiling to continue at the hands and cock of the shemale who had taken a strangely unprofessional – if enslaving a wife’s husband to her for money could be said to be *‘professional’* in the first place – fancy to him.

Black fingers insinuated themselves into her arse crack and anticipation of that huge and exquisite shemale cock or not, the white housewife couldn't understand what was happening inside of her to allow such an invasion.

An invasion she hated almost as much as she felt aroused by it.

But…?

Ooooooooh!

It felt… *sooooo*… good.

Suddenly Mariah turned her and bent her over the bed, using her hair to manipulate her into the position she wanted before giving her arse a playful slap. A slap that was nothing like the slaps she had delivered to the husband. Slaps, in his case, that had been intended to break, subdue and demoralise.

“Slaps” that had achieved the desired effect and done just that.

This was different, though, and Helen knew, even as she submitted, that they were indulging in nothing more than foreplay.

The certainty relaxed her.

Mariah might have dominated her husband with complete seriousness and conviction, but she was extending the compliment to the wife simply as a means by which to heighten the pleasure of both of them.

The white wife gasped as, totally willing and in contradiction of her husband’s experience, the black cock she had been unable to remove from her thoughts since seeing the pictures of it in Trevor’s mouth and arse entered her from behind.

Her scream of welcome was made with a rising pitch as it filled her cunt’s width and then assaulted her with its length. She was being used, hard and fast, by a black cock that was penetrating her in a way no other cock had come close to achieving – and certainly not the pitiful husband she was already promising herself would never place his unworthy dicklet inside her again. She experienced submission inspired lust for the first time and simply embraced it; the feeling of being helpless, used, and violated, thrilling her in a way she would not previously have believed possible.

Her release, though it felt incredible, came all too soon for her and all she wanted was for that magnificent pole to keep riding and mastering her.

She was pummelled and violated.

And loved every second of it.

Enjoyment made all the more piquant for the knowledge her unaware cuckold husband – himself pummelled and violated from the same source; if without extending that violation quite the same welcome – was at that moment awaiting her return home after a night of drinks with the girl's from the bank.

As she raised her head and screamed her release to the shemale's ceiling that looked at that moment like nothing less than heaven to her, she told herself he would have some time to wait yet.

And the woman who returned to him would *not* be the one he expected.

Not even close!

PART TWO

Six

“Take off your clothing, right now, Trevor,” his wife told him as his mouth dropped open.

“Don't hesitate, and do it quickly, she went on.

Her tone was commanding as he stood before her in their bedroom and it shocked him. She had just returned home from her night out with the girls and, from the moment she had walked through the door, he detected something… *different*… in her manner. True, she had seemed a little distant over the past months but he had put that down to the pressure of her being the one on whom the burden of their finances fell for the first time in their married life and the pressures of the exec P.A. job that went with it. This though, he had assured himself, was different – even if he also assured himself that it could have nothing to do with the humiliations he was suffering at the hands of the black shemale who was taking greater and greater control of him.

This was her third night out with *“the girls”* in as many weeks and after the first two occasions her mood, both in general and with him, had seemed improved.

Something that had given him hope that if he could just find employment and free himself of the ghastly Mariah and the cock with which she dominated him – or perhaps if she grew tired of her new *“white pussy-boy”* – things between himself and Helen could return to an even keel.

He had, after all, not stopped desiring her and was hopeful that, if he could start bringing home the bacon again, she could dispense with her job and, along with it, the tiredness that always seemed to prevent them from making love.

Tonight, however, her mood was not so much improved as…

Strange.

For her part, and though she had imagined how it would feel countless times, Helen Drayton hadn't realized how intense it would be to take charge and issue direct orders to her husband; though there was still, she knew, some way to go before his *“fear”* in her presence reached the desired levels and led to the kind of control her black shemale mentor, and now *“lover”*, had described as hers for the taking.

But tonight she was about to take her own first steps towards making his utter and complete dependence upon her a reality.

The first step being to get him to strip naked before her while she remained clothed and watched him do it.

Whether he kidded himself her insistence he do so was simply the prelude to sex between them or not.

Mariah's words echoed in her head…

"Don't ease him into it, Helen," Mariah had advised as they had relaxed after some of the most intensive sex *either* of them had experienced. "Come straight out with it and go for the jugular. If the pictures you have aren't evidence enough then take my word for it: he's not the strong and proud man you once saw him as and the fact he now sucks my cock and takes my dick in his arse without so much as a murmur of struggle proves it."

"You think he enjoys it then?" she had asked, her hand still wrapped around the incredible black tool that made her white hand look so tiny and was a complete contradiction to the erect nipples upon the full black breasts above it that were sizable enough themselves.

The answer had been instant, as had the shaking of the head and the look of… *disdain?*... upon the feline and utterly feminine features that were also a contradiction of the anomaly residing between her legs:

"Not in the slightest, Helen," the husky, if still female sounding, voice assured her. "If he did I'd be unable to take even the slightest pleasure from… *defiling*… him the way I do. The look on his face as I slide my black meat into his mouth and the knowledge he hates me doing it with a passion is genuine."

Helen smiled, pleased by the fact her husband was being defiled against his wishes and taking no enjoyment from the abuse; not to mention she was the real orchestrator of his torment.

"When it comes to men," that husband's tormentor continued, "I admit it's all about control for me. What I'm *forcing* him to do it is what floats my boat. If I thought for a second he was *'enjoying'* it I'd stop."

"And what if he comes to do just that?"

Again the answer was instant:

"It's not in his nature. Had he been a younger man, in his teens perhaps, then… maybe. But his conditioning was set long ago and nothing will change it. Just because he's weak at base it doesn't mean I can turn his sexual preferences around. If it weren't for the fact I treat him like shit and he saw me as just another woman I'm pretty sure he'd find me attractive. But the curtain's been up on the secret between my legs since my first meeting with him and there's no putting *that* particular genie back in the box."

The shemale gave it some thought:

"Given how you've been cutting him from your own body lately, and the way he was eying my legs during our first meeting for the *supposed* interview, I'm pretty certain he was having sexual thoughts about me though."

“He always did have a thing for a woman’s legs. That’s why I tend to wear trousers and jeans these days. Just to deny him the pleasure of admiring them.”

Helen’s smile was evil as she finished:

“Though I do let them loose at certain times to remind and… *torment*… him.”

The feline and shemale smile was no less malicious as she gave applause:

“Sensible girl.”

They had both laughed until Helen’s expression grew serious.

“And you really think he is so devastated by what you have done to him he will just fold when I start working on him?”

The shemale’s chuckle was one of genuine amusement as mockery was added to malice at Trevor Drayton’s expense.

“Like the flimsiest of toilet tissue,” Mariah had assured her. “if you had seen his face when I mentioned sending the photos of him, with my cock so deep up his arse he was almost giving me a throat job, to his nieces and nephews at their schools in Florida you’d know exactly what I mean. Just the fact I knew of their existence, let alone their school and the city in which they live, terrified him.”

For a moment, Helen had looked alarmed:

“Didn’t your knowing them make him suspicious? The last thing I want is for him to think I had any…”

A slim black finger, acrylic nail blood red, pressed against her lips and cut her off.

“I told him the information was out there on the Internet and anyone could get it if they just knew how.”

After a few moments of charged eye-contact, Helen nodded, allowed herself to be persuaded. Relief at still being in a position to take the moral high-ground with her husband great. Knowing as she did that being able to use the guilt he felt for the weakness allowing Mariah to punish him with even more humiliation of her own would not be possible if he knew it had been her decision to involve the shemale.

Her decision and *her* money.

For a few seconds, as her co-conspirator and now lover shook her head in wonder at how easily she had hoodwinked an erstwhile intelligent and mature man so easily, Helen asked herself why the prospect of taking complete control of her husband’s life in such a cruel way thrilled her to the core so much.

And gave up trying less than a milli-second later.

What difference would knowing make, after all?

There was also, she told herself, the prospect that too much insight into her own actions would ruin the incredible pleasure she was taking from the process.

Even at this early stage of her husband's subjugation.

"He swallowed it," the smile was on the sleek black face became as evil as it was feline, "along with some other… *stuff*… without any suspicions whatsoever. He even bought my telling him that my only reason for choosing him was that I get off on dominating handsome and older white-men."

The smile broadened:

"Which is partly true, anyway."

A black hand reached over to take another of a white variety:

"Don't worry., I know how it could mess up what you have in mind if he were to find out. Believe me, he won't discover that what's happening to him was courtesy of his wife's bank-account and her new black lover through any slip of mine."

Helen's relieved look assured the shemale that such a giving away of the game – given that *"game"* was being played so seriously - would indeed *"mess up"* what the single-minded – obsessive on the score, even – white wife had in mind for her husband.

"He has to believe that you're saving his hide. I know that," Mariah reassured her. "It will explain your anger at him for his weakness *and*, more importantly, his perversion that has ensured the lack of respect you'll say you now have for him."

There was an unnatural glow in the white wife's eyes and Mariah – who was already persuaded anyhow - could tell just how obsessed her new lover was when it came to the physical and mental ownership of her husband.

"Both your anger and lack of respect will explain the price he'll have to pay if he wants to go on being married to you and…"

Helen had waited.

"…*not* have his… *secret*… put through the divorce courts where your friends, his sisters and their families, will be sure to see it."

The nod accompanying the *unnatural* glow in Helen Drayton's eyes as she concurred with the shemale's description of what she required was emphatic.

"Don't worry," the owner of the cock that was fucking both her *and* her husband said, arms raised to forestall any further complaints. "I get it."

Helen's look had said: *"I sincerely hope you do"* and Mariah had looked deeply into her eyes:

"By the way," she began, using a forefinger to trace a circle around one of the older white woman's nipples, "since we've become something of an… *item*… as they say, I've decided I'm not taking your money."

Helen had given her a curious look and not responded.

"Don't thank me too hard," Mariah had chided after a few more seconds of silence.

"No," Helen protested. "I am grateful. Truly. But why?"

For the first time since Helen had met her, the shemale seemed embarrassed and, for the first time also, it struck Helen that the… *friendship*… they had struck up was based on more than just sex – at least on Mariah's part.

"I've been with more beautiful women," Mariah shrugged apologetically and Helen, who was realistic on the subject of her looks anyway, did not seem offended by the comparison. "But none of them moved me the way you… *move*… me. There's a certain… quality… you have, a quality I haven't managed to nail down just yet, that… *works*... for me and…"

"Yes?"

"I was just, sort of, hoping that… That, well, you'd let me stay a part of the loop… You know, once you have your husband's balls under lock and key. I thought, perhaps, we could, maybe, work out a way to keep me involved."

Helen had been genuinely surprised – and not just by the unusual hesitance and reticence on the part of her normally forceful and assured lover.

Beneath a calm expression her thoughts raced.

For sure, the sex between them had been – was – incredible. *Beyond* incredible, in fact. But she had thought it was no more than that and would end the moment the shemale had delivered her part of the bargain and delivered Trevor to her as the chattel and sex toy she had long fantasised him as being.

Having Mariah remain a part of her ongoing enslavement of her husband had just *not* occurred to her.

"Mariah, I…"

The feline face looked worried as Helen tried to wrap words around her forming thoughts and, for the first time, the white wife realised it was she, and not the irregularity of nature with the massive breasts and even more impressive black cock who had the real control.

Suddenly, and with that knowledge in mind, the thought of the shemale being a part of her life seemed…

Well…
Desirable.

Thoughts, as growingly attractive to her as they were becoming the more she thought them through, that were accompanied by concerns just the same.

Concerns the shemale who had fallen for her seemed to read:

"I know one of the reasons for wanting your husband under control is so you can have complete freedom to, you know, fuck around – as well as make all decisions for the two of you, but…"

Mariah had paused, surprised herself, it seemed, at the words about to leave her lips.

Then:

"I want you to know I'd be… I'd be cool with that."

A massive surge of arousal swept through Helen's lithe and naked white body as it lay entwined with the more powerful, if no less shapely, form of the shemale in a near monochrome joining.

She was, she told herself with delight and surprise for its timing, experiencing one of the power rushes she had read of in her frequent forays onto the blogs and cuckolding sites of women like herself who described that first experience of power as a partner or loved one acknowledged the right of wife or girlfriend to have sex outside their relationship while remaining chaste themselves.

The fact she could feel such a rush at hearing such an admission from the lips of someone who was neither husband or loved one – albeit someone who had not mentioned remaining chaste themselves – presented her with another question.

How much greater would that rush be when it was her own husband capitulating to her his own rights as both a spouse *and* a man?

Lying there with these thoughts and sensations swirling through head and body, it was not difficult to picture herself dominating not just her husband but this wonderful aberration of nature – even if that domination took a different and more… *inclusive*… form. An aberration of nature and a corresponding cock built, it seemed, and punning on a famous commercial, for the sole purpose of reaching those parts other cocks couldn't reach.

That domination of the shemale she was in the process of imagining, though, one she told herself would be nowhere near as demeaning and humiliating as that she intended for her husband.

A smile creased the white wife's face:

How could it be?

“You would be happy for me to see other men?” she asked.

Her smile was replaced by expectation as she added:

“Other Cocks?”

Looking as hesitant and unsure of herself as Helen could remember, Mariah had nodded, almost as if her own suggestion had come out of the blue and she was as shocked to be making it as the object of her affections was shocked to hear it being made.

“But what if I didn’t want *you* to see other women?” Helen asked, testing the depth of the power the black shemale appeared to be handing her, a white hand snaking down to the cock that had only just finished pleasuring her to take a sounding she was sure would prove infallible.

If anything, it was even harder than she had known it to this point.

“Ooooh,” she cooed. “I think my lovely Mariah likes the idea of her lover going out to meet men and be fucked while she gets to stay home and… *think*… about it.”

The giant black cock twitched in her hand.

“I’d tell you all about it, of course,” she assured her, feathering the taut foreskin of a cock that was now arrowed towards the ceiling, having read enough on the cuckolding websites to have some insight into the mindset of the willingly cuckolded – if not that of her husband who, she felt certain, would *never* reconcile himself to the prospect or be in any way willing.

Exactly how, in fact, she wanted it.

“But there would have to be some kind of… *quid pro quo*,” she went on, craning her neck to take a nipple as long and as hard as many an under-endowed male’s equipment into her mouth that she may suck upon it.

The shemale groaned as the tables were turned and she was the one being played and teased as a whole new world of submission – hers to another, rather than another to her – opened its doors in a way that was as puzzling to the dominant black woman as it was… *exciting*.

“Perhaps,” Helen said as she released the nipple from her mouth with a popping sound, “you could babysit Trevor for me while I’m out being fucked by my latest. He wouldn’t like it, of course, but that would make it so much nicer for both me and you, wouldn’t it?”

The cock thrusting against her feathering hand to gain more friction was all the answer she needed.

“Then, once I’m home, you could bring my husband up to see me so that he can clean me up. I think I’d enjoy that,” she said. “Even more so if you had him on a collar and lead and made him crawl upstairs to do so.”

Mariah’s groaning grew louder and more pronounced as Helen pictured just such a scene.

“Yes. That would be lovely. After all, I can do what I want in the privacy of my own home, can’t I?”

The growingly shallow breathing of the shemale assured Helen no answer would be forthcoming anytime soon and she resumed her teasing of that wondrous cock.

“Unless, that is,” she went on, voice little more than a rush of air passing her lips, “you’d like to tie him to the hallway bannister and come and clean me up yourself.”

The reaction to this amazed them both.

With her hand barely making contact with the shemale’s extended prick, semen began to spew from its tip with such force Helen truly thought it must hit the light-shade above.

She could not be sure, in fact, that it didn’t.

It was only later, when she was seated in Mariah kitchen, showered and dressed once again in the same clothes she had worn that day to the office and sipping a coffee, that Helen brought up the shemale’s suggestion that had triggered her own suggestions in regard of them and detonated, in return, the subsequent explosion of *unnatural* cock.

“I suppose then, seeing as you seem serious about this and are willing to accept I’ll be calling the shots if I agree to let you be a part of my life, that we better work something out.”

To Helen Drayton’s amazement, the look on the shemale’s face who had dominated and was dominating her husband with such ease was a mixture of relief and gratitude.

Emboldened, the growingly confident white wife went on:

“We still have an hour or so before I need to get off home, so I’m open to suggestions as to how we should proceed.”

A relieved and grateful shemale thought about it for a few moments, then told Helen what she had in mind.

Seven

Trevor Drayton felt… *vulnerable*… as he stood completely naked in front of his clothed wife while she stood with hands on hips looking, he thought, *imperious* in the business outfit and heels she had worn to the office and on out for her evening with the *"girls"*.

Despite all the humiliations he had suffered at the hands of the shemale – and taking her cock into both arse and mouth would never cease to repulse him – this was his wife and standing before in a way that seemed… *submissive*… to him somehow was no easier to take – even if the prospect of again getting to have sex with her the way a man and wife should sweetened the pill a little.

There was, though, an overwhelming feeling of self-consciousness as his silent, fully-clothed and, suddenly… *authoritative*… wife watched him strip down in front of her and made no effort to return the compliment.

"Put your hands on top of your head, Trevor."

The words with which she broke the silence were seasoned with no more variation of tone than if she had asked him to pass the pepper and salt and, for some reason, a chill of fear goose-bumped his exposed skin as her changed attitude set alarm bells ringing.

"Put my hands…?"

"On top of your head. That's what I said," she told him, taking a step in his direction that, twinned with the inflexible nature of her expression, seemed threatening somehow – not to mention a certain… *excitement*… he could see in her eyes of a type and kind he had not seen in them up to now.

The verbal postscript to her physical movement underlying just how threatening her move had been and setting warning-bells to ring more alarmingly:

"Just like the dirty little boy you really are."

Her words hit him like a brick and the cock that had come to life at the prospect of being allowed to make love to his wife and feel like a real man again wilted instantly.

"Wh-What do you mean?" he spluttered, fearing the worst and that she had been made privy to his bondage to the… *creature*.

His wife simply stared at him, slightly cocking her head as her eyes roamed over his body with what, even in his wrong-footed condition he could only, describe to himself as contempt.

A variety of thoughts and sensations flashed through his head in the space of no more than a second or two as Trevor Drayton again felt violated. And this time by his own wife. A wife who seemed completely changed from the woman he had taken to the altar and, he realised, had seemed that way for some time now.

His wife was smirking now and, if anything, her contempt was even more marked as she turned from him and retrieved a large brown envelope from the handbag she had left upon the bed.

A cold hand gripped Trevor Drayton's vitals and began to squeeze as she emptied the contents of the envelope onto the duvet.

Even at a distance of a few paces he knew the scenes he would find upon the photos he could see scattered on the mattress.

"How…? How did you get those?" he asked, too stunned to think straight.

"We'll get to that soon enough," she told him, the unnatural calm of her demeanour given what she had discovered unmanning him more than if she had given full rein to her anger. Her eyes bore into his with all the threat and intimidation her unsuspected and welcome talent as a consummate actress allowed. "I thought you might like to try and explain first."

"I… I…"

"Take your time," she told him, making herself comfortable on the side of the bed and crossing her shapely legs in their opaque pantyhose – legs that did not, for once, consume his interest with their usual attraction.

Feeling about as devastated and powerless, not to mention mortified and terrified, as he had ever felt to this point in his forty-something years, Trevor Drayton recognised the picture his wife had taken from the others strewn across the mattress and felt a familiar sense of sickness wash over him as the picture triggered his recall of the event itself…

...Never had he felt so open and so vulnerable. His face had burned with humiliation of the usage being made of him and was made all the worse by his knowledge that camera to the side of him - the same camera the shemale had ordered him to turn his head towards that it might record his features for posterity while revealing only her lower half and the monstrous black cock pistoning in and out of his arse – would have its recording edited judiciously to show him looking as if he were actually a willing partner in his own defilement. Not for the first time since she had entered his life, he had begged the shemale to stop her torment of him.

Only to be silenced by a hand slapping down upon his buttocks by way of a stinging reminder of what had happened the last time he had defied his "Master" and been taken over her knee.

"Keep making eye contact with the lens," she had ordered. "And look as though you're enjoying yourself."

With her thick black cock halfway up his arse, he had still managed to shake his head with incredulity; both for the near impossibility of her order and the fact it was aimed at him.

“Unless,” she went on, “You prefer it to be one of my belts that blisters your behind this time.”

Terrified of her by now and not sure he could have fought her and won, even if the hold she had over him wasn’t in place, he had done as she ordered and turned his head back to the lens with a look that was as near as he could come to “enjoyment”; no doubt the tears in his eyes, he told himself, would be taken to be inspired by gratitude.

“That's my good little boy,” his tormentor cooed. “What lovely pictures these will make for my collection of you."

Trevor Drayton felt himself near to sobbing and only the competing distractions of the discomfort provided by the fat cock pistoning in and out of his white arse and not wanting the abomination of nature subjecting him to such an indignity seeing such an unmanly capitulation from him kept him from doing just that.

And there was something else.

Something worse.

Discomfort or not, he was beginning to feel a certain… arousal… at the invasion.

Finally, without taking the invasion to completion – though by now Trevor Drayton knew that completion would not be long in following and also knew exactly how it would be achieved – the shemale withdrew from his arse as he used his hands on the chair placed in front of him for balance and, slowly, moved around him to switch off the camera before seating herself upon the same chair he still balanced upon.

He remained in place, knowing now that to move without her permission would result in punishment – this time with a belt rather than the palm of her hand.

A “palm” that had been excruciating enough on its own.

Staring into his eyes, acknowledging with what he knew was pleasure the capitulation and demoralisation she read in them, she had reached beneath him and taken the manhood that was a lot less impressive than her own in her hand.

Her chuckle was not pleasant, but it was pleasured:

“Why, you little slut. I do believe you’re beginning to enjoy this, aren’t you?”

Trevor Drayton was too full of bile and desolation at that point to find words to explain why, despite his detestation of what had and was being done to him, his cock was hard. Another strata added itself to the already considerable depths of his despair. All he could do was shake his head in refutation before his eyes had lowered to the carpet in shame.

"Well, your body is, even if what passes for your mind is telling you otherwise," the shemale had gone on, saving him the necessity of a verbal response that was, as noted, quite beyond him at that point.

A small relief that was short-lived.

Suddenly, her hand was in his hair and he was being hauled across to the bed, spirits sinking as he knew he was about to be required to perform an act even more repugnant to him than allowing his arse to be used as a receptacle for the abomination's perverted desires.

Seating herself on the edge of the bed and hauling him across her sleek and powerful black thighs, his shemale tormentor gave the arse she had just finished pistoning five sharp and stinging slaps as an inducement to "pleasing" behaviour before flipping him from her thighs to the carpet and presenting her still engorged cock for his mouth to satisfy.

The eyes that had blazed into his as his own flickered upwards with dread, made a spoken demand unnecessary...

…"Well?" the snap of Helen Drayton's voice had brought him back to a no less pleasing present.

"I'm being blackmailed, Helen!" he cried, realising how ineffectual it sounded as he stood naked before his fully clothed wife. "That… That creature…"

Helen's demeanour as she cut him off was, as agreed with Mariah, icy calm. Such an approach would, the shemale had given assurance before she left her apartment for home, be far more effective. Any histrionics should come from the weaker partner.

"I see," she told him as he stood above her, the cock that had been hopeful of some *normal*, if rationed, attention from the wife he still desired wilted and desolate in the bush of pubic hair she made a mental note to have him shave as soon as she had him fully under her heel. "So, let me get this straight. "A woman with a massive cock much larger than…" her eyes flickered to his manhood, "…*that*… is blackmailing you so she can put it in your arse and mouth. Is that what you're telling me?"

"Helen, you have to believe…"

"Stay right where you are, you cocksucking little pervert," she snarled at him, voice dangerously low, when he took a placatory step towards her.

It was the first time throughout their marriage; despite the upper-hand given her by the downturn in his recent business and employment circumstances; she had used such a contemptuous tone with him.

He would do well, she had smiled to herself, to get used to it.

“Helen, you don’t understand,” he tried again, desperation washing over him as he pictured what could become of his life if he were unable to persuade her what she could see him doing in those pictures had not been undertaken voluntarily.

“What’s to understand?” she asked. “The man I married and who professes to love me enjoys taking a black cock up his arse and then sucking it clean afterwards. Seems pretty obvious to me.”

“For heaven’s sakes, Helen! You don’t think I wanted it, do you? I told you, I was being bla…”

“Blackmailed, yes,” she sighed, feigning boredom and irritation. “I know. A beautiful black woman who just happens to be in possession of a cock is blackmailing *you* into sex with her because she/he is too ugly to find anyone else to do it.”

“But that’s exactly what she is doing,” he assured her.

“For someone being blackmailed you don’t look to unwilling in those photos.”

“She… He… I was forced to smile and make it look that way,” he told her, knowing how ludicrous it sounded. “You have to believe me!”

“No, Trevor! I don’t have to *believe* you. You have to *persuade* me. You can start by telling me why this person would want to blackmail you and how she could do it. What possible hold could she have on you that she could make you accept such treatment if you didn’t really want it?”

“She said… She said she would send pictures to you and our friends, as well as my sisters and my family in Florida.”

“Did she now?” Helen mocked. “Has all their addresses does she? Certainly gone to a lot of trouble to get to put her cock in your arse and mouth, hasn’t she?”

“You don’t understand, Helen. She gets off on having control. She’s sick. Having a white man do… *things*… like that for her is how she gets her kicks.”

Helen nodded as if considering this, then:

“I see. So tell me, just how did she get incriminating pictures of you in the first place.”

“She drugged my drink, Helen,” he told her, knowing how ineffectual it sounded even as the words formed upon his tongue. “I couldn’t stop her.”

“So, you admit meeting up with her then, at least.”

“No, no! It wasn’t like that. I thought I was meeting her for a job. I had an email from a company I’d had dealings with asking me to an interview at a London hotel and…”

“First I’ve heard of it.”

“I wanted it to be a surprise.”

Helen’s derisive snort filled the room:

“Oh, I think we can safely say it’s that, Trevor.”

“I’ll show you the email I was sent. It’s still in my Inbox.”

She pretended to think about it, knowing she had already gone into both his Outlook folders and his Virgin Broadband account to delete Mariah’s first contact with him.

“That would be something I suppose.”

“I’ll show you it now,” he told her eagerly, sensing a glimmer of light through his misery and already half-turned to head for his study.

“No,” she told him, something authoritative in her tone making him turn back. “You’ll show me it – if it exists – when I’m ready to see it. First though, I want to let you know how things stand between us.”

Deflated a little, but still hopeful given his belief in the continued existence of the email and the veracity it gave his story, he turned back to her and made to retrieve his trousers.

“Leave them!” she snapped.

“Wh-What do you mean?”

“Just do as I say and listen to me,” she told him with a confidence *and* harshness he had not experienced from her when directed at him. “If there’s any chance of this marriage continuing – and, at the moment, I don’t see much; job offer or not – then you had better listen to what I have to say.”

“But…? The email?”

“The email, if it exists, will still be there when I’ve finished speaking,” she reminded him.

Then, more ominously:

“And, if it’s not…”

Eight

The man turned her docile body and bent it over the mattress in his bedroom, using her hair to manipulate the figure that was somehow matronly and sexy at one and the same time into the position he wanted as Helen Drayton luxuriated in the feeling of being dominated by a powerful alpha-male. Her feelings made all the more potent for the knowledge that she was *allowing* it to happen as a correlative to the control she exercised in her other, more private, life and the fact the Neanderthal who was at that moment controlling her would become a nonentity, never to be seen again, once she had gotten what she wanted from him.

Even if the tattooed mid-twenty-something with the over-developed and hairless body from toe-to-scalp felt he had all the control between them.

As if!

As she stared up at the unlikely poster-boy residing above the bed that was a change at least from the Rihanna or Jessie J pose she had expected – though the somewhat weasel features of UKIP's politically delusional leader did nothing to enhance her physical pleasure - the Neanderthal supporter of home-grown and opportunist xenophobia slapped her ass.

Self-interested *"Farage" with* a missing consonant and erroneous vowel ending, or *not*, she seemed to automatically understand that she was meant to arch her back and lift her ass. An action of which the Neanderthal seemed to approve. At least if the dropping of his pants and his speedy entry of her from behind spoke true.

She couldn't help but gasp, but not from the rough and artless entry so much as from the delight she took from being filled by his large cock. A *"delight"* that was a first for the cheating-wife and set her to panting. She hadn't been taken from behind before but, from first impressions, she could imagine it becoming one of her favorite positions.

Though not with her own husband, of course.

His position in relation to her these days was far less... *manly.*

Neanderthal supporter of a self-interested and cerebrally challenged political grouping or not, the panting wife added groaning to her response and realised the body-building alpha was pressing just the buttons she wanted pressed at this point in her faux submission.

Roughly and gruffly he took her from behind and the fact he seemed heedless of her own needs only seemed to enhance the pleasure she took from his simple-minded usage of her.

A simple-minded usage that made it easy for the cheating-wife to pretend to herself she was helpless and used as he violated her rear in a way that eschewed her own needs to the end of achieving his own equally as much as his politics eschewed sense.

Knowledge of which verisimilitude did not prevent her own release as her bog-basic lover found his release to spill his liquid heat into her.

Once again she was flooded, violated, and – *delightfully* - aware of her unfaithfulness to her husband.

That she should think of Trevor at such a time not so surprising really, given it was the abject position to which she had reduced him that made the pleasure she took from making herself available to another man – and especially one as inferior to the man she had married who waited for at home – so… *euphoric*.

As he pulled out slowly, letting her feel every inch of him as he vacated her most private of areas before plunging back in again, any pleasure she might take from the manoeuvre incidental to him, she was aware of her own wetness and the feel of it enveloping his sizable, if not *"Mariah"* like cock.

"Like that don't yer," his harsh and contracted South London accent breathed in her ear, the cold metal of his lip-piercing brushing against her unadorned lobe. "You married cunts are all the same. Look down at us as if we're pieces of shit you've trod in when all the time you're gagging for a portion of the stiff cock we've got and your boring fucking husband's ain't."

Head turned away from him as she received her *"portion"*, Helen Drayton prevented a smile from becoming a full-blown laugh and risking the moron might take it for some kind of mockery of him. She may have ceded him control willingly but the truth was, by dint of his superior physical strength, she could be *really* vulnerable if he became angry. And, moron or not, he had touched on the truth.

Even if it wasn't in quite the way he believed.

He was right, of course, that her husband was not in possession of the kind of stiff cock she required right now, but he could have no idea as to the reasons why or the fact that its dimensions, though smaller, were not so far short of his own.

But then, how many wives had placed a steel-ring around their husband's ball-sac before attaching it to a cock-cage and locking it into place?

Again her smile threatened to become outright laughter and she fought the urge as she thought of all the other women, if the Internet were to be believed, who had done just that with their men.

As his hands roughly needed her full breasts from behind and his Neanderthal grunts turned into shallow expulsions of breath, she knew he was about to spurt his load into her back passage and felt her own orgasm triggered by the approach and the knowledge she still had what it took in her thirties to get a young man off.

Prompting her own crisis more was the prospect of having his *"load"* cleaned from her when she returned home.

Not to mention the abject and demoralising way she expected it to be done.

As Neanderthal man slumped across her back, sated and pleased with himself, post-orgasmic thoughts, such as they might be, taking him to… who knew or cared where, Helen Drayton couldn't prevent her thoughts slipping back in time…

…"How did it go?" the glamorous and utterly undetectable shemale told her as they took lunch in a pleasant but none too glamorous Pizza Express off behind the streets of Gracechurch and Leadenhall in the City of London.

Any number of lunching male eyes flickered across, away, and then back again to their table as the two of them spoke – some of them even giving Helen Drayton the usual male once-over. Their attention, though, was centred mostly on the feline black woman in the skin-tight jeans and thoroughly un-market-floor leather thigh boots with dagger heels. The wondrously full and shapely breasts thrusting against a black bustier beneath her denim jacket not going unnoticed either. In fact, with her long and straightened black hair pulled from her face and tied at the back, the shemale looked the archetypal dominatrix in whose presence many of those men staring at her would have given a month's salary in order to spend a couple of hours polishing her boots or anything else she had a mind for them to do.

Helen chuckled as she answered, unoffended by playing second-fiddle to the shemale and found the looks thrown her way – one of them from a man who worked at her finance house in a junior capacity – amusing. Given she was the object of that shemale's affections and had more than enough attention from suitors of her own, it was easy to be magnanimous. Even more so given what she had achieved with her husband only the night before.

"He is exactly what you described him to be," she told the waiting Mariah, her co-conspirator immediately fixing feline features into an "I told you so," look.

"All those years," Helen continued, voice lowered that it might not carry to adjacent tables, "pretending to be a manly, nineteenth-hole, type when, underneath, he was this weak-willed pussy who folded at the slightest pressure. Just as he did last night when I turned up the heat."

"I had no doubt he would," Mariah smirked. "How did he react when you told him I'd contacted you and we had met?"

"He looked even more surprised than when I dropped the pictures of him…" Helen looked around them and dropped her voice another octave, "…sucking your cock on the bed."

Mariah laughed delightedly and for all the world the two of them could have been sharing a simple mockery of a neighbour's tastes in home furnishing rather than the dismantling and demotion of a man in his forties from formerly proud businessman and husband to no more than his wife's cuckold and flunky.

"What did he say when you explained that I told you I was giving those photos over to you that you might know the kind of man you'd married?"

"Said you were a liar, of course. Same again when I told him you'd said he had promised he loved you and would leave me. Said you had got him to meet you with a bogus offer of a job and drugged him before taking the pictures."

"And, of course, he tried to show you the email I sent as proof?"

Helen nodded.

"Not before I laid out some home truths to him though. I told him it was impossible for me ever to see him as a man again after what he had done with you – blackmail or not – and that, though I still loved him, I was so angry I was thinking of sending those photos to his sisters myself."

"I can almost taste his fear," the shemale said, sipping from her latte as if to banish it from her tongue.

"I also took the opportunity – as you advised – to tell him how unsatisfactory as a lover he was and how he had never pleased me. That I had sexual cravings of my own he had not once addressed while he felt free to suck cocks and take them up his arse."

Mariah placed her coffee down and clapped her hands together delightedly.

"He tried to tell me I was wrong and that you had really blackmailed him and the email would prove it, but I kept at him. I said that whether you had coerced him or not - and that I frankly didn't believe someone as beautiful as you would need to with a man of his or any age – the bottom line was he had sucked a shemale's cock and allowed himself to be penetrated rather than come to me in the hope we could work something out together."

Mariah nodded approvingly.

"I said you had told me about his fantasies of having a woman dominate him and make him a cuckold, but how he had said I was too dull and buttoned-up to role-play with him."

Helen gave her a sly look:

"That's when I pretended to cry."

The shemale couldn't prevent a laugh:

"You? Cry? Now that's something I'll believe when I see it."

Helen laughed with her.

"Trust me, it wasn't easy. And if it hadn't been for what was at stake I think I would have ended up in tears of laughter as he tried to put an arm around my shoulders and reassure me it just wasn't true."

"I think I can guess what happened next," said the shemale as she raised a latte to her lips.

"I stood up and slapped him," Helen nodded.

Her eyes glazed over with an unholy pleasure nobody who professed to love another person should ever feel from having tormented them as she added:

"I even backhanded him for good measure… And he took it!"

She marvelled at this for a few moments, scarcely crediting she could have done such a thing to the "manly" husband she had allowed to rule the roost for so long.

"The power-rush was amazing."

"Trust me," Mariah assured her, "it gets better and better."

"Oh, I do trust you," Helen chuckled. "After all, of all people you would know, wouldn't you?"

The shemale took a mock bow and continued with her theme:

"You're on the verge of everything you want from your relationship – your one-sided relationship – with him, Helen. No more holding down a high-pressure position while he loafs about at home and does the odd chore when he feels like it. If last night went the way I think it did…"

Helen Drayton's expression could hardly be said to refute the shemale's assumption.

"…then you will soon have him managing all the mundane chores of your life from now on and, if you play on his guilt and weakness the way I say, you will soon be sleeping with whoever you like and when you like – and with his full knowledge. Once you have him at that point – and with the help of moi – you can lead him to accept any humiliation at your hands you desire."

The black man/woman could tell this was not exactly an undesirable state of affairs, even if a warning look did cross her lover's face:

"If… and I haven't made up my mind yet… I allow you to be a part of my life and what passes from now on for that of my husband, there can be no question of anyone else either being told or included. That's non-negotiable. You want to be a part of this it will be on my terms. Completely."

Mariah's answer was instant:

"That's exactly what I want too. The idea of helping you treat a man like your husband in such a way while everyone thinks he's an upright and respectable man who rules his own roost is what makes the situation delightful to me."

The shemale took Helen's hand quickly and just as quickly released it as the older woman's eyes flashed.

"That and… other… things," she added, holding Helen's eyes with her own.

Helen was non-committal and an unusually nervy Mariah pressed on:

"The most common reason a woman doesn't cuckold her husband," she continued, "is that she thinks he'll never submit to it; that he'd rather divorce than be forced into remaining chaste while his wife is free to fuck any available cock that takes her fancy"

"Go on," Helen whispered, breaking her silence and looking interested - much to the shemale's relief as she continued:

"That's why it was necessary to go through the charade of blackmail with him. It doesn't matter if you stumble across the idea of cuckoldry through discovery of your husband's supposed cheating – not to mention the assertion of his 'Mistress' that it's a long-held fantasy of his – and find you like it yourself."

"Refresh my memory again," Helen ordered, knowing fully well what she was likely to hear but knowing also that hearing it again would not diminish the enjoyment she took from the repetition.

"This way you still have the moral high-ground for not being the one who cheated and brought these desires into the open – which is what you want and I agree makes sense. You can have it all. His unconditional submission and obedience to you along with the respect as a woman and housewife in the neighbourhood I know means so much to you."

Helen nodded, almost to herself, hearing her husband's "submission" and "obedience" to her described once again not losing anything in the retelling.

The look she gave the shemale was serious:

"I don't want people to think of my husband as a wimp," Helen told her. "Even if that's exactly what he is. They might suspect something like a female-led marriage when they see him deferring to me, and that I can live with, but if they draw that conclusion I want them to be envious that I have such a handsome and well-trained husband and nothing… else. An impossibility if they were ever to find out the truth."

Now it was Mariah's turn to nod.

"In this," Helen finished, "and though he doesn't know it, I have as much to lose as him."

"What happened with the email?" Mariah asked.

The white wife gave a snort of derision and her shemale lover took it to be contempt for her husband's weakness and gullibility.

"I insisted it would make no difference whether it existed or not. That if he wished to stay married to me and keep his sordid sex-life from his sisters and their families there would be changes. That was when he almost lost his temper – almost – and insisted he had been forced into letting you fuck him and then provide a blow-job."

Helen sneaked a look at the tables nearest them but nobody appeared to be paying them any attention so she went on, voice lowered still further:

"That was when I laid the law down. I said that if I heard one more lie pass his lips he was out the door and the photos would be in the post first thing in the morning."

Helen's face became warm at the memory she was about to describe:

"That was when he virtually begged me to follow him to his study and look at the email."

Her laughter, hushed or otherwise, would never be taken as pleasant.

"So desperate was he to show me his evidence he didn't even bother to cover his naked body in his rush to boot-up the computer and go into Outlook."

Mariah was laughing with her now and it was a good few seconds before the shemale recovered enough to observe:

"That must have been something to see when he discovered it wasn't there."

"You have to believe it," Helen told her. "At first he was puzzled, then angry and finally devastated when it could not be found and his Virgin account produced no sign of it either."

"How did you react?"

"I simply walked away and told him to sleep in the spare-room. He followed behind, begging me to believe him, but by the time he reached the bedroom I had it locked and bolted. I told him through the door that I would let him know what I intended to do in the morning."

"And did you?"

Helen shook her head.

"I made sure I was out of the house before he was awake – if, that is, the state of terror I had him in had allowed him to sleep at all. He's been trying to call me at the office all morning and left a string of texts and voicemails on my cell-phone. All of which say how much he loves me and how he needs for me to let him try and prove his case to me."

"And you replied how?

Again Helen shook her head:

“I haven’t and won’t.”

“Good girl.”

Helen smiled:

“By tonight he should be ripe to hear what I intend for him. If… when… he agrees to what I have in mind, if he is to stay and the pictures are kept between us, I shall give it a couple of weeks to ease him in and then…”

The cruel and devious white housewife looked at her shemale lover expectantly and waited for her to finish the sentence.

Her lover did not disappoint.

“…You can invite me over to cement his new role in your household.”

Both woman and shemale smiled and, as if they were holding up wine goblets, clinked their coffee cups in a salute to their success.

Nine

When his wife had returned from the office the evening after their bedroom confrontation of the previous night – a confrontation that had been followed by the mysterious disappearance of the email that may have at least helped him in her eyes a little; if not totally - Trevor Drayton had, and for the first time, taken care of all the chores.

He had even, with his limited culinary skills, prepared a somewhat basic lamb casserole he hoped would go some way towards repairing the rift between them caused by the abomination of nature who had, for reasons still mystifying him, picked upon his life to take apart and ruin.

It would, he suspected, and along with the laundry and the cleaning, be nowhere near enough to put things right between them and the fact she had ignored his calls and his texts throughout the day underlined his misgivings.

But, then, he had to do something and, given her un-womanly distaste for flowers, the usual token of male contrition was out of the question.

Even had he been in possession of enough cash with which to purchase them.

He had, as she had suspected he would be, been proved right.

His efforts with the house were not commented upon and the food he had cooked so painstakingly, if artlessly, not only went untouched but drew no comment – favourable or otherwise – from the lips he so longed to hear utter words of reassurance, understanding and forgiveness.

Instead, she had marched into the house without a word and locked herself in the bedroom to take a shower in the en-suite before returning back downstairs to shock him with both her demands and the way she looked.

That had been three weeks ago.

Now, as she told him to wait in the kitchen and finish off the cleaning of the floor - this while she answered the door to a guest he assumed to be a neighbour or a wife of a friend - he wondered if he didn't actually prefer his life before the shemale decided, for sadistic reasons of her own, to meet with his wife and give her those incriminating – and quite unjust - pictures.

Then, at least, his humiliation had been limited to a once weekly fucking.

A once weekly fucking from a bitch with a cock.

A bitch and a cock who had ruined what remained of his life and… and…

He shrugged off the other images of what he had been forced to do and, again, went over the events following Helen's confronting of him with the photos and what had happened after she had taken her shower and returned back downstairs…

…The sight of her as she descended took his breath away and he realised lust was not the overriding response he was making to the sight of her as she made her seductive way down the stairs into their spacious and open-plan living area.

Hope was by far in the ascendant.

Notwithstanding the relief he felt for what her coming back down to him dressed in such a way meant, it was impossible not to admire that womanly and hour-glass shape that would never have cut it on a model's catwalk and was all the sexier for it – especially as it had been withheld from him for so long.

To his amazement and pleasure – as well as the aforementioned "hope" - her wonderfully, matronly and erotic at one and the same time, body was encased in some seriously seductive lingerie. Black stockings, topped with a band of lace and a white frilly garter belt below white thong panties while her wondrously firm breast were visible beneath the flimsy gauze trying unsuccessfully to cover her upper body. Her face was understatedly made-up and only served to make the red of her lipstick all the more startling while her hair was loose and hung at her shoulders.

"Hope" or not, the relieved husband realised he had never wanted his wife with more urgency than he did at that moment and, closing the gap between them, eyes moist at the prospect of what would be forgiveness as well as a sexual re-acquaintance, he was about to fold her in his arms when, mimicking a traffic policeman, she held up a palm to stop him and actually placed it upon his chest and thrust him away from her.

"Helen," he gasped, "you look… you look… wonderful," he told her," perceiving her reluctance as no more than a desire not to give in until she had taken her pound of flesh from him.

Not knowing he would need scales of a more… industrial… nature to weight the amount of flesh she intended to take.

"Really?" she asked.

He nodded, erection painful inside his denims, need all but robbing him of coherent thought, let alone speech.

"Better than a big black cock even?" she had asked.

"Helen, please," he began, voice a croak but at least audible.

"Because it seems to me that you'd prefer to wrap your mouth around a silky black dick," provocatively, she ran her hands over her breasts, lingering at the nipples he could see were bullet-hard, "rather than please your wife?"

Suddenly, it was clear to him why she had dressed in such a way and a little of the hope he held out was whittled away.

"N-No, Helen, I…"

"Mariah said you also had a fantasy about me being fucked by other men and wanted me to be more dominant with you."

"Helen, please! I told you. I was being blackma…"

For the second time in the space of a day his head was rocked to the side as his wife slapped him.

"I'll say this one more time," she hissed. "Lie to me again and you'll leave this house in the next hour and those photos will find themselves in the envelopes I already have written out."

"But…"

This time it was her other hand that made contact with his cheek and the stricken and increasingly demoralised husband could almost feel its imprint as she returned it to her side.

"Tell me once more that Mariah was blackmailing you and it's over between us. Understand?"

Just as she had intended, Trevor Drayton stood before her a mass of anxiety and conflicting desires – the least of them at this point, for the moment anyway, being his sexual desire for her. Not only was she threatening to kick him out of the home and send photos of him fucking and sucking a black cock to his nearest and dearest but she was asking him to admit to having sought the encounters out.

"You're not going to tell me that, are you?" she asked, almost orgasmic in the power she was wielding over him and made all the more euphoric by the knowledge her hold on him would soon grow stronger and more inescapable.

She waited, more and more confident with each passing second of manipulating her husband

The pleading look he threw her could have come from a seven-year-old about to be sent away to boarding-school and finding his youthful vocabulary not up to the task of begging with sufficient and persuasive articulacy.

If you don't answer me I'll take it you want to leave," she blazed, impressed by her own acting skills as she placed hands upon hips and allowed her eyes to blaze into his.

His mouth worked but nothing came out and Helen Drayton sensed he needed but a nudge to be tipped over.

A "nudge" she was more than willing to supply.

"I'm going upstairs to put some clothes in a case for you," she told him, turning away towards the stairs and all too aware of the view it gave him of her shapely stockinged legs in their sheer black nylon. "I'd advise you to use the time I'm up there to work out where you're going to be staying tonight and calling a cab to take you there."

She smiled to herself as she reached the stairs, knowing that if he was terrified and miserable now he would be even more so after hearing what she was about to throw back at him over her shoulder:

"Tomorrow, I shall see a divorce lawyer and have you served with papers. The sooner this is out in the open and done with the better… Oh! By the way, I used the passwords you left on the computer to cancel our joint account and your over their limit credit-cards. But don't worry, if you haven't enough cash for a cab I'll be happy to give it to you."
She placed one stiletto heeled shoe upon a stair and added:

"And don't bother yourself about paying me back."

With a wry grin he couldn't see, and wanting nothing more than to thrust a relieving finger – or something more substantial – in her saturated pussy, she had actually taken another couple of steps before she allowed his cry of desperation to halt her.

"No, Helen!... Please!!

She paused in mid-flight and again placed her hands upon her hips, shaking her head slowly to give him the impression she was thinking his plea through, knowing both the effect her scanty dress would be having upon him and the symbolism that was supplied by her being above him as he pleaded.

Finally, still without turning, she said:

"Are you going to lie to me again?"

If a pause could take physical form, she thought to herself as she waited for her husband to capitulate, this one would surely take on that of an electricity grid.

On and on it went, until, finally:

"N-No," came a piteous croak.

"What was that?" she demanded. "I can't hear you."

The anguish and humiliation behind and below her was almost palpable, then:

"N-No, Helen," he said more loudly, clearing his throat of the bile and self-pity that had accumulated there. "I… I won't lie to you again."

Keeping her back to him still, hands remaining on her hips and giving her the impression of a voluptuous, if somewhat matronly and demanding, goddess, Helen exulted in what she knew was the beginning of his surrender to her and nodded her head as if pleased at his decision to play it straight from now on.

"Then you admit you cheated on me with a… girly-boy?" she asked.

"I… I…"

"If the next words out of your mouth aren't exactly what I want to hear we're finished," she told him.

She waited and, if she were to be honest afterwards, was in almost as great a condition of agitation as her husband.

Agitation, though, of an entirely different kind.

What happened next though stunned even Helen Drayton.

She detected movement from behind her and the next thing she knew her husband – the husband she had once taken as manly and strong and allowed herself to be guided by – had flung himself at her feet and placed his arms around her thighs, his right cheek pressed against the smooth skin of a taut buttock left buttock left uncovered by the flimsy thong.

Her husband was abasing himself before her!

Even if he might describe his actions a lot less demeaningly at that point.

He was also, wonder of wonders, sobbing like a chastised infant.

"P-Please, Helen," he begged through his sobs. "You have no idea what it's like for me. First my business and then… this… I love you, but… but…"

Taking the hands clutching her thighs in her own and keeping them in place upon he thighs that they might not inadvertently make contact with the front of the thong and feel the wetness inspired by her dismantling of him, she kept her voice firm:

"Do you love me enough to tell me the truth though?" she asked.

"You… You know I do," he sobbed.

"Then I shall ask you one last time: Did you cheat on me with a girly-boy?"

The pause that followed her question seemed like an eternity to Helen Drayton and all she could hear from behind her were a few sniffles.

She was on the verge of repeating her question when, to her utter joy, the smallest of male voices said:

"Yes, Helen. I…"

His wife had stopped breathing and her heart thumped in her chest as she waited to hear the necessary, and totally unjust, admission that would lead him in to his slavery.

The, just as she was on the point of passing out from oxygen deprivation:

"I did…"

…Coming back to the task at hand and finishing off the kitchen floor his wife, for reasons he considered purely punitive, insisted he clean by hand while on all-fours, Trevor Drayton once again considered the injustice of his lot – even if, being the fair-minded man that he was, he could hardly help but acknowledge the weakness at his core that allowed him to accept it.

What other self-respecting man, after all, would accept his wife being free to have sex with other – *"better endowed"* – partners while he stayed at home and was… *not*?

Her words still haunted him:

"If it's your fantasy to know better endowed men are satisfying your wife the way Mariah tells me, then I'd be lax in my duties to my husband if I didn't realise them for him."

Emptying the bucket in the sink and wringing out the cleaning-cloths, he pictured himself as he had stood before her, wanting nothing more than to tell her the shemale abomination was lying and that he wanted nothing more than to have a loving relationship with the wife he adored. And prevented from doing so by her insistence that she would make him leave if he so much as once more protested his innocence. What with her insistence she be the dominant partner in the household – by way of satisfying *his* desires – and becoming more dictatorial with him with each passing day; though she did not flaunt this in front of the friends and family they still saw on a regular basis - his only consolation being that at least the black abomination with her monster cock was out of his life and the acts the bitch had forced him to do and taken photographic evidence of him doing them were safe from being revealed to his family and friends.

If, that is, he towed Helen's increasingly autocratic line, and gave the lie to her insistence that he had sought out his treatment at the shemale's hands himself.

More tormenting though, was the fact he desired his wife now with more force than ever and had to be content with serving her with his tongue – though thankfully *not* after she had been with one of the lovers he had never seen and, according to her, never would.

This meant he had been forced to continue with the masturbation he had returned to - and for the first time since his mid-teens – prior to the intervention of the shemale and during his wife's seeming lack of interest in him that way.

An act she had, after first ensuring he pleased her orally, insisted he repeat for her while on his knees in their bedroom and one she had been so delighted to witness it had become an integral part of what she laughingly called their *"lovemaking"*.

With his company gone and his assets liquidated, credit-card cancelled and no bank-account of his own and dependent upon his wife for… well… *everything*… and with no chink in the black cloud of his circumstances to lend him even the slightest glimmer of optimism, Trevor Drayton's self-image was about at rock-bottom.

Or so he thought.

He was wringing out the last of the cleaning-cloths he had used to hand-wash the floor when Helen's voice sounded behind him:

"We have a visitor, Trevor. Be polite and say hello."

Sensing something… *different*… in his wife's tone, Trevor was no better prepared for the sight waiting to greet him when he turned.

"Hello, Trevor," said the black shemale who had led him to his current predicament, feline features fairly flushed with anticipation,. "It's so lovely to renew our acquaintance.

Stunned and utterly lost for a reply, Trevor listened with mouth gaping as Helen took it up.

"I've decided I don't like the idea of you being alone while I'm out having… *fun*…" his wife told him, looking calm, collected and authoritative in the grey two-piece costume with matching heels she had worn to the office, the shemale dressed similarly in and outfit of cobalt blue. "Mariah here has kindly consented to babysit for me while I'm out and make sure you do your chores properly and don't get up to any mischief."

"But… But…"

"No need to thank me, Trevor," the shemale came in. "I know things didn't end well with us and, had I known what a lovely woman your wife was, I should never have gotten involved with you in the first place."

Trevor's mortification knew no bounds as this blatant lie was paraded in front of him and his all too credulous wife; outrage heightened by the knowledge Helen would have him on the street and ruin him in the eyes of his family if he were to try and refute the lies of the shemale bitch.

Worse was to come, however.

"It's very good of Mariah to come over and supervise you like this," Helen told him, her look both a threat and a warning, "and I want you to be as respectful to her until I come home as you've learned to be to me… Understand?"

The sandwich he had had snatched an hour ago seemed ready to project itself from his throat as he took in this latest downturn in his personal fortune.

"Understand?" Helen snapped at him, injecting something of the whip into her voice and making his nausea worse as he reacted like the well-schooled animal she was conditioning him to be.

"Y-Yes," he answered in a beaten voice while lowering his eyes, preferring to look at the pointed toecaps of two pairs of shoes rather than meet the threat and mockery waiting for him above.

"Good," his wife went on. "Now, just to show she has no hard feelings and wants to help me make your fantasies a reality and make you the most obedient husband a woman can have, Mariah has bought you a present. Isn't that nice of her?"

Eyes still fixed upon their shoes, face reddened from the blood rushing to his cheeks, Trevor Drayton heard the rustling of a bag and a jangling as something was removed from it.

"Well, at least have the courtesy to look at what Mariah's bought you!" Helen snapped.

Just like the whip cur he was becoming, Trevor's eyes came up and took in what the smiling shemale was holding.

Hell became warmer.

"Well?" his wife demanded yet again. "Aren't you going to say thank you?"

The thoroughly beaten and emasculated husband stared at the metal ring and familiarly shaped cage and padlock dangling from one slender black hand with acrylic talons and reddened cheeks suddenly became deathly white.

"There are two keys," Helen informed him with unmistakable relish. "And I shall keep one."

To his amazement and revulsion, wife and shemale moved into an embrace and kissed.

A *full* kiss.

When they broke off, Helen stared at him and, with laughter and joy in her eyes, told him:

"And guess who'' have the other?"

Epilogue

The legs either side of him would not have disgraced the most sought after of supermodels – apart from the fact they were more substantial and, therefore, more shapely than the usual stick-insect pins.

Unfortunately, for the naked white man kneeling between them anyway, they came attached with a black cock that would not have disgraced the better endowed porn stud.

A black cock that was, at that moment, halfway down his throat as its shemale owner encouraged him to keep up the good work.

“That’s it my little white slut,” Mariah told the white husband whose life she had helped dismantle and was in the process of making a living hell. “Don’t take your eyes off Mariah when you’re sucking her. You know how annoyed she gets when you do that.”

The angry red marks striping Trevor Drayton’s back assured the shemale she need be no more graphic regarding the consequences involved and, shapely black hands at the sides of his now shaven head, she luxuriated in the control she had over this unwilling white husband she had in her toils.

“Oooh, yes,” she sighed, knowing how praise for his talents diminished him as a man and using it whenever feasible. “My little white boy is getting so good at sucking his black master’s cock. Wait until I tell Ms Helen. She’ll be so proud of you.”

The tears in the demoralised man’s eyes her treatment of him always inspired worked upon her like an aphrodisiac and she knew it would not be long until she spurted her seed into the back of his throat and held her position until he had swallowed every last drop of it.

Stroking his denuded scalp she delighted in the memory of shaving the lustrous and greying locks from it, exulting spitefully in the knowledge that she – with Helen’s agreement – was depriving him of a facet of his personal appearance he took much pride in.

As she continued to ensure his eyes remained upon hers, forgiving the odd lapse when, distaste for her or not, he could not help but snatch a glimpse of her stunning and conical black breasts as they swayed unfettered above his servile head, the familiar ring-tone of her cell-phone sounded off at her side.

“Hi,” she said, one black hand remaining at the back of his head to keep him to his task, demanding and terrifying at the same time. “Sorry… No… I’m in the middle of something… Or rather you’re husband is.”

She gave a derisive snort into the cell:

“Not sure he’ll ever be able to get to the end of it, if I’m honest, Helen.”

She laughed and then listened, before:

“Okay… No problem. He’ll be ready… I’ll see you in about half an hour.”

Her eyes held Trevor Drayton’s with the unmistakable joy of complete – well, *almost* complete – ownership.

“See you then, sweetie.”

Triggered beyond recall by the call from the wife of the man currently on his knees *trying* to deep-throat her cock, all it took was one last look into those demoralised eyes below her seed gushed from her as if released by a team of wild-catters drilling a Texas well.

Her scream surprised her once again as the strength of her eruption outdid the one before it. And the one before that. Never had she known such sexual fulfilment and she knew it was all due to the reality that she, along with Helen, truly owned the white man below her in ways known only to the most demanding masters of the most abject slaves of past times.

The fact he truly hated her usage of him – even if she sensed he was beginning to get at least a frisson of pleasure from serving and being penetrated by her – did the cause of her pleasure no harm either.

For minutes afterwards, neither of them moved. Mariah because she was basking in the aftermath of her arrived crisis. Trevor Drayton because of the crisis he would bring down upon himself if he were to move with the express permission of his black master – even had the shapely but strong black hands at the back of his head allowed him such self-determination.

“Better and better,” she told him when she had recovered enough to form a short sentence. “Ms Mariah’s pleased with you.”

She stroked the bald pate she herself had denuded, knowing how much he hated her doing it and how… *animal-like*… it made him feel.

The shemale smiled to herself.

He had, she told herself, no idea of just how *“animal-like”* he was about to become.

“Now, lick Ms Mariah’s lovely black cock clean,” she ordered. “And, as you do, I’ll tell you about a new treat Ms Helen has for you when she gets home.”

She almost heard his inner groan of despair.

“Then we’ll get you all snug and obedient in your lovely new dog-collar…”

END