Beloved Husband to Servile Cuckold

Parts-One-&-Two-Complete

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Part One

Prologue

To a visitor dropping in on the family get together that Sunday lunchtime it would have seemed no more than the usual gathering of husband and wife, siblings and their children, and the stepmother of that wife's deceased father. The family banter was no different and neither was the food – always roast chicken, a particular favourite of the departed father he had insisted upon each Sunday while still alive to enjoy it and a tradition his children couldn't quite bring themselves to replace after his departure. To all intents and purposes, it was just the same as any number of similar family gatherings being held right at that moment the length and breadth of the land, from Penzance in Cornwall to Thurso at the northern tip of Scotland.

Only this was neither the West Country nor the Highlands but genteel Surrey and this most definitely was *not* an ordinary family gathering – even if only three of their number were aware of the difference.

For had that visitor cared to make a more careful scrutiny of the players – at least the hostess and wife, her stepmother and, last and probably now least, the husband and host – they might just have discerned a different and, perhaps, more disturbing dynamic keeping step with the usual normality.

Even if it was careful to confine itself to the three principals mentioned above.

It being that very stepmother who had taken a few unguarded words on the subject of sexual frustration from her stepdaughter to point out a new sexual world the young woman and wife felt compelling as well as, somehow, *hugely* exciting. A discovery that had been instrumental in ruining the life her older husband had with her and loved so much; a life for which hopes of a return were still clung to even in the face of the changes in both his situation and that wife herself. Hopes that was growing fainter with each passing day of what he described to himself as - and along with the two women currently ruling his life, no doubt, the *"new regime"*.

"How are things going in here?" asked Vera Hewlett of her son-in-law as he

stood at the sink with his back to her and took care of the dishes from lunch as his wife relaxed in the garden with her brothers and sisters and their progeny.

The start Richard Grayson gave upon hearing her voice was not lost on Vera and the woman who had reached her sixties only the previous month smiled at the effect she could now have upon him. That effect being a complete turnabout from his previous reaction to her and her knowledge that, at best, she was tolerated by her son-in-law. Could it, she asked herself, really be only a couple of months ago that he had been king of his castle and treating his wife's stepmother with as little respect as he was treating his wife?

The new regime that now held sway in the home Richard he had once believed he ruled had been made at her instigation and she loved the beaten look of the man who, at forty-seven, was some nineteen years older than her stepdaughter and, yet, was now as in awe of his young wife as he was of the step-mother-in-law who was barely thirteen in advance of him.

"Don't dally too long," she told him, knowing he would be biting back a retort to this injustice along the lines of being given some help and would be so cowed by the power she now wielded over him to give voice to his discontent.
It was, she told herself, delicious.

"Make some tea when everything's ship shape in here and then…"

She broke off as she spotted he was not wearing the chintzy apron she herself had bought for him only that week.

"Where is your apron?"

His face, as his eyes reluctantly met those of the widow with the short and French-cropped grey hair she refused to colour, body matronly with corresponding and somewhat *school-teacher-ish* legs, was the picture of misery and she knew that once again he was asking himself how he had come to find himself in such a situation in his own home and marital relationship

and, more crucially, why he continued to countenance such blatant injustice.

“I… I didn’t think you and Melanie… You know?” he began, unable to properly form and finish a sentence that seemed utterly ludicrous for a grown man to be uttering.

“Really, Richard,” she scolded him, hands going to hips in an authoritative pose that thrust a pair of still full and intimidatingly contoured breasts beneath a crisp white shirt towards him accusingly. “You’re an adult not a child. Stop spluttering. What is it I’m supposed to know?”

His cheeks had taken on a deeper hue than the terracotta coloured blind at the window above the sink that was currently taking the glare from the afternoon sun as he went about his chores, but he tried to answer just the same, knowing only too well by now the consequences – the *unbelievable* consequences – of not doing so.

“I just, hmm, thought that… You know, what with the family being here and all that… that…”

“…That it would be alright for you to disobey your wife and stepmother’s wishes that you wear an apron to protect your clothes when washing up or performing your other household tasks,” she finished for him, ending on a note that assured him he was not obliged to give an answer and, anyway, that she would have taken no notice whatsoever of any he chose to give.

“Do I need to remind you, Richard, that Melanie and I have kept our part of the bargain and said nothing of your failings as a husband and a man to either your friends and family or ours.”

“Yes, but…”

“Be quiet!” she snapped, her raised voice sending his eyes darting to the door and beyond to check that they were not being overheard.

“It’s just the two of us, Richard, so pay attention,” she told him. “But first, put your apron on and come over here for me to tie it.”

As he located the item she and her daughter knew was so hateful to him, symbolising as it did his fall from the higher peaks of manhood, such as his own particular peak had been, she exulted in the look of the sulky schoolboy he more and more took on these days and which underlined the sense of triumph she felt for having reduced a man of his age and undoubted good looks to such a level of obedience and dependency.

That triumph made more pleasing as, despite his patronising assumption of control of the home and all decisions made within it, Vera Hewlett knew that he adored his young wife – and had been adored by her in return – to the point of distraction.

That *"adoration"* on the part of his young wife existing now, *mostly*, in the past tense

It would be accurate to say that the older woman's sadistic and vindictive soul that had - with the passing of Melanie's rather straitlaced father and an amount of personal freedom that was the unintended result of the economics of his will - only recently found the right opportunity to express itself, had from the start disliked her son-in-law, even if she did like her husband's daughter and found her husband attractive, and when she saw the opportunity to vent it…?

It would also be fair to say that, when Melanie confessed over a drink to some of her husband's shortcomings in the sexual arena, Vera Hewlett was not slow to use the knowledge for her own ends.
"There," she said, tying the apron in place at his waist with a bow as he faced her, eyes and shamed face lowered as she leaned in purposely that the breasts she knew he found attractive despite her advanced years might make contact with his chest.

"That's better," she told him and was about to continue when Melanie's brother, Jake, interrupted.

"Any more beers on the chill, Richa…? Whoa! What's the score with the

apron?"

Vera Hewlett looked on with much amusement as one step-son-in-law bantered with the other in an attempt to deflect attention from the demeaning reality of the situation he was now in.

"Last time I helped out with the dishes," Richard blustered, "I soaked the front of my chinos and ruined them."

"That's right, Jake," Vera offered support. "And instead of looking for more beer to guzzle perhaps we should find you an apron so you can lend a hand."

The aforementioned beer was already in Jake's hand and the fridge door closed as he gave a *"not on your life"* laugh and returned to the garden.

The relief on Richard Grayson's face was short-lived as the back of his mother-in-law's hand connected with already reddened cheeks and rocked his head to one side.

It was, despite her growing dominance over him, the first time she herself had used physical force and his expression spoke of his shock more eloquently than words; that she now felt free to abuse him in such a way highlighting further the distance he had fallen from his previous high-ground.

"When either Melanie or I tell you to do something my weeny-dicked son-in-law," she hissed, "it's not a request but an *order*."

Her smile as she straightened the straps of his apron was not friendly as she added:

"*Never* forget that."

The husband who had just been slapped and addressed so demeaningly in his own home could only stare at the matronly tormentor who was only thirteen years his senior; unable to form a verbal response to a situation that was fast exceeding his capacity to either deal with it or understand.

His mother-in-law slapped him again for good measure, simply to show him she could and he no longer had manhood enough to retaliate, then regarded him with eyes that achieved the impossible by appearing alive with excitement and stone-cold at one and the same time.

“As far as family and friends are concerned,” she told him, “you are still a man and a husband. And it can continue that way so long as you make sure you’re totally obedient. Cross either one of us though, and everyone will know that you’re a tiny-dicked cuckold so pathetic in bed he begged his young wife to find others to pleasure her.”

“That’s not true,” he exploded in spite of his growing intimidation in the presence of the woman, unable to help himself in the face of such a blatant untruth.

“Of course it’s not true,” she laughed unkindly, “not the last part, anyway. “But who do you think people will believe when Melanie’s mother-in-law tells them how distraught she was when she confided her husband’s sick desires to her?”

Richard Grayson hung his head with shame at the lie that part kept him in place to take her treatment along with that of his wife’s; accepting the truth of his mother-in-law’s disingenuous words, nonetheless, and the weakness and extenuating circumstances that kept him in place to suffer her sadism; thoughts racing backwards to when it all started that he might somehow see an alternative way for him to have acted and turn back time to avoid the hell he was currently experiencing.

“Face it, Richard,” the sadist in female form was telling him. “You’re Melanie’s cuckold and my bitch. *And* unless you find balls infinitely larger and more powerful than those pitiful little nuggets in their tiny cock-cage my daughter-in-law kindly fitted on you, that’s *all* you’ll ever be.”

The chastised and cuckolded husband’s thoughts were still exploring the recent past as she finished:

“But you can still have a decent life as long as you show us you intend to be obedient and become the best little cuckold servant a daughter and her stepmother can have.”

Her words were lost to him as, not for the first time, his thoughts raced back to when he had first been shown the downward and slippery slope.

A downfall and slippery slope to which he had been introduced not quite two months prior to his kitchen chastisement at the hands of his mother-in-law.

Not *quite* two months ago to a time when he had been holding down a well-paid position as the head of an actuarial department and, more importantly, considered himself a man still.

Not *quite* two months that seemed a *lot* longer……..

One

“I want you to read this,” Melanie told him, not without trepidation, after he had eaten dinner and he was seated with a Scotch before the TV; another stressful day as an actuary for one of the leading insurance companies was behind him and the weekend ahead and she knew he would be at his most amenable.

He would need to be, she thought as, though nervous still, she managed an internal giggle.

She was tapping her foot as he read through the pages she had printed off for him and watched as mild initial puzzlement turned to shock and then outrage as the contents became plain.

“Where did you get this… *filth?*” he asked as, just as her stepmother had instructed, if not without difficulty, she held his gaze. Just thinking about handing him these pages had kept her in a condition of arousal throughout the day and, now, seeing them in his hand almost threatened to send her over the edge. “And why on earth would you show it to me?” he finished.

“I thought you might be interested,” she told him innocently.

His face was a picture.

“You thought…”

“That’s right,” she cut in, again just as Vera had said she should, overriding him in a way that would have previously been unthinkable, taking her courage in her hands to say what needed to be said and, once having been said, would never be taken back and put her on a track she would never have

envisaged herself travelling when she first made those few dissatisfied and disparaging comments to her mother-in-law concerning the sorry state of her love-life.

And now here she was, on the verge of telling the older and still wonderfully handsome husband she had loved and looked up to these past three years that his cock was not sufficient for her and that they needed to explore other avenues if she were to be satisfied and not ask him to leave the home her father had bought for them to live in and he had been asked to sign a pre-nup insisting he would have no rights to it should they ever separate.

Could she do it though?

The wetness seeping through her panties to moisten her pantyhose gave its own silent answer.

“I love you, sweetie, you know that. You’re the only man there can ever really be for me on an emotional and long-term basis.”

The look on his face as he waited for her to continue was one of growing uneasiness and for the first time she began to *really* believe Vera might be right and that *she* was actually the one who held the *real* power in the relationship.

It was a heady thought and one she was surprised to find so… *appealing*... when her stepmother had first mentioned the possibility and that such things actually happened in real life and were not solely the fantasies of masochistic men and women with a desire to control.

“But I’m a healthy young woman,” she went on, fully committed now to the life with her handsome older husband Vera insisted she could have and wondering if he sensed what was coming, “and I need to be satisfied sexually.”

Richard Grayson’s pallor had matched the prefix to his surname upon hearing this.

“You…? You’re saying I don’t…? I don’t…?”

“Don’t satisfy me, sweetie,” she finished for him. “Yes. That’s exactly what I’m saying.”

It was, she knew, a bolt from the blue for him, so well had she acted the part of the woman sexually fulfilled by her man, and his shocked expression made way for pain and, she noted, no small humiliation that his young and previously biddable wife could speak to him in such a way.

“Come on, you’re my husband,” she consoled him, not wanting to go too far too fast, “and I’ll always have a place in my heart for you, but you know yourself that your cock is tiny in comparison to a lot of men’s.”

“And you know this, how?” he snarled, throwing the offending pages to the carpet and rising to pace the length of the room as anger overrode his sense of shock and humiliation; inference plain and requiring no help from his next words as he pointed to the discarded print-outs that had so offended him:

“Or did you decide to start without me.

Having thought she would be in a state of high anxiety when introducing what was, after all, a highly sensitive subject for own wife to deliver to a husband – and a handsome and older husband at that – Melanie was surprised at just how calm she was now the deed was upon her and there could be no taking back the cripplingly humiliating words in regard of his male equipment and its inability to satisfy her she had just allowed him to hear fall from his loving wife’s lips.

She was, in fact, almost as calm as she was aroused.

“That’s an unfair and very stupid thing to say,” she accused him, knowing any criticism of his own self-vaunted intelligence would impact upon his already agitated hackles.

He looked at her as if she had just beamed down from a Federation Star-Ship in alien form:

"*You*," he pointed to the carpet, "give *me*, filth like that to read. And then have the nerve to say I'm stupid?"

"That's right," she told him, unperturbed by an anger on his part Vera had told her, unnecessarily, to expect. "If you can get over your silly pride at not having a cock big enough to satisfy your wife and think about what I'm saying, you'd know that I'm telling you this now because I want everything to be up front between us."

"I'm sure I'm extremely grateful," he told her with that sarcasm Vera had told Melanie she hated so much and the young wife was, once apprised of it, coming to dislike more and more herself.

"You should be," she told him without missing a beat. "You're not satisfying me the way a man should satisfy his wife and I'm simply being truthful about it rather than just doing what most unsatisfied wives in my position would do and leaving you."

Despite her words and the nature of what she had given him to read, she could tell that he still hadn't considered such a possibility.

He was now though and the pain such a possibility caused him renewed an optimism in regard of success that, thanks mainly to the encouragement and support of her stepmother, already running at a considerably high level.

"If you loved me half as much as you're forever saying you do, you would be racking your brains right now about how best you can give me what you can't. Rather than acting like a little boy who's just been told by his teacher his sums don't add up. You're an actuary so you should be able to do the maths: Unhappy-and-Sexually- Unfulfilled-equals… "

She had left the "D-I-V-O-R-C-E" completing the sum unsaid, knowing it would be impossible for him to miss and now there was shock to match the outrage in his eyes. For the first time in her relationship with him she was experiencing the upper-hand and, just as Vera had said it would, she found the sensation of being the one with the power euphoric. He had, she could

see, been thrown by her, heretofore, unheard of attitude and the possibility she could even be thinking of leaving him was unmanning him still further.

“I need to be fucked by a cock I can actually feel for once,” she told him, by way of taking the situation to boiling point.

He could simmer all he liked when she was finished.

An accusing finger pointed to the pages on the carpet and his eyes blazed into hers:

“So…? So this… *crap*… is how you think we should go about you *‘needing to be fucked by a real cock*?” he asked, acknowledging in the process, even if it had not been his intention, that his own equipment was not up to the job.
“What do think?” she asked with a question of her own, returning his earlier sarcasm with interest.

“And you really think I’m going to just go along with it?” he almost screamed, becoming almost apoplectic with anger and frustration and, unless she was badly mistaken, a large dose of… *fear*.

Her own calmness in the face of his reaction surprised and delighted her:

“No, Richard. I don’t. And if you had actually read more than the first few paragraphs of that print-out before throwing a tantrum, you would know that it’s not *‘we’* who’ll be going about it at all.”

His arms went wide, indicating she had lost him:

“I don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about,” he accused, swearing in front of her for the first time since they had met and shoring up the certainty that she, also for the first time since they had met, had him on the back-foot for once.

And had him there big-time.

“Well, I’m going over to see my stepmother so, while I’m gone, I suggest

you have another read and familiarise yourself with those pages before trying to work it out. Because I promise you, and whether you like it or not, I am going to get fucked by a cock I can actually feel."

Unable to speak and totally wrong-footed by the suddenness of events, Richard Grayson could only stare at his wife as she turned on her heel, long shapely legs in shiny opaque pantyhose that never failed to hold his attention captive ignored as she made for the door while calling back over her shoulder.

"Tomorrow's Saturday, so we'll speak then."

Words failed to exit from his open mouth as she finished:

"And not before."

Two

Two weeks on, and Melanie Grayson was in a heaven of erotic expectation.

Just as the stepmother she was becoming more and more intimate with had insisted, her handsome older husband had eventually bent his neck under her implacable insistence and the withdrawal of her affections until he put his own *"selfish needs and insecurities"* behind him.

After ten days of the cold shoulder, the monosyllabic response and, most crucially, no sexual contact whatsoever, not even a peck on the cheek, they had actually had the talk he had refused to contemplate on the Saturday following her presentation to him of the pages outlining what she wanted and, finally and unbelievably, he had capitulated and, through admittedly gritted teeth, said he would give what she was suggesting a try if it would save their marriage.

Gritted teeth or not, however, did not prevent him from attempting to put conditions on their attendance at the gathering outlined in those pages.

Conditions she was more than happy to concede to, knowing as she did that they counted for nothing and, if her stepmother was right – and she had not been proved wrong yet – they would, between them, have him in such a dependent and self-disgusted state conditions would be the last thing he would feel able to place on either of them.

“What you have to understand is nothing more than most women of my age with more than a modicum of intelligence know , Melanie, my love,” Vera Hewlett had told her daughter-in-law. “And that is the rather obvious fact that men - even those alpha types with cocks three times the size of Richard’s that you desire to take so badly - are just little boys. They may add a veneer of worldliness to their exterior but they do *not* grow.”

At this point, Melanie was still at the stage of being a mite embarrassed at speaking of sexual matters with her stepmother and Vera had smiled at her reddened cheeks.

“You mustn’t be embarrassed to speak of such things with me, Melanie. Stepmother is only a term and we are not related by blood. Despite the gap in our ages I consider us friends and, between friends, there should be no taboo subjects. After all, haven’t we already discussed somewhat *intimate* subjects at length?”

“I do feel a little awkward, I admit,” Melanie said, following the confession with a smile, “but I’ll get over it.”

“I’m sure you will,” Vera had smirked. “You’re a beautiful young woman in your prime and that husband of yours has been denying you the sexual fulfilment that should have been yours by natural right.”

Melanie’s pretty face twisted into a grimace at her stepmother’s statement as the resentment she had found building towards her handsome and older but sexually selfish and physically lacking husband came bubbling to the surface yet again.
“Apart from your father, as you now know,” Vera continued, not having missed her daughter-in-law’s expression and playing to it, “I myself have never had much time for the male sex. However, men in general do have one or two mitigating qualities and it is beholden upon us to put these minor if pleasing talents to best use.”

Melanie waited, hoping to learn exactly what these *“minor if pleasing”* talents were that she might be best placed to put them to this *“best use”*.
“Look at you!” her stepmother accused, angry it seemed and making her daughter-in-law start a little. “You are at your very peak as a woman and what use does this husband of yours make of it – or, more revealingly, what use is he *capable* of making of it?”

The younger woman realised her mother-in-law’s anger was not feigned but genuine on her behalf and felt strangely reassured that she appeared to be in her camp and determined to help her experience al that she said *“a woman should”*.

“How could a man of his shortcomings and lack of manhood *ever* take you to the summits of sexual joy and arousal of which a *real* man is capable? Those backbreaking and indescribable plateaus of euphoric sexual joy to be experienced only by having oneself filled, as much as it is humanly possible for a man to fill a woman, with a masterful cock that understands restraint as well as how best to use the physical mastery we have seen fit to grant him over a superior mind and body. A body he has drilled to a submission that is shuddering and complete and will remain so for as long as we allow his penis to remain inside us and then insisting he – or another available male tongue –

clean the joyous and satisfied cunt that has only just been besieged and lap soothingly that our pleasure be extended yet further."

Melanie's breathing was coming in short sharp gasps as her mother-in-laws description of exactly the kind of sex she had dreamed of chimed in with her deepest longings.

"That," Vera went on, "is what we women deserve from the men we favour with our attentions and if the one so favoured is incapable of delivering what he was placed on earth to deliver… Well, in my eyes and the eyes of many other women like me, he is no man at all and should be treated accordingly."

The young woman whose ears were on the receiving end of the elder's lecture-cum-pep-talk did indeed shudder as a mini orgasm rippled through her body in acknowledgment of the nerve that *"pep-talk"* had activated."

"Is Richard such a man, Melanie?" Vera asked, all too aware of the effect she was having on her stepdaughter. "Can Richard *ever* be such a man?"

Coming back to earth, Melanie could only shake her head in what was no more than an admission of the simple and irrevocable truth.

"No," Vera agreed. "He can't. And I for one will take great pleasure in helping you show your husband his true role in your marriage."

Finding herself now with no further objections in regard of her stepmother's intentions for her marriage, totally won over by what she had just experienced from words alone and wanting to experience them in the flesh, Melanie had a question for the older woman, just the same:

"You've never liked Richard, have you, Vera?"

The shake of the head was both emphatic and instant.

"I could tell from almost the first moment father brought you over to meet us both that there would never be any love lost between the two of you."

“Was I that obvious?” her stepmother had laughed.

“Melanie nodded, before adding:

“And not just you. Richard knew I was fond of you from the start and grateful for how happy you made my father after mother had passed. He would never have upset me by criticising you – though I could tell he didn’t like you just the same.”

“Not exactly difficult to read, is he?” Vera pointed out with a derisive snort. “But then, with a few notable exceptions, most men aren’t. In fact, Melanie, I’ve known from the moment I met him that your handsome husband was – *is* - nothing but a proud warrior in paper armour.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning, my love, that he is only proud for as long as the frailty of his armour goes unchallenged. The moment a female finger decides to poke holes in this flimsy carapace, perhaps even strip it from him completely, is the moment he can be seen in all his full and puny weakness.”

Melanie’s flushed cheeks on top of her recent… *reaction*… had been all the evidence Vera had needed.

Despite her daughter-in-law’s oft spouted love for her older husband, her mother-in-law knew her suggestions in regard of the handsome Richard Grayson, and how his life could be transformed to make him more… *pleasing*… to his young wife, would find a receptive ear.

And give *both* of them much satisfaction in so doing.
“Think about it, my love,” the older woman with an agenda of her own had continued, “the only difference between a four year-old boy and a forty-year-old man is sexual need. Other than that *basic* desire, there really is no difference between them. The way for a woman to exert *real* control over a grown man is to apply the same disciplines to him as one would for a little boy.”

Vera could see her stepdaughter was uncomfortable with something and guessed its cause:
"You're asking yourself if I applied these methods to your father?"

Melanie shrugged, apologetic but unwilling to lie:

"It did cross my mind."

Vera was already shaking her head.

"Then uncross it immediately. As much as I can respect a man, I respected your father."

Melanie's relief was unmistakable and Vera went on:

"In truth, he was no more resistant to our feminine wiles than other men but, with him, there was very little cause for them to be used. He was a good husband and, as far as I can love any man, I loved him. So, without supplying you with more… *intimate*… details of my life with your father, I suggest you concentrate on the man in your own life and keep your fond and deserved memories of a good man and parent deservedly intact."

"Thank you," responded a grateful Melanie with a smile, appreciative of Vera's tact in regard of her sexual relations with her father, knowing as she did that the older woman was, as well as once having been an active female supremacist – whatever that was - more fond of her own sex than those of the opposite gender.

Like most daughters who revere their fathers, Melanie was not at all curious to know of what happened between father and wife in the privacy of their own bedroom.

Her father aside, however, and aware of the woman's views on the supremacy of women over men – if not how she had once been active in this regard - she also knew her stepmother had very definite uses for *certain* men and Melanie was beginning to suspect her husband had long been one of them.

At least in her stepmother's imagination.

"Tell me, Melanie," Vera had gone on, "was Richard's reaction, when you showed him the pages I asked you to download for him, that of a strong man and husband?"

Now it was Melanie's turn to shake her head with heavy emphasis.

"And were you disappointed?"

"Yes and no. A part of me wanted him to rage at me, perhaps even violently. To show me he felt so passionate and possessive about his young wife that he would rather kill me than let me be had by another man…"

"Or woman," Vera interjected solemnly, reminding her daughter-in-law of another aspect likely to work in tandem with her coming emancipation.

Melanie swallowed hard, still unsure about this aspect of what her stepmother had in mind – even if she acknowledged a curious and heretofore unexpected excitement building in her breast at the prospect.

"Or woman," she conceded just the same, wondering for the first time if her stepmother pictured herself as one of her future female lovers.

The question of her own response to such a possibility she left for later.

"There was something else you felt also," Vera said, statement and not question. "Something that made you feel bad about yourself for having such thoughts on behalf of a loving if patronising husband but, at the same time, thrilled you more than anything in your life to now."

The younger woman blushed, knowing the older woman was spot on but not knowing how she could possibly have guessed.

"It is a heady thought," Vera went on, allowing her superior experience to let her show-off a little, aware of her stepdaughter's growing affection and

regard for her wisdom and intuition. “To know that a man is so smitten he might be willing to accept any indignity the object of his love and desires sees fit to inflict upon him simply to gratify her own.”

“Does…?” Melanie began, looking wary and excited simultaneously. “Does that make me… *evil?*”

Despite the obvious excitement the picturing of her husband’s submission inspired in her, the girl’s concern for her own moral welfare was greater and Vera could not prevent herself laughing.

“What is it?” Melanie asked, miffed, as most young people are miffed when they feel their inexperience is being ridiculed by their elders.

Affectionately or not.

“Excuse me, my love,” Vera apologised. “I laugh only because I know exactly what you are thinking. With great satisfaction, or the prospect of it, can sometimes come great guilt. For that we can thank our great Judaeo-Christian conditioning and those whose own fear of flying compels them to anchor others to the slime with them.”

The two women shared a look and then, together, burst out laughing.

“Wow!” Melanie exclaimed. “That was some mouthful.”

The stepmother held her arms wide, equally as surprised it seemed:

“Where did that come from?”

After more laughter, Vera continued:

“I might have been unneccesarily… *flowery*…” she smiled, “but it’s the truth just the same. The answer is *‘no’*, you’re not evil, my love, but just attempting to realise your full potential as a woman other than that of being dutiful wife and – thankfully not yet – mother. It’s hardly your fault if your own potential outmatches that of your husbands’ and, if he wishes to remain

a part of your life and fly coach to your first-class that really is his concern."

"But what if he doesn't? I know you haven't much time for him but I do love him - for all his failings in bed."

"Yes, well, if you go forward you'll have to accept that your feelings for him might change."

Melanie, Vera noted, was instantly wary at this and, not for the first time, the older woman warned herself that the girl was truly fond of her husband and was trying to balance the excitement she felt at being on the threshold of a new and more stimulating sexual life and keeping him at her side as she went about it.

A trick Vera was determined to help her achieve.

"I'm not saying you'll stop loving him, you understand," she told her daughter-in-law to an instant lessening of the aforementioned wariness, "just that you'll love him in a… well… a… *different*… way.

The older woman was pleased to see her younger protégé, as it were, nod an agreement to this.

"That, my love, is unavoidable, I'm afraid."

After a few moments, she added:

"If you continue down this line, that is."

The girl's expression, Vera told her was not light years removed from that of a petulant infant after having a favourite toy taken from her and she knew with certainty that her daughter-in-law had made her decision in regard of the path she was going to take and would not deviate from it.

"You still haven't answered my question," Melanie reminded her, petulance gone as she realised she was indeed going to *'continue down this line'*.

For a moment the older woman was nonplussed, then it came to her:

“You mean, if he refuses to fly coach?”

Melanie nodded.

“It won’t be a problem, my love. Before your father came along, and I set such things aside to enjoy my life with him, I had a similar experience with my former husband.”

“Former?” came a question that seemed more accusation.

“Yes. Like your Richard he was an absolute dud in the sack but, unlike your Richard, he hadn’t enough strength of character to make him interesting enough to keep. I suppose I had feelings for him at one time but they’d died long before I ever insisted we embark upon the same course I’m suggesting for you.”

“Then it wasn’t…? You know?... You going with other men that ended the marriage?”

Not in the slightest and you needn’t worry on that score, I can assure you. In fact, David, my first husband, liked it *too* much – perhaps even more than me. And where’s the fun in that for a strong woman? I wanted to be a goddess for whom my man was so smitten he would consent to have himself humiliated and have his own pleasure denied him that he might stay in my life. Not feel that I was simply being used to satisfy a wimp’s pleasures.”

“And how does that experience convince you I won’t have a problem with Richard?”

“Not the exact experience, exactly, but it did give me an insight into the mindsets of beta-men – whether they recognise themselves as being that way or not. Trust me, my love. Your Richard is a beta if ever I saw one and, handled correctly, will be more satisfying to you in the role of one than you could ever have imagined possible.”

A certain relaxation at the girls mouth and a softening of expression told Vera that her answer had satisfied the young wife.

The former female supremacist with strong views on the relative merits of men and women – views she had relaxed somewhat for her daughter-in-law's father - was not in the least surprised.

What she had told her, after all, was no more than the absolute truth.

"So," the older woman continued, returning to the theme she had taken up before having to address her daughter-in-law's concerns, "we've ascertained that the male, in general, starts out as a child and pretty much remains one throughout the duration of his life. Ergo, we, as sensible and strong women who know what's best for such children, find ourselves – and if we don't we should – compelled to treat him in just such a way."

"You're not suggesting I put nappies on him and that kind of stuff are you?" asked Melanie, who had heard of such goings on and found them risible as well as a sexual turn-off.

"Only if you want to and his behaviour warrants it," came the answer. "I sense though that such treatment would not be your cup of tea and, in truth, neither is it mine – though I'm not judgemental in these matters and showing a man you have the power to treat him in just such a way can be most… *titillating*… if we put aside our personal distaste for such treatment – at least for a little while."

She laughed and her daughter-in-law joined her.

"How do you suggest I treat him then?" Melanie asked when their shared mirth had subsided and a return to more pressing matters was required. "Assuming I can do it and he'll let me."

"Oh, he'll let you do it eventually, my love, believe me."

"Yes, so you keep saying," Melanie reminded her with a touch of impatience. "But why and how?"

“Very simply, Melanie, and the answer to both how and why is the same. We’re not talking brain-surgery or nano-physics here and, believe me, you *can* do it and he *will* let you. The sooner you get it into your head and adopt the correct mindset – that he is not *‘letting’* but that you are *‘taking’* – the sooner you move him into the position of sexual and emotional dependence necessary if you are to fulfil your potential as head-of-the-household and master of his, and your own, sex-life.”

“I’m listening,” croaked Melanie, all but swooning under the arousal prompted by her stepmother’s words.

“Trust me, Melanie, my love,” Vera went on, “His weakness is the *‘why’* and your knowledge of it the *‘how’*. All you need do to achieve the most spectacular results can be done with very little effort – hardly any, in fact – on your part. Simply, put, my love, all you do is reward him when he’s good,”

Melanie gave this some thought, then:

“And when he’s bad?”

Vera knew Melanie was ahead of her and was all too aware of the excitement she sensed her daughter-in-law felt for the advice she was about to give her.

“When he’s bad…” she began, pausing then for effect, “you punish him.”

Melanie considered this, a little surprised at how much she loved the idea of having enough control over her older husband to make him accept a punishment from her hands for his behaviour, even if she hadn’t yet thought out the logistics of that punishment and of what it would consist. Since she had first opened her heart to her stepmother over her husband’s failings the prospect that she could become the dominant partner in her relationship with the handsome if genitally underdeveloped Richard had become more and more appealing to her. But it was one thing to wish for something and quite another to see it achieved.

“I think,” she said at last, “that I know how to reward him – I mean, he’s an older man and I’m a young woman he still desires, so that’s the easy part.”

“It certainly is,” Vera agreed with a smirk common to women when discussing the shortcomings of men.

“But…?” Melanie began, looking puzzled. “But…?”

The prescience born of experience brought Vera to her aid:

“How do you go about punishing him?”

Melanie nodded, looking and feeling no less puzzled than before.

As Vera began to supply her with an answer it soon became obvious to the young girl that she would not be puzzled for long.

Three

It had taken the best part of two weeks of cold shouldering from his young wife before Richard Grayson, assured neither threats nor his most articulate arguments in respect of how bad and *wrong* was the course she wanted to take would sway her, and feeling about as wretched as he had ever thought at the prospect of losing the young wife he adored and who still filled him with sexual longing for her firm young body, capitulated and agreed to talk, once again, on the subject of another man taking over his marital duties.

Now they were readying themselves to head for the large house in the Sussex countryside that was owned by a couple Vera – though her involvement was yet to be suspected at this stage by the husband – had known from way back before Melanie's father. Melanie had assured Richard that no pressure was exerted on anyone and it was entirely up to the couple themselves whether the female half bedded with one of the available men to be found at the gathering.

"We stick to exactly what we agreed, yes?"

"That's right," Melanie nodded. "If it's too much we can just leave. Like I said, there's no pressure."

She could see he was unconvinced and acknowledged to herself that she couldn't blame him – even if he wasn't to know that the coming evening was going to change his life in a way he would previously have found unbelievable.

The ride from Surrey to Sussex in Richard's Alfa Romeo took a little less than an hour and conversation between them, for different reasons, was non-existent, only the disembodied voice of the Sat/Nav as it supplied the quickest and most convenient route breaking the silence.

The house itself was impressive and Melanie knew, though her husband did not, that it was the home of a successful black businessman and his African wife. It catered for a small but select group of around fifty people with the same tastes and consisted of around twenty upstairs bedrooms and a downstairs area complete with a fully functioning bar next to an indoor pool and Jacuzzi area. Had it not been for Vera's connection to the couple Melanie knew there was no way in hell they could ever have wangled an invite and she was determined to enjoy dipping her toe – and who knew what else – into this world of money and privilege no matter for how short a time she was to be allowed to do so.

They were met at the door by a man in footman's livery who asked for and was given Melanie's topcoat.

Richard slid off his own and offered it to the servant but was ignored.

"Are you going to take my coat as well?"
The answer was surprisingly bald:

"No."

Richard thought he must have misheard.

"No?"

"I'm obliged to serve only the ladies." He pointed to a place at the side of the

main door where a number of other coats were hung, one over the other without, it seemed, much care. “If you want your coat hung you’ll need to do it yourself.”

Richard looked as if he was about to take this further when Melanie whispered in his ear:

“Just go along with it, sweetie, and hang it up yourself. It’s no big deal.”

After he had, grudgingly, done so they were led by the servant of *only* women into the downstairs receiving area.

This was Richard’s first shock of the evening as he took in the array of glamorous and, it must be said, not so fetching wives chatting and sipping cocktails with their… *partners?*

He whispered in his wife’s ear:

“They’re all *black.*”

“Sorry?”

“The men, for crying out loud. They’re black. All of them. I’m the only white man here.”

“Don’t be silly,” she told him, enjoying the fact she was leading and he was following for once. “I can see at least four white men.”

“Yes, and they’re all serving drinks and waiting-on.”

“So?”

The understandable feelings of trepidation and self-disgust for allowing the wife he loved to persuade – nay: bully – him into attending what he saw as no more than a gathering of sexual perverts reasserted themselves and he, in turn, tried to do the same with his young wife.

Reassert himself, that is.

“Look, Melanie, I think we should go. This isn’t going to…”

She rounded on him with fury and he had neither seen nor imagined the look of pure anger transforming her sensuous features:

“You gave me your word and made an agreement and you’re going to keep both,” she hissed.

“But…?”

“I’m deadly serious, Richard. You walk out now and you won’t just be walking out of here but walking out of our marriage and the home my father bought me.”

Totally unnerved by the passion and seeming sincerity of his wife’s outburst, Richard Grayson was saved from having to respond by yet another flunky who approached Melanie and ignored him completely:

“May I offer Madam some refreshment,” the man, who looked more like an investment broker or someone high in finance, asked.

“White wine, would be lovely, thank you,” she told him and he nodded with a smile but allowed it to fade as he turned to Richard.

“It’s obviously your first time,” he told the angry and fearful for his marriage husband, “so you should know that this will be the last time you are allowed in the bar and reception area as a guest and, even then, we are not allowed to serve you with refreshment and, even if we did, you would not be allowed to drink it.”

Before Richard had a chance to react, and the warning look on Melanie’s face was already making him think twice, a large black woman in a knee length navy dress she was fairly spilling from approached.

“You must be Melanie,” she said. “Vee told me to expect you. I am Selma,

your hostess."

"Selma!" Melanie started, as if greeting a long lost relative while her ignored husband tried to put a face to someone named *'Vee'*. "Vee's told me so much about you. Thank you so much for letting me attend."

The women kissed as if they were for all the world long lost relatives and Richard waited to be introduced.

It didn't happen and he stood ignored as his wife and the large black woman sipped at a wine he would dearly have loved to be gulping down himself.

"This is your husband," the woman asked Melanie finally, a hint of her African roots still audible in her English, deigning then to give Richard a sideways glance of appraisal.

"It is," Melanie told her.

"Richard Grayson," he said, tired of being ignored and thrusting a hand in the woman's direction which she totally ignored.

"Would you please tell him that he is not to address me without my express permission. It is the rule of the house."

Melanie nodded, before realising a few moments later that her hostess seriously intended for her to actually repeat the words to her husband; despite him being only a pace away and, having perfectly serviceable ears, being incapable of missing them.

"Richard, you are not to address Selma without first having her permission."

He was about to respond angrily to this, despite the warning he could see being conveyed to him from his wife's flashing eyes when, suddenly, *'Selma'* decided to *'address'* him:

"You have a very lovely wife and I have absolutely no doubt she will love it here. But we have rules and insist they are observed by wives and husbands

alike. If you feel you cannot do this then you must leave this moment."

Her attention returned to Melanie:

"Please remember though, Melanie, that should you decide to leave you will not, you as well as your husband, be allowed to return again."

"We won't be leaving," Melanie said with absolute conviction, eyes turning to his and holding them with a message of dire consequences should he deny this opportunity.

He felt suddenly sick.

Will we, Richard?" she demanded.

Feeling as if he wanted the floor to swallow him, aware the couple nearest, a big-breasted blonde with heavy jowls and a lean and powerful black-man in an expensive suit, were listening in, he nodded.

Not good enough.

"Don't nod at me," his previously biddable wife scolded him in a way he hadn't experienced since his school-days. "Tell Selma."

Knowing he should leave but feeling a certainty in his guts that Melanie was serious and it would be the end of them, Richard Grayson swallowed heavily and rushed through it:

"We'd, hmm, like to stay, er, Selma," he stammered.

"The correct form of address when speaking to one of the ladies here is *'Ms'*," the powerful black woman with the simian features and piercing eyes told him without looking in his direction and, as ludicrous and demeaning as he found the situation he found himself responding before he had even know he was about to do so.

"Yes. We'd like to stay, hmm, *'Ms'* Selma."

The moment he said it this black powerhouse of a woman looked him up and down in what he described to himself at the time as that same way one of her forbears must have been given the once over by a prospective buyer on the slave-blocks of Atlanta or some other ante-bellum trading post specialising in the sale of *human* livestock.

He felt invaded and demeaned, but made no protest, steeling himself - for the sake of his marriage and the prospect of losing the wife he loved who appeared to be in the grip of what he kept assuring himself was a *temporary* insanity – to endure the episode.

If only for one night.

"Ms Selma" and her possessive eyes had turned back to Melanie and immediately lost the no-nonsense hardness he had seen in them when he had been the object of her attentions.

"Your husband and I need to have a word on our own now, Melanie. I want you to mingle and get to know a few people while we're gone."

Richard had mouthed a silent *"No!"* to his wife and she had ignored him completely.

Unlike him she seemed instantly at home in their surroundings and, as their assertive and powerful black hostess took him by the elbow with a grip that, while not unbreakable, would certainly take the hell of an effort to dislodge, he saw her smile.

It was not, he told himself with a sinking heart, the smile of love a devoted wife gave a cherished husband.

"Do not worry about him, Melanie," Selma assured the white wife in the African accented English the white husband was already coming to detest after only having had to hear it for a minute or so. "He is in good hands."

"I won't," Melanie said with pleasure that was unmistakable and pierced Richard Grayson to the core as his wife pointed a playful finger at him. "You

be good for our hostess.

The last glimpse Richard Grayson had of his wife as the his formidable black hostess guided him from the room by the arm was of a muscular and affluent looking black man of around his own age engaging his young wife in conversation.

He was not to know it but, and with complete disregard for the conditions she had agreed with him, conversation would *not* be the only thing they engaged in while he was absent.

Four

"You lied!" he had raged at her after following her up to the bedroom on her return home. He had virtually been physically ejected from the residence of their hosts after his *'talk'* with the hostess and driven back to his own home in a limo.

Minus his wife.

Now she was back, and her blasé refusal to acknowledge she had breached the conditions set for them to attend the *'gathering'* had added outrage to the agitation and concern he had felt whilst awaiting her return.

"You promised we would stay together and leave together and you lied."

Her expression as she peeled sheer black hose from the legs that had always enthralled said *"So what?"*.

"What else did you do while I was talking to that… that… *ballbreaker?*"

Her expression, unbelievably, he thought, was admonitory.

“That’s a very disrespectful way to talk about the hostess who looked after you,” she chided him.

“Looked after me?” he exploded. “Have you any idea what that black monster of a woman said to me while we were apart?”

“Well, I wouldn’t have, if Samuel hadn’t told me,” she replied, halting him in his tracks.

“Samuel?”

“Yes. You didn’t get to meet him but he was your host, Selma… *‘Ms’* Selma’s husband.”

“For fuck’s sake, Melanie,” he swore, the uncharacteristic obscenity upon his lips serving only to show her how much she had him rattled. “You’re not with your black friend’s now and I don’t have to humour them with their silly titles.”

“You didn’t seem to have any trouble doing just that while you were there,” she observed, stepping from her hose and kicking it towards him with a gesture somewhere between playfulness and contempt and loving the way he couldn’t prevent his desire for her – the same desire that fulfilled him and left her utterly unmoved – from revealing itself upon his face as he watched her slow and *deliberate* striptease. “But then, *‘Ms’* Selma is quite intimidating, isn’t she?”

“Stop it, Melanie!” he snapped in an attempt to assert himself, as yet still unaware that his efforts in that direction were futile and any standing he might have once had in his young wife’s eyes had gone.
And gone forever.

“For heaven’s sakes, Melanie, what’s gotten into you? I hardly recognise the lovely young girl I married.”

Naked now, the rock hard nipples of her pert breasts betraying the perverse pleasure she was taking from the situation she, with the help of her stepmother, had engineered, Melanie Grayson stepped to her husband and stared up unblinkingly into his eyes.

“What got into me, Richard, was a black cock that made yours look like a midget gherkin in comparison.”

For a few second his face was a mixture of disbelief and incomprehension as his eyes wavered between her firm and shapely tits and the face he loved and now seemed to be mocking him.

“You…? You’re not serious?” he asked and she could tell the possibility that she might be was crushing him.

“Deadly,” she assured him. “Would you like me to take your trousers down and wank your little cock while I tell you all about it, sweetie?”

His jaw reacted to her offer by descending to the floor at a rate of knots that would have seen it detach itself entirely had it not been connected to the skull above it.

And, just as her stepmother and Samuel had assured her, she could tell it was not the only reaction.

“Don’t hesitate when that happens, Melanie,” the powerful black businessman who had just fucked her to exhaustion, and then fucked her again, told her. “take his little cock in your hand and lead him to his slavery. Small that cock might be but, I promise you, it will be hard, even if it shames him for it to be in such a condition. Stroke him and say nice things as you gently manipulate his foreskin up and down. He will both hate and love the sensation and you will love the feeling of taking *true* control of him for the very first time.”

With the advice of her host and ravisher ringing in her ears Melanie unzipped her stunned but unresisting husband’s flies and sneaked in a tiny hand to fish out an equally tiny, if *definitely* hard, penis out into the open before gripping

the head between two fingers and exerting pressure to pull him after her towards the bed.

“That’s my lovely, handsome, husband,” she cooed as she manoeuvred him into a standing position at the side of the mattress and lay herself down on her back to continue her manipulation of him and be able to gauge his reaction as she did so. “Just let your freshly fucked young wife give you some pleasure and let her tell you how the big black gentleman took her to heaven with his wonderful ebony tool.”

Above her, Richard Grayson was in an agony of indecision. A part of him wanted to slap her senseless, pack his things and *never* return, while another part…
The sigh escaping his lips from the attentions of her insistent fingers held all the pent-up longing of a man who had been used to regular sex and, for the past fortnight, had been forced to satisfy himself with his own hand. He knew for the sake of his own self-respect that he should just tear himself from her grasp and leave. But…

He sighed again as she took his helmet in her mouth and sucked upon it, but made no move to either leave or prevent her doing so.

When, only a few seconds later, the telltale twitching at his scrotum told her of his impending told her of his imminent explosion – such as his explosions were – she removed her mouth and cupped his balls to squeeze them in order to prevent his release.

The groan of deep and genuine disappointment escaping him as the warmth of her sweet mouth was removed and his orgasm was squeezed off at the source was all the young wife needed to tell her she had him and that things were going to plan. Careful to maintain a teasing caress of the tiny cock that had so nearly found its release that he may live in hope of just that happening, she began to describe for him just how a *real* man fucked a woman.

“When he took me upstairs,” she began, “I was little apprehensive. After all,

it's one thing to fantasise over something and another for it to actually happen. Especially when one's husband is downstairs having a tete a tete with the wife of the black man about to supply a good fucking."

His little cock jumped in her hand and she knew her words were arousing him, despite the fact she was certain this was something he would never have chosen to hear in a million light years. It was just as Vera and Samuel had said. He was beta and she was alpha. And if she decided this was the course they were going to take from now on there would be no question of him doing anything other than bending his neck and accepting the fact.

"You won't believe me, of course," she lied, "but I do love you and I was worried that you might be having a hard time with *'Ms'* Selma. She hasn't much time for white boys like you and can be something of a terror when she's defied, so you can imagine how proud of you I was when she told me after you'd left that that you'd listened to what she had to say without interrupting and there was no need for her to… *punish*… you."

Again the tiny cock in her hand gave an involuntary twitch and again she congratulated stepmother and host for their insight into the *"cuckold mentality"*, even if she had yet to inform her husband that was what he was now.

Her cuckold,

"I was so pleased to hear you were supporting me in this," she said, aware that he had not done, nor wished to do, any such thing. "I love you so much and want us to stay together, but to do so you have to accept bigger and better men will be filling me where you can't from now on."

She sensed he was about to react to this and speeded the rise and fall of her tiny hand against his even tinier cock to keep his mind where she wanted it, gratified to note that men with small penises could be led by them with equal efficacy as those in possession of more impressive examples.
"Ooooh! Is that nice my good little boy? Does little Dicky like mummy massaging his eeny-weeny cockle?"

There was no verbal response and, slowing down the rise and fall of her hand that he didn't shoot his pitiful little load before she had said what she wanted to say, she pressed on:

"When he took me into his bedroom," she began, voice almost a whisper, "you'd have been proud of your young wife. The big black man wanted to take control but I wasn't ready for that… Yet."

Listening for the giveaway sound of her husband's breathing she decided he was still a little way from the precipice but knew she had only a finite amount of time before he went hurtling over it.

She pressed on:

"Placing a chair in the center of the room, I pushed him into it and began to do a little dance for him. You haven't seen me do such a dance but, if you're good and do as you're told for me from now on, I promise I will. He was still fully clothed but I could see from the bulge in his trousers that I would not be disappointed when the time came for the main event. When I unzipped my dress his eyes bugged out and I could see he was really entranced by the sight of my pristine white body and my shaven slit. I let the dress fall and kicked it away to stand before him with hands on hips."

Richard's breathing had shortened and she realised he was getting close.

"As I stood posed before him it all got too much for him," she continued. "He loosened his trousers without rising from the chair and slid them down his hips."

Melanie smiled to herself at the memory.

"Now it was my turn to be entranced," she said, using feather-light caresses on the underside of her husband's shaft now that she might keep him in a state of rut while preventing him from coming too early. "When he reached inside his underpants and flipped out his cock I couldn't believe my eyes."

Again, feather-light caresses or not, the telltale twitch of her husband's *"cockle"* told her he was close and with her free hand she reached beneath him to give his less than impressive scrotal-sac a delaying squeeze before continuing; knowing it was time to close the deal on her husband's imminent explosion before leaving him to slink off to the spare-room she had insisted he sleep in lately and deal with the humiliation he was sure to feel after the pleasure delivered by her hand wore off:

"He was huge," she went on, "almost three times as long and a couple of times as thick as this little cockle of yours and when I straddled his hips to lower myself onto his shiny black weapon I wasn't sure if I could take it after having only had you up there in the years since we met."

Another twitch greeted her demeaning reference to his own equipment and his efforts with it in the sack and she knew she needed to be quick:

"When I lowered myself and it began to slide past my pussy lips inside me, it felt as if a baseball bat were being rammed into me. So big was it, I thought for a second that it would soon come out of my throat as I felt one of his fingers reach between my legs to massage my engorged clit and…"

"Aaaaaaaah!"

The sound escaped his lips as a hiss, almost as if, she though, he were ashamed of his own release and she realised *that* was exactly what he was. His semen had left his cock to land on her breasts and it had done so while she was telling him of the big black cock that had invaded her in a way he would be forever incapable of matching.

Her husband had just experienced, she thought, his first cuckold orgasm.

She was about to tell him to head for the spare-room so she could get some rest after her night of bliss when he did just that of his own accord, leaving her naked on the mattress with her breasts covered in the evidence of his sexual reaction to her faithlessness.

"Yes, that's it, cuckold," she cried, wanting to twist the knife for some

reason. “You go off to your room and leave me to clean off the cum you spurted on me after hearing how the black man with the big cock fucked your wife.”

The only response was the sound of the door closing behind him.

“Not to worry,” she shouted, “we’ll speak about it more in the morning when we’ve both had a rest.”

Leaving him to his own thoughts of shame and humiliation then, it was a highly satisfied young wife who lay her head on the pillow and drifted off to sleep to the picture of the wondrous black cock that had fucked her so beautifully and so satisfyingly and the prospect of many more to come in the future.

If her stepmother and Samuel were right, and everything seemed to say they were, then she, Melanie Grayson, would soon have it all.

A never ending stream of massive and willing cocks whenever she felt the need for one.

And a cuckold husband who, as yet had no idea just how useful he was going to be to both wife and mother-in-law.

Had she known that the *“cuckold husband”* in question was, at that very moment, packing his things and would be gone by the morning when she rose, the sleep into which she fell so immediately and blissfully would not have been so untroubled.

Part Two

Five

“I don’t want him hurt, Selma. I… I know this sounds strange after… You know?... After Samuel, and what we’ve… But I do love Richard and I want us to continue to be husband and wife. But… Well… Just not in the same way.”

The powerfully built African women with the features that could only be said to resemble the simian yet were no less, perhaps more, compelling for all that, was sympathetic; her attitude with Melanie light-years in difference to the one she used in the presence of the white woman’s husband.

Along with Vera, Melanie’s stepmother and the woman who had set the cuckold ball rolling, they were seated opposite each other in the front-room of the Grayson family home that only the wife had an entitlement to and were sipping coffee as if, for all the world, they were three everyday housewives discussing the latest scandalous price-rises at Sainsbury; rather than a faithless white wife who had only recently been fucked, and then fucked again, by the black woman’s equally powerful, and equally black, husband, Samuel, at the behest of her late father’s wife.

Adding an even greater air of un-reality to the situation was the fact that upstairs, at that very moment, two men in the employ of the African couple were *“sealing the cuckold”* deal, as Selma had put it.

“To my knowledge, Melanie,” the black woman told her, piercing gaze, as ever discomfiting the young white wife somewhat, “there has only been one

instance of a husband making such treatment necessary. An unfortunate occurrence that would not have happened had this particular white husband been evaluated in the correct way."

"Evaluated?"

Selma nodded, in her black and tightfitting lycra cat-suit and accompanying black bolero cut jacket with red calf length boots possessing a four inch spike, her already tall frame seemed even more imposing and Melanie sensed the strength of will her stepmother had assured her the woman possessed.

"In your case," Selma began, "we had every confidence in Vera from long association and had no doubt her evaluation of your husband would prove accurate. And so it has proved to this point."

"But…?"

Melanie's eyes indicated the ceiling questioningly and Selma's laughter, though genuine in its amusement, did nothing to lessen the intimidating effect of her presence.

"Melanie is worried her husband may get… *rebellious*," Vera explained, dressed today in a severely cut two-piece suit with black hose and heels that made her look sexy and authoritative simultaneously. "I've assured her that I've seen stronger and prouder men than him buckle under and have no doubt the outcome will be same again."
"You must listen to your stepmother, Melanie," Selma urged. "I assure you that in her previous dealings with us before she met your father, her recommendations did not prove wrong even once. Together with my husband, the three of us are vastly experienced on the fascinating subject of the white and beta cuckold husband."

"Is that what Richard is now, then?" Melanie asked, knowing now it was *exactly* what she wanted and expected from her husband.

"That's what he became the moment he allowed himself to be led away for

you to be escorted upstairs that you might be shown the type of cock you have been missing in your marriage."

It was Vera who had answered and Melanie could not help but wonder how Richard would take it after his ordeal upstairs when he discovered she had been sitting in his front-room throughout its duration.

Worse:

That *she* had been the one to set his nightmare in motion.

"Remember?" Vera urged.

Melanie did.

How could she forget?

The anticipation inspired in her upon first sight of Samuel's incredible black tool and her concern that she would be able to accommodate a cock of such dimensions had not endured for long; concern easing the moment she placed herself upon the monster and knew instantly that she would not only accommodate it but adore doing so.

And, in the process, be fulfilled sexually for the first time in her young life.

If Richard had to suffer a little necessary humiliation as the price of not possessing the equipment to do the job himself then so be it.

In truth, she could do no more than confess to herself that the power she sensed herself gaining over her handsome and older husband - with each passing hour, it seemed – was becoming a turn-on of almost equal proportions in itself.

And yet…

"I understand that, and I have no problem with it," she told both women. "But I was always upfront, right from the start, about not wanting to lose Richard.

I do love him in my own way and I think both of you will have to agree that he is a striking looking man still, despite being older than me."

Selma nodded at this and Melanie already knew her stepmother's views on the subject, but the young wife had been in the presence of enough women who coveted her husband to know the powerful black woman was one of their number.
Albeit, in her own way.

"He has his pride and I don't want him backed into a corner where his only option will be to leave me."

"Nonetheless, Selma," replied with confidence, "if he does stay you want him at your side in a less… *manly*… role than the one he has filled up to now."

It was Vera who answered for her step-daughter:

"Melanie has tasted a little of the pleasure to be had from ruling her man and now wants it on a grander and more full-time basis, Selma, you are right. But I can verify what she has told you about his *'weak man's'* pride and her worry is it will be this that gives him the backbone to leave her."

The smile this inspired in the African woman was nothing if not decisive:

"Believe me, Melanie," she began, "when Samuel's men are done, and the future and what he can expect from it has been explained, his *only* option will be to *stay* with you."

The black woman had spoken with such confidence and authority that Melanie could not fail to feel some of it passed to her by way of transference and her worries on the subject of losing Richard from her life eased somewhat.

Even if she knew she would not be entirely happy until he was *"fully committed"*, as both Selma and Vera had described it.

As yet, however, she had not been made totally aware of just how her

husband would remain in her life from now on – and in what capacity.

“From here on,” Vera told her, “things will become very… *interesting*… for you.”

“Vera is right,” Selma added. “In fact, I…”

She gave Vera a small and slightly apologetic smile:

“I should say… *we*… guarantee it. ”

Her expression became serious:

“Surely, the way he acted when you returned home after you had been penetrated by another must have encouraged you to believe what you are looking for is possible?”

Melanie flushed red, it being early days in her new life as a faithless wife and such bold an upfront talk of sex still made her feel a little uncomfortable.

Though she was adapting swiftly as she remembered the advice of the woman’s husband on dealing with Richard when she returned home…

…“Don’t hesitate when that happens, Melanie,” the powerful black businessman who had just fucked her to exhaustion, and then fucked her again, told her. “Take his little cock in your hand and lead him to his slavery. Small that cock might be but I promise you it will be hard, even if it shames him for it to be in such a condition. Stroke him and say nice things as you gently manipulate his foreskin up and down. He will both hate and love the sensation and you will love the feeling of taking true control of him for the very first time”...

…Her stepmother broke into her recall of Richard’s humiliation; a recall from which the conditioning of her life to now told her she knew she should not be taking such…

Pleasure.

“What real man would have behaved in such a fashion after his wife had told him she had allowed herself to be penetrated by the beautiful black cock of a man she had met only that evening?” Vera asked with an expression not too far from a sneer.

Selma was nodding, her own expression supportive of her friend’s assertion as Vera continued:

“You told me yourself, Melanie, that any respect you had for him still as a man died when his little penis spurted onto your young breasts as you told him of your wonderful and most satisfying experience.”

Despite her excitement at the way events had been unfolding, Melanie found herself uncomfortable to be in the spotlight and her cheeks flushed accordingly.

“You must listen to your stepmother, Melanie,” Selma urged, as ever totally unmoved and displaying nil jealousy at being forced to hear of her husband’s indiscretions with another woman - another *white* woman. “Nobody understands the mentality of the cuckolded white hubby better.”

“Thank you, Selma,” Vera smiled before turning back to her stepdaughter. “It was his natural, if subconscious recognition of his own failings as a man that made him so curious to hear just how a *real* man satisfied his wife in a way he never has and never will.”

“At least with his cock,” Selma added somewhat cryptically to fetch an immediate and none too pleasant response from the stepmother as Melanie watched and listened to the two women discus her sex-life.

“And certainly not with his tongue,” Vera sneered.

Selma’s look was questioning and Vera’s nod verified the unspoken inquiry.

“That’s right, Selma. Not *once* has the self-satisfied and selfish bastard

shown my lovely Melanie here the respect due to a young woman's cunt from a tiny-dicked bastard."

Still not entirely used to hearing such language exit her stepmother's lips, and especially as it was directed at her, Melanie fidgeted a little on the sofa as the formidable African lady showed her disapproval for Richard's oral inattention with scowl and a shake of the head.

"Though," Vera stormed on, words directed at Selma, "he never proved backward when demanding my stepdaughter wrap her lips around that pitiful organ he presumes to call a dick."

As Melanie continued to fidget, the older woman slumped back into her seat, bristling with outrage that a man with a *"pitiful organ"* – an organ she herself had yet to see and knew only from description – could demand such a thing of a young wife who was plainly his physical and mental superior; even if she sensed that mental superiority related only to superior willpower and resolve than intellectual attainment of a more… *academic*… kind.

"Do not upset yourself, my love," Selma told Melanie, mistaking the young woman's embarrassment for frustration – though that was never far from the surface when it came to Richard's sexual shortcomings. "I promise you it will not be too long before you feel the tongue of your once reluctant husband between your legs."

It was not, mild discomfort notwithstanding, a prospect the young wife was likely to find displeasing.

"And on a regular – *very* regular – basis," the African woman finished.

Selma threw Vera a glance and the older woman nodded.

"Between your stepmother and myself – if your permission is forthcoming - he will soon be taught the proper respect and reverence for our glorious pussies."

Melanie's eyes sought out those of the older white woman's:

“You mean?”

Vera nodded.

“That is right, Melanie,” Selma told her. “It will not be only my black cunt upon which he learns to show the proper respect.”

“But…?” Melanie began, not at all sure about how she felt when it came to the wife of her late father receiving the tongue of her husband – even if she acknowledged a small frisson between the legs that was inspired by the imagery.

“Trust Selma,” Vera told her stepdaughter before adding: “And trust me.”

It did not take too much longer before Melanie decided to do just that.

Six

One Month Later…

Melanie knew he wanted to make love to her. Was desperate to do so, in fact. And for a variety of reasons at a variety of levels.

Along with this need, she knew he was also certain that it was not – and probably would not again – be likely to happen. The best he could hope for was what he was about to get now and the hope, should he perform the duty to her satisfaction, that she would unlock him and supply directions as to how he might satisfy himself as he knelt naked upon the carpet and she watched from the comfort of the bed he had once occupied.

Her eyes flickered towards the shiny metal case in which he had been locked and knew he was as amazed to be wearing it as she was amazed to the one holding the key that could deliver him his temporary freedom. Had it really

been only four weeks ago that she had received Samuel's cock and made Richard her cuckold? Four weeks since Selma and Vera had kept her company as Samuel's… *"associates"*... had lay down the law to her husband in the spare room upstairs before attaching the device that gave her so much power to his cock and balls?

Looking at him now, naked and on his knees, cock encased in a restrainer to which only she and the stepmother-cum-mother-in-law he hated had the key, and waiting obediently for his young wife to make her wishes known to him, Melanie found it hard to believe this was the same man she had married.

"Did you complete all the chores I left for you, like a good boy?" she asked, having once playfully decided to address him as if he were an infant in need of supervision and finding she enjoyed it too much not to do it on a regular basis – at least when they were alone.

The instant colouring of his cheeks whenever she did so and his inability to take her to task for demeaning him in such a way never failed to delight her and supply yet more evidence of his fall and the speed with which it had been made.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, eyes, as always these days, unable to meet hers.

She tutted:

"Don't be silly now," she told him. "I'm not *'ma'am'*, that's Vera, whenever it's just the three of us or you and her together. "Address me properly, now."

He was a picture of abject misery but, so low had he been taken, there was not the slightest doubt that he would bend his neck and do as she wanted.

Thanks to Samuel and his contacts, he was now jobless and unlikely to ever find employment again – at least in any other way than the menial, that is.
He would also, he was under no illusions, be homeless if his young wife decided he was no longer required.

All the factors mentioned unlikely, she thought, to make him… *stubborn*.

“I… I’m sorry, hmm, Ms Melanie,” he conceded without making eye-contact. “I… I forgot.”

“That’s alright, sweetie,” she assured him in a deceptively caring tone. “Just be sure not to make the same mistake around my stepmother.”

Melanie could have sworn he winced at the mere mention of Vera.

“You know she’s not as forgiving as me and you don’t want to go over her knee again, do you?”

Wince became shudder as the memory of the last time he was forced to go over his mother-in-law’s knee, before being sent to the corner to cogitate on what had got him placed over it in the first place, was revisited in full Technicolor.

“No,” she went on. “Wasn’t pleasant was it. So think carefully about your behaviour from now on.”

Knowing how intimidated her stepmother now had her older husband, Melanie decided to use that base to remind of yet another punishment ace she had up her sleeve that was far more distressing to him then the, admittedly abject, experience of being spanked as if her were a child by a woman he detested.

“Vera’s adamant that if your behaviour backslides and she doesn’t think your being as respectful as you should or paying enough attention to your chores she’ll have no hesitation about contacting Selma and having her tell Samuel to have his… *associates*… pay you another call.”

The mere mention of her black lover’s… *associates*… was enough to make her husband go pale, from naked head to naked foot, as she added:

“And if they do, it will not be as cosy a get-together as the last occasion.

Now his eyes did turn to hers and the fear and misery she could see in the

eyes of the man she had married and professed to love – fear that should have touched her heart and had her taking him in her arms to console him, advanced age or not – aroused her in a way that might have been different from the way Samuel's wondrous black cock aroused her but was no less delightful in its own way.

"M-Melanie…"

Her eyes flashed.

"*M-Ms* Melanie," he corrected himself, "would you really let her do that to me? Was I really so bad to you that you'd let those… *monsters*…?"
He choked up and could go no further and Melanie, far from being touched by his unhappiness, found herself marveling at just how speedily and easily her handsome and once self-assured husband had been reduced to such a… *grovelling*… thing.

A *"grovelling thing"* she found far more attractive than the previous incarnation.

"Well," she began thoughtfully, as if giving his fears consideration, "it really wouldn't be Vera's decision to make and she would have to have my permission first. At the moment I'm very pleased with the way you've adjusted to our new life and have no intention of either letting my stepmother calling them in to discipline you."

Husbandly eyes that had once looked upon her as little more than an adornment to his life; a young trophy wife to show off to friends and acquaintances and to be there for household and bedroom duties, now found her own with a look of hope and appeal she could not help but find…

Delicious.

"Of course," she continued, "I'm grateful to Vera and Selma for showing you the proper way to pleasure me with that tongue of yours you were once reluctant to use."

As she had intended, her mention of his *"lessons"* at the older pussy of his mother-in-law and the demanding black cunt of her lover's wife shamed him and sent hopeful and appealing eyes plummeting to the carpet as they tried to avoid reading that shame in those of his young wife.

"But that doesn't mean I'll let them be unfair to you…Though Selma did mention that she had to slap you around a little before you could be persuaded to kneel in front of her and perform as she wanted," Melanie reminded him, and not for the first time.

Her use of the word *'perform'*, we may take as read, deliberate.

"That can't have been easy for you," she went on with mock sympathy as he eyed the carpet resolutely, unwilling to see his shame mirrored back at him from her eyes.

"I must say," she rubbed it in, "that I was surprised when she told me how you submitted to her… *chastisement*… of you. After all, when all's said and done you are still a man. I know she's a powerful lady and all that, but…"

She left the rest of the sentence hinting at her disappointment with his lack of… *manliness*… hanging and allowed a feeling of deep contentment wash over her.

It was, she decided, just *too* wonderful.

Before her, naked and on his knees as she reclined upon the bed, only recently fucked by a cock other than his that was as superior to in width, length and staying power as his own handsome features were superior to the somewhat simian looks of her lover - not to mention those of that lover's African wife who he feared even more than her lover himself – was the man who had once ruled their marriage and was swiftly becoming little more than her flunky.
How could she not find his submission anything other than delightful and utterly… *satisfying*.

Just as her stepmother had told her she could, Melanie had it all. A lover –

and the prospect of others – who scratched her sexual itch beautifully; and a husband from whom she not only had no need to hide her faithlessness but had been bound to remain faithful himself. A husband, moreover, who was now not only her financial dependent but a dutiful – if, understandably, less than ecstatic – assistant whenever she returned from one of her jaunts.

Advice from Selma rang in her ears:

"Remember, Melanie, the secret to maintaining control of your cuckold is not to test your control to its limits. Even beta-males as weak as your husband have a position beyond which they cannot go and it is important you allow them a soupcon of dignity and respect."

The commanding African woman who had already insinuated herself into Richard Grayson's head had elaborated and Melanie could do no more than agree with the suggestions she went on to make. Consequently, it had been agreed that Richard's cuckold status would remain on a need to know basis and that Melanie would not flaunt her new-found power – not *too* much, anyway – by having her lovers visit the home.

It was also agreed that Richard, though intimates would be aware he no longer worked while Melanie did, would not be humiliated in front of friends and family. The new job she loved involved a higher paying position as a buyer for a high-street fashion chain and had been found for her, of course, by Samuel. This in itself – even without his other humblings and being forced to take care of the house and other menial tasks – was enough to severely jolt his manly pride without testing the limits of his pride in the way Selma meant.

So long, that is, if his behaviour merited such indulgence on the part of his young and empowered wife.

It had been Vera who had then taken Selma's words on:

"By maintaining a relative air of normality about the home and not flaunting your lovers in his face there, you make his life at least a little more bearable

while providing yourself with yet another tool to punish him with if he displeases you. After all, it will be your choice as to whether such an arrangement continues".

Selma had come in again:

"Of course, his presence at my home on club nights is compulsory. Serving his superiors is a humbling and necessary experience he must get used to, even if it does involve only those who number as neither family, friends nor even acquaintances. Though he can be introduced to the necessity for his presence there when he is more… acquainted with his new role and your power."

It was *not* talk designed to put the empowered young wife off the prospect of taking full control of her husband but, even after her cold-shouldering of him had made him concede a visit to Samuel and Selma's, and then to being sent home alone while his wife stayed on to have sex with her host, Melanie had been unconvinced by the insistence of Selma and Vera that Richard would accept the new life envisaged for him.

But that was before he was taken upstairs to the spare room by Joshua and Ambrose and what was expected from him was laid out as his wife sat with her stepmother and the intimidating African woman downstairs.

It was a different, pale and utterly cowed, man who returned downstairs later and, in front of both Selma and the mother-in-law he despised, knelt to place his lips upon the toe of his wife's shoe in a gesture of submission.

An act of respect he repeated, red-faced and cringing and hating every second of the ordeal, for Selma.

Followed, wonder of all wonders, by his actually crawling to the despised Vera and placing his lips on the painted nails of toes left bare by low-heeled sandals.

Even now though, Melanie had only the sketchiest of ideas regarding what had been said and done in that room to effect such a marked change in so

short a period of time.

Which was just as it should be, according to both Selma and Vera; though it had been left to the black woman to explain why:

"Again, it is to leave him with a soupcon of dignity. If he were to think you knew what he had submitted to in that room while we sat downstairs at our ease chatting, it runs the risk his pride may be damaged so badly he may not be able to function and will be pushed into leaving – despite the consequences of him doing so.

"Also, it gives others, such as your stepmother and I, a powerful tool with which to keep him in line if he believes you do not know exactly what happened, but that we could inform you if we so choose."

This had made sense to Melanie and, even though she was itching to know the details, she had refrained from questioning her husband on the subject and simply settled back to enjoy the perverse delights delivered by her new-found power over him.

"All you have to do to avoid seeing Joshua and Ambrose again -" she went on, continuing to rub his fear and her power a little more, "and you've yet to tell me why you are so terrified of them or what happened the last time you spoke them upstairs - is be as obedient and respectful to me as your new position demands."

At her mention of the two black monsters, he turned, if such a shading was possible and to turn what she considered a dirge of a song upon its head, an even paler shade of white.

There was no doubt in her mind now that Selma and Vera were right and it was important to him – for exactly the reasons the two women had outlined, no doubt – that he not lose any more of the pitiful amount of respect his young wife now had for him.

Though just how much *"respect"* he could believe she had for him after what had happened and was continuing to happen eluded her.

“Don’t worry,” she assured him, true to the advice of her two monochrome mentors, even if she was lying and would have loved to be put in the picture, “I have no desire to know what went on up there.”

She allowed his relief a few moments, then:

“Unless your behaviour compels me to send for them again and I can witness it for myself.”

He looked, she though, physically sick.

“Well?” she demanded, young voice not raised but no less forceful for all that.

The demoralised Richard Grayson stared up to where she rested on her elbows, perfectly full and firm breasts open to his view as extended nipples gave evidence of the pleasure she took from their reversed circumstances – even if he had *never* treated her in such a fashion.

“Will I have to get Vera to ask Joshua and Ambrose a visit, you think?”

The rise and fall of his Adam’s Apple, she knew, delivered more than saliva to the stomach.

Yet another piece of his masculinity and self-respect made company with it to head towards the rubbish-disposal.

“N-No… M-Ms Melanie,” he stammered, eyes again lowered as he once again found it harder and harder to meet the stare of the growingly imperious young woman he had once ruled – if in a more… *benign*… way.

“Good. I’m glad to hear we’re on the same page on this.”

A slim and well-maintained hand, the nails of its fingers a searing and utterly apposite crimson, reached out to ruffle the hair that was his pride and joy still; an outward show of affection on her part only to be seen as such by a

person of a certain status.

“Or perhaps an animal,” she thought with amusement that was evil rather than good-natured and was a response, she admitted to herself, she would have found unthinkable not so long before.

So far had their respective positions in the marriage been altered.

And altered, if the young wife’s wishes held sway, for good.

“It may not seem like it to you, but I love you still, Richard.”

The imperceptible shaking of the handsome head atop the naked and cock-caged body below her was evidence enough that it certainly did *not* “seem like it”.

Unperturbed and knowing that however it seemed to him no earthly difference would be made and the reality of his situation would remain unaltered, she went on:

“But you need to get used to the idea that any affection I have and might show you for you comes with strict conditions on your part.”

His slumped shoulders seemed to say he was more than aware of that, though Melanie at this point was not intent on demeaning him – not entirely, anyway.

As directed by Selma and Vera, she was simply giving his besieged ego enough of a miniscule boost to keep him on the straight and narrow.

“Prior to just recently,” she went on, “you haven't satisfied me in years. Now, though it may not be – *isn’t* – in a way of your choosing, you do.”

The eyes that came up to meet hers were, frankly, disbelieving.

Treating him in such a way *“satisfied”* her?

“That’s right. I want and need you to be a part of my sex life, but from now on – and if the restrainer on your little cock hasn’t already made the point - you need to understand that what that role will be is entirely for me to decide.”

Below her there was, and understandably, silence from the older man.

“Understand?” she persisted, adding a little bite to her tone.

It was enough.

“Yes, Ms Melanie.”

“Good. Because I guarantee that I will never leave you for another man. I also guarantee that; so long as you commit yourself to becoming my respectful and obedient cuckold…”

Again from below came a wince her use of *that* word never failed to inspire.

“…I will keep my side of our bargain, and make sure my stepmother and everyone else who knows your new status does the same.”

The eyes that had found hers seemed unable to tear themselves away now and Melanie felt a rush of personal power that could only make her crave more.

“So long as you commit yourself to my authority,” she said, a part of her scarcely able to believe she was speaking such words to her older husband, “then your status as my obedient cuckold husband will remain a secret to everyone but the three of us.”

She considered this:

“Well, the three of us and Samuel and Selma; as well as the other members of their… *club*.”

Melanie smiled to herself, knowing he had only just been made aware of the requirement for cuckolded husbands to *“wait-on”* during club-nights and was

waiting for this particular Sword of Damocles to fall.

“As I say,” she pressed on, an urgency between her legs ordering more haste, “I do love you Richard, and I don't want to lose you. But you need to keep it uppermost in your mind that your little cock will never know the inside of my young pussy again and any sex I see fit to let you have will be earned by dint of your efforts to serve me.”

Again Melanie smiled. One of the most incredible statements a wife could make to a husband had just left her lips. And left them as if they were no more than a simple request for him not to leave the toilet-seat up as he kneeled before her and marvelled to find himself in such an unbelievable and *abject* position.

“Is that clear?” she asked, again adding a little snap to her tone and delighted when it achieved the desired result.

“Yes, Ms Melanie,” he answered, continued bewilderment evident in the tone of his voice.

Swinging her legs over the side of the bed to place them either side of his kneeling form, Melanie reached behind his head to bring it forward into the valley between the breast she knew he still loved and was unable to stop desiring.

“Oooh, I’m so proud of you,” she lied, knowing *that* was one thing she would *never* be in regard of him again, determined though to to take the line suggested by her two ebony and ivory gurus and give an undeserved to his status that he might find at least some kind of a salve from the manhood she had stripped from him and had no intention of giving back.

“Thank you, ma'am,” he said when she released his head from her breasts, catching his mistake instantly.

“I’m sorry,” he cried, almost beseechingly, she thought, a split second after.

“I… I… I meant to say… *‘Ms Melanie’*."

More set in her power and control over her man by the second, the young wife was all largesse; even if it was both humiliating and degrading in nature:

"That's okay, sweetie" said Melanie. “It’s my fault for distracting you.”

Gently tilting back his head so his demoralised eyes would have to meet her own, knowing it was the last thing he wanted at that moment, she stroked the side of the face she still found so handsome:

“I know how much you love mummy’s young tits and how distracted they get you, so I’m not angry this time. But do try to remember in future, okay?”

He wanted nothing more, she knew, than to look away. And couldn’t. So great was his still developing fear of her and what she could have visited upon him.

The tears she sensed imminent and was sure she could fetch forth if she was of a mind to do so were, if the condition of her pussy at that moment was to be believed, nothing short of aphrodisial.

“I think,” she went on, “Selma will be very pleased to know you’re adapting to your new role so well.”

Wince.

“She finds you very handsome, you know?” Melanie continued, loving the way even a mention of the black woman unmanned him. “Vera tells me she doesn’t have much time for white men as a rule but, for some reason, she’s much taken with you.”

It was not, from the way those handsome features seemed to cave in upon themselves, a prospect that found much or any favour with him.”

“I have to admit that our first – your *only*, so far – appearance at the club was a real turn-on for me.”

Wince.

“Oh, I don’t mean to rub it in,” she lied, “but…”

She laughed.

“…but… watching as you virtually kow-towed to an African woman was really heady stuff and kind of… *empowered*… me.”

She kissed the top of his head affectionately.

“I know I shouldn’t say this and I’m sorry,” she told him, “but it made me want to see her make you…”

Her smile was in direct conflict with the word:

“...grovel,” she finished.

He was, she decided, a picture of absolute misery.
"I... I..."

"No need to say anything. I understand. We haven’t really spoken about this aspect of that first night but I don’t want you to feel be embarrassed about it. Selma is a superior and commanding woman and you were just reacting to her natural authority and…”

“But…”

She placed a crimson painted talon over his lips.

“Sssssh, now. Don’t interrupt mummy when she’s speaking.”

Looking mortified and sick at heart, he fell silent as she watched through wifely eyes that suddenly resembled those of the basilisk.

“I was very pleased to find you where I told you I wanted you when I returned home tonight,” she told him with a slight change of tack, referring to

his position, naked and upon his knees, cock cage visible, in the hallway as she entered after a night having her orifices, top and bottom, filled with the black cock that occupied more and more of her thoughts these days.

It was a position, when it had first been suggested to her that she force him to adopt, she had found unnecessary and, if she was honest, a little silly.

She felt differently now.

Just as Vera had insisted she would:

"Symbolism and ritual play a huge part in the submission of cuckold to dominant wife. It may indeed seem a little… risible… at first but, trust me, there is nothing more wonderful than knowing one has the power to insist one's husband behaves in such a servile and ridiculous way and the first time you see him in such a position awaiting your freshly fucked return will be the exact moment you understand my insistence upon making him adopt such a position."

It was and she did.

"I think you should be rewarded," she told him, intending only to raise hopes there was no chance she would gratify."

"You mean… I can…?"

"Fuck me?" she asked, raising his spirits further before sending them plummeting with a slow and emphatic shake of the head.

"Did you not just hear me tell you that your little cockle will *never* find itself in my pussy again?"

There was no wince this time but his shoulders did slump.
"No. Your reward is that I'm going to let you use that tongue you once refused to place at my service on my pussy again."

She could see he wasn't at all enthralled by the prospect and memories of

having been shown how to use it satisfactorily on the older black pussy of Selma and the still older cunt of Vera were still fresh in his mind.

And none too pleasingly

Her hands found the back of his head and guided him towards the now hairless, freshly fucked by another, pussy that had once been his and his alone and was now off limits to everything but his tongue.

“Be gentle and respectful,” she reminded him. “After the pounding Samuel’s cock gave me mummy’s cunt needs soothing.

As the first tentative lap of her husband’s tongue made contact with her slit, Melanie let out a satisfied sigh. As she did so she again gave thanks to her stepmother for having provided the knowledge and backbone that had brought her marriage to such a pass. For despite knowing Richard was desperately horny in his cock-cage, she also knew he had resigned himself to the limited role she now allowed him as he used his lips to place reverent kisses on the pussy he had once refused to countenance serving in such a way.

She also knew, and in spite of his reservations, that he would become even more aroused when her juices found the flat of his tongue as he lapped at her.

“Such a good boy for mummy, she breathed, acknowledging that, while Samuel’s immense black tool took her to places the man between her legs would never know or come close to, her husband’s submissive tongue and the power she now wielded over him did things to her Samuel was equally ill-equipped to provide.

"That's it, sweetie! Use that tongue on mummy. I know you don’t like knowing that mummy’s black lover fucked the pussy your tongue’s licking but that’s how it is for you from now on. The better…. *Ooooooooooh!*... The better the… the better the job you… you do and the… the more you please m-mummy, the more chance… the more chance there is she’ll take… she’ll take your little cock out of its cage and…”

“Oooooooooooooooh!... That's it. Soothe me, my good little boy. Make mummy’s pussy all nice and relaxed again after the big black man fucked her.”

In the growing delirium produced by her husband’s lapping tongue and her control of him, Melanie; again as Selma and Vera had assured her he would; wondered if her husband would be picturing the scene at the club in his imagination and finding himself getting even more aroused.

Even if it that arousal was unwilling on his part.

Sure enough:

She couldn’t prevent herself gasping as the man who once got angry if she even suggested such an act to him plunged his tongue deeper into her still-tender, but no less moist pussy, straining it seemed to penetrate with his tongue those areas his cock had never known and never would; though it knew the cock of another had.

Melanie began to hump his face, pulling his head into her hungry gash with considerable force and holding him in place with a firm grip on his hair.

She felt an explosion imminent and, as her orgasm approached, took a nasty pleasure from using her husband in such a demeaning way she would have once considered herself incapable of feeling.

Once.

Yanking his face tight against her pussy, and oblivious to his gasp of discomfort, she humped up hard against it.

“*Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!”*

When she released her husband’s handsome face from the Boa-Constrictor thighs that had him locked in place still she could see he was trying to blink away her fluids – so great had been her crisis.

The eyes that stared up at her were, despite the evidence of her orgasm; perhaps because of it; *hopeful*.

And were wrong to be so – even if her thighs did uncoil from about his neck and shoulders and a patronising young hand came out to pat his head.

“Not tonight,” she told him, almost ready for another bout with his tongue when she saw the crestfallen look her words drew from him. “I’m very pleased with you but there’s still the small matter of you addressing me wrongly. Twice.”

“But…”

“No talking back to mummy,” she warned sternly. “If I let your little cockle out when your behaviour’s been less than perfect you’ll have no motivation to become the best little servant for mummy you can be, will there?”

He didn’t answer and none had been expected anyway, but he did look on the verge of unmanly tears.

What, she told herself, could be more wonderful?

“I’m tired and I’m going to sleep,” she told him. “before you go to your room though, I want you to take my pantyhose downstairs and rinse it through by hand.”

Swinging her legs over his head she sprawled upon the bed and pulled the duvet over her naked and sated body.

Her turned back, she knew was enough to tell him he was dismissed.

But, just to make sure he knew:

“Switch off the light on your way out.”

Seven

It was two weeks later and Richard, dressed in a white collarless shirt, black trousers and matching shoes, had been talked – ordered into his first night of waiting on at *"The Club"* and, if his situation had been killingly embarrassing at home the sense of diminishment he felt to be reduced to such a position in front of a group of white wives and their prospective black lovers took his humiliation into the twilight zone.

He was stunned also to find that, of all the white husbands waiting-on in the same way, he was the only one who had been brought to his current pass unwillingly.

Though many of them, he would learn later, had been introduced to Joshua and Ambrose when what they had thought would be nothing more than some sex play before returning with their wives to a safe and secure normality had turned out to be something more *permanent* and a little… *persuasion*… had been required.

Just the same, the knowledge had amazed and appalled him.

How could any man with an ounce of self-respect seek out such a situation?

Whether it be intended as play or otherwise.

Schooled by one of the husband's in what was acceptable behaviour around both wives and black lovers, Richard was soon serving drinks in the bar and doing his best not to make eye-contact. The black man whose home this was and who had taken his wife as a fuck partner was obviously very wealthy, powerful and well-connected. How else could he have prevailed upon the powers-that-be in the company where Richard had worked diligently for so many years to fabricate the issues that enabled him to be so summarily dismissed? And why else would he have tow such frightening examples of brute masculinity in his pay as the two men who had introduced themselves

as “Joshua and Ambrose”?

“Everything alright, boy?” asked a voice that was in perfect step with his thoughts and Richard Grayson looked up with startled eyes to see the giant form of Ambrose, dressed in an evening suit that did not *suit* his giant frame at all, staring down at him.

“Y-Yes, sir,” Richard stumbled, forgetting himself as fear almost made his legs give out beneath him.

“Is that how I told you to address your superiors?” the man told him in a loud voice that gained the attention of those nearby – one of whom, the white husband noticed with still more mortification, was his young wife who broke off from a passionate kissing of their host to witness this altercation; if such a one-sided discussion could be described so.

“I… I…”

The slap that landed upon a handsome cheek and rocked the white man’s head to one side resounded in the room like a gunshot and now *all* attention was trained upon them.

“I do not wish to hear you stammer, boy,” snarled the brute who was some twenty years Richard Grayson’s junior and yet still managed to induce him in moments to no more than a quivering wreck.

“N-No, hmmm, Master, I’m sorr…”

The white husband’s head was rocked to the side again.

“Neither do I wish to hear a *‘hmmm’* when you use the proper and correct title. “There is no *‘hmmm’* in ‘Yes, Master’ and ‘No, Master’, understand?”

“Yes, Master,” Richard Grayson complied, aware of a few giggles as the room went back to normal and daring to sneak a look at Melanie who had witnessed the treatment of him and seemed… *pleased*.

“I would hate to have to take down your trousers and spank your lily-white arse in front of these good people,” Ambrose assured him – and Grayson knew from bitter recent experience that he mean tit – but I will. Now be about your duties and make sure you show Master Samuel’s guests the proper respect from now on.”

Richard Grayson was still shaking from the encounter an hour later when the barman told him they would be taking a break for ten minutes before they tidied the bar.

Unable to help himself as he seated himself on a bench in the grounds owned by *“Master Samuel”*, tears streamed down his cheeks as he berated himself for a cowardice he had never suspected to be a part of his make-up. A cowardice that kept him in place to accept the humiliation being dished out to him. An unexpected flaw of his make-up his bowing to his wife’s will in the first place, and then the appearance at his home of Joshua and Ambrose, that had been brought out into the open and utilised in the worst of ways.

For him.

Unwillingly, his thoughts went back to his experience in the spare-room that was now his on a regular basis as Melanie had waited downstairs, in company he would only discover later, with his hated mother-in-law and the dread Selma…

…”What is it you want from me?” he had asked.

The smaller and more compact of the two, the no less menacing Joshua, had picked him up by the throat as if he were a paperweight and dumped him on the single-bed.

“Not want,” he said, tones indicating his African birth and the fact English had not long been his second language. “Demand.”

The bravado inspiring him to question their presence in his house and their reason for manhandling him up to the spare-room and dumping him on the

spare-bed did not survive the backhanded slap Ambrose decided to favour him with.

The man was a powerful looking brute way over six-and-a-half-feet with a shaved head and an intimidating expression, biceps stretching the sleeves of his tee-shirt ridiculously. Not surprising then that his casually delivered slap sent the older and less physically imposing white man back to the mattress from whence he had attempted to spring after having just been dumped there by Joshua.

Even with his thoughts scrambled, cheek already beginning to swell, Richard Grayson was aware that this had been just a slap and no more.

The realisation was terrifying.

“Be steady now, Ambrose,” Joshua warned the giant. “We do not want his pretty young wife to be worried about her little cuckold.”

Ambrose’s answer was cold and contemptuous:

“The sooner he knows his place and that his wife now belongs to Mr Samuel the sooner he can stop getting beaten.”

What remained of Richard Grayson’s manhood had shrivelled up inside him upon hearing the man’s assertion.

“Just let him adjust some, Ambrose. This is not easy for him.”

“To hell with that. He needs to know what is what right from the start and that if he upsets Mister Samuel’s woman in any way he will have us to answer to.”

A massive hand yanked Grayson from the bed by the collar of his shirt as easily as if he had been a rag-doll.

“On your feet, cuckold, and stay where you are unless you told otherwise.”

Richard Grayson was more afraid than at any time in his forty-something years.

No surprise then that between them the two men soon had the white husband stripped naked and standing before them as their eyes mocked the equipment that had, partly, led him to his current predicament.

Followed shortly after by a metal contraption that consisted of a ring that locked around his scrotum and was attached to a cage made of shiny metal that entrapped his penis.

“There’s a slit for pissing and your wife can take it off when you need cleaning,” Joshua told him. “This just for her peace of mind.”

The demoralised husband hadn’t a clue what was being said to him and the man went on:

“Just because she is free to have sex with anyone she chooses,” Joshua told him, “it does not mean you have the same luxury. In fact, if you want to play with your little white cock again I suggest you do *exactly* what your young wife tells you from now on.”

“That is right,” the man called Ambrose had chimed in. “The moment you agreed to be your wife’s pussy-boy instead of her husband was the moment you gave up any say in either her sex life or your own.”

“You must face facts, my man,” added Joshua. “Your wife now has full control of your marriage. We are told the house you live in is hers and is protected by a pre-nuptial agreement no court will put aside. And, anyway, where would you go and what would you do if you left without money or a job.”

Richard Grayson had stared at the man with even more horror, even if he did not fully comprehend the meaning of his words at that time.

Joshua was about to enlighten him:

“Mister Samuel and his wife Ms Selma like to look after their white wives. It is why he insists the cuckold does not work and devotes all his efforts to keeping a nice home for his wife.”

“But…?”

Grayson’s objection was stillborn as Ambrose raised a hand and he was grateful when Joshua caught it by the wrist before its hand made impact upon his cheek once again.

“Please, Mr Grayson,” Joshua asked with what was ridiculous courtesy given the circumstances, “do not speak unless expressly asked to. It makes Ambrose *very* angry when we are interrupted.

Richard Grayson did not interrupt again as he was informed that the job he loved existed no more and that, from now on, it would be his wife who provided for them via a position *‘Mister Samuel’* had found for her.

He was also left in doubt of what could happen to him were he to even think of involving the authorities and was assured that both Mister Samuel and Ms Selma were as patient as they were vindictive when thwarted.

By the end of their little… *meeting*… the increasingly demoralised and abject white husband was in no doubt that his life was in ruins and would get no better and probably – definitely – be made a sight worse should he decide to run the risk of leaving.

Before they left, he was also informed that all the black men at the club should now be considered his *‘Masters’* and that he should address them in just such a way.
The most stunning blow to his pride and his masculinity, however, was left to the very last.

“There is no need for your wife to know of what is about to happen,” Joshua told him as Ambrose applied pressure to his shoulders to force his body, naked save for its cock-cage, to a kneeling position before them.

Panic and nausea vied for prominence in the white man.

“Resist in any way, however, Mr Grayson, and not only will Ambrose here beat you until you beg like a little girl for him to stop, but we will then have your wife come upstairs to witness what we want from you for herself.”

At that, a dam had burst in Richard Grayson and he begged and beseeched them, in a low but no less hysterical voice he hoped could not be heard downstairs, not to do this to him.

Only to be silenced by the massive paw of Ambrose as it took hold of his cheeks to squeeze his words, and any further attempts to give voice to them, off in their entirety.

When Joshua unzipped his trousers and flipped out the biggest and blackest cock Richard Grayson could have imagined – were he prone to such fantasies – the white husband almost convinced himself that he had wandered onto the set of a particularly nasty horror movie and that any second the director must call *“cut”*.

It was a call that *never* came.

To the kneeling man’s amazement, the black rod before his eyes, the sweaty and earthy smell of which was already pervading his wary nostrils, lengthened and thickened until its tip reached closed lips and rested upon them.

Instinctively, the appalled white husband’s head jerked back.

Not a move likely to win him much favour.

“If your mouth is not open at the count of three,” Joshua warned, “and your master’s cock is not inside it, I am going to call your wife up here and hold you down as Ambrose takes his belt to your behind.”

The peripheral vision of bulging and terrified eyes told Richard Grayson the monster of a man known as Ambrose was already sliding a thick leather belt

through his trouser loops and he knew the pain from being struck with the thing - *and by such a hand* – would be excruciating.

“One…”

Richard Grayson eyed the monstrous organ waving before his eyes with horror.

“Two…”

Richard Grayson gathered all the strength left to him, knowing that to concede to the black man’s demand would be to…

“Three!”

Richard Grayson steeled himself and…

…”Grayson!” the barman disturbed him from a reverie he was none too sad to leave.

He flashed the man a look, none too pleased by the finger-snapping use of his surname and about to tell him so when he remembered all the white husbands were compelled by the rules of the so-called: *“Club”* to address each other by surname only.

“What?” he snapped back, feeling no warmer towards the man for knowing this; especially as he was one of those husbands who had actively sought his own cuckolding.

“Ms Selma wants you upstairs.”

The small infusion of spirit supplied by Richard Grayson’s dislike of the man vanished instantly.

“Now!” the man warned him.

Eight

Stood in the center of the bedroom her host an lover kept for the express purpose of fucking both her and other white wives who took his fancy, Melanie, it is safe to say, was not thinking about her husband.

Even if, it appeared, her black lover was.

“So tell me," asked Samuel, "how did it feel to see my man bitch-slap your husband downstairs in the bar?”

“Right now,” Melanie told him with genuine impatience, “I’d rather fuck.”

Samuel laughed, loving the way her eager eyes remained fixed to his

engorged cock and the power it gave him – not *just* over her but also the handsome white husband his wife had taken a… *strange*… fancy to.

"We will, sweetheart," he assured her. "But you know I love to hear how you feel when you see your husband get put in his proper place."

Melanie breathed a heavy sigh and voiced her impatience again:

"Yes. I do know. In fact, I'm beginning to wonder if you're not just as excited by me and others humiliating Richard as you are to fuck his wife. There's something of the voyeur about you, Samuel," she told him with a flash of inspiration. "Could explain why you never speak to the men you've cuckolded and leave it to Selma."

The powerful black man sat, naked and at his ease, in the same chair in the middle of the room upon which they had first fucked and laughed:

"Finally, she gets it," he said, laughter turning to a smirk while his cock remained impressively hard; sustained in its urgency by the sight of the white wife in front of him and an image of her husband and what was about to happen to him.

Lightheaded from two or three Vodka Martinis, Melanie was naked herself, any inhibitions she had once had about revealing her body to a man other than her husband long since vanished.

"You know what's going to happen to him, right?" he asked, drawing another impatient sigh from the primed and ready for cock wife.

"This has already been agreed with Selma," she told him and, yes, I can live with it."

Samuel looked dubious:

"Just so long as you are sure," he pressed her, gaining an even deeper sigh of exasperation in the process. "You say you love your cuckold and still want him in your life but… Well, let us just say that Selma has a way of getting

what she wants and, it seems, she wants your husband."
"Yes? So?" Melanie asked before turning his words back on himself. "And what about you? How do you feel about your wife wanting another man?"

Samuel feigned puzzlement for a few seconds, then:

"Man?... What man?"

It was no more than a few seconds later that they both burst out laughing and, no more than a second or two after that laughter died, that Melanie launched herself upon the seated man and allowed herself to be speared by the massive black tool that made her obedient cuckold husband and the use Selma intended to make of him no more than a memory.

*****

"Y-You wanted to see me… M-Madame?"

This was only the fourth time he had encountered the woman and each time he felt more and more small and helpless before her.

The first time had been on his first visit to *"The Club"* when she had taken him off and told him what was to be expected of him from now on before having him escorted from the premises as her husband fucked his wife.

The second had been at his house when, under threat of the most dire repercussions from the black monsters who had made him perform the unthinkable, he had made a disconsolate journey downstairs to find her seated with his wife and hated stepmother and placed his lips upon her dusky black feet as a token of respect and acceptance.

The third had seen her visit him in the spare-room he hated so much and was now his as she stood before him with her coal black and powerful legs apart and insisted he lick the silky skin of her legs from ankle to calf to thigh before instructing him on how best to use his tongue to give a woman most satisfaction from the act of oral worship.

And now the fourth meeting, after having spent a humiliating evening serving her black guests and their slut white wives – including his own, for which he had not the slightest idea of what she had in store for him.

Though he knew by now it could not possibly be good.

At least not for him.

She was seated behind a desk in an upstairs study.

A study that, while not obviously feminine in décor, was lacking in the usual masculine touches and led him to believe it was her own and that *"Mr Samuel"* had a study of his own elsewhere in the house.

"Remain standing, Grayson," she told him – unnecessarily – from behind the desk; simian features that were such a match for those of her husband, features that repulsed almost as much as they unnerved him, running their eyes over him in a way he could not help but notice was… *proprietorial*.

Apart from opaque black hose, he noticed she was dressed, head to foot, in charcoal grey: jacket, shirt, knee-length skirt and shoes.

The overall effect, he told himself with a sneer of contempt he knew he would not dare show the woman herself, being of a particularly severe and no nonsense East African school-ma'am.

"I have spoken to Melanie," she told him.

He waited, sure that nothing good would come of his meeting with a woman he hated at least as much as he hated his repellent mother-in-law.

"You are not to know this," she went on, "but for a long time now I have been looking for a special someone."

A lump formed in his throat. He knew from Melanie that the wife of her lover was more interested in women than men. Was he now going to have to share…

He corrected his thoughts; *"share"* being nowhere close to the correct description of what he had – or was likely to get – with or from Melanie these days:

"You do know of course," she went on in the accented English that betrayed her roots and which, for reasons that surprised him given that he had never considered himself a racist, seemed to highlight his humiliation and emasculation even more, "that I have no problem with Samuel – *'Master'* Samuel - expressing his… *sexuality*… with other women."

Realising the black bitch was not asking a question, Richard Grayson stayed silent, almost at attention before this abomination of a woman who, along with his mother-in-law, had been instrumental in seeing both his wife and his life stripped from him.

"But I have desires of my own," she went on, "and… *one* particular desire above all others."

Her smile was possessive and calculating rather than inclusive as she posed him a question – and this time it was one he knew he needed to answer:

"I have a feeling you know of what I speak, am I correct?"

"You're talking about Melanie," he said, realising it was strange that, though he despised and feared all the other players connected with his fall from grace, he seemed to desire the young wife who was the real cause of his humiliation more than ever and wanted nothing more than to feel his own cock where the black woman's husband felt his own whenever the mood took him.

This, perhaps more than anything else regarding his craven reaction to the humbling life he had accepted, shamed him most.

"Ms" Selma's answer floored him:

"No. I do not speak of your wife," she told him.

Still, he hadn't got it and he sensed the black monster waiting for the penny to drop with him.

Then, when it didn't:

"I speak of you," she said.

"Me?" he paraphrased, so shocked he could not help himself. "You…? Desire… *me*?"

She nodded, simian nostrils flaring to underpin the seriousness of her assertion.

His shock lent his outrage courage:

"And… And you think treating me in such a way can make me return it?"

So quickly did she move around from the desk and take him by the ear that he barely had time to realise what she was about before she had dragged him to a sofa on the wall behind them and draped him across her lap.

Before he could even begin to struggle, strong hands ripped his trousers down without the necessity of having to unbutton them and performed the same courtesy for his underpants until he was bare bottom naked across her thighs with his legs trapped beneath her own and an arm twisted painfully up his back.

His amazement that a woman – even one of her size and natural malevolence – could manhandle him so easily was soon replaced by agony as her hand began to descend on his unprotected arse.

"You…"

The flat of her hand landed on his vulnerable buttocks with a resounding slap.

"Will…"

And again.

“Never… Speak… To… Me…”

Again and again the hand descended.

“Like… That… Again.”

Never a physical coward, but not exactly the bravest either, Richard Grayson had soon been reduced to tears when his mother-in-law had spanked him with no more than her own dainty hand for not using his tongue on her surprisingly youthful snatch in a way of her pleasing.

This, though, was something else.

It was the first time he had been corrected in such a way by the black woman– and only the second in all by a woman – and even through his pain he found it hard to believe a mere woman could hurt him in such a way.

A way the seemed to him… *effortless*.

He yelled and squealed. Screamed, in fact. As if he were a schoolgirl being taken to task by John Wayne in one of the politically incorrect movies synonymous with the late actor’s name.

Again and again the hand of the black wife of his wife’s equally black lover descended to turn his buttocks from purest white to raw vermillion. Each downward spank was accompanied by an admonition and, by the time she was satisfied and rolled him with contempt from powerful hose clad thighs to the carpet, he was a beaten man. A beaten and *very* contrite man.

As he sobbed into the plush carpet, pain overriding his humiliation at being treated in such a way for the moment, he felt a heel dig into his back as her foot pinned him into place.

“Make another comment while I speak,” she told him, “and I will fetch a cane

and take it to your thighs as well as your pitiful white arse."

Richard Grayson wanted to die and had, since his ordeal had started, considered the option on more than one occasion.

He also knew that the same mental and physical cowardice that had seen him accept the abuse handed out to him would prevent the likelihood of his ever finding the strength to take such a route from his misery.

Trapped, as much by his own weakness as the spike heeled foot of the black woman above who had just corrected him as if her were an errant child, he continued to sob as she laid out what she had in mind:

"When I said I desired you," she told him, thick lips curling with derision, "it was certainly not as a lover – at least not in the normal sense. What I intend for you to provide me is service; not love. That is why I decided to speak to Melanie on the subject and, much to my immense gratitude, she was amenable to what I had in mind."

Through the fog of pain and abject misery her easy mastery of him had induced, something in the black woman's words filled him with even greater dread.

"Each year," her words rained down upon him, "I spend three months in my native Kenya. Samuel bought me a very nice beach house in Mombasa and it is nice to make contact once again with the faces and places that are a part of my roots."

Richard Grayson's thoughts screamed at him through his agony and humiliation:

"Why the fuck is this black monster telling me all this?"

His thoughts also told him she was not the type of woman to indulge in small talk and there would be a reason for her doing so.

A reason that was highly unlikely to be good.

For *him*.

“You,” she told him, emphasising her intent by digging her heel even more firmly into his unresisting back, “will be accompanying me to my native land for the three-month duration of my stay.”

A great dam of shame seemed to burst inside Richard Grayson and, ignoring his desire not to humiliate himself further before the black bitch who seemed intent on part commandeering his life, started him to sobbing like the weak cuckold his wife, mother-in-law and the bitch above assured him he was.

“Yes,” the voice above him said, dark velvet tones enriched by the satisfaction she took from dismantling this handsome Englishman fate had delivered into her hands. “You are right to be afraid, my little cuckold bitch. For Ms Selma can be a harsh master. But…”

She paused, waiting for the great retching sobs coming from the man beneath her heel to quieten a little.

“But… she can also reward the servant who shows himself totally obedient to her wishes and shows her his devotion.”

Another pause, before:

“Even more so if that servant declares himself so devoted he wishes to become… her *slave*.

Neither of the two, abject white man, nor dominant black woman, knew how much time passed before the *master* of the situation placed the hosed foot that was not keeping him pinned, imperious and threatening in its charcoal grey shoe with spiked heel, in front of his reddened eyes.”

“Do you see the chain around my ankle, Grayson?” she asked.

He didn’t respond and the pointed to of her jabbed at his cheek.

“Are you trying to anger me?” she asked in the face of his silence.
“N-No!” the words came from him, almost without him being aware he had spoken them.

The toe of the shoe gave him another reminder.

“N-No… Ms Selma.”

“Good. Then you do see the chain?”

“Yes, Ms Selma.”

“And you know what it signifies?”

“It… It signifies that the woman wearing it is white and has a… has a… black… a black… lover.”

The female and African laughter that filled the study was not pleasant exactly, even if the abject man at the black woman’s feet preferred her mockery to her anger.

“Well, you are not entirely wrong, Grayson,” her voice came down to him as he stared at her strong hose clad ankle and noticed the thin and expensive chain surrounding it; the *‘Grayson’* taking on more and more the sound of an owner addressing a pet in its possession. “But I am sure you have not failed to notice that I am *not* a *white* woman and, as I am married to a somewhat impressive example of black manhood, I have no need for a lover of my own colour.”

With horror, and too terrified to move for fear of earning her displeasure, Richard Grayson watched as she flicked the pump from her hosed foot prior to running her toes through his hair.

Almost affectionately.

“What do you see dangling from the chain I have around my ankle, Grayson?” she asked as he fought the urge to scramble to his feet and make a

dash for the door to escape the ignominy of having a foot, pungent with the day's perspiration, not inches from his nostrils; a move, he knew, that would be pointless and only make his situation with the black monster above worse.

To his relief, the foot was removed from the top of his head and placed down on the carpet that he may answer her question.

A small key dangled from the chain and, having been teased with it by his wife so much recently, he recognised it instantly.

"That is right, Grayson," a self-satisfied voice told him. "Along with your lovely young wife and your estimable mother-in-law, I am now your keyholder."

A few seconds of silence were allowed to elapse that the abject specimen of manhood beneath her heel and completely within her power might absorb her words.

"You will find," she went on, "that if you serve me in as diligent and docile a manner as I expect from my white manservant I will not be averse to allowing your tiny little cock out of its confinement that it may find relief."

As the beaten, spanked, demoralised and soon to be enslaved man took in the revelation that his *loving* wife had entrusted the key to his sex to a monstrous woman she knew he both feared and hated, the monster herself added:

"Perhaps against the sole of my foot if you are particularly pleasing."

The groan this drew from the man under her heel was as much a surprise to the man as it was satisfying to the black woman above who knew exactly from whence it had stemmed.

There was no sound in the world she loved more than that of a man's anguish and pain as his manhood attempted to harden against the metal entrapping his cock.

And this white man, in particular, was one she intended to keep.

Epilogue

"…As I say," Vera Hewlett told her son-in-law after fastening his apron upon him and knotting it in such a way he would have to ask either her or her stepdaughter to untie it, "you can still have a decent life as long as you show us you intend to be obedient and become the best little cuckold servant a daughter and her stepmother can have."

The sound of shared family laughter wafted in from the garden and this boisterous and everyday normality served to remind Richard Grayson of what he had once had and, thanks to the woman in front of him and a desire on the part of his wife to experience cocks of greater dimensions of his own, had now had stripped from him forever.

"She still loves you, Richard," Vera Hewlett told him in a voice he found uncharacteristically…

Sympathetic?

"Please, Vera," he began before gazing around him and beginning again when he knew they were alone and not about to be overheard. "Please… *Ma'am*, I'm not a total fool. Not only has she a lover with…"

He broke off, unable to finish his sentence, only to have his mother-in-law do it for him:

"With a bigger cock."

His cheeks flushed, embarrassed despite all he had been through and still had to come to confess to this physical shortcoming.

"Not only that but… but…"

"She allows her stepmother to supervise and control you and use your tongue as if it were her own."

“And… And…”

“And now she has given you to a black woman as if you were nothing more than a piece of property she owns and can lend at her whim.”

Vera Hewlett watched his reaction carefully and knew they had been very sensible to keep his humiliation on a need to know basis. Selma had been right to insist that his weakness was of a kind that, used correctly, would make him a possession they could all enjoy. By allowing him the semblance of normality such family gatherings afforded, as well as regular trips in the company of his wife to meet friends – even if those friends could not but help notice a certain change of dynamic in the marital relationship - the danger of taking his self-esteem and motivation to depths where his weakness, seeing but one way out, would ensure he did something…

Final.
In truth, Vera liked Richard more now than she ever had before and had convinced herself that female control had been the only thing lacking in his life. It gave her immeasurable pleasure to… *manage*… him and she adored those times when he was not required at the club and was left in her care. Most of which time he spent – when not kept working hard domestically – with his head between his mother-in-law’s legs. Consequently, she wasn’t quite sure if Melanie’s decision to let Selma take him to Kenya with her for three months that she might show him of as her *“English manservant”* sat entirely well with her. She had long known of her Amazonian black friend’s desire to take on a permanent – and *unpaid* – white servant and, being well-aware of the attraction Selma felt for Richard and the pleasure she took from humbling and subjugating the white male, was concerned Melanie might just have seen the last of the husband she was determined to keep; servant and humiliated cuckold though he might be.

“Well, there is no option for it now,” she told him, trying to hide her own concern. “The arrangements are all made and the family and all your friends have been told you will be working in Africa for the next three months.”

His face had fallen and she had added:

“Though we did, of course, neglect to tell them you will taking up the position of a black woman’s…”

She paused for a moment to select the right word, unable to help herself from twisting the knife further.

“…flunky,” she finished, delighting in the humiliation that coloured his handsome cheeks and never failed, despite all he had endured up to now, to do so.”

“V-Vera,” he began, expression so piteous, she allowed the familiarity, “I don’t want to go with that woman. Please, can you persuade Melanie to change her mind? I want to stay here with her… With… With… You.”

As ever when a man acknowledged her authority, Vera felt herself moisten.

Moistness that became a full-fledged gusher when, without being ordered, the son-in-law who had once despised her sank to his knees and threw his arms around her matronly legs imploringly.

“I’m… I’m begging you, Vera. I… want to stay here.”

It was at this point, her husband on his knees with his arms clasped about her stepmother’s legs, that Melanie herself had walked in:

“What’s going on in here? You’ve both been age…”

The words died in her throat as she took in the sight before her.

“Richard left his apron off and I gave him a scolding,” Vera told him.

“Well, they’re having a game of rope tennis outside, so everyone is occupied. But weren’t you worried one of them might come in.

“Also,” Vera went on, “he’s a bit concerned about his trip to Kenya with Selma.”

“Ah!”

“That’s why your pathetic cuckold husband is on his knees clutching his mother-in-law’s legs. He’s been begging me to persuade you to call it off.”

Wearing only shorts and a tee-shirt, feet bare, Melanie moved to stand next to her stepmother, tanned legs rising up before him from shapely calf muscles to lithe and smooth thighs as she gazed down and a hand followed to stroke his hair soothingly; pretty much, in fact, in the same way an owner might soothe a pet who has just been spooked in some way.

“No can do, I’m afraid,” she said, regret for being unable to do so not exactly obvious.

“Please, Melanie,” he said, distraught enough to forget the three of them were alone and he needed to be addressing them more…

Respectfully.

“I’ll do anything,” he rushed on. *“Anything!”*

“Oh, sweetie,” Melanie cooed. “You do that anyway. And besides, Selma and I have an arrangement. Come on now, you don’t think I can get to have a cock like Samuel’s and the patronage that goes with it without having to make some sacrifices, do you?”

“Yes, but…”

“We’ve had this conversation before,” she told him as Vera listened, content it seemed to remain in position with her son-in-law’s arms wrapped about her legs. “Every year until Selma decides otherwise, you are going to be her manservant in Kenya. I’m sorry if it embarrasses you to be the servant of a black woman but that’s what is going to happen. I’ve said you will always be in my life and you will. Just not permanently. I think six months a year together will be more than enough for you to show how much you care for me still.”

If the kneeling man had been spooked before he was even more so now.

“But…? But, Melanie, what about the other, you know?”

“The other three months?”

He nodded, no idea of just how pitiful he looked to the women above him and even less in regard of the satisfaction his powerlessness provoked in them.

“I’ve decided that, as she has been so wonderful and instrumental in rescuing our marriage…”
Melanie took Vera’s hand and smiled before giving her a kiss on the cheek.

“I’ve decided that you will live with my stepmother for the other three months and show her just how well Selma has trained her new manservant.”

Despite the fact he had already kow-towed so much to his mother-in-law and, even now, was on his knees before her, Richard Grayson looked horrified as his life took yet another downward turn.

“That is, of course,” Melanie went on, “if you want him Vera.?” She asked the older woman.

The swiftness with which her stepmother’s arms reached out in order to hug her stepdaughter was all the answer the young wife needed.

When the women broke off the excited and energised Vera was all business:

“That’s settled then,” she said before placing a finger beneath her demoralised son-in-law’s chin and raising it so that his eyes met hers.

“That just leaves the little matter of little Richard here addressing me incorrectly even though we were alone in the kitchen.”

“Don’t forget the family,” Melanie warned.

“I won’t,” Vera told her, “but he has to know he can’t get away with disrespecting either of us. Normally, I’d just take his pants down and tan his behind before sending him to his corner for an hour or so but, as the family are here, I think he can show his repentance by quickly kissing our feet.”

Melanie nodded and both women turned unforgiving eyes on the hapless man below them.

With the sounds of a happy family playing in the garden wafting through the open-window, Richard Grayson released his grip on his mother-in-law’s legs and bowed to the inevitable by lowering his head and placing a reverent kiss, in just the way he had been taught on the naked toes of his commanding young wife.

It was as he repeated the exercise for the equally commanding, if older, stepmother and placed his lips on her hosed instep that there came an interruption:

“Why is uncle Richard kissing granny’s foot?” asked a voice from the doorway.

All three jumped at the sound and turned to Melanie’s nephew, the eight year old Robbie, empty tumbler in his hand.

“Has he been naughty?” asked the eight-year-old.

As *“uncle Richard”* sheepishly found his feet, the two women shared a laugh; though it was Vera who answered the youngster:
“No, Robbie. Uncle Richard hasn’t been naughty.”

She gave her son-in-law a motherly peck on the cheek by way of verification before moving to her grandson and taking the tumbler from him.

“Uncle Richard has been very good for some time now.”

Opening the fridge she took out a bottle of Pepsis Max and screwed off the

top:

“In fact, Robbie, uncle Richard will always be good from now on.”

END