Breaking the Ex-Husband

A Work of Erotic Female Governance

By
Hillary Marshall

FDC

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Prologue

Rachel stuck her tongue in Natalie's mouth and they remained glued to each other for almost five minutes.

A slender young woman of barely twenty below, and far larger and muscular example above.

Though it was the younger and more slender variety who called the tune.

Finally breaking off, Natalie ordered Rachel to strip.

"Then you can undress me."

Rachel quickly tore off her bra and removed her sopping panties as Natalie purred at the sight.

"For a big girl you really have a cute little pussy.

The *"big girl"* blushed beet red as she slipped off Natalie's bra and pulled off her, likewise wet, panties; snatching a quick suck of the damp and musky crotch as she did so.

"Lay down," Natalie ordered.

Rachel complied with alacrity and Natalie straddled her head before lowering her hungry young pussy over her mouth; sitting immobile for a few moments to savour the sensation and the sense of power over the older girl it gave her; the realisation she had the power to demand another woman allowed her to sit with her sopping mound on her mouth.

"Now worship me," she ordered.

Without a second's hesitation, Rachel opened her mouth and slid her tongue into her new lover's luscious pussy. It made no difference that this was her first female lover and that she was very a novice and girl-to-girl sex. She took to it in the way of the proverbial duck introduced to life on the pond for the first time; the transition made no harder by the emotional attachment both girls acknowledged for each other.

Nor the fact *both* had been badly used by the men who had come into their young lives prior to discarding them.

Closing her eyes, the feeling of submission thrilling her blood and making her veins sing, she prodded, sucked and licked, loving the taste of the young woman who had invoked such passion in her and aware of a desperate need to be found… *pleasing*.

She did not disappoint.

Within seconds, Natalie was bucking against her head, moans and screams of pleasure growing louder as she herself discovered the joys of Sapphic satisfaction and a warm and willing tongue for the very first time; language becoming abusive as she morphed more and more into the dominant role she sensed was expected of her and she was only too pleased to adopt.

“That's right, eat my beautiful and superior young cunt, you filthy big slut! You're going to eat my mound until I tell you and then I'm going to make you lick my feet to show me how much you appreciate the honour.

A loud and, understandably, muffled moan was discernible from below as Rachel understood the joy a person could take from submitting to another human being – another woman – in such a way. She was loving every second of her debasement as much as she sensed her partner was enjoying being the one to debase her. This was simply sex, and had nothing to do with their growing feelings for each other. Ying and yang. North and South. Cancer and Capricorn. As in tune as they were emotionally, both had different needs when it came to sex with a woman and neither of them, Rachel felt confident, would allow the actions of one world to sully the other.

With a man, of course, it would be different, she knew. And both of them had finally come to the same view. Even if Rachel had experienced the epiphany some time before her lover.

With a man, both of them had decided, there could be no possibility of an emotional relationship.

Save for that of the master who felt fondness for a well-trained and obedient dog.

Still moaning, Rachel began to suck at her lover’s engorged and aroused clit madly, winning groans from above by way of a reward as she nibbled, sucked and vacuumed single-mindedly, the sensations of need pulsing at her own womanhood going off the chart as Natalie’s love juice drenched her flushed cheeks.

“Yes, you dirty big bitch! Do me! Do…. Ooooooh!... That… That's so goooood!”

Suddenly, expecting her lover to convulse in crisis any second, Rachel sensed her lover’s arse cheeks being spread and gasped as her lover slid further forward on her face until her nose was in the crack of her buttocks and her mouth below the girl’s anus.

It was a first for both of them, and both in their different ways were blown away by the unexpected development. Natalie having not been aware she was contemplating such a humiliation for her lover. Rachel unable to believe her girl-friend *could* even contemplate doing such a thing to her; let alone going ahead and doing it.

Despite this, thoughts as jumbled and incoherent as her need was fixed and focused, Rachel made no move to come out from under the girl her thoughts had begun to describe as *“Mistress”*.

The flow of her juices that still ran from her pussy down towards her arse and into her waiting mouth felt and tasted incredible and, jumbled and incoherent or not, Rachel's thoughts were already describing the deluge as *"the falls of submission"*.

Only one man had ever come close to making her feel so… *alive*.

And he, she thought to herself with a joy that almost sent her over the edge towards her own crisis, would *always* go on doing so.

Whether he wanted to or not.

"Worship that arse," Natalie ordered, riding the sniffing nose Rachel had in her crack and bringing her lover's lips back into fleeting contact with her tongue; though her next order did provoke hesitation as her arse once again settled upon the older girl's mouth:

"Eat it, bitch!"

Rachel was suddenly horrified – even if her desire shielded her from the full effects of her repugnance and fear.

Eat another woman's arsehole?

The place from which, like anybody else, she secreted the remains of her day's nourishment in the form of shit?

How could she ever look her lover in the eye again if she were to do that?

"Come on," Natalie urged from above, you know you want it. Show me what a good obedient girl you're going to be for me from now on."

Having used similar words recently herself – though in an entirely different context; and to an entirely different person – Rachel now understood the sensations they could provoke from the giving and the receiving end.

And discovered she enjoyed and was aroused by both equally.

In fact, not only did she want to lick the exquisite arse hovering above her lips, she would have begged for the privilege.

As Natalie sensed her capitulation and lowered herself down onto her waiting lips and anticipatory and slightly protruding tongue, Rachel gave up any pretence of resistance; no matter how small it had been to begin with; and inserted the tip of her tongue into the lowered shit-chute. The thought of how it must look to an outsider: Natalie's smooth and perfectly rounded arse-cheeks sitting on her face as she lay supine below her; stoked the fire of her perverse passion to an even greater heat and she attacked the anus above with feverish submission; efforts rewarded by a tortured groan that soon turned into a swoon from above as her fingers reached behind her lover to find her own pussy and provide it with at least some small palliation before she herself was granted some release.

“Oh, my good, good, girl,” cooed as her lover somehow managed to extend her tongue even further and lap at her rosebud as if she were a dog offered a long denied treat. “That’s it! Eat my arse, you filthy big bitch.” Lick it… Yes…. Annnnngh!”

Natalie screamed as if she were on the wrong end of a Freddie Kruger assault and convulsed so violently she felt her nerve-ends would fuse forever to lock her in a rictus of orgasmic frenzy as Rachel showed no sign of allowing her rectal assault to slow.

It was some five minutes later, both flat to the mattress alongside each other, Natalie’s arm around Rachel’s shoulders as her lover and submissive caressed her nipples, before the silence was broken:

“Well, my love,” Natalie said, sliding down the bed towards Rachel’s own soppy and impatient womanhood; “I think you deserve a little treat too.”

As Rachel spread her legs and Natalie placed herself at the entrance to her shrine; her dominant young lover stared up and past the engorged nipple of her own considerable breasts and said:

“Then you can tell me more of this surprise you say you have for me…”

One

Rachel Wells ran her eyes over her former husband's uncomfortably stretched body she had secured to the wall of her cellar and admired the body she had decided to make hers by force after the bonds of matrimony had failed to hold him.

He would, she had promised herself, and hating it or not, be held now.

Despite the cool cellar air, his skin was bathed in a sheen of perspiration that was part the exertion of his unnatural and unyielding position and part fear. His arms were stretched and pinioned above his head by the manacles she herself had anchor-bolted into the stone-wall along with those that shackled the ankles of his outstretched legs below. In fact, the whole cellar had been her doing and, even if she said so herself, had been executed to perfection; even allowing for the absent outside help from professional artisans the criminal nature of her purposes denied her.

It was windowless, Spartan, and *very* secure.

She had placed her still groggy former husband in his current position some three hours ago now and, notwithstanding the hate-filled looks he blazed her way whenever their eyes met and which grew in intensity as the drugs in his system wore off, the cock with which he had once seduced her was as hard as she could ever remember.

"Somebody seems to like being all strung up and helpless," she commented, fetching forth a fresh burst of futile struggling and more hate-filled looks.

The large balls she had always enjoyed handling when they were a couple; when he would allow it, and before she realised her only real attraction for him had been the Trust-Fund her late-parents had set-up for their only daughter; were attempting to vomit themselves up towards his cock as a prelude to spouting their load as she handled them once again.

Only to find themselves denied their objective by the ball spreader and stretcher in which she had imprisoned them.

A large woman, easily as tall as her ex-husband and, after exercise had added muscle as well as strength to what had once been bulk; Rachel Wells moved closer to those lean and handsome features that had so beguiled her and caused her so much mental pain. The intensity of her own eyes even greater than the hate beamed towards her from her victim. So great, it was her ex-husband, still groggy from the medication that had kept him under or not, who blinked first and turned his head from the features he had described as *"Piggy"* before leaving her for good.

"I wonder how your little girl-toy would feel to see her big strong man get all hard in his ex-wife's hands?" she laughed, sensing all the impossible thoughts running through his head as he tried to form words around the ball-gag with which she had fitted him and succeeded only in forcing out some untranslatable mumblings that sent saliva past the gag to trickle down his chin.

And why wouldn't those thoughts be impossible?

Only last night he had phoned the latest and trusting little girl toy to fund him and provide house-room. She had been at her mother's home in Whitby and he had assured her he couldn't wait for her visit to end and her return to the love-nest in Holloway her salary as a mortgage-advisor bankrolled. Call made as he spent the evening in a busy club in nearby Camden. A club full of the scantily dressed young women he couldn't resist – despite the superior version he had just spoken sweet nothings to.

The next thing he knew; he was waking up in the cellar of a home he hadn't known existed that was now owned by his ex. Two days later and some seventy miles away on the Sussex/Hampshire border. Seventy miles that may have been a million for all the chance he ever had of returning to the shallow and carefree life so unbecoming a man of his 37-years.

If, that is, she had her way.

And what was there, other than carelessness on her part, to stop her?

The look of incredulity that had vied with his grogginess, upon seeing the wife he had used and divorced stepping towards his helpless frame, heels clacking upon the stone-floor and dressed like some demented female educator from the 1930's, was almost comic. Almost in itself, she had thought to herself with a chuckle, worth the expense of time, patience and money, she had expended to bring him to such a pass.

And to hell with repercussions!

Rachel recalled her fear after finally managing to slip the sleeping-agent into his drink unnoticed, and then introducing herself to nearby and disinterested revellers as his sister who had come to take him home, this after it took effect to react with the drink he had already consumed and make his eyes heavy and his speech slurred. She had dressed differently and used a blonde wig and contacts rather than her usual glasses so as not to be noticed – by him initially, and by anybody studying the CCTV images should his disappearance be investigated, as it no doubt would.

She needn't have worried. The girl he had been attempting to seduce had been only too happy to palm the *"drunk"* off to his *"sister"*, and after that it had simply been a matter of manhandling him out into the street and into the side-road where she had parked the transit-van with false plates.

Strangely enough, it was the journey back to her new home outside Bosham on the Chichester Harbour that frightened her the most. She had affixed a false registration to the old transit bought in her name and had a drugged and unconscious man gagged and tied in the back. If the Police stopped her for some reason…?

Again, she needn't have worried.

And now he was here. Safe and secure without a person other than her knowing his location. The trip back to London with his keys to strip the flat of his belongings and

ferry them back to West Sussex had been made without incident. Again at night and with both blonde wig and contacts as well as the false car-plates.

Before leaving the flat, she'd already had his lap-top up and running. Giving thanks as she went about it for his laziness and the unchanged password she had tapped in for him after buying it as *one* of his birthday presents. Once in it had been simple to email all the contacts that mattered – mostly women; and the girl-toy in particular. This to tell them he had met and fallen in love with a lovely Scottish girl and was accompanying her back to Fort William.

Simple and with no over-complication likely to make *anyone* suspicious; especially the girl-toy to whom she offered a curt apology in his name while insisting there was simply too great an age difference between *"us"* for there to be any long-term future involved.

Did she feel guilty about hurting another innocent in such a way?

Yes, and no.

On the one hand, she regretted putting the girl through some of the same pain she herself had experienced. While on the other, she knew she was saving her greater heartache down the line when her ex-husband's next target came along.

Not only that, but she had made the girl's acquaintance on a number of occasions now - without letting her know just who she was, of course – and their initially *accidental* meetings had now become regular coffee-dates. She was fast becoming a friend and confidante and found herself surprised that the girl already had doubts about the older lover her efforts at the workplace were keeping. Her ex's lover nowhere near as credulous as she herself had been at the same stage of her relationship with him - which was not so surprising given her looks and features that were decidedly not *"Piggy"*.

There was also a spark between them, Rachel sensed, that went beyond a budding friendship and excited her in a way she found… *surprising*.

She had left his keys and those to the girl's car he had been using on the kitchen table and confessed to mild surprise that it had taken such small pains to make him disappear so plausibly.

She also knew it would be a shock for the girl, despite her own misgivings about her older lover, and a part of Rachel empathised with her loss; despite being its cause. The young woman was another innocent, after all, but, while it was a shame, it was also unavoidable.

And it *would* spare yet another trusting young ingénue far greater pain down the line.

In just over a day, she had congratulated herself on the drive back to West Sussex, she had caused her former husband to drop off the planet.

Or at least to Scotland.

And the beauty of it, given his track-record with the ladies, was that not a soul would raise a finger to look for him.

Such was her hope, at least.

In the dilapidated and semi-secluded house she had bought and was in the process of renovating *herself*. Nearest neighbours some two hundred yards away and, given the solidity of the old house and the cellar that was perfect for her uses, unlikely to hear from her new *guest* even if she were serving them tea and cakes upstairs while he screamed blue murder in his new home. So thick, and perfect for her purposes were the stone walls of her new dwelling.

The semi-isolation buying in to her own naturally reclusive nature beautifully.

"Bet I'm the last person you expected to see again," she told him, balancing her smile with a punch to his solar plexus that emptied his lungs of breath and forced yet more saliva past the ball-gag along with it. Letting him know, if his still to stabilise senses didn't know it, that *this* was serious.

"Or wanted to," she added, lifting his chin so that his eyes met hers, deliberately making him witness the look of intent and mental instability in her own that was not entirely feigned.

The intent, anyway; for despite her actions she still considered herself both normal and reasonable.

Normality and reason nowhere to be seen when it came to him.

And the more he feared her, she reasoned, the easier he would be to manage.

Her hand again cupped his balls, the erection above them having wilted somewhat, handling them as if they were executive toys gifted to her as a means of diversion.

"Never really mine, were they?" she asked, the memories triggered by her own question and the many examples of his faithlessness they invoked serving only to make her eyes seem even more… *unhinged*. "But then all I was to you was an easy meal-ticket until such a time as you could divorce me and have one of your own awarded to you in the settlement."

Her laughter was mixed with mockery, contempt, and… *intent*.

"But then, details were never your strong point, were they? If they had been you might have paid more attention to the contents of the Trust mummy and daddy had set-up for me. Not to mention the fail-safes they put in place to ensure no giftless piece of shit like you could ever take advantage of me in a divorce."

She had allowed her voice to rise on the last sentence and her uncharacteristic use of vulgarity, but this time it was natural rather than acted. Her anger at the way he had manipulated her feelings was never far from the surface and bringing with it all sorts of

other bad memories. Most from her schooldays, and *all* of them slights of one kind or another.

Never one of the *"cool"* kids, her glasses and puppy-fat fleshiness had ensured she would be a target for the playground bullies and was one reason she went through her youth pretty much friendless; despite a body that was prematurely *"womanly"* for her age.

A neglect, despite the love of her mother and father, that made her easy pickings for a predator like Gavin and his attentions, once her parents had passed and she had reached her early twenties.

Now, some two years on, there was *nothing* easy about her at all and, she was convinced, never would be again in regard of… *him*.

She had spent the last hour or so putting the growingly conscious Gavin through an intense regimen of teasing and sexual torture to keep him on the verge of the orgasm he was always so in need of – a need even his terror at waking to find himself retrained and at the mercy of his ex-wife could not lessen any.

As she teased and feathered his erection, the restrainer and separator she'd attached to his balls preventing any premature explosion, Rachel could see his eyes bugging out at the contents of the cellar and the implements from the world of BDSM I had resting on the wall behind her.

He was, she knew, strictly a meat and potatoes lover and, though a good one, the world of sex that was more outré was not something that made any appeal to him.

The whips, canes, birches, and assorted discipline instruments resting on that stone wall, she was one-hundred-percent certain, would have been of no interest to his libido.

Though they would certainly have stimulated his terror.

Imagination, she had chuckled to herself more than once in the past few hours, was not his strong suit.

But, when it came to making him suffer and her long-term intentions for him, she had more than enough for the both of them.

"I suppose you're wondering if I could hate you enough to use those on you," she offered, loving the fact she could say exactly what she wanted and he could not answer her.

The nodding of her head was emphatic.

"The answer is: yes, and with *absolute* pleasure."

She watched as his complexion whitened almost to the consistency of chalk and felt a thrill of sexual anticipation unlike any she had ever experienced – even on the first occasion he had slipped his faithless cock inside her and proceeded to fuck her into

blissful oblivion. For the first time in her life, *she* was in command of a relationship. Of a man!

And once that command had been experienced…

She could tell that Gavin was having difficulty still in believing what he was experiencing was real, and not some dream he was about to awake from to find himself lying next to the girl-toy with whom he had replaced her – or at least the girl he had seduced the night before. The muffled screams of pain coming from behind his gag as she took his nipples between her fingers and twisted disabused him of such an eventuality. And gave her great pleasure in the process.

With sadistic relish, the joy she took from having him at her mercy growing by the second, she began to explain the purpose of the various devices of torture devices furnishing the cellar. Her sadism, she knew, mostly of the mental variety. The devices making his eyes widen with terror there for just that purpose; rather than with any real intent on her part of ever using them.

Though she would, as they say, *"never say never"*.

"Of course," she told him, voice taking on a teacherly tone to match her outfit and the long hair she had pulled from her face with its somewhat piggy features, "you'll know as well as I that there are some men who would take pleasure from having such things used upon them."

It was a voice from Middle-England that was - unlike the council-estate born South-London he made attempts to disguise - the real thing. The one, a Surrey Public School for girls and Reading University; the other, a Brixton comprehensive and… *nothing*. The simple truth being that, despite the thirteen years separating them, she was his superior both intellectually and by class. Truisms she had chosen to ignore for the pleasures of a first love. Though he did have his good looks to balance the inequality and a natural animal cunning that could sometimes create the illusion of a vibrant intellect.

Much good either would do him from now on.

Stepping to the wall, she slid a finger across a particularly nasty looking bamboo-cane and delighted in the involuntary flinch that stiffened his already stretched muscles.

"Some of those men even pay for it," she went on, as if tutoring a schoolboy. "I suppose, if I needed the money I could have a thriving business here."

She took the cane from the wall and slashed the air with it a few times before returning to stand before him; the terror in his eyes lifting her already heightened senses.

"But we both know I have no need for money, don't we?" she asked with no expectation of an answer. "Even though you did your best to take it from me."

She slashed at the air with more vigour now and he evinced an even greater reaction to the whoosh of air as the bamboo cut through it.

“So now you get all this,” she indicated the wall behind her and the cage she had set in front of it, a six-feet-long, four-feet-high, and five-wide, contraption, “for nothing.” Again, she read the thoughts behind terrified eyes with easy accuracy:

“Yes. You’re right. I suppose I could be said to be insane. But you know what they say about being in Rome? And I just know I’m going to enjoy what I have in mind for you.”

She could almost feel his relief when she turned away and replaced the cane upon the wall before returning to stand in front of him.

“I’m going to take out the ball-gag now,” she said. “But be warned: if you make one sound or a derogatory remark without my permission I’ll put it straight back in and leave you hanging there for the next few days in your own piss and excrement.”

Her eyes held his and she felt a massive surge of lust and triumph when his own were unable to sustain contact with them.

“Nod, if you understand,” she told him.

Still not meeting her stare, he nodded.

“Good boy,” she gave demeaning praise before untying the straps at the back of his head and releasing the ball-gag with an accompaniment of released air and saliva. “Ms Rachel is going to take a shower now and have some food. But she will be back in an hour or so and, if you’re well-behaved, she might let you sleep the night in your cage.”

Two

"Does your new girlfriend – I should say, *did* your *former* girlfriend – suck your cock?"

It was just over a week into his new life – *their* new life – and he was on all-fours, hands and knees flat against the cool and unyielding floor of the cellar in which he had spent the past seven days. Already, he was a different man from the one she had drugged in the night. Frankly, he was in a constant state of terror of the younger woman who had once been his wife and, apart from physically – and even here there was a… *confidence*... that made her barely recognisable from the young and impressionable loner his looks had managed to infatuate.

Gavin Mullins could, in fact, still feel the effect of the beating she had handed out to him that first time he had come to in her presence. This after the strutting bitch, dressed, he thought, like some fifties nanny, left the cellar for a shower and something to eat before returning and deciding his behaviour was in need of… *correction*. Her garb before she left having been a below the knee grey skirt that hugged child-bearing hips he was sure would never get to bear them anyway, spiked heels below patent black leather leading up to sheer black hose that clung to powerful and pronounced calves like a second skin; while further up a plain cotton shirt had completed the ensemble.

His first thoughts, upon waking to his foreskin being slowly manipulated over the glans of his cock, had been pretty much as she had divined. He was dreaming. A nightmarish dream, to be sure; but a dream just the same. The ball-gag restricting his tongue and the discomfort of his position against the wall, only serving to underline the impossibility of his situation being real.

Until she tweaked his nipples viciously before telling him he might be allowed to sleep in the cage he could see across the cellar when she returned from a nice relaxing shower.

If, that is, he was to prove *"well-behaved"*.

Something he had failed most dismally to prove indeed – if the beating she had handed out to him after releasing him from his restraints was a guide.

It taking him only the length of time it took to rub circulation into his previously restricted limbs and overcome his surprise at her allowing him free at all before launching himself at her.

Only to receive the beating of his life from the bare hands of his ex-wife before blacking out.

She had even allowed him to land a few blows before shrugging them off and proceeding to show him that, though he might be her superior in the looks department, she was certainly his master when it came to physical strength.

Woman or not.

At the time of his blacking out, his eyes were almost swollen shut and his ribs already beginning to ache and bruise from the pummelling she'd handed out to him; a salutary lesson that would ensure he would think twice, and then think again, before ever raising either a hand or a voice to her in the future.

When he finally returned to the land of the living it was only to find he had been shackled in such a way he could now move only upon all-fours.

And something worse.

His balls trapped into place by a wooden contraption secured at the base of his exposed, lacerated and vulnerable buttocks.

A *"Humbler"*, as she had described it to him when fitting the contraption.

And a *"contraption"* with electrical circuitry and accompanying remote control capable of supplying something more than acute humiliation and genital discomfort.

The above fitted after having given him the last instalment of ten that made-up the fifty-strokes she had had handed out to him as a punishment for having had the temerity to raise a hand to her.

As if the beating she had given him without the aid of either manacles or bamboo-cane had not been enough.

And after she had returned, fresh from a shower, clad in a lycra leotard that revealed in all its enormity the body he had pretended infatuation for while marking off the days. The days required before he could divorce her and return, financially set, to the lithe young stick-insects who really got his motor racing. Though he could not help but notice in the following days of his captivity that the flesh that had once been soft and quivery was now of *quite* a different consistency.

To say he was now in a state of abject terror whenever she was near or by would have been to understate.

And by some margin.

He also felt humiliated that the woman who was once his wife was undoubtedly his physical superior; both in terms of fitness and physical strength.

Gavin Mullin was also in no doubt that she was completely and utterly deranged.

Which lessened his terror not one whit.

The ex-wife he had fully expected to be his meal-ticket when he divorced her had turned into something quite, quite, different.

She had not only abducted him and effectively taken his life from him, but was in the process of breaking him; both physically and mentally. He was shackled and naked in her cellar in the middle of god knows where and, after what she assured him was little

more than a week, his mind was breaking under the strain. Warned not to give himself sexual release by his own hand and with CCTV cameras recording him for her later viewing, he was denied even this most basic human release; terrified that she would discover it and use electrical facility on the *"Humbler"* to punish him. A single hour spent alone felt like a day and then, when she did put in an appearance, he was not allowed to speak – not proper language anyway. He recalled listening disinterestedly once to an interview with a released inmate of Guantanamo who had spent two years in solitary confinement and *hadn't* gone insane.

He hadn't spent two-weeks in the same situation yet – with visits – and still he felt as if he were losing his mind. The last few days had been even worse as, though he knew she had no need to work, she was gone from morning until night. Leaving him restrained with only a bowl of drinking water and two or three biscuits until she returned to feed and water him properly.

As if he were truly no more than a dog to her.

This when she wasn't berating him or doing unspeakable things guaranteed to break his spirit while letting him know how much he had hurt her.

Things like spanking him.

Squeezing his trapped balls in her hand until he screamed like a little girl, too terrified of what else she might do to use the language she had proscribed him to beg.

Things like standing astride his naked and restrained body to urinate over him; then leaving it to dry on his flesh and provide him with a lasting smell of her and the contempt in which she now held him.

All of those things playing their part to ensure a rapid breaking of his manly defences.

"I expect you'd like to have it sucked now, wouldn't you?" her voice broke into his thoughts from above as he reached the chair where she sat, feet crossed casually one over the other as she waited from him to greet her in the way she had told him she preferred."

"Woof!" he answered in the facsimile of doggy language that was all he was allowed: one for yes; two for no. The answer spewing from him before he could prevent it. One week without release as long as he could ever remember going without the aid of a willing woman or his own hand and more than once he had been tempted to risk the CCTV and her warnings to ease his need.

"Yes, I should think you would, you filthy boy," she mocked as a he watched a foot leave the floor and then felt it make contact with the top of his head to press his nose to the cool stone.

"That though, is something from your past that will *never* happen again. *Receiving* oral sex is no longer in your future, but you will be delighted to learn that your new owner has decided there's nothing to stop you from giving it for a change."

Disgust at such a prospect – and especially the prospect of performing it for someone he hated now as much as he feared – joined his anger and deep humiliation as she kept him chained, humbled, and prostrate at her feet.

"Did you give your girlfriend in Holloway the pleasure of your tongue," she asked. "Or was she, like me, expected to wrap her lips around your cock and regard it as some kind of reward for having you in her life?"

He stayed silent, the usual images of vengeance upon her flashing through his head – most of them involving chainsaws and semi-automatics.

For the first time in his selfish life he had actually come across a woman he felt something for – not enough to prevent him sniffing around other pretty young things while she was away at her mother's, but enough to ensure he was considering devoting himself to her exclusively; perhaps even finding himself a proper job.

And the bitch above had taken it away from him!

"I asked you a question," that same bitch asked, tone carrying a hint of menace.

Lost to his thoughts of retribution, he had to think furiously to remember exactly what the question had been.

Then; knowing what he would receive if she thought him dishonest:

"Woof, woof."

"No, I thought not," she snarled from above him, shoving his head back with the sole of her foot so he came up on all fours again to the sight of her, angry and imperious in her chair, perspiring and powerful body clad in a lycra work-out suit that emphasised her new musculature that had subdued him with such ease on his first *conscious* day with her. "Maximum pleasure received for the minimum of reciprocation. Should have been your family motto. Only fitting I should treat you like the dog you are. Even if dogs at least have the honour of being loyal and giving their owner's pleasure."

Her eyes, sparkling in that piggy featured face; still fleshy despite her the transformation of the rest of her body from fat to muscle; fairly drilled into his, and if ever it became plain to him just how much his treatment of her had led to deep and undying hatred, it was then.

Her next words did nothing to lessen this impression as he gazed down at the floor, unable to meet her gaze:

"Well, at least now you're finally giving someone some pleasure."

With the toes of her left foot she lifted his chin so that he had no option but to look at her as she finished:

"And we have all the time in the world to work on the loyalty."

Three

They walked slowly, hand-in-hand and not caring who knew they were together as tourists and Londoners together wandered past them on the pavement. All together and two alone. Separated from those around them by the growing bond of their feelings and the issue of the *"surprise"* Rachel had laid on Natalie after their last *orgasmic* encounter.

To anyone who troubled to look, it was obvious they felt a sense of peace and security in each other's company. It was also obvious to both of the lovers themselves that any inhibitions they had initially shared in concern of the road they were now travelling were fast becoming memory. The sex they shared was entirely different to the bond developing between them in normal time and, far from burning themselves out, their feelings for each other were growing.

Which left just the one elephant in the bedroom.

The sunshine cast a warm glow around them as they strolled along the crowded South Bank and pondered to which of the numerous eateries they would give their lunch-time trade. This before halting and resting with elbows upon the wall separating them from the Thames. Though it was busy around them, there was nobody in hearing distance and the noise of the City and various street entertainments made their conversation anonymous anyway as they explored the nature of that *"surprise"* and its meaning for their relationship for the first time.

"You say this man was a real pig to you?" Natalie asked suddenly and Rachel felt her nervousness surface. It was one thing to know her lover had a taste for being the dominant partner in a relationship. But quite another to hope that taste would be strong enough to make her wish to be involved in a situation most would regard as perverted and immoral – even if Rachel considered her efforts with his laptop had pretty much put her beyond a successful prosecution – should it ever come to that.

"Of the worst kind," she answered her lover. "The type of pig who plays in to all that's good and fine about you and allows you to believe his feelings for you are a mirror of those you feel for him."

Despite her new found strength of character, Rachel felt tears cloud her eyes and was grateful for the hand Natalie placed over hers.

"A pig who had no qualms about divorcing me for what he thought he would get in a settlement – no matter how much he knew I would be devastated."

Natalie's hand tightened on hers and she went on to explain the depth of the, so far unnamed, man's sins against her.

When she was finished, and no doubt thinking of her own recent desertion, Natalie's eyes were equally as moist as she looked out over the river and took a deep breath, closing her eyes for a moment to gulp in some air and compose herself.

“What I don’t understand, Rachel,” she began finally. “Is why you would want him around you still – even if he is as… *tame*… as you say. I mean, the way your parents set-up your trust meant he walked away only with what he brought in – which was fuck-all, by the sounds of it. He was the loser, so why not leave it at that, lick your wounds and enjoy life without the shit?”

Rachel was nodding:

“Yes. I could have done that. Just turned the other cheek and walked away the way I’d always walked away after being ignored or insulted by people. But this time I couldn’t. been there, done it, and found myself and my own self-esteem no better for just allowing myself to be treated by dirt.”

The words were spewing from her now and Natalie could see the hurt and frustration born of years of such cruel indifference and in-your-face cruelty.

“From childhood to adulthood my parents always told me to ignore the crap aimed my way. Aimed at me simply because I’m bigger built than most women – not fat, just bigger - and don’t have the looks of a catwalk-queen. And I took their advice because they loved me and I loved them and I knew they had only my well-being at heart. But did I ever once feel better about myself?”

Her snort was as derisive as it was regretful.

“And then, when a man finally comes along who seems to see past what the others felt the need to deride, a man who assures me I’m his soul-partner and wants to spend the rest of eternity with me, it turns out he’s no different to any of the others who’d made my life a misery down the years and sees me only as a meal-ticket.”

Natalie rubbed the back of her hand consolingly; empathetic despite never having had to experience the same mockery and disrespect for one’s looks.

“Well, you certainly turned things around,” she told her lover. “Look at you now. Yes, you’re a plus size woman. But you’re plus-size with an hour glass shape – and, trust me, none of it is fat. Your face might not be Botticelli beautiful but it sure looks attractive to me.”

The kiss she placed on the tear streaked cheeks of her lover won a smile.

“So who was the real loser?” she went on. “You, with your trust-fund intact, a hard new body, and born-again self-confidence? Or this older shit, with only his looks that won’t last to sustain him?”

Rachel thought about it, staring hard at a pleasure boat as it made its way upstream to maritime Greenwich and the Millennium Dome that had been renamed the O_2 and now hosted some of the biggest names in entertainment.

“Everything you say is right,” she agreed finally. “Except for one thing.”

She turned her head to a questioning Natalie.

“Everything but for the fact that if I simply walked away – *again* – the bastard who’d hurt me more than anything or anyone had ever hurt me before would just go on to his next naïve conquest and I’d be consigned to a barely remembered footnote in his long list of former marks.”

Dominant partner when it came to sex or not, Natalie felt slightly frightened when her lover’s eyes met her own.

They were suddenly cold and implacable and *not* to be gainsaid.

“Believe me, he will *never* regard me as a footnote and neither will he ever trample over another woman’s feelings.”

She pointed to her own chest emphatically:

“Though this one will certainly be trampling all over his.”

Natalie moved closer to her, unsure of just what was compelling her to do so; the tension between them palpable. The one lost to her own memories of the indignities she had once suffered, together with no small anxiety now that she had come *almost* clean to her lover on the contents of her cellar. The other caught between her sympathy for what her lover had gone through and a mixture of horror and, yes, excitement at what had been described to her.

Swallowing suddenly, Natalie reached up a hand to trace the smooth skin covering Rachel’s jaw before, tilting her head towards her, she kissed her full upon the lips.

Her next words did not make Rachel’s anxiety vanish exactly, but they did supply her with the hope that they might do just that in the future:

“I really need to think about my answer to what you’ve just told me,” Natalie said, looking her full in the eye. I can’t say that what you described to me isn’t… *exciting*.”

“But?” Rachel prompted when her lover and sexual mistress paused.

“But… Rachel, it’s one thing for us to play at mistress and servant. It’s a sexy game. I love it and so do you. But it’s still a game. What you are doing is not just real but illegal.”

“Only if it can be proved it isn’t consensual,” Rachel came in. “And that’s hardly likely, given the email from him to me I had you read.” She was referring to the email she had sent herself from him on his laptop. An email from which she had cut all but the body of the text that her lover not know at this stage just who her *guest* really was. Text that begged her to make him her slave and strip him of all his possessions. For *real*. To imprison him in her cellar and satisfy one of his greatest fantasies but training him and treating him as if her were a human dog.

“I agree, that it’s pretty damning for him, Rachel,” Natalie agreed. “But it’s not just the illegal aspects of it that bother me. What does it make us if we give ourselves over to behaviour that’s not just criminal but… *immoral?*”

“Well, that’s where we differ,” Rachel came back on the instant, answer ready to hand. “You see I don’t see it as immoral to punish hurtful and mentally sadistic behaviour such as his. And just because what he does to women isn’t on the statute book as a crime doesn’t make it moral not to chastise the bastard for his behaviour. In fact, if you ask me, it’s positively *immoral* to simply look the other way and do nothing in the knowledge he’ll soon betray another woman and make her question her own self-worth.”

Again Natalie took her hand as she sensed her anger rising:

“Rachel, my love, I’m not saying I can’t accept what you’ve told me. Just that I can’t commit myself to it without thinking it over some more.”

A thoughtful look darkened her expression:

“If I’m honest, the way you describe treating him, and knowing it’s not simply the kind of role-play we enjoy so much, makes me feel incredibly… *horny*. But…?”

“But?” Rachel prompted.

“But… I worry that such control might make monsters of us. You know what they say about power, and what you’re talking about seems total. I… I wouldn’t want it to make… To make monsters of use.”

Now it was Rachel’s turn to place a consoling and reassuring arm around the shoulders of her new love.

“There is no danger of that, my lovely sweet Natalie. There’s too much genuine love and affection between us to ensure we don’t lose sight of our humanity.”

She kissed her lover on the forehead, then:

“Except with him, of course.”

Four

Gavin's crow-bar-hard cock had been leaking pre-cum for some time as she scooped a little on her finger and held it to his lips.

No words were needed and instantly, if with unmistakable hesitance, he put out his tongue and allowed her to wipe her finger upon it before swallowing.

"Get used to it," she told him. "It's only fair that you taste for yourself what women like myself have had to accept from you without reciprocation.

They were five-weeks in to his… *stay*… with her and even she was amazed at the levels of docility – *"hesitant"* or not – he was beginning to show. He had not opened his mouth to speak after having been warned by her not to do so and disobeying her. The unrelenting manner in which she had beaten his arse with her favourite bamboo cane had not only reduced him to pleading and begging wreck as it cut into and overlaid her previous strokes and fetched him pain beyond the imagining of his working-class but highly indulged roots. The screams and entreaties the came from him would not have shamed a pre-pubescent girl and had been the last words in the English language she had allowed him to use since.

So docile did she have him now, she'd had no problem doing away with the humbler and had replaced it with a cock-cage and scrotum-ring that prevented a full erection while at least enabling him to try. At first she had missed the sight of him on all-fours as he made his way around his new home in the humbler and restraints that insisted he move in such a way, but the key to his manhood she wore around her neck to display her ownership to him was more than enough by way of compensation. And, anyway, if she wanted him to crawl on all-fours she needed only to snap her fingers and tell him so.

It was an exercise of pure power and, in its necessarily limited fashion, made her feel like some female despot from a far less… *humanitarian*… time.

It was also something she knew she would *never* give up.

That, and the new love in her life which insisted *she* be the one who acted on the wishes of another.

A new love she fervently prayed would be as excited and receptive to having a man under her *total* control as the female lover introducing her to the concept.

Looking at her former husband on his knees before her, discarded cock-cage on the stone floor to his side, cock itself raging helplessly for her attention while too intimidated by her to do anything for it himself, she felt sure her lover of the past month or so would react positively.

Though there was enough doubt to give her pause.

“I think we’ll make you taste your own junk each time you’ve been good enough to be allowed out of your cage,” she told him, reading his distaste easily, despite it only revealing itself these days in tics rather than full blown expressions of distaste.

She also knew how much his own orgasms meant to him and the leverage – had she required any more – it provided her.

He was already licking her cunt to orgasm in a less than gifted way that was, nonetheless, improving with practice and repetition. And if the prospect of further punishment wasn’t enough to make him a willing study – and it was – then the thought of being deprived of his manly spurt certainly was. Soon, she hoped – having brought him so low and so quickly, and praying it would be with Natalie’s help – his breaking and conditioning would be complete and he would be the dog-like and *utterly* obedient manservant and sexual toy she’d had in mind from the very beginning.

Then her life would truly be complete.

For now, though, she was ready to have fun of a different kind with him.

Taking up a bottle of baby oil at her side, she squeezed a trail of it down the hairless chest that complemented the scalp absent of the hair of which he was once so proud and she had taken from him; watching as it slowly made its way to his likewise denuded genitals before placing a hand beneath his balls to catch the drizzle and massage upwards, slowly rubbing it into his released scrotum and fetching a gasp from him that was a mix of pure delight and submission to her handling of him as she placed to bottle back down and used her free hand to massage the oil into his chest.

Gasp turned to groan, and from groan into moan, as she took care to massage the oil into every part of his upper body – even his shaved and now glistening scalp.

Every part, that is, save for the steel-bar that was his needy cock as it thrust itself uselessly at the empty air before it; it’s owner’s hands clasped unfettered behind his back and all too aware of what would happen to him if he were to relax his posture of… *“Respect”*.

The thought of his mixed orgasm as powerful at this moment as the prospect of the beating he would receive should he be so careless.

She brought her fingers to his lips and held his eyes as he licked the slickness from them as if he were a canine licking the residue of chocolate or some other treat from its owner’s fingers.

Rachel Wells could be forgiven for thinking the ex-husband in front of her was both tamed and broken.

For that, in effect, was exactly what he was.

“Good boy, Gavi,” she praised, using his new pet-name that made him sound like a Piedmont vino and then stroking his glistening scalp when he had finished with her fingers.

Oiling done, save for one crucial area she had yet to oil by hand, she stood back to observe her work.

Her ex-husband's cock was throbbing and bobbing as if might lift-off and she told herself she had *never* to this point seen him so hard.

And then she surprised herself.

Dropping to her own knees, before she had time to think about what she was going to do, she lowered her head and took his smooth and rock hard balls in her mouth.

Amazed at herself, but loving the power to make the decision to act in such a way rather than have it demanded of her, she slowly and gently began to tongue bathe them.

The sigh that escaped him seemed to carry the last of his manhood with it as he swayed on his feet and tried to prevent himself from unloading in her warm mouth – as much as he would have loved to do so.

For minutes that seemed all too brief and yet managed to seem like an eternity for him at the same time, she rolled his balls around in his mouth and savoured the control that allowed her to treat him in such a way; until finally, she removed her mouth and began to concentrate on the rigid column of his lust and need as it arrowed towards the cellar's ceiling.

After making him wait, she finally bobbed her head forward began to lick her way up the shaft of his straining cock, her saliva wetting it all the way to the bulbous and purple head that was still leaking pre-cum as his excitement became unbearable. Her ex was softly moaning the whole time and she knew he was in danger of actually letting loose with some coherent words that would have ensured she stopped what she was doing and locked his cock back in its cage. With the help of an adjacent ice-bucket that is. On more than one occasion she had warned him of what would happen if he disobeyed her on this and she could sense him making an extra effort to prevent anything resembling a meaningful word from escaping his lips.

His cock seemed to have a life of its own now and she smiled to herself at the turnaround in their positions vis-à-vis each other. No longer was *she* the needy one – at least where *he* was concerned – and the whole power dynamic between them had undergone an irrevocable change. With every passing day the presence of her in his life loomed larger and larger and his subconscious was beginning to respond to her as a real figure of authority. Since she had decimated his private life with the help of his own laptop he was dependent upon her for everything. Food, water, shelter – such as it was – were all dependent upon her largesse; and, even if he did manage to escape her clutches, he had neither means, family or friends on the outside to provide for him in the short-term until social-services provided the minimal aid to which he was entitled.

All the above and the authorities, thanks to his own laptop and the emails she had put in place from him to her, would have no cause to even caution her. Let alone bring a charge. And, anyway, for the amount of pleasure she was receiving from breaking, emasculating, and enslaving him, the risk was worth it – minimal or not.

The life he had known had been eradicated and it had been the young woman with the piggy features and heavy-set body who was responsible.

A life that same ex-wife was determined he would never know again.

That same ex-wife being the socially lacking young woman with the piggy features he had thought would be a meal-ticket to a life of ease. Once he had divorced her that is. A divorce and its settlement the deluded fool would set him free to enjoy the new relationship he had forged while married to her with a Holloway-based twenty-year-old.

And a twenty-year-old he had actually been in the process of developing feelings for.

All of this she sensed running through his head as he gave himself up to the sensation of her mouth as she began to gently suck on the mushroom head of his rampant cock as her busy fingers caressed and feathered balls heavy with pent-up lust.

She had, she thought again and with massive self-congratulation, come a great distance in so short a space of time.

Using lots of saliva, she began to ease her mouth down his shaft; actually loving the taste of his foreskin upon her tongue now she was the one calling the shots and not doing it simply because her older one-time lord and master demanded it.

Rachel felt him beginning to buck against her mouth and allowed it.

It was, after all, only one more sign of his desperation and growing dependence upon her.

“Would you like to cum, Gavi?” she teased, the removal of her mouth from his cock enough in itself to fetch a moan from him that seemed to originate in his very bowels.

“Woof!” was the instant and canine answer.

“Enough to beg?” she pressed.

His response was only slightly less instant.

“Woof!”

“Good boy!” she applauded, reaching up with a hand to pat his denuded scalp. “But, as dogs aren’t capable of speaking, how do you think you should beg Ms Rachel for her to let you shoot all your doggy goo in her mouth.”

She waited, not wanting to either ask or prompt but determined he should come to his humiliation through his own thoughts.

And be too desperate not to act upon them.

No matter that they would hammer yet more nails into the coffin being made of his manhood.

And still she waited, mouth and full pouting and piggy lips not an inch from his twitching and harder than ever cock.

Then:

At first she wasn't sure she had heard it. So soft and tentative had it been. As if torn from his soul, in fact.

Then it came again.

Louder this time.

And unmistakeably.

Whimpering.

The type of whimpering a pet makes when sensing it is about to be left alone by its owner.

Or denied a much sought after treat.

"Oh, you really are such a good boy," she told him. "You know just how to get around your Ms Rachel don't you?"

She could see the redness of his cheeks that signified his constant state of mortification but was also aware of the deep need in the eyes that gazed into hers so piteously.

And something else.

Something far more than need and, for her, far more exciting.

She saw… *acceptance*.

As if it was truly her right to treat him in such a way.

Smiling up at this man who was some thirteen years her senior and who she had once allowed to sweep off her feet with his beguiling looks and an air of sophistication that had proved to be as ersatz as it was cultivated; she knew exactly the kind of weak creature she had married and divorced.

And found herself grateful for the fact.

As well as willing to prove as good as her word.

"Well, as you begged Ms Rachel so nicely, how can she refuse to let her good doggy have his treat?"

The cock in front of her began twitching like a lightning rod in an electrical storm and she sensed a long buried submissive side buying in to her treatment of him.

He truly was weaker than she would ever have believed possible.

How else could she have conquered him so easily?

Had it been her on the wrong end of such treatment, despite her tender years, he would have needed to kill her before bent in the face of humiliation and indignity of the kind.

It would have taken more than a few spankings, some verbal humiliation, and a stream of piss to make her cave so easily!

The thought made her even more convinced that fate had finally placed them together in the way it had intended all along.

She went back to work on his cock, which was still twitching and was pulsating as if driven by a dynamo of some sort. She began to touch her tongue to it around the base and the sensation caused him cry-out and jerk. Again she took him in her mouth and savoured the taste of salty pre-cum as she began to work the length of his straining shaft. His full balls were an angry red by now and were attempting to pull themselves up towards his shaft prior to exploding.

Without the absent ball-stretcher and separator to aid her, she a hand to squeeze and pull down upon his scrotum, relishing the huge sigh of disappointment from above as his imminent eruption was thwarted.

“Bad doggy!” she told him. “No spurting your useless doggy seed until Ms Rachel gives you permission.

It would be another thirty minutes before *“Ms Rachel”* had taken her fill of teasing him and, taking her mouth from his desperate cock for a few seconds, told him:

“When I snap my fingers, you are going to shoot all your doggy seed into Ms Rachel’s mouth. Then, when she has done swallowing, her little doggy is going to find a way of thanking her for her generosity. Does doggy understand?”

Thoughts fixated on one thing and one thing only, the man once known as Gavin Mullins barely missed a beat as he answered:

“Woof”.

“Good boy,” she praised once again and then placed her warm mouth over his painfully needy cock to suck it again with gusto.”

Ten seconds later, her fingers had barely snapped together when a veritable fountain of sperm exploded against the back of her throat.

Five

Her orgasm was as thunderous as it was instantaneous.

As a naked Gavin Mullins – or *"Gavi"* as she had now re-christened him – sprawled on the mattress between her legs, hands manacled behind his back feet hobbled at the ankles, his cock raging against the unyielding injustice of his cock cage, Rachel Wells shrieked and howled, kicking and bucking against him. His trapped face awash with her warmth and aromatic slickness, jaw and chin near saturated with the fluids that came with her release.

As terrified of her as he now was, he hated the monster with every fibre of his being.

And yet…

If he hated her so much, ran his thoughts, why did his cock attempt to become erect in its confinement simply at the thought of her? A piggy faced girl nowhere near the league of his other conquests – even if the fact she was pleasingly wealthy made up for her lacking physical attributes? How could he even think of her in a sexual way?

And especially in light of the absolute horror she had made and was making of his life?

His thoughts went to the lovely sweet Natalie, for whom he had really started to develop feelings that, for him, were the equivalent of sincere and meaningful.

Before, that is, the pig-woman on the bed had somehow managed to drug him and get him back to…

Wherever it was she currently had him.

She had taken his life from him: girlfriend, possessions, bank-accounts and credit-cards, had all been made a memory. Even the ability to drive, after returning his licence to DVLA with a typed letter she had forced him to sign that said he no longer felt he was mentally competent enough to be responsible for a motor-vehicle, was now denied him.

Should he ever free himself of the insane bitch, that is.

And, even if he did, what could he expect?

Certainly he couldn't see the authorities believing his tale, not after the email to her purporting to be from him, in which he begged for her to make him her *"little doggy servant"*.

And just how could he bear the humiliation of explaining to others – men or women – just how easily she had broken his spirit.

And *especially* the methods she had used to achieve her ends.

Taking him across her knee and spanking him as if he were an infant ad she some draconian Victorian governess.

And worse…

Marking him with her urine as her possession?

As if she were some all-powerful Shogun from ancient Japan.

And he some helpless and shipwrecked European sailor dependent upon her mercy!

Demoralised and self-pitying, not for one moment did the older man consider his treatment of her as an excuse for the hell she was putting him through.

Though he was aware of becoming increasingly terrified of her with each hour that passed.

Knowing her orgasm was not the end of his duty towards her, he made sure not to stop his oral attention to her as her thighs clamped about his hairless head; continuing to lap at her likewise hairless pussy to lick up every drop of her crisis; aware of how she insisted he try to prolong her second of her pleasure from an act he had *never* provided for any other living woman, so great was his distaste for it.

A distaste, along with his inexplicable excitement when he thought of her or she was near, that seemed to have morphed into a desire to please her.

Snatching at straws, and recalling an article he had scanned in a woman's magazine in a doctor's waiting room some years ago, he had attempted to salve his diminishing masculinity. It had been some kind of medical agony aunt who had pointed out to a questioning reader that regular oral sex, of the male-to-female variety, was likely to result in much better behaved husband or partner. As he recalled, the reader was informed that a woman's pussy secreted a hormone when aroused called a *"Copulin"*. A hormone which, if inhaled or ingested into the male system with enough frequency, was likely to result in behaviour that might be described as *"submissive"*.

Such was the quality of the straw he snatched at to provide excuses for his own emasculation.

Even if she had already physically overpowered him before ever letting his nose or tongue near her denuded gash.

He continued to lap at and suck at her clit as if his continued existence depended upon their satisfaction and felt profound release as she continued to climax; her powerful great body with its new musculature flopping around as if it were the plaything marionette of some nervy puppeteer; words spewing from her mouth as the after-shocks of her crisis continued to ripple through her.

"Oh, my good, good boy…!"

"You darling little doggy…!"

“My obedient little pussy slave!”

Over and over she repeated these… *mantras*. These and similar demeaning endearments as he continued to lap away at her; terrified to stop until the three light taps upon his shaven scalp gave him permission.

He had no idea how long he licked and sucked his former wife’s Krakatoa sensitive mini-cock, but it took Rachel some time before her effusions dwindled to a trickle and he received the degrading taps upon his head.

“Good job, doggy,” he heard from above as he allowed his head and aching jaws to slump to the plastic pump-up mattress she had set-up in his *“Kennel”* for just this purpose – and *not* in order that he sleep on it.

That honour went to the cage sat against the wall containing the assorted canes and whips she was ready to use at the slightest hint of disobedience or disrespect on his part.

When she finally calmed down, he became even more aware of her fluids as they dried in his mouth and knew he would never get used to having them there; despite the erections they quite inexplicably prompted. The taste to him was foul and more than anything at that moment in the absence of toothpaste and brush, he desired some liquid with some cut to it – a Coke or Pepsi, or any carbonated drink – to wash it from his mouth. Knowing that all he would be offered – when the bitch was ready – would be plain water.

Cheeks resting upon the mattress, he could see the drenched petals of her sex and their glistening pink folds as they came down from the high he had provided them. This as an image of him standing above them with a machete to hand, ready to perform a clumsy but much merited female circumcision, played across the back of his eyes. At least until his attention focused again on the inexplicably thrusting cock that was trying to come to full flower in its steel prison.

“Well, little doggy Gavi,” her voice came down to him as the steel bars cut into his penis, “you really have excelled yourself. What a wonderful little pussy slave you’re beginning to be. And to think how you always insisted you would never put your tongue somewhere so… *unclean*. Even though you didn’t mind the double-standard of having your perfectly faithless cock in my mouth.”

She paused a moment, then:

“Remember?”

“Woof,” he croaked, throat constricted after its exertions but not wanting to hesitate and risk her anger.

“Yes, of course you do, doggy. But that’s all in the past now and you have a lovely new life with Ms Rachel.”

Again there was a pause.

“You do love your life with Ms Rachel, don’t you?”

It had been said softly and as a question, but it didn’t take a genius to realise the trap implicit within her inquiry.

“Woof,” he responded without prompting.

A hand reached down and tickled his ear, just as if he were a real dog who had given pleasure.

“Good boy. You're doing really well and Ms Rachel is pleased. But you have a long way to go yet. I mean, it’s alright you being a good little doggy for her and laying down here in your kennel while she looks after the house, but that’s not fair is it?”

This time when she paused he was slow to pick up on her intent.

Though he soon caught on.

“Is it?” she repeated, voice taking on the merest hint of the lash.

It was enough.

“Woof, woof!”

“No, that’s right. It’s not. So, in the very near future, and as well as being a most obedient doggy, we are going to have to show you how to do all those chores that Ms Rachel shouldn’t have to do for herself.”

His thoughts raced at this and, as if she was fifty paces ahead of him, she went on:

“Of course, my little doggy is thinking that doing chores for Ms Rachel also means being allowed out of his kennel to go upstairs.”

It had been exactly what he was thinking about.

“And I suppose doggy Gavi is thinking he might be able to run away and play like all the other little doggy’s who haven’t got a strict mummy to keep them in line?”

Again even if only metaphorically, she had divined his thoughts accurately – which didn’t mean he wouldn’t have put a bullet between her bitch eyes had a gun been made available to him.

“The trouble is,” she was going on, speaking to him in an insufferable mix of language one might use for an infant child somehow crossed with a Labrador, “what you would do if you did slip the lead. I mean how would a poor little doggy like you, all alone without money, family or friends, look after himself. Not as if he could go to the Police about his mummy. Not when she has the email he sent her asking that she takes control of him and treat him just like the animal he knows himself to be. And think of the humiliation at having to explain how you were treated and them thinking it was what

you wanted all along. After all, why else would you cancel all your credit-cards and bank-accounts? As well as giving up your driving licence?"

She tut-tutted.

"Surely it could only be because you wanted to experience your fantasy of being a powerless little doggy for a strict animal. I'm right, aren't I?"

The man once known as Gavin Mullins felt the small ray of hope her words about being allowed upstairs recede in the face of her logic and felt a rush of a different kind of fear wash over him.

The fear of being on the outside again. Though he wasn't afraid of having neither friends nor family. One could hardly miss what one had never bothered to have, when all was said and done. But this time around he would be without them at the ripe old age of thirty-seven without the meagre savings in his bank-accounts, credit or the means of getting it, nor the ability to drive that would be crucial if her were to find work and an uphill battle to get DVLA to reinstate his licence after the reason *she* had given for asking to have it revoked in the first place.

And there was something else making him uneasy about the prospect.

Something he could not put a name to.

But soon would.

"Ms Rachel asked doggy Gavi a question, the authoritarian tones of his newly confident and dominant ex-wife asked.

Lost to his thoughts his eyes met hers questioningly.

"Ms Rachel asked her doggy if she was right. Remember?"

"Woof," he responded on the instant, not wishing to provoke a temper that, once experienced, he did not wish to experience again – her seeming ability to switch from calm if perverted reason to molten anger yet more evidence to his mind of her insanity.

"Good," she said. "I'm glad we have that settled. A happy doggy is an obedient doggy – or perhaps that should be the other way around?... No matter. Doggy Gavi has a new mummy to look after him now and all he has to do to be loved and taken care of is be the best and most obedient little doggy he can be."

She was, he was sure, clinically insane, and he wondered how long it would be before her condition tipped the wink to somebody who could actually do something about it.

But then, if she was so insane, why was his cock again trying to come to its fullest extension in its cage?

Could something perverse and unguessed at in is subconscious be reacting positively to her treatment of him and the nonsense she was spouting.

If the mortifying attempt at an erection, causing him such discomfort as it tried to break its steel confines, spoke truly, then yes, there could be no doubting that this was the case.

Yet more cause for his already shamed and emasculated pride to retreat further into the dark recesses of his soul.

“But let’s not talk about such silliness,” her voice brought him back to earth. “You’ve been a very good doggy today and pleased me very much. So I think you deserve a treat.”

Praying she was referring to the release of his caged and needy cock, all thoughts of her insanity were temporarily forgotten as he raised hopeful eyes up past her likewise temporarily sated pussy to meet hers.

“Now, now,” she tutted. “Don’t be a greedy doggy. Mummy only gave little Gavi a release last week. It was a risk giving you it so early, but I thought your behaviour merited it. But don’t make me regret my generosity by asking for more so soon.”

His spirits slumped at the denial of what had been up until he had arrived wherever they happened to be, and in common with men everywhere, the matter of his own satisfaction.

“No,” she went on. “As you’ve been so well-behaved, I have another treat in mind for you.”

Scooting further up the mattress, she bent her left leg at the knee and brought its foot around to the side of his face, using her toes to playfully tweak his earlobe and stroke the side of his jaw.

“I know you did very well, Gavi, but Ms Rachel is still turned on by her little doggy, and what she’d like is for him to show much he worships her by licking her feet nice and slowly and using his doggy tongue to make sure she’s all nice and fresh between the toes.”

He tried to keep the horror of such an undertaking from his face but was not entirely successful.

“Doggy *is* pleased to be given such an honour, Ms Rachel takes it?” she asked, threat implicit.

“Woof.”

Her fleshy featured creased into one of her piggy smiles and he wondered if he’d ever get the chance to wipe it from her face.

Forever!

“Doggy must never forget,” she went on, “that he is being given both a treat and an honour whenever Ms Rachel allows his doggy tongue – and perhaps later, his paws – access to her body… And by that, she means *any* part of her body. Understand?”

“Woof.”

“Good, I’m glad doggy has learned that lesson at least. Ms Rachel was very generous to let you pay homage to her most intimate place and doggy must always remember that any contact with his mummy’s pussy is the greatest honor he can earn.”

“Woof,” came his answer, only realising she hadn’t asked him a question a few seconds afterwards and entirely missing the smile of triumph and satisfaction as his former wife sensed her conditioning of him was paying off.

“Now,” she continued after a few moments, a crimson painted toenail flicking at his lower lip playfully. “We need to get you familiarised with your other pampering duties and what mummy expects of her obedient little doggy.”

She was relentless in her use of the belittling form of language she had decided was the best way to instruct him and knew that if a behaviour was repeated often enough it came to be seen as normal practice by the person at whom it was aimed.

And so it was proving – as his last unsought single bark gave example.

Extending upwards, she suddenly presented him with the pink and creamy sole of her well-tended foot.

“What do you think a good doggy who loves his mummy should do when he sees he foot all up close and personal like this?” she asked.

He remained silent, thankful it wasn’t a yes or no answer and knowing she would soon be supplying whatever it was herself.

“Don’t you think a really loyal and loving doggy would want to please his mummy by giving her lovely feet a nice doggy tongue-bath?”

Though her feet were well-tended, they were still feet, and the thought of tongue-bathing any woman’s – let alone hers – had never crossed his mind down the years; though he knew there were plenty of men who actually paid to be allowed to do it. He could see every wrinkle on her soles as she flexed and wiggled her foot teasingly; for all the world as if she truly were bestowing an honour of the highest kind upon him. Even as he fought back and urge to gag at the prospect.

“Well?” she demanded when he hesitated. “What are you waiting for? Or are you feeling all that doggy emotion for having your mummy treat you so kindly?”

To emphasize her lack of patience, she tapped the big toe of her waiting left foot against the side of his nose.

No more was required.

Taking her foot in his hands, he began to knead it gently.

Only to have her snatch it from his grasp and use it to slap his already crimson-hued cheeks.

“Mummy didn’t ask doggy to play with her foot, but to lick it.”

The sole of her foot made forceful contact with his cheeks once again.

“Don’t make me say it again.”

As her eyes blazed into his he felt his body begin an unmanly shaking, his terror of her ever more ingrained as her inflexibility made inroads into the soft and malleable recesses of his inner child.

Careful to keep the distaste from his face, he stuck out his tongue and began to lick at sole of her foot, the taste of her perspiring skin and, thankfully, the hint of a Body-Shop Peppermint Foot-Lotion immediately introducing itself to his horrified taste-buds.

“Good boy,” came the inevitable praise and, to his everlasting shame, he felt something inside him respond as positively as the cock again attempting to come erect in its cage. “Make sure to lick it all over from the sole mummy’s instep and then onto the ankle. Then you can use the tip of your tongue to bathe in between her toes. And when I’m satisfied with my doggy’s efforts he can do the same for mummy’s other foot.”

Aware, to his horror, that a part of him actually *wanted* to please the piggy featured bitch and earn more praise, Gavin Mullins buried the thought for contemplation at a later date and began to sweep the flat of his tongue from the heel of her foot to the underside of her toes.

As Rachel Wells looked at the former womaniser she was turning into an obedient and terrified canine she acknowledged the thrill his submission provided her. She simply adored being the one with power for the first time in her life; of having the ability to order her former husband to demean himself before her. Humiliating him simply for her own personal amusement as well as the condition aspects of such treatment.

It was, she knew, Natalie included, the greatest rush of her life thus far.

And she knew, beyond any possibility of self-doubt, that now she had experienced the sheer delight of personal control, she would *never* be able to do without it.

The advent of Natalie into her thoughts, however, did channel them onto a different, if related, line.

As her former husband and now caged, chastised, and dehumanised, chattel, licked at her feet as if his existence depended upon pleasing them, she decided that both he and her younger lover were ripe for an introduction.

Six

Leaving him as he was, naked and caged, as well as wearing the humbler she had placed back on him for no other reason than to give her visitor the full effect of the captivity under which *she* had placed him; it was a somewhat frantic Rachel Wells who locked the cellar containing her emasculated and now shocked former husband to rush upstairs to where her equally shocked visitor had fled shortly after this first introduction.

Or, at least, a first introduction under the terms of the *"new regime"*.

"How could you do that to me?" accused her tearful and angry young lover as she gulped back what was not the first of a hastily poured tumbler of neat vodka.

Rachel moved towards her but Natalie's flinch told her not to come any closer.

"It was you all along. There was no *'other girl'*, and he didn't leave me for someone else. I was just a pawn to help you pay him back for the way he treated you."

"No!" Rachel came in forcefully. "You were never that. I knew from observing you with my pig ex-husband that you were a good person. Even from a distance I was falling in love with you."

"So much that you needed to sabotage my relationship with a man I had feelings for. Drugging him and abducting him before inventing some woman in Scotland. Just to have me all to yourself. Is that it?"

Rachel shook her head, sympathetic but emphatic, "That's nonsense, Natalie, and it's only your shock at finding he's the ex-husband I spoke of to you making you say it."

Natalie didn't answer, but neither did she seem convinced.

"Obviously," she pointed to the floor to reference the cellar below them, "I had this in mind for him all along, but when I saw how he was playing you, and my own feelings where you're concerned kicked in, there was no way I was going to allow him to hurt you the way he'd hurt me."

"Really? Or was it that you couldn't stand to see him having feelings for someone else he never had for you? Why else would you try to poison my own feelings for him by introducing some non-existent Scottish *lass*?"

Rachel sighed deeply; a maternal sigh of the type a mother gives when correcting the misplaced anger of an emotional young son or daughter.

"Tell me, Natalie," she began, voice soft and caring; "where had you been before you came home to find him and his belongings gone?"

"You know very well, where I'd been. At my mother's in Whitby."

"Yes. And why did you go?"

Now it was Natalie's turn to sigh:

"To be with my mother when she was checked out after her chemo-therapy. You know this."

"That's right. And you also told me how terrified you were that that the results might show her cancer hadn't responded to the treatment. As well as how relieved and thankful you were when the doctors told you both your mother was in remission."

"Yes, yes, what's your point for god's sakes?"

"Natalie, my love, the point I'm making is that *he* didn't know your mother was in remission when you left. Though he did know just how worried you were about her."

"And?"

Rachel moved to her handbag, removed her iPhone, and powered it up.

"I took these in a Camden night-club," she told a confused looking Natalie. "About two hours after you caught the late train to Whitby."

She held up a picture she had snapped of Gavin dancing arse-arse with a girl even younger than Natalie.

"Look at the time and date of the image. You'll see you hadn't been away from him a couple of hours on your way up North and he was already taking advantage of your absence to check on your sick mum to get himself some strange."

"But… Well, he hadn't met my mum and…"

"But he'd certainly met you and knew just how worried you were; wouldn't you say?"

Natalie didn't answer as Rachel held up another image of him with the same girl at a table, their lips-locked and at least one tongue exploring the mouth of the other.

"Here," Rachel said, offering the phone. "Scroll through yourself and see just who else he had been playing kissy-face with during your time together. Then tell me again about these *'feelings'* he had for you."

Natalie did as she was bid, eyes filling with more tears as the pictures documented the extent of his flirting and proved his declaration of love to her a lie.

This time, when Rachel moved towards her and draped a consoling hand around her shoulders, she allowed it.

"Why didn't you tell me from the beginning, Rachel?" she asked with a catch in her voice. "Why choose to be as dishonest as him?"

“Natalie, my love, you already know the answer to that. I’d only just managed to work my way towards getting to know you. I already knew I had feeling s for you, but how could I just come out and say:

‘Oh, and by the way, I’m your current boyfriend’s ex-wife and I intend to make him pay for the shitty way he treated me and intends to treat you.’

“How would that have gone down with you?”

Natalie’s answer was another *large* gulp of vodka.

“That’s why I waited until now to let you know. I wanted to be sure our feelings – towards each other and… *him* – were on the same page.”

Still Natalie made no reply and Rachel felt a great nervousness in the pit of her stomach.

“We… We are on the same page aren’t we?”

Her nervousness multiplied and became fear when Natalie simply placed her glass down and left the room.

The sound of the front-door closing behind her not seconds later sounding to Rachel Wells like nothing less than a death-knell.

Epilogue

Rachel sat in her private and totally enclosed garden and looked southwards to where the waters of the English Channel sparkled in the harbour. The bottle of vodka on the wrought-iron table in front of her was emptying all too quickly for her tastes and any moment she expected to hear the calling-card of a Police siren in the background as it made its way to arrest her. Even that possibility paling against the thought that if they came it would be the young woman she knew she loved who would be sending them.

Vaguely, she wondered if the fail-safes she had put in position would save her from prison – especially if Natalie was of a mind to explain to the authorities what she knew of them; but her sense of loss did not allow her to linger on such thoughts for long.

Instead, she thought of the man in her cellar she had reduced to the status of an animal and marvelled how, even in this powerless condition, he had again managed to sabotage her life. Of course, she had expected Natalie to be shocked by the presence of her ex-boyfriend in her new lover's cellar – more so when she was informed he was that lover's former husband. But not once had she envisaged her feeling so angry and betrayed by the subterfuge that she would leave.

But she had, just the same.

The imagery of a dream lost filled her head as she pictured the two of them in domestic bliss together. A beautiful home of their own. Independent of money worries. And *totally* committed to each other.

All the above complimented by the presence in their life of an utterly obedient and compliant male-pet to take care of all the tiresome chores likely to intrude upon their idyll.

As well as giving an extra and deviant edge to the sex between them that, even without that presence, was pretty much stratospheric.

Sex, with or without, that would not be taking place between them again.

Feeling tired and alone, her guest in his *"kennel"* suddenly an irrelevance, Rachel again reached for the vodka. The numbness, if not pleasure, it promised a far preferable alternative to the pain of personal loss she was experiencing yet again. A loss that seemed even more acute than the passing of her parents a while back.

It was as she was lifting the glass to her lips that she heard it.

The sound of steps coming through the utility-room that, in common with the French-windows of the living-room she had used to gain access, also led to the garden.

The Police, she thought fatalistically, hadn't even bothered with a siren.

There was, after all, nothing and nobody in danger.

Other than her crushed dreams, that is.

When the door to the garden opened and Natalie stepped onto the wooden-decking; Rachel fully expected to see a flash of blue behind her and a burst of sun as it reflected off the waiting handcuffs.

What she saw, when she could finally take her eyes from the vision that was Natalie, dressed now in a tight navy leotard she must have fetched in the holdall she had brought with her, and stiletto heels she had *not* packed but must have borrowed from Rachel's bedroom closet.

But it was not her appearance or the absence of the Boy's in Blue that astounded her.

That honour was ceded to the long length of cord that wrapped around her hand and trailed behind her as she left the utility-room door and stepped onto the decking.

The smile she aimed Rachel's way was utterly radiant as she told her:

"I thought I'd give doggy Gavi a little walk and some exercise," she said as she tugged her former lover and her current lover's ex-husband onto the decking.

As the stunned Rachel watched the new love of her life lead the old towards her, head down and beaten, humbled, caged, and on all-fours, the sun seemed to shine with an even greater vibrancy.

By the time Natalie kissed her on the lips and took a seat next to her, Rachel Wells was not only euphoric with joy but awash with tears.

"Heel!" snapped Natalie, in a voice far harder and stricter than the one she used for their role-play together.

Rachel watched as the shell of the man that had once been her husband and the lover of the young woman who was holding his lead crouched down at the feet of Natalie and her borrowed spikes.

Then, feeling a hand overlay itself upon her own:

"I think we'll let doggy here rest in the sunshine for a while," she heard Natalie say.

She felt herself nod but found she was completely incapable of speech.

So great was her shock, relief, and, above all, *gratitude*, that the girl she knew beyond all reasonable doubt was the love of her life had returned to her.

And, just as importantly, seemed totally on board with the treatment she had dished out to her former lover.

Not to mention what was to come.

“Surprised to see me back?” she heard Natalie ask, voice coming as if from another room, so dislocated were Rachel’s stunned and vodka jaded senses.

Again she managed to nod as a laughing Natalie leaned over to kiss her again. Deeply, this time. Passionately and meaningfully, before breaking off and holding her eyes.

“Well, as soon as you get over it, we had better start planning our new life together.”

Rachel’s heart sang.

Even more so when Natalie added:

“And just what part our little doggy here will play in it…”

THE END