# Caged & Tamed

***A Wife Takes Control… Totally!***

By
Bronwen Franks

**FDC**

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# “Caged & Tamed”

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# PROLOGUE - THE PRESENT

Of all the positions in which she liked to fuck, and with *any* man, this was the most enjoyable.

In *her* bedroom, in *her* bed, in *her* home, with *her* husband.

Though it was a shame that needs required it be only a once yearly thing.

A naked husband with his hands flat to the mattress and his buttocks atop them as she straddled him, naked except for her 80-Denier opaque stockings in the most stygian black; the sound of her hose rasping against his bare legs as she rode him adding a soundtrack to her excitement that complemented perfectly the whimpers signifying his own excitement she could hear coming from the man who had shared her life these past seventeen-years.

A man who was well aware that she did not enjoy hearing too much noise from him when she was in the process of allowing his cock its once a year entry into the pussy that had once been his to take at will.

Call it a birthday treat.

And a man who, earlier that evening, had not only prepared three friends and fellow teachers a delicious Italian meal, but had actually served it and danced attendance upon them the whole evening while taking in the teasing of the three women good-naturedly while remaining *ultra-deferential* to his demanding wife.

But then, why wouldn't he?

He was her househusband, after all.

And a whole lot less when it was just the two of them and they were away from public scrutiny.

Her lip curled with the pure and malicious pleasure that came from having wrested total control from a man who had, nonetheless, and while not a monster or too controlling, taken a patronising and superior attitude towards her from day one of their courtship and subsequent marriage.

An attitude that was now history and would *never be* allowed to resurface again.

The pure delight she took from his service to her ensuring that fact.

By the dim light of a bedroom-lamp, she could see him staring up at her and marvelled at the change she had wrought in those eyes. Where once there had been a kind of settled and by-the-numbers love beamed back at her; a love that gave no surprises and expected none in return; now there was something quite different.

And more than just one *something*.

What she saw in those eyes now was everything her late-aunt had told her could be hers - if she would only realise what kind of man she had married and got past those handsome looks to make best use of his real… *potential.*

The *"if only"*, of course, not being the walk-in-the-park her aunt's no-nonsense tone had made it out to be and, weakness or not on her husband's part, it had taken an act of courage on her part; along with her growing dissatisfaction with their bland and childless home-life and, more crucially, her aunt's legacy, that had finally forced her to act.

That she now had him beaten and broken to her will – and the journey to which she had committed them in order to get him to such a stage - was enough to send her over the edge on its own, but the fact he looked up at her with such adoring and needy eyes as she took the plunge, despite her treatment of him, only served to take her arousal into nebulas and galaxies unimagined by the vanilla housewife she herself had once been.

Was she cruel?

Yes, and no. The man who had once been her equal, maybe even considered himself her superior, would now be lost without her loving control. Surely, to let him go would make her cruel, and that, she knew would *never* happen!

Was she a pervert?

Definitely – even if it hadn't always been the case before the intervention of a loving aunt who was, *at the least*, as deviant as her niece.

Was she evil?

Perhaps – though she was, understandably given the pleasure her current position of authority provided, more than willing to leave that assessment to a higher authority.

As her position astride the man who had once asserted equal rights as a partner allowed her to reach down and stimulate her clit with greedy fingers, this as she increased the pace with which she rose and fell upon her husband's crow-bar hard cock, she again gave thanks to the aunt who had set things in motion and brought her existence to *real* life.

As she went over the edge for the first of what would be a number of orgasms from her rise and fall upon her husband's well-trained penis, her aunt was at least on a par with her euphoria in thoughts that were as grateful as they were deviant for the series of eye-opening talks, and the bequest that had followed, that had allowed her to become the woman she now was.

The same woman now so confident in her ownership of him she felt entirely safe in the surprise gift she intended to offer him after she had done him the honour of allowing his cock from its cage in order that she might ride it…

# OPENING GAMBIT

"I want to take complete control of your life for… well… a short period at least," she told him one night after dinner in the home they had only moved into barely two months before, left to her by the aunt who had been her sole remaining relative.

Tara Bendix recalled her last conversation with an aunt she had grown close to in the last years since her own parents passed. She had married well and was left comfortable when her stockbroker husband had passed. Now it was her niece who was the recipient of her late-husband's sound financial sense.

Plus, an ageing aunt's advice in regard of her marriage that probably explained why her father always regarded his only sister-in-law as… well… *odd*.

A preoccupied, and slightly irritated to find himself interrupted, David Bendix took his gaze from the Champion's League football match he had been so absorbed in and gave her a look that wavered between befuddlement, annoyance, and the sense of not having got the punchline of a joke. He was a middle-manager with Her Majesty's Revenue and Tax service, having joined them from college, and had taken to the financial freedom provided by her aunt's legacy like a duck to water. So much so, in fact, that the very first thing he did when the money and the house was in their hands was to terminate his own employment of the past twenty years and leave. Though not before tearing the superior he detested to verbal shreds before he did so and, in the process, sabotaging any prospect he might ever have of returning should the need arise.

An out-of-character piece of rashness that was about to bite him on the arse; the civil-service not being known for welcoming back abusive employees.

He had, metaphorically for sure, fucked himself.

Big time.

Both at 39, they still made an attractive couple; Tara with a womanly and hourglass figure with the sands perfectly dispersed, silky black hair, creamy skin, and a face bordering on the plain that was rescued by a pair of full and succulent lips that seemed forever in a sexy pout. Like her handsome if unadventurous husband, she could have been taken for late-twenties rather than thirties and did not suffer for lack of male attention. Though, to this point, that attention had been only of the look-see variety.

Something, if she were to truly take her aunt's advice, that would be changing very soon – and to *her* advantage…

*"I'll be gone soon, Tara, and you are going to be a financially independent woman," her aunt had told her during the last days – a strong vibrant woman reduced to a shell of herself by the emphysema intent on killing her. "And when I say YOU, I mean only YOU. My will is set-up as a trust you alone will have access to and is protected should you and David ever decide to part."*

*Adding quickly, with a vehemence her niece misconstrued:*

*"Not that I'm advocating for one second that you divorce him.*

*"You don't like him much, do you?" Tara had asked, about to be surprised by her aunt's response.*

*"On the contrary, my love. I think he is absolutely perfect."*

*Thinking it was just another example of her aunt's humour, Tara's lip curled long-sufferingly.*

*"Not in his current form, of course," her aunt went on, preparing to deliver the speech that would change her niece's life forever and take her into a dark world of sex and dominance that, once experienced, she would be unable to leave. "But, if you were to take my advice, I think he is just the kind of raw material you can train to make your married life more… pleasing… He has many admirable traits and, though he has yet to be made aware of it, I detect in him a certain submissive trait that will certainly help you if you take my advice and…*

*She had paused; then:*

*"Put him under."*

…"Go on," he said, handsome face eager to return to the football. "What's the punchline?"

"No punchline," Tara told him, amazed at how calm she felt now the moment was upon her and all the weeks of considering her aunt's advice had led her to this point.

Not to mention the changes she had made below stairs while he served out the remaining month of his employment.

"I've decided I want our marriage to become female-led."

She could see from his expression that he hadn't heard the term before, but he was a little dull, not stupid, and it was not hard for him to work out the significance of the words.

Anger was not slow in following.

For a career Civil Servant who was, as said, a little dull he had quite the short fuse.

"Meaning?" he sought greater clarification, cheeks reddening as he realised this was no joke.

"Meaning," she paraphrased, untroubled by the eyes that blazed into her own, "that we now live in my house and on my money and I think it's only right that I should be the head-of-the-household."

Predictable as he was, it wasn't difficult for her to see the cogs in his mind turning the situation over.

The house they had lived in prior to her aunt's bequest, had been in negative equity since the meltdown of 2009 and, though it had clawed its way back to more than parity in the years since, the massive mortgage *Mr Dull* had convinced her to take to finance it had actually meant they only broke even and basically had to use what remained of the meagre savings they had clawed together after the crash, from their work as teacher and tax inspector respectively, simply to pay the estate-agents their fee for selling it for them.

"You chose to give up your job, not me," she reminded him. In case it's escaped your notice, I still have mine and will be promoted to head-of-department soon."

She shook her head at him as if sad as he sipped at the vodka and tonic *she* had mixed him earlier:

"But then, aunty was right. You never were ambitious."

"Your aunt…? Your aunt said that?" he asked, obviously having mistaken her aunt's natural courtesy towards him for approval.

"She also said that, though you would make an admirable husband under the right circumstances, you were a naturally weak man and it was only a stubborn pride preventing you from realising that our married life would be so much more… *pleasing*… if you were to accept that *I* should be the one running it."

"I was aware of your aunt's breathing difficulties," he rallied, after another sip of his V&T, "but I had no idea she was suffering from dementia also."

His wife was unfazed.

"My aunt was the most clear-sighted and wise person I've known. And remained that way until her last breath."

*"Yeah, right!"* his expression mocked as he took yet another sip of the vodka & tonic *she* had mixed him.

"She also believed that life was intended to be lived and all its possibilities explored. And that is why we are having this discussion.

"She told me, in fact, that if my uncle had not been the nuclear opposite of you she would have moved heaven and earth to have the kind of marriage she intended for me."

A sudden flash of worry widened his eyes as the unthinkable occurred to him for the first time.

Was she thinking of divorcing him?

Given that he was a man – or at least considered himself to be – in the mode of her late-uncle and would never consent to such an abomination as this *"Female-Led"* arrangement she had alluded to; no matter how *"weak"* her aunt had deluded herself he was; how else could she find what she was looking for in a partner.

*If*, he thought, part of him still thinking this was some joke on her part, she was serious.

"You need not worry on that score at least," she laughed, reading him again with ease on both scores. "I have no intention of *ever* divorcing you."

Though he tried hard not to show it, he could not quite hide his relief.

And especially since they had sold the home that had been in their names and he had burnt all his bridges with his career of almost twenty years – though the full implications of his rashness had yet to be brought home to him.

He was *not* so relieved, however, when she added:

"But I am *deadly* serious about becoming the senior partner in our marriage."

He stared at her as if she had turned green and antennae now grew where once there had been ears – the alien life-form in front of him was certainly not his wife.

"A *very* senior partner," she finished, eyes not flinching from his own.

He took another sip of the drink *she* had mixed him, as if, somehow, it was capable of waking him from the illusion he seemed to be enduring.

"I love you in my own way still," she went on, "and you're the only man who will ever be my husband."

She smiled at him, noticing that his eyes had difficulty remaining on hers.

"But, after tonight, our marriage will be taking a direction entirely of *my* choosing and you will *never* have the slightest say in anything I do again."

A mixture of emotions flitted across the smooth and unlined skin of his handsome features as he tried to make sense of what he was hearing and feeling, eyelids drooping as his wife took the glass from his hand and stroked his luxuriant hair for what she intended would be the final time.

"Some people say," she said, as much to herself as him as his consciousness faded, to always be careful about what you wish for. One could, they say, find one's wishes not so pleasing in the cold light of day."

As his eyes remained firmly shut and he slumped into his chair, she placed an affectionate kiss upon his forehead and told unhearing ears:

"But that, my love, is certainly *not* going to be the case with me…

# CELLAR

If a utility room had ever been combined with a dungeon, the cellar in which David Bendix awoke would be that combination. His vision was made elliptical by the bars that dissected it and, beyond them, he could see a wash-basin and work-counter, alongside which were a washing-machine and a tumble-dryer. In one corner stood an un-curtained shower pedestal and a towel rack, upon which hung some fluffy pink and new looking towels.

Apart from one very narrow and barred window of frosted glass, set high in the cellar wall, what light there was came from a naked bulb overhead and he guessed it was evening.

It was, he thought, as something approaching equilibrium returned to his senses, as depressing as it was surprising.

But not so surprising as it was to discover he was on what appeared to be the carpeted floor of a cell in the middle of the concrete floored cellar.

A cage that had been *anchor-bolted* into the concrete.

And in that cage he was totally naked, save for something at his throat and something…

*Else*.

"A fucking collar?" he questioned aloud, as disbelieving fingers explored the offending decoration and discovered a steel-ring at the back of his neck embedded in the thick leather.

"Not just a collar," answered a voice from behind and outside the cage.

Startled, he swiveled around, still sat on his arse, in the direction of the voice he knew belonged to his wife, feeling as he did so, something metallic at his netheregions he was too preoccupied to explore at that point.

Though his wife was under no such restraint.

"I took the liberty of putting your little penis in a nice cock-cage I had specially made in Russia," she told him calmly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

His eyes shot to his own genitals and, sure enough, it was not just his body behind what looked to be impregnable steel bars but his prick too. A ring of tubular steel surrounded his scrotum to which the cage was attached and he could see two tiny and secure padlocks which appeared have to combination locks completing his confinement.

"Have…? Have you gone entirely off your fucking head?" he asked, too shocked to raise his voice – though that would come.

She was seated in a comfortable high-backed chair that had been placed on a plush rug, looking as if she had just returned from school; black hosed legs, feet shod in sensible low-heeled shoes, black to the knee skirt, white shirt and a jacket of grey twill.

Had there been one to attend, she could just as easily be dressed for a funeral, but she did look, much as his thoughts hated to confess it… *authoritative*.

"I'm assured by the manufacturers," she began, "that, without the combination sequence, securing release from it would, while not impossible, certainly result in the cremation of the genitals, given the heat required to burn through the steel imprisoning your cock and balls."

David Bendix stared at the device enclosing his genitals with disbelief bordering on catatonic shock as she added, holding up what looked to be a tiny remote-control:

"It also has an electrical capacity that is delivered by circuitry inside the ring securing your scrotum and powered by re-chargeable batteries inside the two tiny padlocks."

Her smile as she delivered the run-through was nothing short of diabolical.

*And* anticipatory.

Screwing his eyes shut, David Bendix questioned what he was seeing and hearing. The last thing he remembered before waking was having a somewhat odd conversation with his wife. And then…

*This!*

*"Am I dreaming still?"*

"The makers," she began, as if he actually gave a fuck, "are based in a place called Yakusk. It's in Siberia and it's supposed to be the one of the coldest cities in the world."

She gave a little mock shiver.

"Thank god I didn't have to go there! The joys of the Internet, eh? All they needed was your measurements and *voila!* Being the logical man you are, you should be proud of the way arranged matters so expertly. I ordered and assembled the cage you're currently resting in and purchased the sleeping agent necessary to keep you under while I got you settled in your new… *quarters*."

Then, as if to herself, amused:

"Amazing what you can get on the Internet these days."

Again she laughed:

"And to think, it was all paid for with the last of the credit remaining on your Visa-card."

Lost for a response, he simply stared at her as if she had just been beamed down from a Romulan flight-deck.

"I even purchased the Stair-Climber necessary to get your snoring body down here with it. But don't worry, I'll pay off the card and close it for my little boy when the bill arrives at the end of the month."

She tutted disapprovingly:

"Even with the Climber it was no picnic getting you down here. You appear to have put on some pounds in the past few years and were quite difficult to move. But we will soon address that now I'm in charge of things.

Wondering to which part of the universe the Federation had deemed fit to beam *him*, his hand went to the back of his own head as if to slap himself awake.

Only to find a further horror as, instead of making contact with hair, his fingers found only scalp.

"You…? You…?"

"Shaved your head? Yes. I prefer it that way. Makes you look so much more… *servile*… without hair."

Grabbing the bars of his cells and shaking them as he finally lost control – of his own emotions, anyway, the enraged husband realised the power of his anger, though it might be enough to murder his wife if his hands could gain purchase about her neck, was not sufficient even to rattle the bars confining him.

But it was what he could see behind his wife, in the rest of the cellar itself, that brought his futile efforts to a halt.

He saw items and devices he had only previously seen in the magazine belonging to his roommate at college who'd had a warped predilection for such things.

Things that had *never* played the slightest part in any desires of his own.

On the wall hung numerous whips, chains, hoods, gags and other instruments of the pervert's trade.

And, facing the corner of the cellar, so that whoever was placed in it would be deprived any view except that of the white-washed wall facing him, was a pair of old-fashioned wooden-stocks one might expect to see standing on a village green in a film based on something by Defoe or Richardson.

"Aunty and uncle used to use this as their *'Play* Room'," she told him, noting the direction of his gaze. "Of course, uncle was far too commanding a presence to ever consent to my aunt's domination of him ever being anything other than a bit of marital fun."

Her eyes glittered with the excitement of both the situation and what she was saying and her husband knew with certainty that, deranged or not, she was serious in her perverted intent.

"That's why I had some changes made while you were working out your notice with HMRC. Poor aunty would never have been able to use uncle Martin the way I intend to use you, no matter how badly she wanted to, and that's why I had the cellar fitted out with what you'll be needing to perform all your domestic chores."

"You truly have gone fucking insane," he spat, rising to his full five-feet-eleven; only to be stopped by the bars standing in for the roof of his new home and finding he was forced to either kneel or crouch – with kneeling being by far the more comfortable of his options.

And to kneel or crouch naked and collared, genitals imprisoned also, before the wife on the other side of the bars who sat at her ease as if ensconced upon a throne and gazed *admiringly* upon his helplessness.

*"A-fucking-amazing!"*

"The moment I get out of here," he told her, meaning every word he spoke, "I'm having you fucking committed. You're not fit to be free in polite society; let alone be teaching childr-"

He was vaguely aware of her hand pressing the tiny remote-control in her hand when all hell let loose in his nervous system as his cock and balls felt as if they were being fried. Too stunned to speak, the pain robbing him of the facility to even breathe, he fell to his side on the floor of his cage and prayed for the agony to stop.

"That," she told him after what seemed an eternity later and he was at least able to breathe and think more clearly, "was the lowest setting."

She allowed him some time for her words to sink in, then:

"There are three more and I promise you will not like any of them."

Her expression was an amused one as she thought it over:

"In fact, I can pretty much promise that you will beg me to return to the first setting if you force me to use any of the others."

He considered this horror for a few seconds, then:

"For the love of god, Tara," he began, croaking voice filled with fear and already a pale imitation of what it had been not seconds before. "What's got into you? What do you think the Police are going to do when they find out what you're doing to me?"

"Now don't you worry about silly little things like the Police," she said soothingly, as if he were a little boy in need of reassurance. "Ms Tara has given that a lot of thought and everything is in hand."

*"Ms Tara?"* her description of herself echoed in his head; further proof, were he in need of any, that she had completely lost it.

"In fact, Ms Tara has given everything a lot of thought so that *you* don't have to. All you need to do once I have you nice and trained, is concentrate on being the best husband-cum-servant you can be for me.

Having always been convinced of her kind-hearted nature and knowing her love for him had been as strong as his for her, David Bendix could get no further than insanity – hopefully temporary – as a cause of her behaviour towards him. Even if the steps she had taken so far in her madness had all been well-calculated. Going with his former impressions of his loving wife, however, he decided to appeal to her compassionate side.

"Have I been so bad a husband to you, Tara?" he asked, deliberately – and with no great difficulty – filling his voice with enough hurt and recrimination to at least give his fear company.

Her answer was instant and gave proof that what was happening here was something she had been deliberating on for no small amount of time now.

"Not bad, no," she told him, voice matter-of-fact, as if she were discussing a meal out. "But certainly dull."

The description piled on the hurt, it not being a new one exactly and, though it was the first time he had heard it from his wife's lips, it was a criticism a number of girlfriends had aimed at him in the past.

"'*Handsome but boring'*, as my aunt described you," she finished.

"Don't forget *'weak'*," he snapped out, cut to the core as much by her words as her actions.

"I haven't," she assured him. "And nor will I. My aunt said your overbearing and patronising manner with me came from a sense of your own weakness. In other words, by trying to take the lead with me, you were simply sublimating to camouflage the shame you felt for your own deficiencies."

He tried hard not to berate her again in the face of such stupidity.

Not too difficult a forbearance with the remote-control in full view.

He contented himself with a rueful and disgusted shaking of the head.

*"Him?"*

*"Weak?"*

“If it wasn’t for the fact I cared so much for you, the blinkers would have fallen from my eyes all the sooner. In fact, I still care for you. That’s why I won’t desert you now you have no home and no job.”

It occurred to him for the first time that what she said to him – apart from the madness aspect of her words and actions - was no more than the simple truth. Even with negative equity, their home had at least been half-his and he would have been able to remain in it. Had he been able to pay the mortgage and before, that is, they had sold at a loss.

“Tara, you need help,” he said softly, the words he intended to follow them dying in his throat as she aimed the remote-control in his direction and he prepared for the excruciating pain to erupt in his genitals again.

“From now on,” she began, rising from her chair and taking a few steps forward to loom over his cage, “you might want to think hard before speaking without my permission.”

His mouth dropped open and she almost giggled at his stupefaction.

The wife he had once led was now leading him.

And *not* in a consensual way.

*“Not speak without her permission?”*

“From now on I speak and you listen,” she confirmed. “Is that clear?”

He remained silent.

Incredulous.

Without a split-second’s hesitation, she pressed the remote.

He could have no idea of the actual settings she used, but he was sure of one thing: it was *not* the first.

The searing pain that immobilised his whole body was far beyond that first experience and he would have vomited had his mind been able to send the command to do so to his throat and stomach.

Unfortunately, his brain was busy with other sensations.

*None* of them pleasant.

It lasted probably no more than a few seconds, but the impact it left upon him was profound; knowing as he did that too much more of such treatment and his manhood would be a memory. Knowing also that, insane or not, he had no immediate way of preventing his wife from treating him in such a way.

“That was the second setting,” he heard as if from a distance as his body shook and trembled. “Refuse to answer me – and answer politely – when I ask you something and

I promise your cock and balls, not to mention the rest of you, will not like what the other two settings are capable of doing."

Even in his discomfort after the stunning of him, his thoughts were capable of pondering just what the other settings could do to him if she chose to use them.

It would be safe to say that his growing sense of terror for this deranged woman who had once been his loving wife was not lessened any.

"I'll repeat myself," came her voice from above him, her hose-clad feet all he could see of her from his prone position on the floor of his cage, drool over which he appeared to have no control spilling from his lips onto the carpet between his naked body and the concrete floor of the cellar. "From now on, when I speak you listen. And, if I ask you a question, I expect your answer to be rounded off with a *'Yes, Ms Tara'*."

There it was again:

*"Ms Tara!"*

She truly had gone off her fucking head!

"In fact," she went on, "it would be a good idea if you asked my permission when you wish to speak, and did so respectfully and deferentially. Clear?"

He stared up and beyond the columns of her hosed legs to where her hands rested upon her hips expectantly and, despite what had happened so far, still refused to believe he was awake and this was actually happening to him.

His benumbed lack of response taken as a refusal and the remote again aimed at him.

The words were out of his mouth before he had realised he was about to say them as, likewise, was the scrambling to his knees he had no recall of having ordered:

"No! Please! Don't!"

"You disobeyed, Ms Tara," she told him, finger still on the button as, like most mentally unhinged people, she referred to herself in the third-person. "If she doesn't punish you, how can she expect you to learn?"

Suddenly realising at just what a disadvantage she had him and the fact neither an appeal to the love she said she still had for him, nor reason itself, would prevent her from pressing that button again if he didn't give her what she wanted – at least for now – David Bendix bent his neck and allowed his manly pride to take a back seat.

Though not without promising himself that, when he got free, as he must at some time, he would take great pleasure in watching the police as they took her to her new home.

Be that new home a run of the mill prison or a facility for the criminally insane.

But that was for later.

For now, his immediate imperative was to avoid what she could do to him with her remote-control and the contraption she had locked around his cock and balls.

"I… I'm sorry, hmmm. Ms, hmmm, Tara."

"I'm sure you are," she snapped out in her best school-marm voice. "And if you aren't you soon will be."

He tensed as she moved but no pain was forthcoming as he gazed up at her from his position, caged and naked at her feet.

"Just the same, you have been disobedient and you know my views on how to deal with behaviour of such a kind."

More and more, he realised, she was speaking to him as if he were a wilful pupil in need of correction, rather than a man approaching forty with whom she had shared a bed these past seventeen years.

*And*, if the heaving of her still full and shapely breasts beneath the white cotton shirt were any guide, dealing with him in such a way was having quite the effect upon her sexuality.

As if echoing his thoughts; she told him:

"Of course, the punishments I use for my pupils when they misbehave are not of a kind suitable for a supposedly grown man like yourself. But that does not alter the fact that some punishment has to be supplied if they are to learn from their mistakes."

David Bendix stared up into his wife's face as she said this and realised she was *utterly* serious; wondering at the same time how he hadn't spotted the signs of her growing mental instability – presuming it hadn't simply sprung into a full and vindictive life over one night.

"You deliberately ignored what I said I expected from you in future," she went on, "and so, if you are going to learn to do as I say, I need to be totally consistent with you from now on."

She paused for a moment as their eyes met and he knew, with a thrill of pure horror, that he was right and his wife truly was experiencing a sexual rush from lording it over him so sadistically.

"So," she began again, chest heaving with a desire he had no doubt was translating itself into liquid form further down, "and that being the case. I propose to give you a choice." He stared up, repelled but part fascinated by the transformation that had overtaken her. A transformation that had either taken root suddenly, or had been gaining ground for some time and gone unnoticed by him. At least from the time of her aunt's passing on.

"You can either be punished with another burst from the first setting of my trusty remote-control here and the circuitry encircling your tackle so ingeniously…"

He waited, the prospect of the ring and cage imprisoning his cock and balls being brought to life with an electrical current making him literally dizzy with fear.

"…Or…" she went on, turning from him to step to the wall, from which she selected a whippy bamboo cane around three-feet in length before returning to loom above him.

"Or, you can place your left-arm outside your cage and present your hand for six-of-the-best from Ms Tara's persuader here… But remember, if I hear one unauthorised word from you, begging or otherwise, we'll see how you like the third-setting."

The look he gave her, as relieved as it undoubtedly was that he would not have to undergo the electrical agony of his genital prison, was no less appalled at hearing she expected him to submit to a punishment that had been banned from schools before even he was a lad.

Just for a second – a brief second before reality kicked in – he half-expected her to laugh and tell him it was all a joke; before allowing him out of the cage to shower before supper.

As said: a VERY *"brief second"*.

If, as she insisted, he was *"weak"*, he snarled to himself, then she was certainly humourless.

"Well, what's it to be?" she cut into his thoughts, bamboo-cane in one hand, remote-control in the other. "I'll give you three seconds to decide. If I haven't received an answer to my generous offer by then…"

Instead of finishing her sentence, she held up the remote by way of a suffix.

Then, as he pondered his choice between feeling an electrical current surging through his scrotum and his penis, or being caned as if he were a recalcitrant schoolboy from the 1950's:

"One…"

He looked up at her beseechingly, still unable to quite grasp the sheer, jaw-dropping, frankly preposterous, nature of what was happening to him.

"Two…"

There was not one shred of compassion for him he could see in the expression she beamed down towards him, her face intent and even the full, plump, and unusually for this day-and-age, collagen-free lips he had found so sexy when they first met gave off nothing now but the impression of a perverse desire to… *control*.

Though he did get the impression she had a preference for the kind of punishment he was about to choose.

And had a suspicion he knew just which one it was.

It was only when the count reached three. and he slid an arm between the bars before unclenching his fist and offering out the palm of his hand, that her radiant and positively evil smile told him his suspicion was correct.

# INTERLUDE

*He stood before her as she sat calm and collected in what she now referred to as her "Throne". The relief he felt to be out of the cage – both cages in fact – was tempered by the fact he was naked still and posed in front of her as she held onto a lead she had attached to his collar.*

*It was a lead of the kind used for dogs to give them plenty of leeway before their owner pressed a button and it reeled them back in. A facility she had taken advantage of to allow him – insist – he walk back and forth the length of the cellar to exercise his cramped muscles while she held the lead – almost as if she were lunging a horse. A walk he made with some difficulty, given the shuffling steps predicated by the hobbles she had attached to his ankles; hobbles that linked each leg with a chain while another chain between his legs was attached to another chain at his waist which, in turn, ran upwards behind his back to clip onto a similar arrangement confining his hands and arms.*

*The humiliation he had felt to be paraded in such a way before a woman who was, legally, still his wife was immense, but even that faded a little when her hands went to his imprisoned genitals to dial in the combination unlocking the two tiny padlocks and remove the cage from his penis – though the ring surrounding his scrotum remained in place.*

*Surprisingly, or perhaps not so much, given the way she hosed him down with, thankfully, warm water each evening as he sat stoically in his cell and allowed the inevitable, he was aware of no offensive smell emanating from his privates; which is not to say he would have cared if it had, overpowering was the sense of freedom and release when his manhood – or at least a part of it – was freed.*

*"Does my good boy like having his little willy come out to play?" she had asked demeaningly, standing directly in front of him in the same clothes she had worn to work and handling his scrotum while rolling the testicles between her fingers. Just as if, in fact, they were family jewels she both owned and could dispose of as she wished.*

*"Yes, Ms Tara," he answered instantly, not wanting his freedom cut short and, after two weeks without release, praying for something more than just the play of free-air around his cock.*

*"And?" she inquired expectantly, face hardening a little.*

*"Th-Thank you, Ms Tara," he added.*

*"Good boy!" she praised, "But don't forget again. You know how much Ms Tara likes to hear your appreciation of her kindness."*

*"Sorry, Ms Tara," he answered without a beat, marvelling at how low she had taken him, and without, it seemed, having worked too hard to do it. "I won't forget again."*

*She nodded understandingly, "Very well, we'll let it pass this once. I realise there are a lot of new rules for you to learn and I'm quite pleased with your progress after such a relatively short space of time. But you did forget something else didn't you?"*

*Aware that the slightest infringement could not only result in his cock being imprisoned before it could find its release but that his deranged wife might be tempted to use the remote-control should she be sufficiently pissed-off with him, he thought furiously as to what offence he might have caused.*

*"How did I tell you to speak in future?" she reminded him.*

*Light dawned, and with it came fresh humiliation as he recalled her instructions of the day before; but not enough humiliation for him to risk ruining his first taste of an admittedly straitened freedom in two weeks.*

*"Davey won't forget again, Ms Tara," he corrected himself in an obsequious voice he would once have found it, or the words it intoned, impossible to believe he could ever adopt.*

*Going on to add:*

*"Thank you, Ms Tara."*

*"I'm pleased with you, Davey. I know just how hard you find it to address me in so humble and childlike a fashion. But it really is the fastest way of drumming it into you that our relationship has changed and will never be the same again."*

*First freedom in two weeks or not, David – "Davey – Bendix kept his expression neutral as all thoughts of the mayhem he would like to wreak upon the person of the bitch in front of him flashed behind his eyes.*

*And yet…*

*If he were so enraged by her treatment of him, why was the cock she had just released standing to attention as if he were a Private receiving a personal inspection from a visiting Brigadier-General?*

*"You have been good though and, just as naughty boys are punished when they're bad, so should they be rewarded when their behaviour is more… pleasing."*

*Despite everything, his spirit soared.*

*The deprivations, solitude, and punishments of the past fortnight had – pretty much as she intended – left him desperate for any kind of distraction from his new and emasculating lot.*

*And what better distraction than sex?*

*Allowing his lead some slack but still retaining it in her hand, Tara Bendix seated herself on her throne and beckoned him closer; watching as his eyes flashed with eager expectation and knowing just what it was he was expecting.*

*"Stupid boy!" she thought.*

*"No, Davey," she told him, using the sole of her shoe placed upon his bare stomach to edge him back a pace or two from her. "Ms Tara is not going to put your little cockle in her mouth."*

*The downturn of his lips was enough to tell her she had gauged his "expectations" correctly.*

*"That is something never likely to happen again; though Ms Tara will be expecting you to please her lovely pussy with your tongue on a regular basis from now on."*

*The wince he tried to hide was nonetheless unmistakable.*

*"Yes, I know you have always refused to do this for her but I think we now have the correct motivation in place for you to have a rethink."*

*The horror for an act he had always professed to find distasteful – despite the joy he took in receiving its male equivalent - was evident upon his face, despite valiant attempts on his part to keep his expression in plain and neutral mode.*

*All the more thrilling for her!*

*"But that is for later," she told him to his relief. "When Ms Tara has time enough to train her little boy to lap at her pussy in a suitably enthusiastic and deferential way."*

*David Bendix noted that, despite his reaction to what she described and his disappointment at being told a blowjob was off the table, his cock was no less urgent than when she had first released it; contenting his pride with the excuse it was no more than recent deprivation ensuring he reacted in such a way.*

*Lost for a moment in his thoughts, he came back to earth with a resounding and pleasing thud when he felt contact either side of his erection and the rasp of nylon against taut foreskin as her hosed feet began to manipulate his excitement; the smell of leather and perspiration wafting up to him from hose she had been wearing all that day to school.*

*"Oooh, does my little boy like Ms Tara's feet on his excited little cockle?"*

*He mouthed a "Yes, Ms Tara," knowing that his "little cockle" was at least average but in no mood or position to take her to task for her attempt to belittle him.*

*That, after all, was a boat that had long since left dry-dock.*

*Her feet removed themselves and he found himself staring down into a pair of stern – and quite mad, he thought - female eyes.*

*As a dog's intelligence quotient and ability to translate simple commands appears multiplied by the presence of food, so the possibility of an orgasm acted upon the senses of David Bendix*

*"I… I mean, Yes, Ms Tara. Davey likes her feet on his little cockle."*

*Her smile returned instantly and so did her feet, taking the head of his angry looking cock between her hosed toes to flex and unflex, drawing a huge sigh that was at once delight and defeat from her lost and increasingly beaten husband-in-name-only.*

*"Good boy!" she told him, feeling the hose covering her agitated cunt begin to saturate with her own arousal. "But no more speaking now. Just concentrate on the wonderful sensation of Ms Tara's beautiful sweaty feet around the cock she now owns."*

*He shuddered with inexplicable lust and desire at words and actions that were completely alien to the meat-and-potatoes love life they had known prior to her caging of him.*

*He would not, she thought, last too long before he spent himself all over her toes, so uncharacteristically out-of-control had he become.*

*Which was when, the thought no sooner flashed through her thoughts, that the husband she was in the process of conditioning, domesticating, and thoroughly enslaving, gave one last massive convulsion and delivered his semen towards the cellar ceiling in a gusher that seemed intent on competing with anything the oil-fields of Texas could produce.*

*As the last of his cum left his cock and dribbled over her hose, she allowed him to sink to his knees upon the cellar floor, her thoughts towards him at that moment of the fond variety.*

*In fact, she didn't think, at that moment, that she had ever lover her husband more.*

*Which did not mean she would allow him to forgo his last chore before his cock was locked in its cage once again and he was returned to his captivity.*

*Worn all day or not, her hose was now covered in cum and that would simply not do.*

*And, as he had put it there, he would be the one cleaning it off.*

*How?*

*Well, he had a tongue in his head, didn't he?*

# ANOTHER CONVERSATION

"Shuffle over to me now and kneel in front of Ms Tara like a good boy," she ordered in a voice shot through with certainty that it would be obeyed.

It was three weeks on from the six cuts of the cane that had been his first experience of corporal punishment and he still recalled the agony of the bamboo as it swished onto his virgin palm – almost as much as he recalled the shame he felt for having been reduced to genuine tears so easily by the wife who had gone to the dark-side.

It had been three weeks he had mostly spent alone, drinking from a kind of cyclist's contraption she had fixed to the top of his cage and defecating into a round plastic container at the corner of the same prison; a smelly reminder of his changed circumstances she at least had the kindness to change upon her return from school and her nightly – and sparse – feeding of him. Three weeks of not seeing anyone from the morning when she left for work until the evening when she returned; so desperate for human contact he was grateful even for the presence of the same wife who had placed him in is current situation. Three weeks during which she had kept him to a minimum of food and in which – just as she had intended – he'd had time to reflect upon his condition and the vengeance he would wreak when he gained his freedom.

The fact he could hardly think at all without memories of her bringing him off with her feet a few days before, this as he knelt before those same feet, and the unheard of explosion that had been his orgasm after only a few strokes of her humiliating attention, was not conducive to reasoned thinking designed to guide him through the mess in which she had placed him.

By now, surely, all those who knew him would be asking after him.

Wouldn't they?

How would she explain his absence to their friends, after all?

His friends!

The guys at the squash-club who knew he *never* missed a Tuesday and a Thursday match – what would they make of his continued no-shows?

And what about his parents and sister in Australia?

From the day they had gone to live in Queensland to be near to his older sibling and their grandchildren, he had spoken to them weekly on Skype.

What possible excuse for his breaking with the ritual could his newly minted bitch of a wife give to them to explain the oversight?

As it turned out – and he knew because *she* told him – it had been a mere trifle to dash off an email to them in his name and from his own machine, explaining that he had uninstalled his Skype facility because it had been placing nasty viruses on his computer and losing him important work. A nonsensical likelihood but one his all-but computer

illiterate family would have no trouble buying – even the nieces he spoke with weekly who were already more advanced in the more *"PlayStation"* aspects of the new technology.

And it was no skin off her nose to continue corresponding with them in his name each week; in fact, she quite enjoyed the subterfuge.

The excuse for his friends and theirs?

Mental exhaustion from leaving his job of so many years and the selling of their home and a debilitating bad back that had been caused by the squash and would ensure he *never* played it again.

*"Simples"*, as the teeth-itchingly televisual facsimile of a would-be marsupial insurance broker from Russia would have it.

She had even, she disclosed to him, had a few of her friends over for dinner and drinks while he had been locked away in his cellar and cage. And on more than one occasion. All of them buying his no-appearance throughout the night with no more than a repetition of the excuse of nervous exhaustion and debilitating back she had offered his own friends.

None of which would help her, when, as she had to eventually, she let him out of the infernal cage and the first thing he did was to call in the police.

Again:

*"Simples"*.

The emails she had sent herself from his own computer – carefully crafted in his own somewhat civil-service and prosaic writing style; even if the subject matter was anything but – ensured even this avenue was all but closed to him.

Sure, he could lay charges against her. But, having read all the damning emails from his machine to hers, what possible way would he have of proving her guilt to the authorities? How would he go about convincing them that he was not just another married pervert who had begged his wife with such persistence that she felt obliged to indulge him in his need to have her dominate him?

That, and the list of activities he wanted her to try out on him - from insisting he drink her urine from the source and laying upon his back in the bath while she anointed his chest with her faeces as she stood above him - ensured he would think twice about taking such a route.

A route that was likely to prove – even in the unlikely event of a court believing his innocence – far more embarrassing and lastingly humiliating to him than her.

Shit stuck, after all, and, even if he were believed by the authorities, there would be those – the majority of them – who felt there was no smoke without fire and that she

was just another long-suffering wife who had been nagged and bullied into satisfying her pervert husband's desires.

The above her own, virtually verbatim, words to him; delivered with a smug and condescending expression that dared him to:

*"Come up with something better"*.

She had also told him to have a long hard think about what he would do for a home and livelihood. That is if he were to ever somehow free himself of the domination she intended he experience on a 24/7 basis. He would be jobless, homeless, and, thanks to her far-seeing aunt's trust, unable to walk away from their marriage without anything but the clothes he owned.

And most of them she had given to the charity-shops in the high-street; keeping just the bare minimum for some time in the future when she might allow him the treat of actually accompanying her outside.

A time in the near future when he was totally tame.

"You must really hate me," he had told her, risking the remote-control or a caning by speaking without permission.

She had simply shaken her head at him as if he were a simpleton.

"That observation is so stupid and self-pitying I shan't even punish you for making it without asking first," she told him.

"Think about it, you silly boy," she had gone on, regressing him now in speech on a regular basis as well as in deed. "If I hated you, would I have gone to such trouble to ensure you remained in my life?"

His eyes blazed at her.

"Go on," she urged. "You have my permission to say whatever you want. I promise I won't punish you, whatever it is."

"For fuck's sake, Tara," he screamed, knowing she meant what she said and determined to take full advantage of it. "You already had me in your life. I loved you. I had no intention of ever leaving you or cheating with another woman. You're only saying this as a justification for getting your own perverted rocks off."

He was on a roll now, kneeling as the sight of her feet triggered a recall of one of the most powerful but degrading orgasms of his life, picturing the semen covering her toes and seeping onto the cellar floor as the decrease in the urgency of his pent-up sexual need triggered a greater outrage at the way she was treating him.

"And don't tell me your aunt told you to treat me like this," he said, thoughts back in the present and waving an arm in the direction of the wall containing that same aunt's collection of disciplinary tools. "I don't care what she got up to with her husband in

private. At least that was a game between consenting adults. What you're doing to me involves no consent at all. So don't pretend you're doing it out of love for me, or that your aunt advised you to do it because of my so-called *'weakness'*."

He paused for a breath, relieved to see her hand making no attempt to retrieve the remote-control at her side – her promise not to use it only going so far, he felt sure.

"What you are doing is criminal as well as insane and will see you doing time when it comes to light. Not to mention making you a pariah in the circles we both mix in."

She was unmoved.

"Come clean, Tara. This has nothing to do with me letting you down and your new passion for a *'female-led'* marriage. It's all, and only, about you experiencing the warped desires you've kept hidden for years. The desires your aunt's bequest has given you the opportunity to try and make real."

"You think so?"

"I do. So don't you dare say it has anything whatsoever to do with any shortcomings of mine."

Feeling suddenly faint, as if the long-awaited release of pent-up anger were too much for a nervous-system placed under such stress as well as lacking food, David Bendix found himself dropping to all fours – or as close to the position as he could manage with his legs hobbled and his hands cuffed at the back.

It was, unintended or not, a posture symbolic of surrender and one that simply delighted the woman who he had once seen as his equal partner – even if he had sometimes treated her as if she were more a junior barrister and he the head-of-chambers.

"You know as well as I, little Davey, that there is no way the authorities will ever view what goes on here as criminal. I'm simply a wife responding to her husband's long-held fantasy of having her dominate him. Not my fault if you found it not to your taste and decided to make a complaint about it that you might win something in a divorce."

She saw the forehead resting upon the cool of the concrete by her navy school courts shake and knew that he knew she was right.

"And you are only partly right about this being an excuse to exercise my, how did you put it: *'Warped desires'*. Whether you believe it or not, it was my aunt who convinced me in our discussions towards the end that I would be far happier being in total control of you. *And*, so would you once you recognised me as your natural superior and master and stopped trying to be the man you so obviously aren't. She was very eloquent in regard of your shortcomings and totally convinced that I had it in me to… *break*… you in a way she would have loved to have broken my uncle."

The smile she aimed down at the top of his hairless head as she completed her train of thought was a triad of genuine affection, lust, and the joy and cruelty she took from the exercise of control.

A pleasure, she acknowledged, that once experienced could *never* be placed back in the box.

"That is, if it hadn't been for the fact *he* happened to be a real man."

*"A real man,"* his thoughts screamed as he raised his forehead from the concrete prior to rising, *"who enjoyed having his wife take a cane to his backside and treat him worse than shit!"*

"Just how long do you intend keeping me down here?" he rasped when he finally managed it back onto his knees, not happy with the response of his treacherous cock to the twin columns of her shapely legs in their teacher's hose as she sat with them crossed above him.

His groan of discomfort, as expanding cock met restricting Russian steel, was not lost upon her and the smile beamed down at him infuriated enough for his cock to subside a little.

"I don't know how much more I can stand of this, Tara. I haven't been outside or eaten a decent sized meal for three weeks now. If you're trying to make me lose my marbles, you won't have long to wait."

"Don't be so dramatic, little Davey," she chided him. "Ms Tara's doing no such thing. All she wants to do is make sure her little boy is a good and obedient boy for her from now on."

Suddenly, he lost it – or at least all that a man could lose when on his knees in shackles, cock sheathed in metal from which only his wife could release him:

"But I'm not a boy; you stupid cunt!" he screamed, struggling uselessly against his restraints. I'm a man! A human fucking being. The stupid bastard who loved you and fucking married you. And you and your dumb cunt of a dead aunt can rot in hell when you finally join her."

As he raged in front of her, light-headed from the expense of effort and a lack of enough food, he fully expected her to reach for the remote-control and go for one of the settings he had yet to experience.

It didn't happen.

But she did press the button on his lead to shorten the slack before literally dragging him back to his cage, locking him inside, and squatting down in front of him, maniacal eyes blazing into his own with an intensity he found more terrifying than anything that had passed up until now.

"I am going to break you into pieces and remake you in a way of my choosing, you ungrateful piece of shit," she told him. "And if you think what you've suffered up until now has been bad you really have a hard time ahead of you."

With that, as he lay on his side and tried to catch his breath, cursing himself for the outburst that precipitated her own anger, she rose to her feet and he watched the backs of legs head towards the door leading upstairs; tha clack of her heels upon the concrete sounding like the staccato reading of a death-sentence.

Opening the door, finger on the light switch ready to consign him to darkness, she gave him a final look:

“The next time you see me; your attitude will be entirely different. That is my sincere promise to you.”

The door slammed shut and he was left in the pitch black to ponder the meaning of her words and what was to come.

# RETURN

"Are you comfortable, Davey?" the voice drifted into his thoughts as if from faraway.

He had lost track of how long it had been since he last heard the voice and would have been appalled to learn it was no more than three days since he had verbally abused her and she had left him to his own devices.

Devices that did *not* include either food, running-water, or suitable sanitary arrangements; as witnessed by the overflowing vessel of his own urine and faeces in the corner of his cage and the unspeakable stench he had grown used to but which *she* had not. The water container atop his cell had been emptied the night before and his parched throat and cracked lips could no longer sustain the screams he had made for her to come to him.

He felt as if he had been in solitary confinement for a month.

"My, we are a mess, aren't we?" she mocked him. "And you smell disgusting."

In truth, she felt utterly repulsed by what she was smelling, but fought her revulsion and ploughed on:

"And all because you were so rude to Ms Tara."

Hungry, near-dehydrated, and limbs cramped from their confinement, David Bendix began to cry.

Real tears.

Real tears that only underlined and confirmed her late-aunt's opinion of the supposedly *strong* man she had married.

As a teacher of history, she knew only too well the deprivations some men had suffered under interrogation or as POW's down the years. Deprivations that made his small discomforts seem like rewards for good behaviour. And yet here he was, crying like a woman after no more than three days of his own company while deprived of running water, food, and a comfortable bed.

She could not help but feel contempt for the man she had married, knowing with certainty that even she would have borne up under the mini-ordeal she had put him through.

Knowing now with *complete* certitude, that her aunt had been one-hundred-percent correct in her appraisal of him as weak; worthy only of a second-class role in her marriage. *"Guilt is for the inferior,"* she had told her niece. *"To do what comes natural to one is not something for which one should feel either guilt or remorse. And, if you have misjudged him and he is made of much sterner stuff…? Well, he should have no problem in showing you the error of your ways. If not? Then you have only adopted the roles in regard of each other nature intended you both to take. There are many ways to*

*break a man's spirit, my dear, and I feel convinced that, with this one, you will not have to wrack your brain for too long to come up with a way sure of success."*

As always, her aunt had been right. And the way she had come up with, courtesy again of the ever-helpful and instructive Web and, to her own amusement, a fictional story, was proving as effective as she had sensed it would with him.

He was already, after all, part broken; and what she did next would only increase his feelings of fear of her and dependence upon her.

She would, in effect, be kind but firm.

But first, she needed to turn the screw just one extra notch:

"I'm going to leave you again in a moment," she told him, feeling her pussy gush despite her revulsion when a barely human sob escaped him at her words.

"Don't worry," she told him in a kindly voice. "Ms Tara won't be leaving her little boy for long this time but, when she returns, she needs him to show her he accepts he is now hers and ready to be trained to her requirements. As soon as she is satisfied her boy knows his place, we can get him and his new home all cleaned-up and get some food inside him."

"W-Water," he croaked. "I must have some water."

She waited.

"P-Please, Ms Tara," came the barely recognisable croak; self-respect and manly pride already absent.

"Good boy, Davey," she told him, fighting back her disgust for the stench assailing her and reminding herself to bring a perfume soaked cloth with her next time when she made him clean both himself and his cell. "As you asked so politely and respectfully, Ms Tara will swap your empty container for the full one she brought with her.

The swapping duly done, and after he had sucked the life-giver through parched lips as greedy as they were needy, she picked up where she had left off a few moments before:

"Ms Tara is going to leave now for a little while, but when she comes back she wants to see her little boy waiting for her on his knees in his crib with his eyes to the floor. Then, if she is satisfied with his penitence for his earlier behaviour, she is going to allow him to empty his pooh & pee bucket and let him make his crib all nice and clean again."

She noted his reaction to the word *"crib"* I and knew once again that she had, instinctively taken the correct approach.

Just as the story she had read made plain, her use of childish language was, as well as irritating him mightily, beginning to play upon his subconscious.

Soon, she told herself, it would come to seem natural to him; and when that happened she would also be rewarded with an unassailable position – ersatz as it may be – of maternal authority in his mind.

For now, though, she wanted to take his self-esteem down a few pegs or so more.

Moving out of his sight, she manhandled a full-length and free-standing mirror from a corner of the basement to a position in front of his cage.

"Before Ms Tara leave, and while she is gone, she wants you to be able to see the pitiful condition you are in and would like you to think about how best you can avoid making her treat you in such a way again."

With that she left the cellar and he heard her heels upon the concrete stairs as she climbed them before closing the outer door that led to the house itself shut and locking it.

As he lay there, hands still bound behind his back and confined in such a tight space, the stench of his own unwashed body and its emissions less offensive to him than it had been to wife, but offensive just the same, he knelt up to take in more water and realised he was growing more terrified of his *"insane"* wife by the second. This had gone too far to be any kind of sick joke – not that he had thought it was anyway – and he knew a Rubicon of sorts had been passed the moment she purchased the sleeping-agent necessary to drug him. Her administering it to his vodka & tonic and stripping and manhandling him down to his cell before attaching his collar and cock-cage, had been no more than the first stage of her journey towards Rome.

And, when in Rome…?

At first fighting it, having no desire to see his pitiful state reflected back at him, he had turned away from the mirror. But, having no other distraction besides his hunger, discomfort, and fear of a woman he had once thought of as his life partner, he turned to gaze into the picture of himself he knew she wished him to see.

And a pitiful sight it was.

As he took in the startling vision of himself, naked upon the floor of a cage, head shaved and hands restrained behind his back, a chain linking them to his back and onto another running between his hobbled ankles, tears began to stream down his still handsome cheeks and were not lessened any by the glint of metal he saw reflected in the glass from between his legs.

Tears of self-pity and of loss.

The former self-explanatory; the second for a woman and a marriage that, while it may well have been as *"dull"* as she had professed it, was at least loving and comfortable.

And, no matter what happened from here on in, would *never* come close to being the same again…

# ANOTHER VISIT

After what seemed like days he had heard the door to the cellar open and watched as the woman inhabiting the body of his wife walked over to him. It had, in fact, been only a day since she had fed and watered him before making him empty his own waste-matter and then hosing both him and his cell down – the water again, and thankfully hot. Insisting then that he lather up his smelly body with a strong carbolic soap before shaving both cheeks and scalp of the growth beginning to cover them. As he scrambled up onto his knees in the position she demanded of him and took in the utter confidence with which she carried herself as she moved towards him, he realised that something major had changed within both of them.

The difference being that the changes he had undergone were forced upon him.

He watched her as she sauntered over to his cage, wearing only a robe that told him it was morning and a pair of open-toed slippers that explained why he hadn't heard her descend the stairs and been forced to scramble into position when the door suddenly opened.

When her slipper-shod feet were almost touching the bars, she stopped and pointed to her shiny red nail with one imperious finger.

He gazed up at her quizzically, having not the faintest idea what she wanted of him but feeling uneasy and afraid just the same.

She was insane, his thoughts screamed, and insane people *cannot* be second-guessed.

"The first thing you do from now on when first in Ms Tara's presence," she told him, voice and expression deathly serious, "is lower your head and kiss her toes a suitably respectful and submissive welcome."

Thinking she couldn't shock him any further, David Bendix, restrained limbs screaming for release and his stomach for something more than scraps, felt his jaw descend towards his chest yet again.

*"You want me to kiss your feet?"*

His thoughts were so loud he was afraid he might actually have voiced them without – unbelievably – having sought her opinion first; but there was neither rebuke nor, more thankfully, electrical current forthcoming and simply squatted on his knees uncomfortably as she stared at him.

She snapped her fingers and he flinched.

Red painted toes were inserted between the bars and stared up at him expectantly.

He turned a horrified and beseeching face up to her.

To no avail.

“Ms Tara is going to snap her fingers once more,” she told him. “And if little Davey’s lips aren’t pressed to Ms Tara’s toes a second later her fingers will be making contact with something her little boy will not like.”

Legs immediately watery with terror, David Bendix took in the dread remote-control she held in one hand.

The snap of her fingers entered his consciousness in the way a practice stroke of the whip enters the mind of the man about to receive its less than tender attentions and, almost as if programmed, he lowered his head and placed his lips upon her toes that smelled so fragrant he knew she must have just taken her morning shower.

“Good boy!” he heard from above and wasn’t sure whether to be more surprised or more disgusted by the thrill of delight for having pleased her that ran through him and set his cock to throbbing in its cage; the memory of her hosed toes curled around its freed tumescence immediately dominating his thoughts as he kept his lips pressed to jis toes and knew instinctively not to remove them until she had given her permission.

*“What the fuck was going on with him?”*

He heard the snap of her fingers again and, reading her intention, immediately placed his lips upon the toes of her other foot.

“Oh, my!” he heard her sigh. “A certain little boy really does want to be good for his lovely Ms Tara, doesn’t he?”

His response, as he raised his lips an inch or two from her toes, was as shocking as it was unexpected; to both his sense of pride and the thwarted cock that was trying to thrust itself past the bars restraining it:

“Yes, Ms Tara. Davey wants to be a good boy for his lovely Ms Tara.”

Above him, and out of his vision, it was his wife’s turn to be stunned by events.

Had she really taken him this low?

And so soon?

Fighting her desire to unlock the cell, remove his cock cage, and throw him on his back that she may impale herself upon the penis she was intent on enslaving, Tara gripped one of the bars to steady herself before slipping her free foot from its slipper and placing it upon the top of his recently shaved head.

The symbolism of the position itself was almost enough to take her beyond the point of no returning as she felt the pressure mash his lips against her toes.

“You are a good, good, boy,” she cooed down at him more pleased dog-owner than prescriptive mummy, this time. “Ms Tara is going to be a very pleased owner if her little Davey continues making such wonderful progress.”

To her amazement, and far from the reaction she expected so soon, Tara felt her husband's tongue slide from his mouth to slip in between her toes as she slightly relieved the pressure on his head.

Again, it was all she could do not to jump his bones.

The groan that rose from him puzzled her for a second until she realised that he too was responding to the situation and her domination of him had caused his cock to swell in its prison.

So great was her excitement at this that she forgot herself and spoke to him in the first-person for the first time since putting-him-under:

"Oh, is my little boy's cockle getting all hard in its nasty cage?"

Another groan was her answer as she reminded herself to speak to him in the *"third-person only"*.

"Does little Davey want to feel Ms Tara's feet around his baby dickie again?" she asked, cooing tone of voice in no way a match for her emasculating words. "Is that why her little boy is licking between her toes so nicely? Is he looking for his lovely Ms Tara to wrap them around his hard little cockle and make him spurt all his baby stuff again?"

No response was forthcoming but, tellingly, the licking tongue between her toes seemed to become more feverish and more…

*Supplicating*.

It wasn't enough for her, however. She *needed* to hear him confirm it. To put her triumph over him in words that would leave no doubt of their respective roles in the relationship from now on.

"If that is what little Davey wants," she managed to say without her voice breaking to reveal her own excitement, he has to tell his lovely Ms Tara."

She took her foot from his head and stepped back from the cage, taking the foot with his tongue still between her toes with her.

The groan accompanying the removal, she could have sworn, more for the removal itself rather than yet more discomfort from the cage around his genitals.

"Up on your knees now, like a good boy, and tell Ms Tara what you want."

To her pure and utter delight, all the surly and hateful hesitation of days past seemed absent as, without missing a beat, he struggled to his knees in the larger cage that had been both his cell and his home for the best part of the last month; though she did note he was unable to look in her eyes.

Fear?

Shame?

At this point it was impossible for anyone but him to say for sure, and, totally confused, demoralised and beaten, did she have him, even he might have struggled to answer with any real accuracy.

“Don’t be rude now, little Davey,” she told him, having no intention of allowing him the luxury of staring at the floor rather than her eyes as he confirmed his humiliating need for what she could provide him.

His eyes raised themselves slowly to hers and she understood his reticence all too well.

Those of the man she had once considered a husband, as they stared into hers through a film of tears that seemed de rigeur for him these days, were all she needed to confirm her aunt’s assertions and her own triumph.

The shamed, resigned, and utterly beaten look he was giving her was also enough to trigger a mini-orgasm of her own that left her with no idea how she had managed to remain standing before him upon legs that seemed suddenly made of purest jelly and a voice urging her to shout her triumph and release to the uncaring ceiling above.

It was some few seconds before she trusted herself to speak at all and, when she did, any doubts had vanished forever that she might have had regarding her ability to tame, train, and treat him in the degrading and servile way her aunt had insisted was the *“greatest sexual buzz”* of them all.

“Be a good boy for Ms Tara now, little Davey, and tell her what it is you would like her to do for you once you’ve learnt all your lessons.”

As she looked on, desperately trying to keep her own expression, unreadable and non-committal, she saw his Adam’s Apple bob convulsively and watched what she described to herself as the last of his pride disappear into his throat.

Then, in a voice that almost sent her tumbling from the edge again, he told her…

# VISITOR

Her aunt had insisted before she died, and for this first occasion at least, that her lover be black.

Black and *"endowed"*.

It had, of course, been no problem to her at all and she had more than once fantasized over that very likelihood.

The only problem being how to find a suitable candidate.

Again, it had been the trusty Internet that had come to her aid and, after sorting through a number of promising candidates, she had hit upon a man in his late-twenties who would be perfect. A man, it turned out, who worked for the Angolan Embassy in London as a *very* junior secretary to his Ambassador's own secretary and, from their Skype conversations had a real thing for *"taking the wives of so-called superior white-men"*. And doing so in front of the husband's themselves.

More importantly, for her, he had no interest in forging a relationship with a white woman and was quite happy for their liaison to be a one-time thing.

And there was the fact that, although not a history teacher like her, he did possess a keen interest in the subject. So keen, in fact, that he had developed a thriving hatred for the white man – if not his women – for his part in the antique enslavement of his people. Conveniently forgetting in the process, of course, the part his ancestors had played in that of their own.

The prospect of her husband watching him take her in his presence, subsequently, only sweetening what was already a very fragrant pot.

He was also, from his image on Skype and the subsequent pictures they had swapped – this perhaps even more crucially if the experience were to have maximum effect – ugly.

At least facially.

A criticism that only a fool would offer to the chiselled and buffed coal-black body and the wondrous cock that dwarfed her husband's by half.

By so much, in fact, that she wondered if she even wanted such a monster inside her and only the memory of her aunt's assurances, and the desire to bind her slave-husband to her in his shame and humiliation for good, allowed her to go through with what she thought would be an ordeal for her also.

Even if it did not turn out that way…

"…Have you ever had a cock fill you in such a way, my beautiful white princess," the man above her asked as she looked up at him from eyes so glazed she could barely see.

His manner towards her was totally deferential and polite, as, in all fairness, it had been from the start and how she had insisted it be in front of her husband, and she truly felt like a great lady as he slid his incredible cock into her conquered interior and drew yet more gasps of pure delight from her. She was coming up quickly on her third orgasm of the evening – and in as many positions – while he had yet to spend once; such was his staying power and forbearance. The unholy nature of her reaction to the presence of a cock other than her husband's inside her for the first time in over seventeen years made all the more… *piquant*… by the presence of that husband himself as he knelt at the foot of the bed and watched.

A husband who had already been humiliated past even her expectations when he had refused her young and powerful lover's request to *"little Davey"* that he undress his wife and kneel at the bed as she was taken.

The consummate ease with which the younger and more powerful man handled him – even if he was not by a longshot her husband's equal when it came to looks – was as exciting as anything she had seen in her life. At least to that point. And when he took him over his knee and reduced his pale white buttocks to a reddened mess, this as the older man screamed and begged as if he were for all the world a little girl in some draconian school of the long and gladly forgotten past.

And there he was now, at the side of the bed, eyes fixed upon her as she took her pleasure, afraid to lower them after being commanded to *"watch"* by her lover.

Tearful and destroyed.

Just as she had intended he would be after watching how a *"real man"* took a woman.

"Your cock is everything I ever imagined a real man's to be," she answered, unsure how she managed to get the words out, so choked was she with the emotions and sensations resulting from having herself truly filled for the first time. "Please don't stop,"

She reached to her side and placed a hand atop her husband's denuded scalp to pat it patronisingly, allowing it to rest above his tear-filled eyes as the lover she knew only as *"Bagamba"* continued to take her past the stars and onto the outer rim of a deep-space that could have swallowed her entire for all she cared at that moment.

Slowly withdrawing that monster weapon, one she still had difficulty believing she was accommodating, he pushed in again, this time going further. Deeper. Energized already, her nerve ends were set ablaze by the sensation and she knew she would have to experience the sensation again – even if it, in accordance with her late-aunt's advice, it could *never* be with him again.

A wave of red-hot pins and needles went through her body as he slid in, and then out, and then back in again; each time he going deeper and deeper and deeper. Her pussy seemed to be waterlogging itself in order to help lubricate the monster and make its access all the sweeter for both of them.

“Yes!” she cried, slapping the top of her husband’s head as she did so to emphasize her satisfaction and his utter submission. “Fuck me again with that wonderful black cock! Take me where my pitiful fucking husband couldn’t if he had another two cocks to help him!”

“Aaaaaaaaaaagh!!” she groaned as pleasure overcame her facility to form words and she felt his thighs touching the backs of the legs he had raised from the mattress as the monster head finally made contact with her cervix and both knew he could go no further.”

“That is it, my beautiful white bitch,” he told her, knowing that, though she fell a way short of being the former, she was certainly the latter, “take all of my superior black cock as your puny little white-boy husband watches on his knees. Too much of a sissy to force his Master to stop.”

His words were enflaming them both as rhythmically fucked her into a new appreciation of a man’s cock and what it could actually do. She was experiencing another dimension of pleasure and the face of her degraded and regressed husband was spinning before her eyes as she reached to her pussy to massage her clitoris and take her pleasure into an even higher orbit.

It was only seconds later, her lover’s shallow breathing above indicating he was on the edge also, that she felt the wave after wave of an orgasm Tsunami-like in its power scramble her thought and unlock her vocal-chords as she screamed her release to the ceiling and was joined by once and once only lover as he pumped what seemed like a gallon of West African seed into her welcoming and birth-controlled cunt.

She had no idea of how long they lay in post-coital recovery, but when her breathing returned to something like normal and her eyes began to function again, she realised that throughout the whole incredible experience she had not removed her hand from her husband’s shaved and servile scalp.

A husband who, as her aunt had assured her he would, now had a new appreciation of his place in their home’s pecking order and would *never* attempt to act or behave like a man again.

A realisation that made her post-coital languor almost as deliriously enjoyable as the act itself.

*Almost.*

As *“Bagamba”* slid his cock slowly out of her pussy, the cum fair slopped out onto the duvet and she knew little Davey would have a chore before he was allowed to return to his quarters in the cellar for the night.

A chore that would *definitely* involve his tongue.

“That was absolutely amazing, Bagamba, and you were everything I prayed you would be,” she offered her lover, noting the pride he took from her praise.

*“Pride”*, given he was already reappraising the *“one-time only”* rule, that did not survive her next words.

“You can get dressed and let yourself out whenever you're ready.”

# EPILOGUE – THE PRESENT

"…Was that nice for little Davey?" she asked, easing herself from him and rising to stand at the foot of what had once been *their* bed.

"Yes, Ms Tara," he answered instantly with no prevarication, tamed beyond all possibility of ever being a man again and wanting only to be pleasing to the former wife who was now owner, mummy, and jailer in one. "Little Davey is ever so grateful for Ms Tara's kindness on his birthday."

Not for the first time over the past fourteen or so months since she had put-him-under, Tara Bendix had to pinch herself upon hearing such language fall from his lips. Language more suited to an especially courteous and articulate four-year-old than a grown man in his forties who had just been allowed his cock into a pussy for the first time in a year. And a man who now appeared to regard such deferential language as correct and normal.

Again, she gave mental thanks to her aunt for having made her life so complete; both with her advice and the house and trust-fund that made following it so easy.

Not many women could boast the kind of life she now led, she felt certain. A job that provided career satisfaction – even if successive governments seemed intent upon tainting the education experience for both teachers and pupils alike; and a beautiful home and an autonomous life within it that gave all the joy her aunt had insisted it would. Add to that that the guilt-free sex she was now free to indulge in at her choosing, and the fact she *always* returned to a former husband solicitous of her welfare and interested only in serving her – a husband she still loved in her own, and understandably, less than respectful way, and she was pretty much living the dream.

Certainly, she knew that part of little Davey's deference towards her was geared towards convincing her to unlock the cock that was now her property and allow him his release.

And in any number of degrading and pitiful ways she had devised for him since first adding that sleeping-agent to his vodka & tonic on the night his fall to captivity began.

Ways that, of course, included his cute little erection between her hosed toes – bare did not get the same response for some reason; her little boy humping against her, of course, hosed leg, or, and his least favourite, kneeling before her with legs apart and eyes fixed upon hers as he brought himself to his own completion.

He was deferential to her friends when they visited and; though they had no idea of the true depths of service to which she had reduced him, careful to show his reverence and respect for his *"Ms Tara"* at all times; they were aware that their friend and colleague had, and *"consensually"*, embarked upon a female-led marriage.

Maybe it was a case of like-to-like and Tara Bendix had chosen friends with a similar mindset to her own.

Whatever.

The fact remained that, to a woman, each and every one of her social and work-based friends who knew of the arrangement were in a condition of the most vivid green for the way she had managed to arrange her life.

And now she was about to give that *"life"* its final and most defining test.

A test she was at all sure it would pass.

When it was over, she would either still have that life, or the man she had moulded to complete it would be gone from it forever.

"I have another present for you, little Davey," she told him as he licked and cleaned his own emissions from her oozing cunt as she stood before him at the side of the bed.

The beaten eyes she had come to adore – far more than she had ever adored them when they had been free and untamed – came up to hers with a look of surprise and no small pleasure.

"I have left a box in your cell for you," she informed him, manner the kindest towards him he could recall since she had relegated him to supplicant, child and servitor.

Her hand stroked the head she insisted he keep smooth shaven and her smile looked genuinely affectionate.

"Inside it, you'll find the key to a suitcase full of your old clothes I have placed next to the tumble-dryer and a note with the combination to your cock-cage."

The yes that stared up at her, the mixture of his and hers juices still drying around the mouth he had just been using to clean her, looked stunned.

"You'll also find some cash and a cheque for £100,000, along with the details of a new bank-account set-up in your name."

His mouth began to open questioningly.

"No questions," she snapped. "I am giving you a choice. You can go downstairs, unlock your cock from its cage, get dressed and leave. You now have more than enough money to rent a home and begin a new life… Or…"

His eyes were riveted upon her as she paused, not quite sure he could believe what his ears were conveying to him.

"…Or," she went on, "you will still be in your cage in the morning with your cock-restraint intact when I come down in the morning."

The look that crossed his face was not one she found promising and her resolve almost withered on the vine.

Knowing it would devastate her if he took the first option and the risk she was taking, she pressed on just the same.

“If that is the case and you are still here,” she told him, “I will take it as your commitment to a life of service to me and you will never be offered the same opportunity again…”

*****

As Tara Bendix made her way downstairs, she realised she had just endured the worst night’s sleep since she had taken over her husband’s life and reduced him to little more than a servant in her own.

“What were you thinking?” she upbraided herself aloud as she opened the outer door leading down to the cellar, the fact she had no need of a key underlining what she now saw as her own over-confident rashness.

The muted sound of her own slippers as they slapped upon the stone stairs leading down seemed nothing less than an accusation and, as she took a deep breath and stepped pat the *open* door to the cellar itself, she felt her worst fears realised when the first sight to greet her was that of the empty cage.

She had stepped towards it, and was about to give herself over to the despair going hand- in-hand with her self-recrimination, when she heard shuffling from behind her and she swivelled around, startled.

The sight of her naked and *still* genitally restrained husband, this as he knelt by the stocks in the corner of the room, set her pulses racing.

Racing that became a thunderous drumming when he spoke:

“If it pleases Ms Tara, little Davey would like to remain in her service.”

# THE END