Caging Andrew

A Husband's Manhood Goes Under Lock & Key

A Tale of Erotic Female Governance

By
Charlotte Glendinning

SFPG

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Prologue

He was so deep inside her, the mushroom head of his outrageously aroused cock was banging a rhythm against her cervix, the knowledge her screams were made of equal amounts discomfort and pleasure only serving to heighten his pleasure.

Nor did the knowledge prevent him from continuing to thrust his invader in with all the force he could.

He was the man, after all, and this was what real men did.

They persuaded, they besieged, and then, unstoppable, they conquered.

And conquering a female, seeing her below him as Elise was below him, gasping and moaning with eyes rolling back in her head and her body – that *incredible* body – oiled with the lustre of her own sweat, was the crowning compliment a woman could pay to his superior manhood.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!" she screamed to the oblivious ceiling, head thrown back and her amazing tits pressed tightly against him. "I'm cumming, you fucking animal!!"

He had been thinking of himself as more of a super-man than an animal as he made her scream her release for the third time in their two-hour session, but her description of him as such touched some primeval chord and triggered his own crisis as she used the frenzy of her own imminent release to begin began milking his cock prior to its unavoidable explosion.

His scream was louder, if less shrill, than her own, but nobody in the near vicinity with working ears could have failed to understand that these were cries of pure sexual completion rather than the sounds denoting physical conflict of some kind – even if the discomfort of her cervix was placed into the mix.

When she managed to summon up energy enough to slide from the mattress and make it to the bathroom, Andrew Warrender lay there on the bed that had just proved a most satisfying battleground for this latest victory over his mistress and savoured the smell of their couplings. She was the best thing in his life at the moment and a woman he would have married in a heartbeat – had he been free to do so. That he was not, and was in no kind of financial position to even consider making such an offer, was due to his own somewhat idle nature and the lack of a talent and a career-path that would have ensured such a decision was his.

But then, being handsome and in good shape still, as well as being spectacular in the sack, could not be described as the foundation upon which to base a career.

Though he knew there were many women over the years who *would* certainly testify to it being a talent.

The wife who, dull and wishy-washy as she was, held the purse strings in their marriage, definitely one of their number.

Even if his opinion of her in such derogatory terms was about to change.

Though maybe not for the better.

One

Selena Warrender, ne: Anderson, picked up the envelope the man had placed on the otherwise pristine surface of her desk and allowed her eyes to meet his. A hardness in them her husband had yet to see in their years together – but soon would – was emphasized somehow by the black hair she had decided to have re-styled that morning in the certainty of what the man before her would be delivering. The page-boy cut and the cruel set of her mouth telling that same man that something fundamental had changed with her since they had last met.

"What do you think, Mr. Gordon?" she asked, knowing the answer even as she asked the question, this after opening the envelope and scanning the pictures of her husband and his latest… *piece*.

The serious looking, and *very* bald, middle-aged man looked into her eyes and noted the change in them; noting also that the pain of her discoveries regarding the depth and frequency of her husband's playing around, and her outward calm, had been replaced with…

He hadn't reached a conclusion on the subject – or at least hadn't worked up the courage to put a name to it - and was staring intently at the outline of the Shard as it rose into the London skyline beyond her office window, when she spoke again.

Another question:

"Is he serious about this one?"

His face under the hairless dome became serious and regretful – even more so. The thirty-something woman making use of his services did not, as far as he could tell, deserve the waster of a husband she had obviously invested her love in. Though he also had the suspicion that the husband in question had a *big* surprise coming to him – and not *just* his wife's knowledge of his affairs.

"I would have to say yes, Mrs Warrender. The others… Well… They were just, hmm, diversions. This one…?"

The shrug of his shoulders, along with his expression, was regretful:

"I'd say this one is, as you say, *'serious'*."

It was Selena who finally broke the silence by passing an envelope of her own to the Private Investigator:

"Mr. Gordon, you've work for me has been exemplary and you will find a token of my appreciation added to your cheque."

"That's very kind of you, Mrs Warrender and…"

“Anderson,” she said, coming in quickly, and a little too sharpish for her own tastes if the hands held wide by way of an apology spoke truly.

“Excuse my rudeness, Mr Gordon, but after this…” she indicated the photographic evidence of her husband’s latest treachery spread across her desk. “After this, I will be returning to my parent’s name.”

He nodded understandingly, up to now the woman had been remarkably calm under the circumstances, but she was allowed her anger.

“Well, for what it’s worth, and if I might be so forward, I think divorce is the only option open to you and ridding yourself of your husband will soon seem like a godsend.”

The twisted smile upon features that, while not sex goddess material, were pale and elfin, suddenly held a degree of malice the Investigator recognised as all too common on the faces of deceived wives of the kind.

But it was a certain unfathomable something in the backdrop that led him to believe a certain Mr Warrender had a rude awakening of an even ruder kind in wait for him.

He just prayed it did not involve the use of firearms.

“Given what the husband who assured me he loved me has been doing behind my back, and the embarrassment and humiliation I feel for having not just believed him, but lavished money and gifts upon him for doing so. I do not see a divorce in his immediate future.”

Donald Gordon felt the usual desire for his wife of twenty-one years he felt whenever he concluded a case of the type, but felt an even greater puzzlement join it.

“You…?” he began, unable to help himself. “You *won’t* be divorcing him?”

Her hands were suddenly clenched fists, her voice so venomous and determined it was almost a whisper:

“That would let him off too lightly!”

She patted a sheath of papers at her side.

“I fully expected the contents of your report and those…” her lip curled at the carnality spread before her, “…graphic corroborations of it. That is why I had some documents drawn up that are both legally binding and will ensure he *never* strays again should he be stupid enough or weak enough to sign them.

“My late aunt was a wise woman – wiser than I knew at the time – and she insisted I have Andrew sign a pre-nuptial agreement before we married. The trust-fund she left me and the company went with it, was already beyond any divorce settlement, should it happen, but the pre-nup stipulated that should either Andrew or I be found to have

cheated on the other then we would leave the marriage only with what we brought into it."

The investigator looked on as she allowed herself a wry smile before continuing:

"Given that I recall him bringing with him only a bunch of debts and his undoubted good looks and charm, it would seem he will at least leave the marriage without the financial constraints he fetched with him. Not much I can do to strip him of his looks, should divorce prove inevitable, but I have a feeling the resulting penury may well strip him of some, if not all, of his charm."

When Donald Gordon left her office two minutes later, prior to gulping in the fresh midday air and reaffirming his intention to *never* do anything to endanger his own marriage, it was with a definite relief that – short stature and elfin features of the man's wife, or not – he was not in the shoes of a certain Mr Andrew Warrender.

The shiver of fear he, a marginally interested bit-player in the domestic drama had felt for the woman during that last exchange in her office did *not* bode well for the errant husband.

Two

When the post-coital Andrew Warrender returned to the three-storied home in London's Dulwich Village that he and his wife Selena shared, the first thing he noticed was a sheet of paper blue-tacked to the door and placed for extra security under the knocker of the front-door.

"Andrew,
Come at once to my office. Extremely urgent. Selena"

His hackles rose. It almost sounded like an order. At some ten years older than his wife and by far the more *"eye-catching"* component of the union, he was used to her deferring to him – despite the fact her late-aunt's bequest and the way the trust-fund had been set-up gave her the economic higher ground in their relationship.

Rising hackles or not, however, and perhaps made a little more… *amenable*… after that incredible fuck session with Elise, he picked up the phone and called a cab-company with whom Selena held an account. A quarter of an hour later he was in the back of a comfortable Audi and passing Brockwell Park with its sloping playing fields and outdoor swimming baths before going onto Camberwell and the Elephant & Castle and into London Bridge and her offices themselves.

After passing security and taking himself to the 14th Floor and announcing himself at the intercom, something that pissed him off again when the receptionist asked his business – even after hearing his name: *"It's her husband, for God's sakes!"*; he was buzzed through into the office itself and the bright and airy reception waiting to greet him.

Not wanting to be there in the first place, and after the peremptory way in which he had been *"ordered"* to be there, his own mood was anything but.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Warrender," intoned the receptionist with a pleasant smile; even if he got the impression she disapproved of him. "Let me tell Ms. Warrender you've arrived. I know she's expecting you."

The best he could manage was an unsmiling nod.

"Sit down, Andrew," his wife said the moment he entered her impressive office with its views to the north and east of London, cutting off the complaint he was about to make about his presence there and the way it had been requested.

Never the most observant man, except when it came to a woman showing sexual interest in him, Andrew Warrender sensed something – maybe more than one thing – was different about his wife of the past eight years; and not just her attitude towards him.

Crossing the carpeted floor of his wife's impressive office, he took the seat Gordon had occupied before him not more than two hours and his stomach immediately made contact with his Prada loafers.

Arrayed on the desk below him were images of him and Elise in the various throes of carnal bliss – not mention images of him with other women before her.

The heat at the back of his neck was not inspired by the memories triggered by the photographic evidence before him but by a sudden sense of dread at what might happen to him if Selena took a hard line with him on it.

And why wouldn't she, after all?

To his surprise, she seemed in control of herself. A surprise because, at those times when he imagined her finding out and pictured her reaction, it had always been an image of her in tears and fearful that she might leave him. Yet, the unquestionable evidence of his infidelity spread across her desk in graphic and vivid colour, had inspired no such breakdown.

If anything, she looked steely eyed and determined towards him.

A side of her he had yet to see until now.

"Let's cut to the chase, shall we? Tell me what it is you want to happen now, Andrew. Do you want a divorce?"

Her eyes gazed into his and he saw resolve there. No longer was she the young woman whose infatuation he had used to gain himself the easy life. In fact, she seemed perfectly calm and in control of both herself and the situation, he thought as he took in the cropped page-boy hair for the first time.

The omens did not strike him as good.

This was not the same younger wife had ridden roughshod over in the past.

"Divorce?" he asked.

She looked at him sitting there, his hands playing with the edge of a photograph in which Elise was screaming her release to the ceiling as his cock buried itself to the hilt in her pussy.

Was that a hint of… *nausea*… she spotted behind his suddenly pale features?

She was, of course, correct, Andrew was indeed beginning to feel a little sick to his stomach now that the full implications of his situation were beginning to hit home.

"Yes, divorce," she replied, waving a dismissive hand at photographic evidence below. "Are you leaving me for the latest of your… *girlfriends?* Is that what you see happening here? You and your part-time Café Nero waitress heading off into the sunset with the security of her gratuities to provide for you?"

"No!" he cried, surprised at the sound of his own sincerity as he ignored her sarcasm; hadn't he, after all, been thinking along exactly those lines in regard of Elise; albeit without the attendant presence of poverty?

Going on to lie:

“That… That’s the last thing I want and… and… she is not my girlfriend. None…”

He had the grace, at least, to blush at this point.

Then in a lower voice, as if he were actually ashamed of his actions now that marital Armageddon and the loss of his meal ticket was upon him:

“None of them were.”

She simply stared at him, face non-committal.

“And no,” he continued, looking as if he truly meant it; which he did in part. I don't want a divorce.”

“Then just what do you see happening between us?” she asked, tone even but uncharacteristically relentless – at least where he was concerned. “Do you think I should just ignore this and keep the status quo in place?”

He was perspiring now, beads of sweat dotting his brow as the back of his expensive Turnbull & Asser shirt stuck to his spine; unable to frame an answer to her question.

Who could have?

“You may find this hard to believe Andrew, but I’m making the choice yours,” she told him, not missing the frisson of hope that joined his fear. “If you want a divorce, it’s yours. But, and as you must already know, there will be no profit in it for you. What I have is protected and my aunt and her legal people made sure my trust is unchallengeable.”

“I know that, Selena,” he told her, speaking truthfully now when he knew any challenge would be a lost cause anyway. “And I can assure you I’ve never given a seconds thought to your trust.”

The latter was a lie, of course, and Selena knew it, but it was good to hear he at least knew the futility inherent in any challenge. In command of herself enough to analyse her feelings, she was surprised to feel something she recognised as elation making her flesh tingle. For the first time since they had met, the control exercised over her by the infatuation she felt for his looks and outward masculinity was not allowing him to drive their relations. In fact, she felt good – better than good – satisfied that the solution she had hit upon was going to be a winner.

For her!

It was time for a little hard-ball:

“You need to get this straight, Andrew,” she began in a voice he had not hear before. “The evidence you see on my desk of you shoving your faithless prick into Miss Elise Moist-Crack there, is all I need to trigger our pre-nuptial.”

He looked at her blankly after her uncharacteristic vulgarity, and she realised he had forgotten all about it – probably because, having brought nothing tangible to the marriage anyway, he had not considered it worth committing to memory.

And why would he when his bread-winning wife had indulged his every financial whim or need?

"If you leave, you leave with nothing except the clothes upon your back and those in your wardrobe in *my* home."

The emphasis on the *"my"* served only to add to the pallor of his skin and, finding herself enjoying this new exercise of command over her handsome and older husband, she went on:

"Decide you prefer a divorce," she warned, "then you best be sure your latest girlfriend has money enough from her basic salary and tips to keep you both, either that or make sure you have a pretty spectacular job waiting for you."

Her eyes held his with confidence and something else he couldn't quite place as she finished:

"Not too cosy being a homeless man at your time of life in this day and age. And especially when your wife has let you have it so easy."

He quailed under her words. Gone was the malleable young woman he could sweet-talk into just about anything, and in her place was something… *harder*. Perhaps, the hard-nosed business-woman he should have seen her as being as he aunt had seen her as being. But then, he hadn't needed to see her in those terms, had he?

There was a silence between them until she broke it:

"You do understand that I'm not asking you for a divorce, Andrew. After I came to terms with your betrayal and disloyalty, I reached the conclusion that much of what's happened was my fault and I should have been more attentive to our marital situation.

Hope, as per her intention, surged in his breast once again as she dangled the prospect of keeping his idle and cossetted life before him.

"However, if you decide to stay and, more importantly, I decide to keep you, there are going to be some major changes in our relationship and, again more importantly, your attitude towards me."

"Perhaps I can rescue something from this, after all," his thoughts ran as they unscrambled after the unexpected shock of being confronted with his own infidelity.

"Now, I'll ask you again," she began, sensing his thoughts and knowing exactly how to make best use of them. "Do you want a divorce; knowing that if I let you stay things will change for you?"

Selena knew she had him and was amazed at just how completely her feelings towards him had changed. Only weeks before her thoughts were full of him at all times of the day, and in the most romantic and loving of ways. Now, while he still occupied her thoughts – perhaps to an even greater extent, all the romance had gone. Her amazement, having never seen herself as a vengeful or controlling person, more for the nature of what those thoughts now were than the fact they were no longer the same. Waiting for his answer she knew he was too idle and spoilt to simply leave and start over again, but it was the prospect of what she had in mind for him when he remained that prompted the wetness between her legs.

And it resembled nothing like the activity in the pictures spread across her desk still.

Not for *him*, anyway.

Sat in her high-backed executive swivel chair, hands across her stomach as waited for him to supply his answer, she suddenly felt good about her decision to… *keep*… him. At barely 5' 3" in her hosed feet, she was curvy rather than svelte with a full arse and legs that, despite her relative shortness, managed to appear long and perfectly tapered, if with a slight over-development at the calf. But it was her breasts, she knew, that were her greatest asset. Perfection. Large but not overwhelming, firm and yet supple, shapely and yet still motherly; despite the fact neither she nor Andrew were interested in children. A woman, in fact, who received plenty of attention from both men and women alike. But not, she realised now, from the man who had once captured her heart. For some reason she couldn't understand, the elfin featured wife who had fallen for Andrew Warrender's easy charm did not move him in the way of a… well, *Elise*, for one.

It was slight she fully intended to pay back.

And with *much* interest.

The man himself, could hardly lift his eyes to look at her at that point. He wasn't aware of feeling ashamed, in particular, but he did acknowledge his fear of the economic power he now recognised she wielded over him. The same power that had been in place all along but her feelings for him prevented her from utilising to her own advantage. And, now she was in the driver's seat, and there was little he could do about it. But whatever it was he was feeling, shame could be discounted.

If anything, it was anger.

Anger that his dull and trusting wife had gotten the best of him for the first time in their marriage.

His assessed his position as his wife sat across the desk from him, her eyes fixed on him, waiting for his decision as he decided to go for damage control.

"Selena, I'm so, so, sorry," he began, trying to look devastated. "I love you so much, but…"

"But what?" she asked, discounting his declaration for exactly what it was worth.

“You’re away so much of the time. You know…? Here at the office. I know how hard you work to keep your late-aunt’s business a success, but…”

He allowed his shoulders to slump theatrically and adopted a beaten look to go with his air of deep regret.

None of which, for the first time since having met him, she was buying – though he, of course, wasn’t to know that at this point.

“I suppose… I suppose I just started to feel neglected. But…” he drew himself up heroically. “But I do not want a divorce. Believe me, my love, I’ve been feeling bad about myself for some time, that’s why I ended things with... with…”

“Elise,” she helped out when he seemed reluctant to say the name.

He feigned shame to go with his regret and nodded.

“Lena,” he began, using his pet-name for her. “I’m so very sorry about this. All I want to do right now is prove to you just how much I love you and make you forget the pain I’ve caused. To… To mend us.”

“And just how will you do that exactly,” she asked, her tone nothing like that of the wife he had come to know and bulldoze with his ersatz charm; even if it was *exactly* like that of the hard-nosed business woman she had become since taking over the running of her late-aunt’s business. “How do you mend disloyalty? How do you go about making infidelity in marriage marital fidelity once again? How can you ever make me trust you, knowing what I know about you and the women…” she gestured at the carnal images still arrayed upon her desk, “…and *this* woman in particular… that you decided were more important than our marriage and your so-called love for me?”

“But I never stopped loving you, Lena,” he lied, having never felt feelings of the kind for her from the start. They meant less than nothing to me except as a way of standing in for you. You work so hard and you’re always too tired to…”

“Your fucking around is my fault then?”

He almost gasped.

His wife *never* used the *“F”* word – or any other obscenity in his experience.

“N-No, of course not. The fault is all with me, I know that, but…”

“So you really want to stay married to me?” she asked, cutting him off in an irritated and impatient way she hadn’t adopted with him up to this point.

The fear he had felt upon first seeing the photos on her desk was receding a little now she seemed to be talking the language of reconciliation – and so soon – but there was something disconcerting still in the eyes that seemed to regard him so coldly where once they had shone with nothing but love and admiration.

He summoned up all the faux tenderness and sincerity of which he was capable:

“Yes, Selena. Whatever it takes, to make things the way they were between us I'll do. Whatever it takes.”

“I thought you might say that,” said Selena with a slight lip curl of contempt as she reached forward and retrieved some papers from her desk. “Strangely enough,” she told him carrying herself with a confidence he had seldom seen her display in his presence, “divorce isn’t my preference either.”

As he gave an inward sigh of relief – together with no small surprise for avoiding the penury he would find himself in if she did cut him off, he told himself it would be as well to cool it with Elise for at least a month or so until he had his wife back on board.

Giving her up not even rating a question in his mind.

The twenty-something – part-time coffee shop barista, or not, was by far the most talented and exciting fuck he had ever experienced and cutting her off was simply not an option.

In this, he was wrong, and would soon realise the fact.

“You need to put your name to these as a sign you wish our marriage to continue and intend being loyal to me,” she told him. “They will be witnessed and executed by my solicitor later, but I warn you, refuse and our marriage ends as of now.”

Andrew Warrender squirmed in his seat. Having thought his wife had taken his infidelity and the damning pictures of him fucking Elise reasonably calmly, he was a tad discomfited by her new take charge attitude with him. Something, he promised himself, that would change, the moment he soothed her ruffled feathers and had her besotted once again.

In this, though he could hardly be blamed for thinking along such lines given their past with each other, he was wrong also.

“Read and then sign,” she told him as she pushed the papers over to him along with a pen.

He began to do as she’d asked, only to look up with a horrified expression:

“Selena, you can’t be serious?”

“You think not?”

“But…? Why would you want power-of-attorney over my affairs?”

He actually blushed when he added, by way of correction:

“My… My *financial* affairs and other matters, anyway.”

"Motivation, Andrew. I intend for your womanising days to be over and after some online surfing found just what I need to ensure it."

"I… I don't follow you," he told her, truthfully for once.

"Then turn to the third document and allow the description and photograph there to enlighten you."

He did as she asked and, shock becoming outrage, and outrage becoming fury, scanned the pages indicated.

"My legal people assure me the agreement is all above board and entirely within the confines of the law as it stands. So long as *you* are the one asking for it."

His handsome face was a still from a particularly gruesome horror flick.

"Just sign all the documents next to mine where I've indicated, and I'll have the notary waiting in reception witness them. Then we can put this marriage on a more… *equitable*… footing."

"Have…? Have you gone entirely fucking mad, Selena?" he burst out, unable to suspend his outrage as his eyes once more ran over a picture of what was expected from him.

"No," she answered calmly but firmly. "In fact, it might be said that I'm thinking clearly in regard of you for the first time since we met."

"And, knowing me, you seriously expect I'll agree to this…" he held the picture up for her as if she was seeing it for the first time also and might come to her senses, "…this… perverted shit? I'm a forty-four-year-old man, not a misbehaving schoolboy from the time of Queen Vic. And you're a younger woman whose husband has made a mistake, not some dominatrix governess from the same period."

Allowing a few seconds to pass, she made him wait for her response.

Then:

"Call me, or it, perverted or anything else you choose," she told him. "But I'm calling through to reception now and, if those documents aren't signed by the time the notary reaches this office I'll take it that our marriage is at an end and notify my people to instigate our post-nuptial agreement and prepare divorce proceedings."

He looked at her open-mouthed as she proceeded, his earlier relief at being off the hook no more than a memory.

"Even as we speak, your bank accounts have been cancelled by me as co-signatory and the same goes for your credit-cards," she told him. "As of now the only money you have – unless you have a job and financial arrangements I've been completely unaware of up until now – is the money I choose to give you.

"Also," she went on, as he stared at her as if she just beamed down from the mothership of a particularly demented matriarchy, "the moment you go out that door with the agreement unsigned is the moment you become officially homeless – and you know what that means in the new world of our caring Tories and that nice Mr Osborne."

For the first time he could remember, the smile with which she accompanied her words to him was not… *pleasant*.

"You should also know that the locks to our home in Dulwich, along with the security system, are being changed as we speak… Oh, and by the way, the company-leased BMW I allowed you to drive has been taken back to where it came from as well."

It would be true to say that Andrew Warrender looked like nothing so frightened and pitiful as a rabbit cornered by a hungry, as well as extremely vengeful, cobra as his wife waited to see which way he would *"skip"*.

"Fuck it!" he told her, manning up and rising from his seat. "You must be off your silly little head if you think for one second I'll consent to this… to this… *bullshit!*"

Selena Warrender; ne: Anderson; shrugged as if unconcerned, the final outcome in her mind already determined:

"That is your choice, Andrew," she smiled. "But do be careful in making it because, either way you decide, it will probably be the last choice of any meaningful kind you will ever be given again."

Fists clenched impotently, unable to believe his life could fall apart in such a way and in such a short space of time, not hours after feeling like a sexual superman from fucking the glorious Elise to breathless submission, Andrew Warrender stood before his wife and pondered the incredible – nay, perverted – decision she expected to make.

"Last chance, Andrew," she told him, voice sounding to him more in keeping with the Grim Reaper than the malleable young wife he had ridden roughshod over for the duration of their marriage.

"For god's sakes, Selena," he cried. "You can't seriously expect me to…"

"Your choice," she overrode him. "Sign now, or you know where the door is."

Without being aware he was about to do it, his eyes went to the door indicated, before returning the face of his wife in the hope she would relent and call off her demand.

The anticipation was short-lived:

"Well?... What's it to be…?"

Three

Groggy, destabilised, disbelieving…

All three unmanning sensations suggested themselves to Andrew Warrender as he awoke in his new-quarters. It was the first day of his second week in them and he still found it hard to believe his life could have changed so much in so short a space of time. In fact, he found it hard to believe anything about his *"new life"* and took consolation only from the belief that it was simply Selena's way of paying him back for his betrayal of her and, once she was satisfied he had learned his lesson, things would soon return to normal.

But, the thought kept nagging at him, if that was her intention why had she insisted he sign the durable power-of-attorney giving her control of his financial affairs)

Worse, he thought, as the titanium surrounding his cock and balls and effectively preventing an erection brought itself to his attention yet again, why had she taken control over the possibility of him having *"affairs"* full-stop?

As he pulled on the over-size grey flannel shorts and long grey socks - guaranteed with the white shirt and navy tie with diagonal yellow and white stripes above to make him look like a hulking juvenile on the wrong-end of a growth spurt, rather than the handsome man-of-the-world in his forties the world and his mistresses knew him as - he couldn't help but go over the almost effortless way his young and previously biddable wife had brought about his capitulation.

Had he always been so weak?

So terrified of actually fending for himself in a world for which he plainly lacked a career-capacity and the staying power to maintain it if he should find one, that he could consent to the way his wife had decided to treat him?

That he was wearing the clothes he was and was standing in the windowless basement of the Dulwich home his wife's trust owned, waiting for the automatic lock on the door she'd had placed there to be opened from above that he might make his way upstairs and begin the chores she had set out for himself, was surely answer enough.

In the space of a few hours after leaving her office, it had seemed to him, he had become a non-person. He had, incredibly to his own over-inflated sense of machismo, succumbed to her demands and even handed over his mobile-phone. The landline at home, she had informed him, was already protected by a combination that prevented anyone without it making or receiving a call and the laptop he kept in the study he had insisted upon was now password-protected. And *he* didn't have it.

Without access to the bank-accounts in his name she had closed as co-signatory, credit-cards or money, unless she decided to give him any, he was cut off from both communications of any kind, save verbal interaction, and the means to live the life her largesse had made possible.

The wonderful fuck that was Elise, he knew, was beyond his reach now and his only way forward was to accept his young wife's anger – as degrading and over-the-top as he considered it – until he could inveigle his way back into her good graces and gain the upper hand in their union once again…

… "Perhaps now I'm the only woman in your life," she had told him after clicking the lock shut on cage that prevented the possibility of any erection and, therefore, sex, "you might begin seeing things in a more… reasonable… way."

She had placed the keys in a wall-safe in their bedroom – her bedroom now – before returning to where he was, back against the mattress with hands and feet secured the bed-frame.

"I loved you, Andrew, and I trusted you," she told him, mouth set firmly. "But you're looks, as is so often the way, are not matched by your soul and you cheated on me. Probably from the moment we were first married."

She was wearing a one-piece outfit in black lycra he hadn't seen her in before and, now he could do nothing about it, he realised just what a powerful young body she had. No Elise, of course, but then that lady wasn't here and was unlikely to be seen by him again in the foreseeable future. Selena's breasts thrust against the yielding material of the outfit and the sight of her protruding nipples told him she was as bare beneath the lycra as she was excited by the prospect of him lying naked and restrained before her.

"My first thought was to simply kick you out and let your resulting misery be my revenge," she said, before shaking her head emphatically and adding: "Not enough. Not by a longshot. The disrespect you showed me and the complete contempt for my generosity and finer feelings couldn't be allowed to go unpunished."

There was an intensity and, yes, cruelty, in her expression Andrew had not seen until now and, as she gazed down upon his still toned and lean body, the faint tan from their trip to the Maldives of a few months before still visible, he felt a shiver of disquiet add itself to the sense of unease he already, and understandably, felt at having had her lock his pride and joy away in the contraption at his groin.

"But how best to punish you?" she asked, almost to herself. "That was the puzzle. How do you hurt most such a 'man's man'?"

She snapped her fingers.

"And that's when it came to me. What would demean you most and give you some idea of just how badly you had humiliated me. How awful would it be for you, I asked myself, if you could no longer make even the most basic decisions a man might be expected to make for himself? To be unable to take himself off to town for a night out with a slut? To be unable to access money of his own or even take a walk outside the house without permission? And, now, unable to even summon up an erection without having his 'keyholder' – me – unlock the cage surrounding his trapped cock?"

She had sat on the edge of the bed by now and was staring into his eyes with a look that he described to himself as "fanatical", full lycra-covered breasts and bullet nipples hovering over him as she placed a perfectly groomed hand beneath his ball-sac and jiggled his testicles through her fingers as he squirmed, feeling about as vulnerable as he had could recall feeling at any time in his life prior to this point.

"The Internet," she told him, continuing to manipulate his be-ringed and imprisoned scrotum, "was full of some marvellous advice and ideas on the subject and some that, while… arousing… was simply too unrealistic for me to entertain for long."

Her smile was more for herself than him.

"Which isn't to say I didn't have some fun times behind the locked door of my office, armed with a loyal and faithful vibrator as my husband placed his cock at the disposal of a woman other than his wife."

He had opened his mouth to apologise at that point and – something that shocked him as much as her insistence on the cock-cage and her willingness to place him in the contraption – received a forceful slap across the face.

"Don't you dare interrupt me with any more of your lies!" she hissed down at him, unconcerned it seemed by being the first of them to have raised a hand to the other during their marriage. "Those days are over. For good! My eyes are open now and, if you ever want to have anything remotely resembling a normal marriage to me, you had better start showing me how 'sorry' you are though actions; not words that aren't worth the saliva lubricating them."

Suddenly, adding to his sense of surprise and dislocation, she placed herself on the bed with her knees to either side of his waist and, supporting herself on her hands to either side of his head, stared down into his captive and quite stunned eyes.

"Are you willing to do that?" she demanded, eyes literally blazing with a passion and fury he had not believed her capable.

To his amazement, he felt himself nodding, before croaking out a: "Y-Yes. I… I'm willing."

"Good. Then you can start by showing me some respect."

He stared up at her, at a loss, barely able to meet the intensity of her stare.

She enlightened him:

"Until, if ever, I decide your feelings towards me are as they should be," she told him, face so close to his now he could feel her warm breath upon his reddened cheeks, "I think you should address me as 'Ms Selena'."

He waited, feeling sure she would laugh and tell him she was just having a little joke, but the unyielding steel at his groin told him otherwise.

“Say it!” she demanded.

“But… Please, Lena, surely you don’t…”

The breath left his lungs with a whoosh as, supporting herself on one arm, she reached behind with the other, took his scrotum in her hand, and squeezed.

“Ready to say it now?” she asked a minute or so later when his breathing had returned to normal and the disabling pain in his manhood had receded enough for him to make sense of her words.

He hesitated for less than a second before no more than the simple movement of her hand brought about his capitulation.

“Y-Yes” he cried with a mixture of fear, desperation, and shame. “I… I’m ready… M-Ms… Selina.”

The change in her was as profound as it was instant:

“Good boy, Andy!” she praised, using the diminutive of his name she knew he hated. “From now on until I tell you otherwise, I don’t want to hear anything other than a ‘Ms Selena’ fall from your lips if you need to address me. Up until now I’ve had nothing like the respect I deserve for being the breadwinner in this marriage, in fact, far from the love and respect I’ve earned, you’ve insulted and disrespected me behind my back with a succession of sluts.”

Her eyes blazed into his as if daring and not for the first time he marvelled at how swiftly his sweet and indulgent wife had turned into something… else.

But he did remain quiet.

“Well, that’s at an end,” she told him, satisfied he wasn’t going to risk another slap by attempting to sweet-talk her with yet more meaningless and insincere apologies. “My aunt was never convinced by you, even if she was charmed a little, and warned me to keep a firmer grip on you.” She almost giggled as she recalled her squeezing of his crown-jewels not moments before, but managed to keep her focus. “She was right and I should have. Despite your looks and air of worldliness, you’re really no more than a weak individual in need of strict supervision. A child really. And unless you want to know how cold it can be on the streets when you have no job, no home, and no loved ones to provide for you, I suggest you accept that I’m now the head of this household and do what I expect of you.”

She hadn’t pointed up any realities he was unaware of since the denouement in her office, yet hearing her give voice to them brought the full consequences of his situation home to him. He was without options. None, other than those she decided to offer him.

“Women have spoilt you your whole life and you have come to expect it as your due,” he heard her say above him, his thoughts immediately going to the late-mother and childless and equally late aunts who had doted on him as a youngster, setting a pattern he expected all women to follow if they expected a place in his life.

"Not once have you made the lightest effort to provide for yourself – let alone me," she went on, "and you are so far gone in both age and idleness that it would be impossible for you to do so even if you could prevail against your baser instincts and attempt to do so. But that's going to change if you wish to remain as my husband and I'll tell you what I expect at greater length over the next few days. If you can't 'provide' you can at least be made 'useful'."

Knowing that, if he were anything like the "real" man he had always assured himself he was, he would never have allowed himself to have been placed in such a position by another person – and especially his young wife – Andrew ("Andy") Warrender remained silent under her tongue lashing; telling himself for the first time in his life that he would have to be patient and win his way back into her good graces by going along with her demands.

As degrading and humiliating as they might be.

"Before we get to that, however," she went on, insinuating herself further up the bed until her knees were either side of his lowered arms and the shoulders above them, "you need to start making up for your neglect of me."

A sick feeling washed over him as he divined her meaning.

"Surely she didn't expect him to…?"

She did, and her next words confirmed his fears:

"I don't know if you ever gave your sluts the pleasure of your tongue – and knowing you distaste for the act; I have my doubts – but you are going to be putting it at your young wife's disposal on a regular basis once we get our new… regime… under way."

It was more his fear of the hand that had squeezed his ball-sac so violently than the unmanly prospect of begging that prevented Andrew Warrender from doing just that, but his eyes could not help but show his horror for a sex act including the licking and tasting of a woman's piss and arousal he had always considered demeaning to a "real" man.

Even if, on this occasion, he was not to be forced into direct contact with the oral abomination.

She was directly above him now, eyes beaming down into his with what he could only describe to himself as the thrill of conquest, lycra-clad pussy inches above a nose he was already wrinkling with disgust for the aforementioned waste and arousal that was finding its way into his nostrils.

"I realise this will be a first for you," she told him, "so we'll begin gently."

His eyes pleaded with her to no avail.

"Deep breaths through your nostrils first as you take in your wife's scent fully for the first time," she instructed.

Then, with language he had never thought to hear upon her somewhat prim and proper lips:

"And, after that, you can nuzzle at your wife's cunt through the lycra soaked with her pussy juices."

She laughed as the eyes beneath her became moist.

"Let's call it an appetizer before the main-course," she suggested, delighted with her own somewhat obvious humour.

Then, humour subsiding, she lowered her sopping pussy until it rested upon his nose, almost orgasming when he flinched but did not resist her.

The sensation was incredible and the knowledge she was overmastering this man who had once infatuated her – and did still in ways that would not prove good for him – only exacerbated these new feelings of dominance and imposed submission that were already changing the way she saw the world.

"Deep breaths now, you faithless bastard!" she ordered by way of a scream.

When, not seconds later, she heard the handsome older husband who had always held the upper hand with her do just that, she almost lost the plot.

Almost…….

…….Freed from his nightly incarceration in the basement she'd had fashioned as his new – and *"more fitting"* – quarters Andrew climbed the flight of concrete steps that led to the ground-level and shuddered when he caught sight of himself in a full-length passage mirror.

The demeaning schoolboy garb she insisted he wear around the house when alone – *"That you might be constantly reminded of your hurtful and juvenile behaviour until you know better than to repeat it"* – looked even more ridiculous and shaming than it did in the gloom of the basement and the light of day served to highlight that this was the price he had decided to pay in the hope she would forgive him and become his loving wife once again; rather than take his chances on the outside the way any man worthy of the name would.

Slowly, he made his way through the kitchen and into the main hallway and his former study where he knew she would be waiting to give him his list of duties for the day.

As always, when seeing the pleasant and comfortable surroundings he was being denied by his banishment to the basement, his self-pity threatened to turn into real anger.

He quelled it.

What good would it do him after all?

The bitch held all the cards.

And they were *all* in credit.

As he knocked respectfully and awaited the order to enter his former *"lair"*, he pondered just how much – and *unbelievably* – his life had changed in little more than a week since the confrontation in her London Bridge office.

"Come," came the command, a lofty queen giving permission for one of the lowest of her minions to enter he presence.

He entered and softly closed the door behind him before turning to face her as she sat behind what had been *his* desk; careful, as instructed not to meet her eye until given permission.

The hosed feet and spiked shoes, waiting to greet his lowered head, together with the above the knee hemline of a black skirt, took the edge from his anger.

A little, anyway.

The fact she was dressed meant she had little time to waste and would most likely be leaving shortly.

It would also mean he was not required to attend her toilet and dress her for the coming day in the clothing of her choice.

For someone she dressed as a schoolboy she certainly enjoyed treating him as a manservant.

"Good morning, Ms Selena," he began, hating the obsequious form of address and himself even more for being too much of a coward to tell her to shove it up her – growingly attractive to him, he had to confess, now it was no longer available to him – backside.

"It will be," she said, rising to come around the desk and stand before him, hands upon hips imperiously before her arms disappeared from his view. "But not before you learn how to obey a simple instruction and not speak until given express permission to do so."

He recalled her latest edict of the previous evening and wondered just how far she was going to take this new power kick of hers.

He also recalled the multiple slaps to each of his cheeks when he had dared to ask that very same thing.

Biting a well and often chewed lip, he kept his counsel, grateful, at least, that nobody knew of, or was around to witness the shame of his marital situation.

"As well as not looking me in the eyes without permission, Andy, I have no desire to hear your lying and cheating voice until I have a need for you to speak. Understand?"

"Y-Yes, Ms Selena," he answered, a part of him alarmed that he was becoming accustomed to responding to her with such…*alacrity*. "But…?"

"But, what?" she snapped, voice that of a tyrannical commanding-officer rather than the doting young wife she had been not weeks earlier.

"But…? But what if there's something you need to know or, you know, something urgent comes up."

There was a pause and he could tell that she hadn't given the question any thought up to then.

He would soon wish he could take the thing back.

"Hmmm, a reasonable point," she conceded before thinking about it.

Then, as if at a brainwave:

"I know. How about this? Whenever you need my attention for something – nothing trivial, mind – how about you simply lower yourself to your knees and place your lips on my toes until I give you permission?"

Stunned, nauseous, and furious with himself for having given what he saw as her growing sexual perversion an opening, he remained silent in the face of what he knew was a rhetorical question.

"Yes. That will work perfectly. Another sign of your respect as you go about trying to persuade me you're sincere in your desire to be a loving husband to me for the first time."

Unable to help himself, his head snapped up with shock, though why he should have been surprised by her demand after everything she had put him through in the past week was beyond him.

Expecting to be rebuked for actually staring her in the eye, he was surprised again to see amusement staring back at him from beneath the jet-black and page-boy cut hair. But what struck him most was the confidence he could sense emanating from her. With each inch he gave before her his wife's self-esteem and, yes, sadism, seemed to expand out of proportion.

Just looking into the determined set of her expertly made-up face he had so blithely taken for granted at one time – a face somehow made to seem commanding by the short-cropped hair-style she'd adopted, he knew she deadly serious in her demand.

Worse, he now knew without doubt. that now she had seen his weakness at first hand and held all the legal and moral cards – although what she was doing to him could hardly be called moral in any way, she was utterly certain he would do as she ordered.

"Let's try it now, shall we," she said. "Do a nice respectful job and I'll overlook you looking me in the eye without permission."

It was fucking ludicrous! He cursed to himself. Here he was, a grown man many women wet themselves over, dressed by his wife as if he were a schoolboy and treated with even less consideration. His cock was in a cage to which she and she alone had a key and he had been reduced to living in her basement as if he were some Victorian footman, rather than her husband of eight years.

So why in the name of all that was sensible and masculine was he standing there and taking her shit?

As images of what his life would be like beyond *her* home flashed up a montage at the back of his eyes, he had his answer.

About his lack of sense, as well as his masculinity.

Just the same, his wife was anything *but* bereft of sound sense, and now, the scales in regard of him lifted, she knew *exactly* how to deal with the weak as water specimen she had once considered a man amongst men.

And carrots, where he was concerned, were equally as effective as the stick.

Though not, she giggled to herself, to be applied with as much frequency.

"Show me how good and respectful a husband you intend to be for me from now," she told him in a voice that sounded almost loving, "and I'll consider letting you put on some adult clothes and slip into the village for a couple of drinks at The Greyhound."

The effect surprised even her as his face took on a look of hope at the prospect of something he would have taken as no more than the usual some seven or so days before. Now though, the opportunity to put on more manly clothes and share a few pints with the locals – he was hardly likely to tomcat around with what she had locked around his genitals - acted upon him in the way of a trip to an adventure park offered a pre-schooler. Even she was surprised at how far down the ladder she had taken him already and even more at herself for the pure pleasure she was taking in treating him so… *dismissively*.

"Good boy," she praised, trying hard not to allow the heady mix of surprise and exhilaration to make her burst into mocking and triumphant laughter; this as the eyes in a face as red and embarrassed as that of a twelve-year-old caught masturbating by his mother left hers and she realised his shoulder were lowering as he slid slowly to his knees and, joy of perverse joys, placed his lips upon the pointed to of her black designer Christian Louboutin's at almost £500 a throw.

As his lips remained pressed to the shiny black leather in obedience to her expectations, she thought it would be a nice touch to give him something else to look forward to.

"As you're being such a respectful and obedient husband," she began, tittering to herself at a description that had no basis in reality, given his posture and clothes in which she had him, "I tell you now that there just might be another surprise for you tomorrow."

His head nodded slightly and she felt his nose tickle the top of her hosed instep.

The sensation was delightful, though she seriously doubted he would find the surprise she had in store as… *appealing*.

Four

"Firstly, I wish to hear no apologies. For either you or my husband," Selena told her guest in a decent chain Italian on the South Bank, not a hundred metres or so from Sam Wannamaker's recreation of the Globe and the Elizabethan theatre of the Master.

The young woman with the incredible body - Selena could hardly blame her husband, or any man, for that matter from lusting after - seemed irritated rather than intimidated at meeting the wife of the man she had been fucking. In point of fact, it wasn't the first time Elise had been in such a situation and she usually ended up feeling contemptuous of the other woman's desperate pleadings to *"please, don't take my man"* or other equally annoying requests. It beggared her belief that these women would want a man who had been treacherous enough to take another woman in her place back anyway.

But this *"meet-up"* seemed… *different*.

As did the cheated upon wife herself.

In fact, and rather than seem ready to either beg or attack, the woman seemed interested only in talking – and she seemed *nothing* like the meek and timid little mouse Andrew had portrayed her as being.

Far from it.

She was, as it turned out, an attractive woman with a healthy – if not in her own class – sexual aura about her.

"Can we get to the point of this meeting?" Elise asked. "I'll be frank, I'm only here because you said there would be something in it for me." She shrugged, slightly – but only slightly embarrassed, "Sorry if that makes me sound mercenary but… Well, we don't all have aunts who leave us a business and being a single-woman without family isn't the fairy-tale most people seem to think it is."

Despite the jibe at her inheritance, Selena found herself amused, liking the younger woman's no-nonsense approach.

"I'm sure it's not, Elise. And I have a feeling you might be interested in my offer as making that single-life a tad more bearable."

As they both sipped at a glass of decent Chianti, they appraised each other and each reached a similar conclusion:

"Their meeting would not be acrimonious."

"It was a fuck, nothing more," Selena said finally, not loud but not worried if anyone overheard either. If people had so little in their lives they needed to eavesdrop then they heard no more than they deserved. "At least that's all it was to me. Though I think Mr Superlover might have thought there were… *feelings* involved."

“Were there?” Selena asked, amazed at how little anger she felt and just how much her feelings towards a man she had adored not so long before had changed.

“Not on my part, I can assure you. He was just a great looking guy – if a bit too mature for my usual tastes - who scratched an itch.”

She smirked.

“Even if he did seem to delude himself he scratched it better than anyone else before him.”

“I seem to remember him being pretty decent,” Selena commented truthfully, a little taken aback, if she was honest, that the young woman seemed… well… *dismissive* of her husband.

“He is. But he’s not great – even if I let him think he was.”

Her face became serious suddenly.

“Look, Mrs Warrender, I…”

“Selena.”

“Sorry?”

“The name’s *‘Selena’*,” Elise told her. “And it’s *‘Anderson’*, no longer Warrender, either. I’ve taken back my maiden-name.”

“You’re divorcing him? Can’t say as I blame…”

Selena was shaking her head.

“No?... But…?” Her look of surprise was genuine. “So that’s why you said there’d be something to my advantage if I met you.” Her snort was on the derisive side. “You want to keep him.”

It was less question than condemnation and she seemed amused by it.

“Yes,” Selena nodded. “But not in the way you think. And, just so you don’t get the wrong idea – though I feel pretty positive you arrived there some time ago – this is not about making you some cash offer to stay away from my husband.”

Now it was Selena’s turn to be amused.

“Quite the opposite, in fact.”

“I… I don’t follow you.”

“It was my private investigator who, unwittingly, sowed the seeds in my mind and made me think it was possible to get you on board with my idea.”

The younger woman was staring at her as if she were in the throes of senile dementia, despite there being only some seven years between them.

"From the dossier he compiled on you," Selena waffled a little, the file in question comprising only slightly more than bare bones – though more than enough for her to make some informed deductions; "you haven't been treated very well by men throughout your life."

"You could say that, if you're in to understatement," Elise agreed, looking a little miffed at this invasion of her privacy. *"Just because I'm fucking her husband,"* her thoughts ran, *"it doesn't give her the right to pry into my affairs."*

She almost laughed at her all too accurate description of her own personal life. *"Affairs"* being the operative word. And, even at her youthful twenty-seven, she'd had more than enough experience of such illicit couplings.

"Mostly older married men like my husband who, after having got what they wanted from you, decided to upsticks and return to their nice settled lives. Though I will say, that my investigator seemed to think my husband was developing… *feelings*… for you."

"You husband," Elise came back at her, cheeks red with animation and magnificent breasts above a figure that would not have put an Amazon to shame heaving with that same emotion, "would not know a genuine feeling for someone who isn't himself if it took a blow-torch to his balls."

It was no more than the same feeling Selena had arrived at in regard of her own husband – albeit a little late in the day – and she confirmed it with a little nod of agreement, before asking:

"I take it you had no such… *'feelings'*… of a reciprocal kind for him, then?"

"Hmmpth!"

"Well you certainly seemed to enjoy having sex with him if the footage I have can be trusted."

"It can't," the young woman snapped back at her, not unused to having been caught on camera in-flagrante-delicto, exactly, but, and understandably, a little uncomfortable at having to sit and chat with someone who had actually witnessed her activities – and the wife of the man into the bargain.

Anger at having been observed in such a way far outweighing any embarrassment she felt and allowing her to continue:

"Your husband was no worse than some of the men I've known and better than a few of them. But he was hardly the super-lover he seemed to think he was or I led him to believe."

Again, Selena was nodding, finding it hard to be annoyed with the younger and more sexy woman for some reason. Realising that, if anything, she owed her an indirect debt of gratitude for having revealed to her the true nature of both her marriage and the man to whom she was married. Certainly, such charity had not been the woman's intention, but…

"I can understand that," she began. "The happier my husband was the more of my money he would spend on you."

Elise looked about to come back with either apology or rebuke, but a raised hand from Selena prevented her.

"That was not a criticism of you," she said, accompanying the words with a smile that she might take yet more of the sting from them. "I've been fortunate enough to have been spared the financial uncertainties of single-life without the security of a well-paying career or a supportive family so, please, do not think I'm being judgmental. My anger is directed at a husband who lied to me both physically and emotionally; simply to gain for himself with his looks and charm the kind of life his talent and industry had no chance of supplying. I doubt that he has ever had one loving feeling for me that wasn't directly linked to my bank statement."

"Then all I can say is more fool him," Elise said, taking her by surprise.

"Meeting you for the first time," she went on, "I really think he must be an even bigger loser than I took him for and tells me I made the right decision when I promised myself *never* to give myself emotionally to a man."

She snapped her fingers together for emphasis:

"Ever!"

"I'm sure you don't mean that, Elise," said a surprised Selena, shocked to hear such seemingly sincere cynicism fall from the lips of one so young. "That's a pretty cold future you're describing for yourself here."

"As cold as realising the man you invested all your finer feelings in has pissed all over them the whole time you've been married?" the young woman asked, expression seeming to contain genuine sympathy.

Selena nodded to herself, the point taken. She had spent her married years in the worst kind of denial in respect of her handsome and older husband's feelings towards her. And, while she was working around the clock trying to get to grips with the running of her late-aunt's business, all the time feeling swamped and out of her depth, her loving husband had not only spent the money she had made freely available to him but spent it on a succession of fucks with women other than her.

"Don't beat yourself up over it, Selena," one of those other *'fucks'* advised. There's only one person who should be doing that, and it's not you. Though I doubt he realises it even now."

This time, Selena's head shook.

"As I said," Elise consoled her, "the man's a complete fool."

"Not so big he couldn't fool me all these years, though," Selena observed bitterly, a feeling of… *oddness*… going hand-in-hand with her resentment of her own naivety that she could be discussing such things – and in such a way – with her husband's former squeeze.

"What woman can't be fooled – sometimes even men," pointed out that *'squeeze'* "when they fall in love with someone? Why would you have thought he was anything less than on the level with you than you were with him? Look at you. You're a catch – even if your love for this prick has blinded you to the fact."

"Come on, Elise," protested a flattered but frankly disbelieving Selena. "Look at you and look at me. I might not be chopped liver but…"

"But what?" the younger woman snapped. "You don't have big tits and a cocksucker's mouth?" There was anger in her own expression now. "Don't think I haven't heard how some of the bastards describe me to their… *'Pals'*… when they think I'm out of earshot. You think you're not a catch because men don't see you and think you'll be an easy fuck? Well take my word for it, you're wrong. What have I got? Another ten years before the rose goes right off the bloom? Then what? Another fifteen being a fuckable milf? Not that I ever intend having kids, but that's what they'll call me. And then what? What do I have to look forward to in my senior years – if I reach them? More of the same from lecherous pensioner?"

She shuddered as if the reaper himself had just laid a covetous hand upon the nape of her neck.

"Fuck that!"

There was silence at the table for a while and they both sipped at their chianti's reflectively.

Until:

"I can tell you one area where his… *'feelings'*… for you were genuine, anyway," said Elise.

"I'm surprised to hear there is one," answered a somewhat self-pitying Selena.

"Your legs," she went on.

"What about them?" asked an impatient Selena, feeling suddenly uncomfortable and wanting to get to the real reason for the meeting she had insisted upon – not to know that Elise was about to lend her a helping hand.

"You really don't know, do you?"

Selena's answer was a frown.

"Are you seriously telling me you haven't noticed your lying and cheating husband has got something of a fetish for feet and legs?"

Shrugging, Elise toyed with the stem of her glass:

"Don't all men find women's legs attractive?"

"And feet?"

"Well…"

"Yes, he loves women's legs. Legs in stockings, high heels, pantyhose, whatever. All it takes is a glimpse and he fills his pants."

Selena gazed around the restaurant and was pleased to note their conversation was going unremarked upon.

"He can't help himself. Lots of men are the same. Some are hooked on breasts – like mine; while some go for legs and others for both."

Her smile was a mix of amusement and contempt.

"Your husband not only loves breasts and gets orgasmic at the sight of a shapely pair of legs, but goes off-world if a woman's feet take his fancy. You know this, surely?"

Selena's quick look away was answer enough.

"Did he never ask you to play with is cock and balls with your hosed feet before…"

"Elise! Keep it down. Please!"

Elise shrugged, "Sorry. Just can't believe you wouldn't have known."

Then, suddenly, placing her chianti down on the table and spearing Selena with a look:

"So, I'm sure you have more important things to do than hearing me waffle on about your husband. What was this offer you want to make me?"

For a moment, Selena wasn't sure she'd be able to see it through. What she was about to describe of her own changed feelings towards her husband described her own equally as well but, having met the woman and gained a certain insight into her, she knew her own feelings on the subject of men in general might not be too far from where her husband's deceit and blatant disrespect of her had placed her own. Assessing her lunch-partner, she felt a sudden confidence she would go along with what she had in mind.

“The offer I have to make you is – to say the least – an unusual one,” she began before hesitating.

“But,” she finally continued, “it should prove interesting to you and, should you accept, address some, perhaps all, of your financial concerns for the future.”

The young woman’s attention was now rapt.

“It will provide you with a nice salary and a *very* comfortable roof over your head,” she went on, confidence growing as she saw the woman’s interest deepen.

“It will also provide you with a lump-sum and a home – an apartment or a small bungalow – at the end of the agreement.”

The eyes above those full and sensuous lips lit-up, excited, no doubt, by the prospect of *never* having to serve some lusting City-gent another Espresso Con Panna and having to be propositioned when clearing his table again.

Until her natural cynicism kicked in again:

“And what would I be expected to do?” she asked.

“Nothing of a sexual nature that isn’t of your own choosing,” Selena assured her.

“Go on,” the girl urged.

“The position I have in mind,” Selena began, “would be both residential and supervisory.”

Elise was lost, unable to think of any skill-set she had, other than opening her legs and serving a latte, that could possibly warrant such a position – and *such* a reward.

“It will also mean you being in daily, almost constant contact with my husband and your former lover.”

Having seen too much in her young life to be easily surprised, Elise felt her jaw descent towards her *“Big tits”*, as she had heard them described so graphically and so often.

“You…? You…?”

“Want you to live in my home and supervise its upkeep, yes,” Selena told her.

“What makes you think I’d want to become your skivvy?” and angry and disappointed Elise asked. “Not to mention doing it for your husband?”

Reaching across, Selena lay a reassuring hand over the girl’s, surprised at the level of affection she was beginning to feel for her and the straightforward manner she couldn’t prevent surfacing.

“Believe me, Elise, if you accept my offer you will not be a skivvy and nothing you do will be for my husband.”

“But…”

“You will be treated by me as more of a house-guest with… *certain*- responsibilities, rather than as an employee.”

“I don’t understand, Selena. Won’t you feel uncomfortable having me around your husband, knowing what… You know…? And what exactly will I be expected to *‘supervise’*?”

Selena smiled, certain the girl was going to go for it and, never having been a popular girl herself and having few, if any, friends, excited by the prospect of having a female presence around the home.

“To leave your last question until last,” she began, “Please be assured that I have absolutely no qualms about leaving you alone with my husband during either the night or the day.”

“But…?”

“In answer to your first question, and as to why I have no qualms, I’ll confide a little something to you.”

Elise waited, realising as she did that she was holding her breath for some reason.

“I have insisted my husband wear,” Selena began, “a state of the art and quite impregnable… male chastity cage.”

Still not breathing, Elise listened to this revelation concerning her former lover and wondered if she had heard correctly.

“The answer to your second question, Elise, is that the person whose duties you will be supervising will by the man who was once my husband and your lover.”

Six

With every day that passed she was becoming indifferent towards him – even if that indifference was accompanied by a heightened sense of sexual arousal. He was her household servant now and the change in status had been effected with little more than the threat of a simple pre-nup and the withdrawal of his presence in both her life and her home. With every passing day he became less of a man in her eyes and more of a sexually and domestic useful beast she owned.

The above a given, despite the fact she could tell he still deluded himself he was undergoing a period of penance and, once she was assured he had learned his lesson, his comfortable and carefree life would be returned to him.

"Suck me," she ordered, sitting in a high-backed leather armchair. A chair that was placed before a window with a view of the garden and a snow covered Dulwich Common beyond its wall in *her* upstairs bedroom; an open fire raging to her side. Picture-postcard, in fact.

Or would have been, had it not been for the fact she was still wearing a night-shirt she had hitched above her waist, one shapely leg snaked over the arm of the chair as the lips of her visible and hairless pussy began to moisten with anticipation.

Not for the first time in the weeks since *"the change"*, the man before her in the unlikely clothing placed the breakfast tray he was in the process of returning downstairs to the kitchen back on the bed and moved to kneel between his wife's legs; doing his best not to scowl when, as if imparting instructions to a new household servant, she added:

"And be sure to take your time and be thorough about it."

Immediately, he buried his head in the vee and began to lap the length of her slit as she had instructed him the first time she insisted her *"serve"* her in such a way. His alacrity *not* from any eagerness to please his wife's pussy in such a way, but rather to put a demeaning and odiferous chore behind him as swiftly as possible. His thoughts racing the whole time as to how he could make the swiftest possible return to the former status quo and how, once there, he could find a way of ensuring she would never have him in such a position again.

His thoughts, rather than preoccupy themselves with pleasing the pussy before him, again went to his wife's will and testament and the fact, to his knowledge, that it still favoured *him*.

Though, and in fairness, his thoughts were not running to the unthinkable.

Yet.

After no more than a few swipes of his tongue over her labia, her pussy lips pressed against him roughly, his own lips mashed against her as the secretions of her arousal filled his nostrils and, as taught, he gently inserted his tongue into her moist interior and

twirled it a round for some seconds before once again transferring his attention to the swollen flesh of her labia and running his nose the length of it before teasing her budding clit with the tip of his tongue and then repeating the process.

For many minutes he kept himself to the task, her morning pleasure, he had been informed, to be delivered in a gentler and more reverent manner.

In keeping with the demand of his newly dominant and demanding wife, the resentful but obliging man who had once led the trusting girl such a dance sucked and licked and hoovered at the hard button of her clit in the hope that her watershed would not be too long in coming, anxious as he was to be finished with his demeaning chore and return to the others waiting for him – even if they were equally as degrading and repugnant to him in their own, domestic, way.

For Selena Warrender – ne: *Anderson* – however, it was a different story. Having him kneeling before her with his face mashed to her genitals was about as empowering and thrilling as anything she had ever imagined, let alone experienced, and she knew she had been right in taking the steps necessary to emasculate him even further and ensure he remained her chastised manservant for the foreseeable future.

A groan from below introduced itself into her febrile thoughts and she knew – distasteful and unmanly as he found the act to be – the pheromones and copulins she was secreting into his nostrils and onto his tongue were having their inevitable effect.

“Selina… please. I need…”

He got no further as she took his hair in her hands and rammed his face against her pelvis, his nose actually entering the interior of her cunt in a way she had decided his cock never would again.

“No talking, you bastard!” she hissed, anger genuine and becoming more and more unfettered towards him with each instance of her losing it and him accepting the consequences. “Your little cock gets out of its cage when I think you deserve it and not before.”

Fully intending to heap more abuse on his head, her words died in her throat as the simple act of verbalising her dominance over him while thrusting his head against her sopping pussy sent her over the edge once again.

Her leg came off the arm of the chair and her thighs tensed either side of his neck as she began to writhe on his face. Feline face with the page-boy cut hair above contorted with euphoria as she lost more and more control of herself until, finally, she screwed her eyes shut and vented to the ceiling with a single great cry of orgasmic release, vulva convulsing to squirt the emissions of her release into her neutered husband’s handsome face and the hair upon which she still maintained an iron grip, filling his mouth also with the juices of her womanly arousal.

“Don’t you dare spit it out, you cheating, faithless bastard!” she yelled directly into his face when she returned to earth and saw him attempt to do just that. “Swallow it and be grateful you’re still here to have the opportunity.”

To her amazement, thinking she may just have pushed envelope a little far this time, she watched as he swallowed her effusions – even if he was unable to keep a look of sheer disgust from his features as he went about it.

"Good boy," she said finally, knowing how much he hated her addressing him in such a way – especially when dressed in his over-sized schoolboy shorts and ankle socks – and certain he had swallowed everything.

Then, lowering her nightshirt and stroking his head in a way she knew also infuriated him. "You really are showing signs of improvement. That was almost quite satisfactory."

His eyes could not meet hers as he rocked back on his haunches and concentrated instead on the carpet between her immaculately pedicured feet and toes with blue painted-nails.

The sheer thrill of her growing ascendancy over him threatened to make her orgasm once again and she knew that, now she knew something of power and how it could make her feel, she would do everything it took to keep her husband under her marital and economic control.

"Now, then," she said, "be a good boy and get on with your chores while I shower and freshen up. I have a visitor coming later and I want to be fresh for her."

Now his eyes did meet hers and showed alarm, though she thought she detected some small relief that she had mentioned a woman rather than a man.

"Don't worry," she told him with a smirk, "she's seen a man in shorts before. That said though, I don't think she'll appreciate you smelling like another woman's pussy. So take yourself off to your basement and shower yourself down before getting on with your chores. I'll let you know if I need anything."

It was all the urging he needed and he was on his feet and turning for the door to what had once been his bedroom too when she stopped him:

"Aren't you forgetting something?"

He turned back to face her, rage and a need to do her bodily harm raging inside him and finding itself, and as per usual, put in its place by the usual character flaws of weakness and fear.

"Sorry," he told her with eyes lowered. "Thank you, Ms Anderson."

"Good boy. Now get on with your work and don't forget again.

As he left, the sheer rush of treating a man so many years older than herself in such a way almost had her fingers searching for her hungry and bald pussy again.

But, unlike her emasculated husband, she did not need to have restraint thrust upon her.

Rising on deliciously unsteady legs, she made her way to the en-suite and prepared herself for later.

After all, and as she had told him, did have an important visitor arriving that afternoon.

And, even if he wasn't to know it yet, so did he.

*****

It was a week after her *"chat"* with Elise, that girl called with her decision. Having been inclined to dislike her – she had helped her husband betray her, after all, even if that betrayal was a by-product of Andrew's *latest* display of disloyalty – she realised that the more they spoke the more she had warmed to her. From seeing the girl as a useful tool in assisting her with the retribution she intended to take on her husband - this while hoping to use Elise's natural and understandable greed in this instance to help give her the leverage required to make her control of her husband a little more… *permanent* - Selena now viewed her as just another victim of her husband and all the similar men before him who saw a sexy and attractive young woman and wanted her; no matter that they had a woman at home to whom they had pledged a commitment before the highest authority of all.

When she called to say she wanted to accept Selena's *"strange but intriguing"* – her words – offer, the wife of her former lover was elated. The progress she had made in reducing her husband to little more than a domestic living in her basement had, if she was truthful, surprised her. As much for the weakness of this man who, though she had always accepted was idle, she had still regarded as a man's man. But surprise had soon turned into delight when she realised the potential his weakness offered up to her.

Still more surprising was the complete absence of the love and affection – nay: *worship* – she had once felt for Andrew and the incredible pleasure it now gave her to actually wield control over him.

She realised there would be those might judge her harshly. But then, they were unlikely to have experienced the pure exhilaration and sexual arousal that came from being in a position of almost absolute command over a man; and *especially* when the man in question is one who has repeatedly treated one shabbily. Yes, she could see the attraction of having oneself taken sexually by an alpha-male, as she had often heard them described, but there are always men of such a kind around and a woman can easily dip her toes into the waters of dominance and submission in the bedroom, be it that of the home or the hotel, while ensuring that male control ends the moment the door closes on him after the act. She also knew that her husband's disrespect and lack of feeling for her except as a meal-ticket had brought about on her part an almost complete change of mindset on the subject of their continuing relationship.

She was a wealthy young woman, in her early thirties still. She owned her own home in a desirable part of London, ran her own business, and was – to everyone but her own husband it seemed – a person worthy of respect.

She did *not* need to take anyone's shit!

Let alone that belonging to a man who depended upon her.

If not for his existence itself then certainly for the clothes upon his back, the food in his stomach, and the roof above his head.

All those facts giving her quite a hold on him.

Especially after she had gauged the true level of weakness ingrained in his character.

When the door-chimes to their Dulwich home rang that Saturday afternoon and she waited for her sullen husband to open it, still wearing his charcoal-grey shorts, white shirt and school-type-tie with matching grey ankle socks, it was a resolute and thoroughly excited Selena who followed at her husband's back in order to see his reaction when it dawned upon him just who her visitor was.

She was not disappointed.

When the door opened on a dressed-to-the-nines Elise, resplendent in a tight-fitting but no-nonsense two-piece outfit that matched the shorts of her husband – even if the skirt cut just above the knees and the black hose and heels that showed off her stunning and catwalk quality legs were more of a more… *adult*… ilk – her husbands denuded and growingly pale legs all but buckled on him as the words she had ordered him to speak in greeting died in his throat.

"Come through, Elise," she offered when her husband showed no sign of recovering from his shock anytime soon. "Andrew seems to be having something of a crisis. But I'm sure he'll soon be over it and then I'll have him fetch us some tea and refreshments in the conservatory."

Walking past her former lover without deigning him a glance, as if he were simply a servant and, therefore, of no account in her reckoning, she exchanged kisses with her new friend and imminent benefactor then followed her through to the conservatory with its view of the snow-filled garden and the whitened common beyond.

The view of hose-clad and shapely legs that filled the one-time husband and lover's gaze – legs that would at one time have had him in full predatory mode – for once made no impression on him as he tried to come to terms with Elise's presence in his home.

As well as the implication of that presence.

Seven

They were relaxing upon the battleground they had made of the mattress and the heady and pungent smells of sexual arousal and completion.

Selina had already been ridden hard and was looking forward to being saddled up again by the coffee-coloured sex machine Elise had brought to her home that evening. He had taken immediate control of her that, unlike the kind once exercised over her by the husband who, though still capable was now forever denied access to her pussy with anything but his tongue. Though she loved to hear him beg for that which he had once considered his and was now given freely only to those of her choosing.

The lean and muscled twenty-something had already fucked her hard and with great expertise for his age, instinctively knowing when to tease and when to… *ravish*; when to invade slowly and when to increase his rhythm to be in tune with her rising passion. The dark cock that was as long as it was thick, had pressed into her so deeply she had more than once been on the verge of asking for him to stop. Only to find that he anticipated her needs and would ease off. Beginning again only when she had recovered enough to again begin to wriggle herself upon his invader.

Having always been as repulsed by oral sex as the husband she insisted practice the art upon her whenever the urge hit, she surprised herself by taking his limp penis into her mouth in an attempt to re-insert the steel that had just bested her.

Her surprise going off the charts when her efforts soon had him at full-mast and, between her warm lips and the hand that jiggled and teased his heavy scrotum, his breathing began to catch in short and needy gasps before he spurted yet again.

This time – a first for her – into the mouth she had always promised herself would *never* lower itself in such a fashion – not even for the handsome husband she had once adored to exclusion.

“That was absolutely wonderful,” she told him breathlessly, the taste of both his foreskin and his cum doing battle upon her no longer virgin tongue. “You were wonderful and I’ll make sure to give Elise a token of my appreciation for you.”

“No need for that,” he told her genuinely, voice infected, as seemed to be the vogue, by the affected and mongrel accents of the West Indies and the capital city he had spent his entire life in to now. “You’s a very sexy woman. No need for you to be payin’ for it.”

“Yes, well, I believe in rewarding talent, and you are a seriously talented young man in the bedroom department,” she told him, noting how much he enjoyed her totally sincere appraisal of his abilities. “But you need to get yourself cleaned up and on your way now.”

Her face took on a previously out-of-character and evil gleam:

“I want my husband to see what you’ve put in my hungry little cunt.”

The look on the young man's face was priceless and he was already looking around him as if readying himself for flight.

"Yo'…? Yo' mean the guy in the house?"

"Of course," she told him. "Didn't Elise mention that to you?"

"No! She not say a thing. An' I'll be 'aving a word with her you can bet. Last thing I wants is fo' some psycho hubby to come in an' blow me away."

Selena laughed and reached out to take his hand in a calming gesture.

"Don't be alarmed," she told him. "We have an arrangement. I do exactly as I please and my husband… *doesn't*."

"Yo' mean he okay with other guys fucking you?"

Selina shook her head.

"No. He is very far from being *'okay with it'*, as you say. But he has no choice."

His face was disbelieving.

"All you need to now is that my husband has been a very naughty boy and, as the money in our marriage all belongs to me and he would most likely be living under cardboard if I kicked him out, he is doing everything he can to prove to me he intends to be a good-boy in the future."

Understanding seemed to come to the boy, if his slow smile was any guide.

"So yo' punishing him for being a bad boy by letting him see what he not having and other guys are?"

"Got it in one."

"And yo' wants him to see my creamy black cum oozing out your lovely white pussy?"

"On the money again," Selena assured him as he nodded to himself thoughtfully.

"You know, you really wants to put him in his place, I'm told there be nothing better than having him clean that precious little pussy of your lover's cum."

A thrill of perfect horror sent frissons the length of Selena's naked and elfin body.

Having Andrew come in and tidy the bedroom as she rested on the mattress with a cunny full of another man's cum was one thing.

But to actually have him…

“I bet he be real subservient to you and in his place if you gets him to do that for you,” her young lover finished.

After she had allowed him to take a quick shower and he had taken his leave, a curiously antsy – given the sex she had just given and received – thought about the prospect that same young lover had described.

Could she really so *that* to a man she had once loved and adored and wanted in her life still.

Even if the way she wanted him in that life was never going to be his preference of choice.

Could she…?

*****

As her beautifully and perfectly formed foot rested upon the kneeling man’s thigh, Elise Jones marvelled at both her surroundings and the recent events that had served to place her in such a position of control over her former lover.

“Careful, Andrew!” she barked, loving the tone of command that seemed to come so naturally now and the instant way he was beginning to respond to her authority over him. “I don’t want varnish on my skin.”

The voice answering her was little more than a facsimile of the one he had used when acting the super-lover as she pretended to be awed by his prodigious cock and its talents.

“I’m sorry, Ms Elise.”

Her pussy gushed at his instant acquiescence and the humble way he delivered her new honorific. So turned on did her control of him have her, that she was tempted to set to work the mouth she and his wife had set to training into the most accomplished of cunt lappers for them. Only the fact that she knew from the screams that had had suddenly ceased reaching them from the master bedroom – *“Mistress bedroom”* she chuckled to herself – that Leon had worked his magic and would soon be leaving prevented her from whipping down her hose and have him show her how well his tongue had learned his recent lessons.

As he finished off her toes by blowing on them in the respectful and deferential way she had taught him, she again gave thanks to the hand-of-fate that had first made him come onto her in the coffee-shop and had, indirectly, led to the meeting with his wife and her presence in swanky Dulwich and that same wife’s tasteful and comfortable home.

Not to mention the generous salary and the certainty of a home of her own; the last at the end of their agreement that she *“oversee”* her husband in his new domestic duties.

Duties for which – other than food, clothing, and the aforementioned roof above his head – he received absolutely *nothing*.

"Your wife's new lover will be leaving soon and she will want you upstairs," she reminded him, removing her foot from his thigh and inspecting it before stepping away, speaking to him as if the screams of joyous release drifting down to him could possibly have been construed differently. "So be quick now and clean everything away so you're ready for her."

Wanting to both tease and torture, as well as dangle a carrot before him, she placed a finger beneath his chin and raised that handsome head until she could stare into his eyes; simply adoring the posture of dominance and the sensations it evoked in her:

"I've told Ms Anderson that I've been pleased with your efforts this week and have a feeling she might be thinking of giving you a… *reward*."

The flash of hope that joined his misery was unmissable and it struck me just how easily manipulated and controlled men could be – and even more so when they were as weak as this specimen that had previously postured as an alpha. The simple unlocking of a cage he had allowed to be locked around his cock and balls was enough to supply motivation and retribution. It had only been a matter of weeks and yet he was already pathetically willing to do anything for only the promise his cock might be set free and allowed to spurt his pathetic seed.

Even if it was only with the aid of the hosed feet belonging to his wife or the *"supervisor"* - me – she had invited to oversee him.

Though I had thought of a new and quite demeaning way for him to get his rocks off, should he prove… *pleasing*… in the future.

And, no, it did not involve him placing his freed cock in either of our superior cunts.

After all, both Selena and I had *real* men queuing up to perform that service for us.

It was just as I was about to explain to him what I had in mind and how much he would enjoy humping the hosed leg of either his supervisor or his former wife, just like the obedient household dog he was, that the front-door slammed shut and, almost as if it had been choreographed, the tiny mobile phone connecting me to Selena hummed at my side.

"I trust you enjoyed yourself," I asked, looking down into the reddened face of the emasculated cuckold still on his knees before me; at least until he lowered his head to the floor in shame for his impotence.

"I did tell you he was good…" I spoke into the phone.

"That's right. A *real* man. Despite being only twenty-two years old… Sorry? I didn't catch that."

I listened with growing amusement – and no small arousal – as Selena told me she had decided to try something I had been on the verge of persuading to give a go.

Something, it appeared, Leon had beaten me to the punch with.

Packing the equipment I lacked, as he did, I was hardly surprised by his success.

“Believe it or not, Selena, I was going to mention you trying just that… Yes, I know but… I suppose it is really, but if you ask me it’s nothing less than he deserves and, more to the point, will show him his proper place in the scheme of things better than any number of other duties we can set him.”

I could see the wretch I had once allowed to fuck me listening with pricked ears to what was, I’m sure he knew, yet another humiliating task that was about to fall to him.

I also knew that, even now, he had no true idea of just how deep ran the changes in his loving wife to which his previous treatment had given life.

That he had not left and taken his chances in the outside world – despite all the humiliations that had been heaped upon him and continued to be heaped upon him – was evidence enough that he was *never* going to leave at all and proved to us he would rather accept a lifetime of the most menial domestic and sexual service than act like the man he had always posed as and seek a way for himself in the cold and harsh reality waiting for him should he leave Selena.

It was this, as I assured Selena I would send him up and rang-off, that made me totally confident he would cave to his wife’s wishes yet again when he climbed the stairs and saw the wreckage a *real* man left behind him.

“Ms Anderson wants you upstairs this instant,” I said, voice that of a strict form-tutor sending a recalcitrant third-former to be disciplined by the head-mistress.

Adding, as he packed away the rest of his pedicure kit:

“She has something for you to clean up…”

THE END