Cucked & Spanked

The Complete Two Parts

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Part One

One

William Grant had two choices:

Man up and leave – for all the terror he felt at the prospect.

Or cave in to her demands and make the call that would herald the beginning of the end.

The beginning of the end of his life as a husband and a man, that is.

Opposite him, seemingly unperturbed and at her ease - impossibly given what she was demanding of him – his wife Bernice watched from the sofa as he fumbled with the mobile phone she had just handed him, uncertainty and foreboding permeating his every fibre as his clammy hand lingered over the call button.

How was it possible, he thought, to live with someone for so long and have no idea of the real person lurking beneath the façade of affection and normality?

She was looking up at him expectantly, shapely legs crossed casually and a shoe dangling from the end of slender toes with painted nails, as if what she was asking of him, her husband of seventeen years, was no more than a request for him to book tickets for one of the musicals he hated and she loved. Forget the fact she was asking – demanding – that he call a young man and supply an assurance that it was perfectly okay for him to drop by later in

the evening and take out his wife prior to fucking her. A request completely in keeping with the new assertiveness she had shown ever since her husband had contracted the virus that had laid him so low.

Requests that were becoming more and more… *bold.*

They had married when she was nineteen and he was thirty-one and up until his… *illness*… she had treated her handsome and older husband with respect and even deference.

But no longer.

Though did insist she still loved him and wanted him in her life.

Big of her.

She had already punched in the unfamiliar Caller-ID for him on her Sony Ericsson and his forefinger hovered on the green call-button, thoughts still unable to quite come to terms with the fact his wife was demanding he make such a request of another man – let alone one who was at the age she described and who was, she had said, *'not one of us'* and not particularly sporty or athletic. A young man who was, she had to admit, something of a nerd.

The penny still hadn't dropped for him after she added:

"He may be only three stones dripping wet," his wife had told him on that fateful evening when she had returned from the office and laid out a new future for them, *"but two stones of that is cock."*

Such was her description of the young man she intended to replace him in their marital bed.

His heart was beating like a trip-hammer as she continued to spear him the blue eyes he had once found so warm and inviting and now struck him as colder than an Arctic ice-pack. He knew with certainty that if I he made the call she fully expected him to make their life as a couple would forever be

altered and his self-respect shattered. Used to bargaining and winning deals and contracts back before the… *illness*… played havoc with my nervous system, he could see no way out of his predicament and knew his once loving wife was enjoying her new marital supremacy far too much to consider offering him an exit that was at least semi-honourable.

William Grant knew that if he did as she asked now and conceded his rights as a husband to some geek – two-stone cock or not - his pride would be gone for good. Rather than support him through his illness help him come to terms with his reduced physical drive and his inability to handle the workplace pressures upon which he had once thrived, his wife had used his misfortune for her own ends. Taking over his role and office so successfully she had surprised him. Stunning him, actually, with her ability to delegate and manage in a field and environment that must have seemed strange for one whose previous work experience had been at the low level of PA for the manager of a local Aggregates company.

First, with the help of his Indian assistant, Hari, she had taken over the helm at the software accessories company he had founded and built and been forced to set-up in her name after having had to file for bankruptcy after the collapse of his first company.

Her first decision, and without consulting him, being to promote Hari to General Manager..

Her second?

That he, William Grant, would not be returning to the company he had created and built and would, given his physical and mental condition, be better suited to staying at home.

The third of those decisions was now staring back at him via the call button on the Sony Ericsson.

It was only after he had recovered a little, still weak from the virus that had struck him down while on business in the Philippines, and finding it difficult

to either concentrate or handle even the most basic of pressures, that she began laying down the law and he began to realise that she had not seen his controlling ways over the years as his way of providing her guidance and keeping her safe and secure.

She had, she told him, been stifled.
Not once during their marriage had he asked if she was happy with the sex they shared together or even condescended to place his tongue upon her cunny the way a loving husband should for an attractive young wife. His lovemaking was boring and completely lacking in imagination and one of the *many* good things to have come from the tropical disease that had laid waste to his body had been her good fortune in not having to suffer his ineffectual five humps and a cum before sleep whenever he felt in the mood.

As he sat and listened to her tirade, barely able to recognise either himself or his wife, she went on to tell him he had been overbearing, demanding and incredibly selfish throughout their union

But no more.

It was only then, as he sat and marvelled at how swiftly his life had turned to shit, that she told him how things would be from now on and just how dependent *he* now was upon her.

Knowing he was now physically incapable of anything approaching violence with her and how a drawn out argument could stress and exhaust him – even if he still looked something like the same handsome and imposing older man she had married – she had explained how she had cancelled his credit cards and opened new business and personal accounts in her name only. The house itself was, of course, paid for by now but, given the mortgage had been placed in her name because of his former bankruptcy and she was the one on the deeds. He had, she told him, no legal right to a share of it were she to sell.

And she had no intention of doing so anyway.

If he had felt miserable and vulnerable during his illness and buoyed his

spirits with the knowledge he would soon be returning to work and familiar surroundings, the words used by the wife he thought had loved him – though she still insisted she did in a different way – penetrated his body as if they were nails. He was, she told him, dependent upon her for the roof under which he lived and any money she might give him. He could leave and begin again, of course, she had told him, but she was worried about his state of health and mind without her at his side to… *supervise*… him.

It was then, after she had quelled a response that would have once been manly and vengeful and now petered out into physical and emotional exhaustion in the face of no more than her raised voice, that she began to tell him how she wanted things to be between them from now on.

That had been a month ago and, now, as he gazed at the call-button awaiting his finger, William Grant both marvelled and despaired at his previously wonderful life could possibly have been reduced to such a condition…

Two

No more than four weeks before he had been a reasonably successful businessman and husband looked up to by his younger wife. The virus he had contracted in Manila had attacked both muscles and nervous system and taken his physical capacity low in such a way that he would never know again his previous level of rude good health, but he was confident he would still be up to the day to day handling of the company. Even if he had to confess to himself that he felt stressed out by the prospect of a return to the necessary confrontation made inevitable when running a business. But when his wife, Bernice, had sat him down that evening after having returned from the office where she now – *temporarily*, he had hoped - directed operations, any confidence he had was soon killed.

From the sofa, as he sat in his favourite chair opposite, she still looked the

fresh-faced innocent he had married when still in her teens. They had, he still considered, looked good together and been good together. Sex between them, of course, was no longer the tempestuous coupling he had always considered it – erroneously, it was about to turn out – and his handsome looks were well complimented by his wife's compact but highly desirable body.

"I'm serious, William," she told him after having been required to convince him her words were genuine. "I intend to have what I want from you from this point on and a part of what I want is for you to be my cuckold. It will not be a game but a lifestyle and I have no intention of either our family or friends learning or finding out of your new role in our marriage."

"My new… role?" he questioned from his chair, the anger spurring him to both verbal and physical action he would once have felt conspicuous in its absence thanks to the lasting effects of the Filipino originated virus and the lasting effects of its legacy.

"That's right," she told him from the sofa, hosed legs crossed nonchalantly and exuding an utter confidence in the ability she felt she now had to manage him. From now on your commitment to your young wife is going to be unconditional and total."

"Wasn't it always?" he asked, attempting to project authority and knowing he sounded pitifully weak instead.

Bernice Grant shook her head emphatically.

"For god's sakes, Bernice," he cried, feeling exhausted already by the unexpected confrontation. "I've worked my socks off to give you nice things and a comfortable lifestyle and I've never cheated on you. Not *once*."

"You've also treated me as if I didn't have a brain of my own and smothered me. You took it for granted that I wanted nothing more in my life except to stay at home like a loyal and obedient little housewife with nothing more crucial on her mind than the return home of her breadwinning older husband. Well that's changed hasn't it? Now you're the one waiting at home for *me* to

get back from the office."

"Yes, but only until…"

"Don't even think about it," she barked in a tone of voice he had not heard from her before, even if he had noticed her becoming more… *assertive*… since the virus had laid him low. "All the doctors are adamant that, though you will not be bed-ridden and will recover some of your former physical capacity, you will never be the same man again."

She seemed to mutter something under her breath and William Grant could have sworn she said:

"Not that you were much of a man before."

"The company, in case you've, forgotten, is in my name and as its owner I'm telling you that there is no longer a place there for you any longer."

"No longer a…?"

"Your place is at home now, doing all those chores your young wife once took care of. Think of it as your way of making things up to me."

"Making things up to you? Bernice, how can you come out with such horseshit? You know I've loved you since day one and wanted nothing but the very best for you."

"You *wanted!*" she all but spat. "What *you* wanted for *me!*"

He slumped back in his chair in the face of her venom, unable to match his wife since their dual transformation, knowing he could well be on the verge of one of the *"panic attacks"* his doctors assured him could be a side-effect of his condition.

"Look at you," she said, almost compassionately. "The first hint of confrontation and you almost collapse in the face of it. How could I possibly look myself in the eye if I were to allow you to return to work with all the

pressures involved?"

"But, Bernice…" he tried to protest.

"That's why," she went on over him, "I've surrendered your driving licence and cancelled your credit-cards."

"You…? You've done what?" he cried, emotional and physical infirmity forgotten for the moment as he came forward in his chair. Only to slump back into it as the adrenalin swiftly dissipated and the effort of showing her his anger proved too much for muscles wasted by the tropical virus. He would, he had been assured, regain some strength over time - but not much.

"I've also had your name taken from all our accounts, both business and personal, and had my name placed on all the utility billing.

He was finding it hard to breathe now.

"Please tell me you're joking, Bernice."

Once again, her eyes remained fixed upon his and her head shook emphatically.

"Why are you doing this? Do you hate me so much?"

"Of course I don't hate you, sweetie," she said, shortening the distance between them and leaning across to place a reassuring hand upon his thigh. "I love you as much as I ever did but I just see things in a different way."

"You love me so much you put in me in a position where I'll have no option but to leave and start divorce proceedings."

Her laughter was certainly amused, but definitely *not* kind.

"Now you're just being silly," she told him through her amusement. "How can you possibly leave? Without money? Without work? In your state of mind and physical health?"

She shook her head as if *he* were the one who wasn't in his right mind.

"You don't even have a car or a licence to drive it."

"Don't have a car?" he repeated, thoughts going to the Lexus convertible that he loved so much, despite its bad press.

"Of course not, sweetie. No point you having a car if you aren't allowed to drive it."

"But…"

"And I certainly don't want a stuffy and pretentious Lexus."

"Bernice, you know how much I loved that…"

"It's just one of the accommodations you're going to have to make now you're not the man you was. Besides, the new Alfa Romeo I bought with some of the money was far less expensive and light years more stylish."

William Grant felt unmanly tears welling up at the back of his eyes – the first he could recall since his schooldays. He was being stripped of his life. Everything he had worked so hard for. And by the woman he loved.

"And where would you stay?" she went on with complete confidence she could handle him these days, his obvious misery as nothing to her. "Your parents are no longer with us and you know how much your younger sister has always hated you. I mean, my own parents are very fond of you but I can't see them wanting to give house-room to a man proposing to divorce their daughter. Ditto our friends."

It was only with a supreme effort on the part of his reduced capacities that he held back the waterfall dammed behind beaten eyes.
Something told him that, far from feeling guilty that she had reduced him to such a condition, his wife would actually take pleasure in his weakness.

“I want to look after you, William,” she went on. “But it will be totally on my terms. As I said, I still love you but in a different way. This has been building with me for a long time and your illness simply brought the process of me confronting you forward. If you want to make me happy, as you say you always have, then you’ll do exactly as I say from this moment on and accept you no longer have a say in how our household is run. I mean, it’s not as if we have children who would find it embarrassing to have a father who does the housework, so that’s one more thing for you not to have to worry about.”

“Is that what this is about?” he asked suddenly, the crack about him actually doing housework missed in the light of what he took to be her reasoning. “Not having children? Are you punishing me for not…?”

Leaning further forward, she placed a finger on his lips to shush him.

“You know full well that I never wanted or want children,” she told him, eyes holding his own. “So let’s not have any more of that silly talk.”

Feeling weak and humiliatingly intimidated by the close presence of the wife he had once ruled – albeit lovingly – it struck William Grant that while she may not have wanted kids she was certainly beginning to enjoy speaking to him as if he were one.

He had no idea.

Yet.

“You know there is no prospect of your leaving and I, for one, certainly want you to stay,” she told him, removing her finger from his lips. “But there are going to be huge changes for you to come to terms with and you will just have to accept this.”

“Yes, but Bernice, I…”

The finger returned and the empowered wife exulted as his *“yes”* told her he had already capitulated – even if he was dressing up his defeat in more palatable clothing.

“I’m going to look after and take care of you until the day you die,” she assured him. “You will be safe and secure from the big scary world you are no longer capable of remaining a part. But, in return, I need to see a desire in you to want to make me happy.”

She could see he knew what she meant by *“happy”* and noted the horror the prospect instilled in him.

The power she was wielding over the husband who had once been so manly, decisive and authoritative was a rush like none she had experienced in her life and was every bit as incredible as those stories and real life experiences of women on the net she had pored over while he was at the office assured her it would be.
More so, in fact.

“I’m a desirable woman still,” she told him, “and I deserve to have good sex. You haven’t satisfied me with your small cock and unimaginative lovemaking in years and I want you to make good on your shortcomings by doing everything you can to make sure I get all the good loving I deserve.”

Her words demoralised him in their entirety, but it was the *“small cock”* that floored him.

“That’s right. You haven't satisfied me on more than a handful of occasions since we married and, up until now, I've been unable to do anything much about it.”

She became thoughtful as she returned to the sofa.

“I suppose, in certain circles, your cock would not be regarded as *‘small’*. But now I’ve actually experienced one that’s *‘big’* I know what I’ve been missing out on all these years.”

“Wh-What do you mean?” he asked, hoping against hope that her words did not mean what he thought they meant.

“Has my sweetie become stupid as well as physically weak?” she mocked.

“You mean…?”

“That’s right. Your wife has had to find a real man to do what her own handsome husband can’t. Makes no difference he is nowhere near as handsome or attractive. What he packs between his legs more than compensates for those shortcomings.”

She actually smirked:

“Not to mention yours.”

He placed his head in his hands, unwilling to let her see the tears produced by his agony at the thought of another man fucking his wife.

“Yes, I know it’s going to be difficult for you but that’s something you are going to have to come to terms with. From now on your commitment to me will be unconditional. I know you’re miserable at the moment but, that in no way changes my mind on this. I’ve slept with another man and will continue to do so. Accept it. You are now, and officially, my cuckold.”

He was familiar with the word, of course, though he couldn’t recall it ever having passed his lips, let alone finding himself described in such terms. And yet, through his misery and even hatred of the wife he loved for what she was inflicting upon him, he was surprised to feel an even greater fear placing all his other concerns in the background. Was he going to lose her?

Despite all she was doing to him, the prospect was terrifying – and not just for all the physical, mental and economic reasons she had gone to the trouble of outlining for him.

Regardless of the fact she had fucked another man, had taken his company, his car and his very independence from him, William Grant realised he still loved the younger woman he had married and who was in the process of turning into a controlling and deceitful bitch.

“You were right about one thing, however,” she addressed his lowered head, her feelings exultant at having reduced him to such an unmanly response. “Though you seldom satisfied me throughout our marriage until now, I believe you when you say you never cheated on me.”

Fighting back the urge to sob he knew would only lower any respect his wife still felt for him – if there could be any under the circumstances – William Grant’s thoughts thrashed wildly as he tried to come up with a defence that would ensure the situation between them could go no further.

He was unsuccessful. His reflection in the bathroom mirror told him he was still the same William Grant on the outside. Beyond that handsome face it was another matter however.

“That is why,” his wife went on over his attempts to think of a defence, “I refused to cheat on you.”

It was too much, even for a man at his physical and mental ebb:

“Having yourself penetrated by a *‘two-stone’* cock isn’t cheating?” he spat, looking up at her with something like his old spirit – even if it couldn’t possibly endure.

“Not now that I’ve told you,” she answered, completely unfazed by either his words or his tone.”

He threw his arms wide, feeling on the verge of collapse and wondering if the shortness of breath he felt was the first sign of one of the *‘panic attacks’* the doctors had warned of.

“That’s it then,” he said, tears flowing freely now. “I’ve lost you.”

Like a mother comforting a distressed juvenile, Bernice rushed across to the husband she was dismantling and sat on the arm of his chair before draping a comforting arm around his heaving shoulders.

“You big silly,” she told him, still addressing him as if he actually were a

child rather than a once-vibrant and still handsome forty-something man who was both twelve years older *and* her husband. “You aren't going to lose me. In fact, I have a feeling I’m going to love the new you even more than the old.”

The words, demeaning as her tone was, calmed him somewhat, even if the ones that followed on their heels did not:

“But you will have to accept that I run this marriage now and have the right to have myself sexually satisfied in the way a woman of my age deserves.”

His shoulders slumped.

“I realise that underneath all that manly bluster exists a sensitive man whose ego can be damaged easily. Knowing your wife is being fucked by someone else while you’re not allowed to fuck yourself will be extremely difficult for you.”

For a moment, William Grant thought his younger wife may have gone insane; there was, after, a history of it in her family – at least if an old aunt the family had been forced to have committed counted as history. A *“sensitive man”*? How sensitive did a husband have to be to feel devastated at the prospect of another man fucking the wife he loved while he…

The latter part of her last utterance hit him in the guts with the power of a lightning bolt.

“Wh-What do you mean? N-Not *‘allowed’* to fuck?”

She placed a kiss atop his slightly greying hair that did nothing to allay his understandable misgivings.

“I’ve decided that it’s just too stressful in your condition.”

He twisted his head to look up at her, cheeks stained by a trickle of unmanly tears.

“I’m sorry, sweetie. But knowing you can’t satisfy me will just put more pressure on you and we both know that’s not something you will ever be able to handle again. Before your illness it didn’t matter because you had no idea you were letting me down anyway and could, even if you had, have handled the stress of failing your wife. But that’s changed. The slightest problem or setback is enough to unman you and I will not be held responsible for endangering your health.”

With difficulty, sensing the attempt was doomed given his wife’s new persona, he tried to frame an argument likely to bring her to her senses and show her the injustice – not to mention insanity – of what she was asking him to accept.

“Bernice, can you hear yourself? What’s happened to you? You’ve used the illness you say you’re concerned about to oust me from the company I built and love. You’ve sold my car, cancelled my driving-licence and credit-cards, taken me off all the accounts and the bills, *and* you say you expect me to become some kind of… *househusband*… to you. Then, as if that’s not enough, you go on to say that you’ve been fucked by someone else and intend it to continue while I’m supposed to become a monk of some celibate order. How do you think a divorce-court would react to hearing all that? More to the point, what do you think your family will say when it comes out.”
She actually ruffled his hair, as if he were a little boy and such concerns were best left to grown-ups.

“You are funny, sweetie. As if we could ever end up in a divorce-court.”

Her tone hardened perceptibly:

“And as if a court would ever believe such ramblings from a man as sick as you’ve been.”

The truth of her statement sickened him and his stomach almost gave out on him.

Every turn he made ended in a cul-de-sac.

“As for my family, I really don’t think they’d take kindly to hearing such nasty malicious stuff about their daughter. No matter how fond they are of you. I know you too well and you would be far too ashamed to mention it to them anyway.”

Her assertion was made all the more unpleasant to him for knowing she was entirely right.

Confident she was winning this unequal battle of wills, Bernice continued:

“I know you are going to be very jealous on those occasions when a real man puts his cock in me…”

Her language was becoming both more condescending and forthright by the second and William Grant, as a former boss himself, knew she was becoming more and more confident in her ability to both manage and dominate him.

“…And I would expect no less from the husband who loves me. But I’m confident you will be able to handle it.”

“And the stress of you being fucked by every Tom, Dick or two-stone-cock Harry, won’t endanger my health. Is that it?”

“That’s exactly it,” she answered without missing a beat. “You will feel no stress because, as hard as you find it to believe now, you will have found your rightful place in my life and will be relieved rather than stressed that a more capable man is taking care of your wife in ways you can’t.”

His energy, such as there was of it, was giving out on him now and his will to resist her was vanishing along with it.

She sensed this and went on, pulling his head into the breasts she knew he loved and almost cooing to him. An image of him beating off at home while she had herself thoroughly screwed only exacerbating the disturbance between her legs.by some stranger in a motel somewhere. She giggled as she

pictured him with his pants down playing with himself as partook of the only sex he was allowed apart from using his tongue upon her pussy, freshly fucked or otherwise.
But then, it also struck her, how much more satisfying she would find it to actually do what some of the women on the Net had done and place her husband's cock in a restrainer? How much more mind-boggling would it be for him to actually ask for her permission to play with his dick?

The permutations her new dominance supplied were endless and she gave silent thanks to the Filipino virus that had delivered her once high and mighty husband into her hands; metaphorically bound and helpless.

"And, by the way, and just so you don't get it into your head that I'm some kind of slut: I will not be fucking any *'Tom, Dick or two-stone-cock Harry'*. There will be only one man taking your place in my bed and that is how it will remain."

Nestled into her wonderful breasts and still finding it almost impossible to believe, it did not occur to William Grant that his disappointment it would *not* be anonymous partners fucking her but one particular man was a tacit admission of his own defeat.

"In fact, once you stop being so silly and obstinate and get with the programme I shall expect you to call him and invite him over so that he knows you're okay with it all."

Three

Getting *"with the programme"* took around a week after their discussion before, unable to hold out against her any longer, he realised she would not be changing her mind and that he, in his weakened physical, mental and economic condition was all out of alternatives other than throwing himself on the mercy of the welfare-state.

A thought almost as scary and distasteful to him as that of his becoming his wife's cuckold and household drudge.

Almost.

Now, holding her phone, he was willing, if not ready, to call her lover on the number she had punched in for him and provide the necessary blessing for the man to begin taking her from him.

As if, at least sexually, that hadn't been done already.

Real and permanent humiliation awaited him the moment he made the call, he knew, yet, so weak and powerless did the formerly proud and decisive William Grant feel, he also knew he was going to make it.

And do so *despite* having been informed of her lover's identity.

Cognisance making that humiliation all the more… *potent*.

A second after pressing call he wanted to cancel it, but, with his wife's eyes holding him fiercely and with the warning that she would pack his things and remove him from the house should he fail to comply, he simply waited with the phone to his ear.

As he waited for pick-up he could see that his wife's expression was not only fierce but also contained elements of contempt and disgust. This despite the fact she had virtually frogmarched him to the phone upon his capitulation and insisted he make the call. Unbelievably, amidst the contempt and disgust, he almost convinced himself he saw… *fondness*.

He flinched when the ring-tone stopped and a youthful and subcontinent voice answered in familiar and heavily accented English.

At first, the voice of the young Indian computer geek he himself had employed and whom Bernice had both promoted to General Manager and her bed was confident and assured. The caller-ID would have told him it was Bernice calling and William knew he would not have been expecting to have to speak to the man who had employed him and by whom he had always been somewhat intimidated. Hence the uncertainty in his own voice when greeted by that of his former boss.

It would turn out later that she had told her lover that her husband would call and ask him to take her out while giving their affair his blessing and to prove he was no threat to him.
It also turned out that the young Indian geek had doubted his handsome and manly employer could ever be persuaded to do such a thing.

What man would, after all?

“Good evening, Hari,” said William Grant in a voice that was almost as hesitant as that of his former employee and certainly more shamed. “It`s, hmm, William speaking.”

“Yes?” asked the voice, still unsure of itself.

“Mrs Grant has asked me to see if you’re free to come over this evening to take her out.”

“Manners, Billy!” his wife scolded him from the sofa.

He looked at her askance. Nobody *ever* called him *“Billy”*.

“Say please to Mr Chakrabarti. And it’s *‘Bernice’*, not *‘Mrs Grant’.”*

He placed his hand over the mouthpiece:

“Bernice, you can’t be serious. He’s only a boy. You can’t expect…”

“I mean it, Billy,” she snapped. “I’ve had to wait a week for you to come to your senses and do as I say and I’ve had enough. I don’t care how much younger he is than you or that he’s from a country you’ve always despised. He is my lover and a real asset to the company. So show him the respect he deserves now or it’s over between us.”

“You… You don’t mean that, Bernice,” he said, the fire beamed at him from her eyes not instilling him with any great confidence for his assertion.

“Try me,” she hissed, eyes and body language daring him to test her. It will take me no more than five minutes to pack some of your clothes in a suitcase and show you the door. What you do after the money I’ll give you for cab fare and a room for the night is up to you but, I promise, once that door closes behind you it’ll be closed to you for good.”

She took in her husband’s reaction, knowing that she wasn’t serious but knowing also that he wasn’t to know that. The strong and proud man who had

once managed their company and their marriage was nowhere visible and, she sensed, the new and more *compliant* model was on the edge. Of total capitulation, that is.

One more nudge, she decided, would tip him over.

“Do as you’re told or get out!” she snapped.

It was enough.

Sick at heart, scarcely believing he was going to do it, he removed his hand from the mouthpiece and, feeling he must vomit, spoke:

“What I meant to say, hmm, Mr Chakrabarti, is that, er, Bernice has asked me to see if you’re free to come over this evening and, hmm, take her out… please.”

“Well I am free tonight,” his accented voice said, becoming slightly more confident as he realised that the older man who had once been his boss and whose physique, good looks and business acumen had once intimidated him was, and just as his wife had insisted, a changed man. “At what time should I come?”

“What time?” a thoroughly demoralised William – *‘Billy’* – Grant asked his amused and triumphant wife as her full red lips parted in a victorious smile, knowing as she did that he was broken and that life after this was going to be so much more wonderful.

For her.

“Tell him I’ve booked us a room at a local Travelodge and that he should be here no later than eight.”

Her husband complied and swiftly ended the call, unable to meet her eye as she rose from the sofa.

“I’m going to have a nice soak. Make yourself useful and fetch me up a glass

of Pinot Grigio to the bathroom when I'm finished... And make sure it's chilled."

Unable, despite everything, to believe this was his wife speaking and acting towards him in such a way or that he could behave so spinelessly, William Grant simply nodded and headed for the kitchen as the sexy body that had once belonged to him exclusively took itself off up the stairs while presenting him with a revealing view of the shapely legs he never tired of seeing.

A body and legs a scrawny Indian computer geek was about to know the pleasure of fucking while he had to remain at home and content himself with his own hand; shamed that his wife behaving in such a way could arouse him the way it was beginning to arouse him.

*****

With the required glass of wine in hand, he entered the bathroom and ran headfirst into her disapproval.

"From now on, I expect you to knock whenever you enter a room you know I'm in."

"What?"

"You heard… *Billy*."

It was almost as if she were deliberately provoking him – as if what she had done to him up to now was not provocation enough.

"For Christ's sakes, Bernice! Do you have to treat me like some kind of servant as well as humiliating me in front of some Indian kid?"

"Put the glass down there," she said, indicating a space on the bath-tub by her head.

Hoping he'd at least made a point, he did as she asked.

He had interrupted her while she was in the process of shaving her legs, the breasts he still coveted rising from the scented water like some kind of voluptuous Vesuvius in double-vision while her flawless shoulders stayed visible and resplendent above the foam bath and with something of a shock, he realised the erection that had been less than convincing since his illness was about as urgent as any he could remember prior to it.

It was a development that should have pleased but instead heightened his shame.

His wife was readying herself to go and be fucked in a Travelodge by a skinny Indian geek who was no match for her husband in looks or, apart from that *two-stone-cock*, physique. Sure, he was a gifted software engineer but, other than that, there was nothing remotely impressive about the toothy and bespectacled twenty-three year-old from Hyderabad whose father had married a British woman after their respective divorces and perished with her in a pile-up on the M6. Leaving Hari their house and requiring him to bring up his younger stepsister.

Despite the shaming erection brought on by the situation, the true implications of the situation were beginning to play on those sensitivities and weaknesses heightened by his illness and utilised by his wife.

She wanted to be with another man.

That was the long and short of it.

And what was he doing to prevent her?

Nothing!

On the contrary, he was actually assisting in his own... what had she called it?... *"cuckolding"*.

Filipino virus or not, how could he have turned out be so spineless and so… *lacking*… in male pride? These thoughts careered through his mind as he stared at Bernice going about her ablutions in order to look her best for

another… *boy*. Though he wasn't allowed to look for long.

"Go downstairs and tidy the front room in case Hari comes in when he gets here."

"Bernice," he tried with no real hope of success, "please."
"And make sure you're totally respectful to him when he arrives."

Knowing she was *not* to be reasoned with, William – *"Billy"* – Grant did exactly as he had been told.

Sensing as he did so that he would be doing a lot more in the way of obeying in the future.

Four

"Good job, Billy," she told him, taking in the living-room he had tidied as she made herself look… *sexy*… for the young Indian man arriving to take her away and fuck her. "See how good you can be when you put your mind to it?"

Staring back at her, an irrational hope that she might come to her senses even at this late stage refusing to die entirely, William Grant took in his wife and wondered why her treatment of him wasn't resulting in the feelings of hatred and revulsion he knew any self-respecting man should feel. She had not just stripped him of his company and livelihood, together with all the trappings that helped define who he was – job, money, car – but seemed to actually thrive on seeing him humiliated.

All this and *still* she had the nerve to tell him she loved him!

He had heard of men who thrived on such humiliation but he was not of their number and though he told himself that he didn't have much in the way of other options his self-loathing was great. The realisation that he was losing his wife – and to such a person – was crippling him. If he allowed her – and

had already pretty much conceded to her that he would by making the call – to openly see another man and be fucked by him what chance of her ever looking at him with a degree of self-respect again would be lost. But what could he do to prevent it? He felt weak, humble, and nauseated.

The smell of her perfume in his nostrils and the knowledge it had not been dabbed on for him was another nail in the coffin she was making of his manhood and he watched with a huge sense of loss as she surveyed his efforts with the living-room.

Despite everything he could not deny that she took his breath away.

Stunning was the only word.

Dressed in black stilettos and a short figure hugging black dress that clung to her firm breasts and emphasised them without revealing the flesh beneath, she had never looked so sexually desirable to him.

This despite the fact her perfect makeup and the short and teased blonde hair were for another man.

A *boy* actually.

A *boy* who was taking her from him.

What once had been all his was no longer his at all and the wife he loved seemed happy to rub his nose in the fact.

"I need to be taken the way a woman should be taken by a real man," her words rang in his ears and the sickly feeling such a prospect induced in him was made no less potent for the fact this *"real man"* was the geeky and scrawny Indian boy he once employed as his assistant.
Hari the geek?

A *"real man"*?

The world, William grant bemoaned to himself, at least *his* world, had gone

raving mad.

"Hari can't understand how you could just let another man have your wife without putting up a fight," she had told him. *"but I said you were doing it because you love me and that you're not a real man any longer, anyway. I also told him that you will always be my number-one and that no matter what happens between me and him you will there will always be a place in my life for you so long as you show me you know your place and do your best to be good for me."*

He had argued with her at the time and tried to persuade her that just because a virus had left him mentally and physically weak it did not mean he was not a real man or that she should feel free to treat a husband who loved her and who she said she loved back like a little boy.

A flash of headlights from the drive lit up the windows and a few seconds later, when the doorbell rang, she gave him an expectant look as he waited with trepidation.

It was only then William Grant felt that for the first time she might very well be right.

What *"real man"*, no matter the circumstances, would tolerate such a state of affairs?

"Answer it then," Bernice demanded, eyes cold and challenging.

"Please, Bernice, don't make me do this," he begged, knowing how pitiful he sounded but unable to help himself. "If you care for me the way you say you do, then don't go through with this." Waiting on the other side of that door was his former assistant, the skinny young Indian geek who had once been in awe of him and who was about to take over his sexual duties as a husband.

Her look was hard and unwavering. This was once my fantasy and now I want it to become real, it said. I don`t see you as a man anymore and if you want to remain with me and earn yourself at least a measure of respect then you will be supportive of me and respectful of my lover.

“Answer the door,” she said in a voice that was firm and commanding in a way his would never be again. “And be polite and courteous to my guest. Don’t forget: you’re no longer his boss.

Feeling like a dead man and moving like a zombie, William Grant moved towards the door, knowing that when he opened that door an already miserable situation was going to be made abject. His legs felt like lead, still not quite able to believe he was about to do it, as trembling fingers reached for the door-handle. Surely he would wake at any moment. It could not be real.

Could it?
Then, as he pulled open the door open it hit him. All these years together *this* had been her fantasy. The *real* Bernice. While he had loved her as his attractive, dutiful and caring, wife, she had been fantasising about taking control of him and having a large cock at her disposal that did not belong to him. For *this* his illness could not be blamed – even if it had provided her with the perfect opportunity to reveal her true nature.

And, in the process, live out her fantasy.

The geek was waiting when he pulled the door open and was every bit as unimpressive as he had been the last time William Grant had seen him. Seeing his former boss before him and not seeing the physical lassitude and mental fatigue reflected in his near six-foot frame, the toothy young Indian man took an involuntary step backwards. His body language told William that, despite their telephone conversation, he was expecting a confrontation of some kind. Surely the first thing any self-respecting man would do in such a situation would be to hit out. It was, after all, what any man would expect from another.
Instead, the eyes behind his spectacles widened as the man he was about cuckold opened the door wider and invited him in, the wife who was about to be taken from him to be seen inside.

“Hello, hmm, Mr Chakrabarti. Er, please come in.”

The young Indian man being addressed so respectfully – and by his former boss - could not hide his amazement and disbelief as he stepped inside with a simple nod.

In a second, as her husband watched from the door, the white wife was in his arms and pressing a kiss full on his lips as her tongue found the inside of his disbelieving mouth.

Five

William Grant spent one of the most miserable evenings of his life as he waited for the return of his wife and was in the kitchen nursing the latest in a long line of hot-drinks when he heard the key in the front door.

It had gone midnight and he had received neither phone-call nor text. Though why it surprised him he couldn't say. This was not *his* fantasy and she wasn't out fucking his former assistant to give him some sick thrill like the other

perverts he had heard of who relished such situations. Why would she call him at all, unless it was to gloat?

At one point, he had actually fallen into a troubled sleep on the sofa:

"Let me suck that beautiful Indian cock before you put it in my luscious cunt and fill it with your superior cream… Hmmmmm…"

"Please, do not be so loud Mrs Grant. You must not forget that your husband is sleeping in his room."
"My husband is nothing to me. He's a wimp I can do what I like with and what I like at the moment are your wonderful big cock and full balls. I want to make you so crazy with lust for me that you'll coat my cunny with your cum so I can get Billy in here and clean it for me while you watch."

"He… He will do that?"

"He'll do anything I tell him, even if doing it makes feel sick. He's not a man anymore but a little boy and little boys do as their mummies tell them."

"I cannot believe he is so weak he will accept such treatment. He always seemed so commanding."

"Well he isn't now. And do you know what? I think he's always been weak. No man who wasn't would allow himself to be treated the way I treat him… But enough talk. Lay down here beside me and let me suck on your lolly for a while as you warm up my cunny with my trusty dildo. You know how I love that."

"I love it too, Mrs Grant."

"Call me Bernice, Hari. You're my man now and there is no need for formality… But look! The precum is dripping from your greedy cock. leaking! Is it the thought of my little boy pulling on his cock in the next room as he pictures us fucking that is arousing you so much?"

"I have no need of such motivation when I am with you, my lovely lady – but

it does not exactly displease me."

"Yes. My poor baby's tiny cock will be throbbing as he listens to us and imagines your hard thick cock fucking me and then shooting his load in my pussy before pulling out and spraying my flat belly with a real man's cum."

"Oooooh…."

"Picture him on his knees at the side of the bed stroking his little dicky as you cover my belly with your thick and creamy jism... Oooh, you like that idea, don't you? Having him on his knees to watch his former assistant fuck his wife and not be able to do or say a thing to stop it. I can feel from the way your cock jerks in my warm little hand just how exciting you find it. That's it, let me stroke that hard cock of yours and relieve your balls of some of that cream you produce so much of."

"Oh, my lord, Mrs… Bernice… that is so… so"

"Imagine my big handsome husband on his knees watching us, knowing that soon he is going to be forced to ask a young Indian boy half his age if he can have permission to clean your cum off my belly before sucking it from my pussy as I finger my clit before telling him to…"

"Aaaahhhhhh!....."

Waking from his troubled doze, William Grant had been far more disturbed by the shaming erection tenting his tracksuit bottoms than by the dream itself – though that had been disturbing enough.

What was happening to him?

Could he possibly be taking some kind of warped pleasure from the hell his wife was putting him through?

Back in the present, he heard the front door slam shut but only one set of footsteps ascend the wooded stairs. He was still relieved that she hadn't returned with the geek he dreamed was fucking her when he heard the shower

go on upstairs before, some twenty minutes later she entered the kitchen. A vivid red towelling gown hugged the curves that were no longer reserved for him and his mouth was dry as she made herself a coffee without either a word or a glance his way.

“Well,” he began, unable to keep understandable bitterness and reproach from his voice, “you finally have your fantasy, I hope it was everything you wanted – given the price of it.”

She knew he was referring to what he considered the death of their marriage and certainly of his own love for her and seemed not the slightest bit concerned. Knowing as she did that as her loving feelings for him had changed so would his for her. And in a way she would much prefer.

The wife who had hours before made him greet her lover at the door, and revelled in his shame and humiliation before the younger and utterly unimpressive man, thought about it.
But not for long.

“Everything and more,” she told him. “He might not be in your league in the looks department but his cock more than makes up for that and he certainly knows how to use.”

Her smile was both mischievous and malicious:

“Given the screams he drew from me before we left I’d say everybody in that Travelodge and for some miles around know that he knows how to use it too.”

Her husband could feel demoralised cheeks reddening at her words and was compelled to avert his eyes.

“For some reason though, young Hari still finds it hard to believe that you know he is fucking your wife and yet don`t try to stop him.”

She sipped at her tea thoughtfully and William Grant felt like crying.

“Spineless wimp that we now know you to be or not though,” she began, “he still seems to see you as the man you were before the illness. I mean, you still look fit and well at least. He thinks that any minute you’ll come to your senses and beat the shit out of him.”

Her laughter cut him.

“I keep telling him that it will never happen and that even I’m capable of handling you in your condition.”

Her eyes held him:

“And we both know the doctors said that condition is for keeps, don’t we?”

William Grant hung his head and wondered when fate would consider enough was enough and the blows would stop coming.

“He really isn’t comfortable having the threat of you over his head and no matter what I say he doesn’t think he can keep seeing me unless the problem’s sorted.”

“Good” her husband thought, though this small elevation of his spirit was not to last long.

“Don’t be too pleased,” she said, reading his thoughts. “It’s not going to happen. Hari’s cock satisfies me like no man’s – and especially not yours – ever has and there is no way I’m going to lose it.”

He waited, not concerned by her problem in the slightest.

“That’s why you’re going to convince him you’re no threat to him when he comes over tomorrow night.”
William Grant felt his nausea return.

“I’ve given it a lot of thought and this is what you’re going to do when he arrives.”

Part Two

Six

Bernice was home from the office that had once been her husband's a little earlier than usual the next day and found him busy with the chores she had set him and to which, to her surprise, he was actually going along with. Standing before him in a black pencil skirt to the knee and a white cotton shirt open just enough to hint at her wonderful breasts, she was the picture of a driven and successful businesswoman and the knowledge he had once been her male counterpart was another source of pain to him. Especially given the role he was now expected to adopt.

Namely:

That of cuckold and flunky.

She was texting when he took her the coffee she ordered him to make in a voice and tone becoming more peremptory and commanding with him by the hour.

The worst of it being that this handsome man who had once been so self-assured and commanding was finding himself more and more incapable of resisting the dominion she was beginning to exercise over him.

There was a shopping bag at her feet.

"I went shopping for you today," she told him eyes running him up and down as if he were a possession rather than the husband she had professed to love these last eleven years.

Recalling their conversation of the night before – if such a monologue could be described as such - he felt his legs weaken. No! Surely, she hadn't been serious about…

The garment she produced from the bag had the effect of introducing a tennis ball into his throat. He was struggling to swallow, so great was his consternation. Constriction caused by the appearance of a pair of pyjamas from the bag that were covered, both top and bottoms, by numerous images of Rupert Bear.

"B-Bernice… Please… You don't mean for me to…?"

Unable to unable finish, a chill of real fear ran the length of his spine as her expression hardened and he wondered just where and how she had gained such an ascendancy over – or how it was possible she could wish to use her new power over him in such a… *sadistic*… way.

"Did you not listen to a thing I said last night?" she accused.

"Bernice, why are you doing this?" he pleaded for the umpteenth time, knowing as he did so that he was unlikely to be any more successful than the last time he had tried to reason with her. "Do I really deserve to be treated in such a way. I'm a man and I can only be pushed so far before…"
"No!" she barked, face ablaze with cruelty. "You're not a man and that's why you'll be pushed as far as I want to push you. So stop making a fuss."

A *"fuss"*? he asked himself. Was she serious? Had she truly changed so much she could describe the near complete annihilation of the life he had known with such a trivial word?

"Haven't I promised you that none of our family and friends will ever know what a weakling you've become?" she went on. "As long as you please me and do as you're told they'll never have to know I've had to invite a young Indian boy into our marriage to provide me with the sex you can't give me. They'll know you're not your former self, of course, and that out of necessity I've had to take over the reins, so to speak, but I've no problem with you

swapping your manly tales of golfing derring-do with them."

Her expression was cruel as she added:

"Even you aren't a *man* any longer."

He looked at her and shook his head with contempt; pretty much the only response he had left with which to fight:

"I… I don't know who you are," he said helplessly. "Obviously I never did."

"Whatever," she sniffed with a shrug of her shoulders. "Unfortunately for you I now know exactly who you are. Now run along upstairs and change into your jim-jams and then you can come down and give mummy a nice foot rub for having been so good as to wear herself out shopping to find pyjamas big enough for her little boy."

"*Mummy?*" he exploded, temper putting his reduced physical capacity and the fear she now seemed to instil in him from his head. "*Little boy?*" he cut the distance between them and stared down at her menacingly. "Just what kind of sickos power-trip are you fucking on?"

The reaction from him that would have once thrown her served now only to provoke and she leapt from her seat to slap his face; following up with another and yet another as her astonished and physically weakened husband gave ground before her.

"How dare…" SLAP "you use language like that…" SLAP "in front of me.

He tried to grab her wrists and prevent her slapping him again but, mortifyingly, found she broke his grip with ease and continued bring palm into contact with cheek. The fight was already leaving him and the muscular infirmity made inevitable by his Filipino virus reduced his capacity to stand unaided, let alone defend himself. Suddenly, his knees were giving out on him and he was sinking to the carpet before her.

Her reaction:

To take hold of his hair, tilt his handsome and – shamefully – tear-filled cheeks up to hers and begin slapping him again.

William Grant could barely breathe for the unmanning emotions surging through him. And it was not the pain of her slaps themselves contributing to his mental and physical capitulation. The fact that his once loving younger wife felt totally unafraid and utterly within her rights to treat him in such a fashion was far more painful to him than any number slaps.

Suddenly though the slaps stopped and he felt her pinch his right earlobe between her fingers and virtually knee-walk him to the corner of the living-room.

“You want to behave like a little boy with a foul mouth then I’ll have no problem treating you like one,” she told him as his nose made contact with the pastel painted plaster of the wall.”

Unmanned and lacking the necessary physical wherewithal to defend himself as he was, William Grant could still think and the thoughts flashing through his head were all bad.

His young wife’s words not about to make them any better.

“You can kneel in that corner with your nose to the wall until I’m ready for you to apologise to me for your disgusting language. I’m going to relax and finish my coffee and if I see you move before I give you permission I’m going to take your trousers down, put you over my knee, and spank your behind.”

Nose to the wall and knowing his weakened body would be unable to prevent her doing as she threatened, William Grant was convinced he had somehow stepped through a portal of some kind that had delivered him to some perverted and out of sync world where all his virtues had become liabilities and everything he had taken for granted was, and had been, no more than flimsy self-delusion. She had actually threatened him - *him*, a grown-man over twelve years her senior - with an over the knee spanking. And, if the

mere threat was not galling enough, he knew she was not only serious but, given his infirmity, was more than capable of doing just that.

Ten minutes later, after he had listened to the sipping of her coffee and the turning of pages as she flicked through one of the puerile magazines containing the lives and loves of giftless Z-List celebs, he heard the hiss of nylon as her shapely legs uncrossed themselves.

“You can crawl over to me now and kiss my feet before giving me a most sincere and abject apology.”

Her words sounded to him like the death-knell for a manhood she had pretty much already stripped from him… and yet he wasn’t sure if the mental anguish and shame he felt searing his manhood was due entirely to her words and what they insisted he do.

As he did as she ordered, sobbing as he crawled on all fours to the hosed feet awaiting both a kiss and an abject apology, he *knew* it wasn’t her words alone taking a torch to the remnants of his self-respect.

The inexplicable erection threatening to burst his denims had a bigger claim to that.

Seven

He waited in the bedroom as she bathed that evening, feeling about as low and full of self-loathing as he would ever have thought a strong and decent man such as himself could feel. The events of the afternoon would not leave his mind and he could not rid his thoughts of the image of himself crawling from that corner to the feet of his young wife and placing a reverential kiss upon them before offering her the apology she had insisted upon. More crucially, the memory of an erection about as powerful as any he could remember – thankfully unnoticed – refused to stop disquieting his already

troubled spirit.

What the fuck was happening to him that he could respond to such treatment in such a way?

He had actually kissed his wife's feet as he sobbed, a grown man whose tears could be seen landing on the pointed black leather of her office shoes. Him! The man who had once ran the same office she had taken from him. Then she had insisted he kneel up, look in the eye, and apologise for having made her angry with him.

And his response to such shameful treatment?

An erection as powerful as any he could remember.

Forget not *"knowing"* who *she* was any longer.

Who, in God's name, was *he*?

"Doesn't my little boy look sweet!" she said as she entered from the en-suite to find him on the edge of their bed in his new *'jim-jams'*. There was an air of total confidence about her and William Grant knew that events of the afternoon had taken her feelings of empowerment in his regard so high they were almost in orbit. Yet still he felt compelled to reason with her.

"Please," Bernice, he began, knowing it was useless but needing to try if only to salvage some miniscule piece of the pride remaining to him. "I… I realise I don't satisfy you in bed and that… and that you need… someone else to do it for you. But…"

Again he felt those shameful and unmanly tears gathering behind his eyes and fought them back.

"But does it mean I have to treated in… in… such a… such a hateful and disrespectful way?"

"It's the only way, Billy," she told him, acting as if the situation were

completely natural and everyday. “I simply love young Hari’s cock and what it does to me and will not lose it simply because he still sees you as the big strong man you were before the illness – even if we know what you are now is a more accurate description of who you have always been.”
“That’s not true,” he said heatedly, knowing the fact he was seated before his only recently dominant young wife in a pair of pyjamas designed for oversized juveniles. Pyjamas, moreover, covered with logos of a bear in yellow and black check trousers. “If it wasn’t for the illness I would still be…”

“But you’re not, are you?” she came in over him, just as if he actually were a child who she preferred seen but not heard. “And if you are why do you let me treat you like the naughty boy you seem to prefer behaving like?”

Her lip curled and her eyes narrowed knowingly as she delivered her next revelation:

“And why was your little dicky hard this afternoon when you crawled to mummy and apologised?”

William Grant’s guts seemed to land on his bare feet with a thump.

She *had* noticed.

“I… I…”

Stepping towards him, still damp from her ablutions, she actually ran a hand through his hair as if she were, for all the world, his loving mother and he her exasperating but much loved boy.

“It’s okay, sweetie. Mummy understands. Lots of boys have fantasies like that about their mummies. You mustn’t be ashamed of getting excited to have her in control of you. She likes it, I promise.”

The man who had once been a husband and was being relegated to infancy spluttered, unable to frame a reply to her knowing of his own shameful response to her treatment of him earlier.

Her tactic of speaking in the third-person only adding to his sense of demoralisation.

“It will make life so much easier for you from now on if you just give in to your feelings and be the best boy you can for me,” she told him, continuing with the *‘motherly’* approach but at least switching from third to first. “And I think Hari – *Mr* Chakrabarti - will be reassured to know that’s how you intend to behave towards me from now on.”

Her mention of his former assistant and fully-fledged nerdy geek, big cock or otherwise, inspired a red-mist of anger in William Grant and he knew that had he been anything approaching the man he had been not three months before he would have ripped the toothy little bastard’s head off the moment it entered the door.

He also knew that, if he was unable to stand up to his wife when it came to a physical argument, even the Indian geek himself would be able to kick his backside.

And with ease.
“Seeing you looking all nice and sweet in your new jim-jams will please him, I’m sure,” she told him. “And I know you’ll show him the respect he deserves for pleasing me in ways you never could and never will.”

His face must have been as readable as the proverbial open children’s book because she went on in that mock understanding way that was no more than a particularly cruel way of heightening his feelings of helplessness:

“Yes, I know how terribly difficult it is for you to come to terms with our… *new*… situation, but that’s just how it has to be. Just because my new lover’s still not much more than a boy when compared to you – at least when clothed – it doesn’t mean he can be disrespected and you are just going to have to get used to the fact that whenever he is here in future then he is the man of the house.”

“But…”

“No,” she came in, firmly but not unkindly, if such a description was possible under the circumstances. “You’re no longer the man in my life, let alone of the house. How could you be? Look at you. Standing there in oversized children’s pyjamas.”

“But you made me wear…”

“Exactly!” she came in, seizing on his assertion before he even had time to complete it. “I *made* you wear them. How can you expect to be seen as a real man when you haven’t enough about you to stop your wife insisting you dress and act like a child.”

“Then why are you doing it?” he almost screamed, hating the unmanly whininess of his tone that seemed to underpin the assertion she had just made.

“I’ve told you. Because my lover is not convinced you’re not a threat to him. We both know how weak your illness has left you and that you’re going to stay in that condition, but you still look your old self in grown-up clothes and young Hari finds it hard to believe you’re not the same man of whom he was once so in awe.”

She paused for a few moments, as if his intellect had been impaired along with his physical capacity and he needed time to absorb what she was saying to him.

“*That* is why, as you say, I’ve *made* you wear pyjamas and why you will behave exactly as if you were a child whenever my lover is in the house.”

He was, she could see, still sliding towards a bottom that still remained out of sight and she knew it would take only the merest of pressure from her to bring all his fears and – yes, *childish* – insecurities to the surface.

“I’ve already told you I’ll let you pretend to be a man still around our friends and families – after all, it would be embarrassing for me to have them know just what kind of man I really married – but only if your behaviour pleases

me and you're totally respectful to me. Your life as you once knew it isn't *entirely* over, but it will never be the same again and, I won't lie, will most likely be terribly humiliating for you at times, but…"
She shrugged her shoulders as if it were the cruel and vindictively humorous fates responsible for his misery and not his *loving* wife.

"…there it is."

Suddenly, and probably not before time, the knowledge his young wife was utterly serious in her intent and had the power to see it through became all too much for the handsome older man and he simply placed his head in his hands and cried.

Everything had gone.

Stripped from him.

He was no longer a man but a child. No money. No job. No car. Nothing. What remained in the place of the thrusting businessman who *had* possessed all those things was, instead, a dependant.

And the wife who had stripped him of all those things and to whom he was dependant was actually seating herself on the bed next to him and placing an arm around his shoulders to console him.

And consoling him the way all bullies console their victims after they've tyrannised them into utter and complete submission.

Worse, as her act of ersatz compassion drew great wracking and self-pitying sobs from him, he felt himself slipping into just the place and mindset she intended for him.

The look on her face, had he been able to see it, was absolutely beatific.
"That's my little boy. Let it all out. Mummy's here for you."

Amazingly, almost as if he truly had been regressed, the sympathy, mock or otherwise, from a grown-up intensified his misery and even his sadistic

young wife could only profess herself amazed with just how far, and in so short a space of time, she had been able to reduce her husband to such a point.

She also knew it was an opportune moment to take him further down the path she intended for him.

“You’ll feel better when all these silly grown-up feelings leave you,” she told him, lowering his head to rest against a breast that had popped half out of the towelling-robe and stroking his hair soothingly. “The sooner you show Har… Mr Chakrabarti, you are no threat to him the sooner all our relationships can develop. He needs to be assured that – sexually, at least – I’m his woman, and that won’t happen if you keep trying to act all manly and strong.”

A whimper escaped him and the wife, who was, it has to be said, stunned by the level of her own cruelty towards a man she still loved in her own way, was thrilled by the level to which she had already him.
“That doesn’t mean you’re not my number-one boy still,” she told him as if he truly were a five-year-old she was comforting at her breast. “Mummy doesn’t love Mr Chakrabarti the way she loves you but she does love what his lovely Indian cock can do for her and doesn’t want her little boy getting in the way of her getting it on a regular basis. My little boy does understand that and wants his mummy to be happy, doesn’t he?”

No response came from him but she knew, having taken him this far already, that with the slightest pressure her weakened and demoralised husband would cave in and tell her what she wanted to hear.

Whether he meant it or not.

“Did you hear your mummy?” she asked, injecting a small note of impatience into her tone.

He nodded, grudgingly and at great expense to what remained of his self-respect.

It was not enough.

“I need to hear you tell me, Billy,” she persisted, the hand that had been stroking his hair now taking a handful of it to pull his head back so that he was staring into her eyes through the tears blurring his own.

The eyes closed, unable to bear the triumph beamed towards him from hers and she knew she had won – again – and that he was ready to comply with her latest request.

“Yes,” came the answer she required in a voice so beaten and small she could almost convince herself it truly was a young boy she was taking to task and educating.

“Yes, what?”

He was dying inside, she knew, but with eyes still closed said the words she wished to hear anyway:

“Yes, I… I want you to be happy.”

“And how will you address me in future?

His eyes flashed open in appeal:

“Please, Berni…”

“I’ll ask you one more time and then it’s over my knee with you,” she snapped.

“Over your…?” he gasped, only half-completing the repetition before she supplied him with an even more soul-cringing alternative.

“Or perhaps I should leave the spanking of my little boy to the man in my life.”

The effect, as she had intended, was instant, and the prospect of being spanked across his former assistant’s lap was more than her older husband and erstwhile child could bear:

“M-Mummy,” he said, voice no more than a whisper as the magnitude of the concession she was forcing from him unbalanced sensibilities already sickened.

“Let me hear it again, sweetie – and a little louder – and it will all be over.”

Dying inside, even as he realised he was beginning to comply with her demands more readily, the man formerly known as William Grant did just that:

“Mummy.”

“Good boy,” she said in a patronising voice, suddenly becoming all business as she rose from the bed with a condescending pat upon his head to stand before him. “Now, because I no longer see you as a man and a husband and I’m being taken out tonight by someone I do see in such a way while you remain at home like a little boy, I want you ready for bed when he arrives.”

She looked at the bedside clock and tutted to herself:

“Which, incidentally, will be anytime soon.”

He felt his forehead go icy with the perspiration of dread. This was really happening. Not only was his wife going to spend the evening with his former assistant before being fucked by him – *again* – but he really was going to be forced to appear before the geek as if he were, for all the world, a child. Again, he asked himself if his wife was mentally unbalanced or if she was simply a sadistic bitch with no respect – forget *love* - for him at all.

“Now,” she was continuing as his thoughts gave full vent to a hatred for her he could never have imagined feeling for the woman he loved so much, “while mummy dresses I want you to go to the bathroom and clean your teeth properly like a good boy so you’re all ready to say hello to Mr Chakrabarti before going to bed.”

Grateful to leave her presence, a thoroughly chastened and beaten William

Grant moved towards the en-suite.

“Now, now, Billy. No using mummy’s bathroom from now on. Yours is down the hall next to the spare bedroom that’s all yours from now on.”

Eight

As the headlights heralding the arrival of his former assistant’s car lit the front windows from the drive, William – *“Billy”* – Grant tried to summon up some semblance of his former semblance of his former self that would allow him to take control of a situation that was becoming, simply, *unbearable*.

She had given him strict instructions on how he should greet her lover as she dressed upstairs and he knew that if he went complied with her wishes on this it would be the final nail in coffin – even if he had a nauseating suspicion the hammer had already done its work in that respect. It struck him that, perhaps, it was all just Bernice’s way of testing him. Of shocking him back to something like the strong and purposeful individual he had been before his fateful trip to the Philippines. Perhaps what she really wanted was for him to man up. To tell her there was no way she was going out with Hari the geek and that he wanted him gone, from her life, their house and their company.

“Prick!” he muttered to himself as he waited, transferring his frustration and anger onto the Indian boy who was, in his way, as much a creature of his newly empowered wife as he. *Pulling up on our drive as if he owns it.”*

For a few seconds, he almost convinced himself that was what she was trying to achieve: to stun him back somehow into being the force of nature he had once known himself to be. A man she could respect. A man who could

protect her. A man who could fuck her and would take the head from the man who tried to take those marital rights and responsibilities from him.

"Who the fuck does he think he is?" his thoughts blazed as a car door slammed shut outside and the geek's footsteps made for the front-door.

The unspoken question was answered immediately:

He thinks he's the man who's replaced me in both my company and in my wife's cunt.

The doorbell rang and, with it, all thoughts of conflict and rebellion vanished as the weakness of mind and body that seemed constant these days reasserted themselves over his necessarily finite outburst of inner anger.

The voice of the wife who now considered him her mummy drifted down the stairs.

"Be a good boy, Billy, and open the door to Mr Chakrabarti for mummy."

The look of shock and, shortly after, contempt that swept across the Indian geek's toothy features, eyes behind the glasses as stunned as they were delighted, brought a flush of colour to the older man's cheeks and he wondered how he could possibly be about to do what he had been *ordered* to do as the young man eyed up his Rupert Bear pyjamas.

In a voice he barely recognised as his own he invited *"Mr Chakrabarti"* into his home and the life of his wife for the second time.

"Thank you, Billy," the young Indian said, his own obvious indecision making the older man feel a little better.

A *little*.

"You do not mind," he began, in the accented English that had more than once grated on William Grant's sensibilities when they had been boss and assistant, "my calling you that?"

Wanting to tell him that he did, in fact, mind *very* much, the response was taken from him anyway:

“Of course he doesn’t mind, lover,” said Bernice from halfway down the stairs, looking sensational in a tight black number that clung revealingly to her breasts and all her other considerable curves, tanned legs bare and ending in a pair of designer black slingbacks with vicious looking pointed toes and dagger heels. “My little boy knows his place when a *real* man is in the house.”

Indecision vanishing by the second, the Indian boy sauntered past the ludicrous sight of a grown man in Rupert Bear pyjamas and met that man’ wife at the bottom of the stairs to take her in his scrawny arms and give her a long and loving kiss. On the previous occasion when he had visited they had left for the Travelodge almost immediately and there had been no physical contact of a demonstrable nature. But this was different. For the first time, though he had indeed pictured it, William Grant watched as another man – *boy* – took his wife of eleven years into his arms and thrust his tongue into her mouth as his hands caressed her slinky flanks.

It felt to him, and despite everything that had passed between them, like a death.

“Billy has something he wishes to say to you, Hari,” the faithless and sadistic wife told him when they were through.

She looked across to her husband in his jim-jams and the intent in her expression was enough to compel the beaten man into delivering the little speech she had dictated for him – even if he raced through it as quickly as he could with nervous eyes lowered; not to know that, in doing so, he made himself appear even more infantile.

When he had finished *thanking* the scrawny Indian runt who was taking his wife from him for doing so and assuring him that he, *“Billy”* was not a threat to him, the runt himself could not help a *“Wow”* of amazement escape him.

Not to mention… *pleasure*.

From the look he snatched at the boy's face, William Grant knew he was beginning to acclimatise himself to his former boss and his… *demotion.*

Even if he were still to be completely convinced.
"Is this truly for real?" he asked Bernice.

"You better believe it, lover," she told him as she playfully pinched his behind in their cream chinos.
"But why is he wearing pyjamas so early in the evening?"

"Because you are the man here and he is a little boy. I want him in bed by eight-thirty from now on as befits a boy like him."

"No, Bernice. This is just not right."

William Grant's ears pricked, ready to re-evaluate the young geek as it seemed he was about to take his wife to task for treating her husband in such a way.

Re-evaluation was *not* about to be required.

"Why on earth not?" a somewhat peeved looking Bernice asked

"Eight-Thirty is surely too late for a little boy to be going to his room to sleep.'

Her face lit up with a smile as vast as her husband's mortification as her unlikely lover continued:

"Do you not, think my lovely Bernice."

"Hmm, you could be right."

"I know I am right."

“What time did you have in mind?”

The feelings of contempt William Grant had felt at one time for his, admittedly technically gifted, assistant morphed into outright hatred as he thought about it and came up with an answer.

“I think Eight-PM should be his bedtime from now on.”

Hatred or not, cold fear ran the length of *“Billy’s”* spine at the look of pure vindictiveness upon the toothy features of the assistant with whom he had once, admittedly, been so overbearing.

“Really, Hari,” Bernice chided him. “You’re becoming very masterful!”

They kissed again before she broke it off and turned to her superfluous husband:

“You heard Mr Chakrabarti, Billy,” she told him. “Your new bedtime from now on is eight and it’s already five minutes past. So take yourself up to your room like a good boy and mummy will come up to tuck you in and give you a kiss goodnight before she goes out with her lovely and masterful lover.”
As two sets of mocking eyes fixed themselves upon him, William Grant remained rooted to the spot, a sense of total dislocation making movement impossible.

For the moment.

“Or would you rather Mr Chakrabarti took you up and put you to bed?”

As the two of them waited, William Grant’s fists clenched at his sides as he fought the urge to rush to the kitchen and take a bread-knife to their throats.

A fight in which he was, for once, victorious as his fists unclenched and, with his eyes studiously averted, he headed for the stairs.

*****

The bedside clock read 8.45 when the door swung open and Bernice stood in the doorway, curves backlit by the hallway light and her face glowing with contentment. “We’re off out dancing now and I want you be a good boy and stay in bed. No getting up to watch television and no pulling yourself off.”

His mouth fell open.

“Oh, yes, mummy knows all about what naughty little boys do when they’re on their own.”

She became thoughtful.

“Actually, I’m not at all sure I like you being left unsupervised like this.”

Then, after even more thought:

“I’ll have to have a good think about it and discuss it with Hari in the morning.”

The once manly face that was now so miserable and powerless became even more despondent, “You…? You mean, he’s…”
“Staying over? Yes. No point paying out for hotel rooms when I have perfectly lovely and comfortable bed of my own.

With that she leaned over to kiss him, gave the bedclothes a tuck, then left, closing the door behind her and leaving him to darkness and the torture of his own thoughts.

Nine

He lay awake the whole of the time they were gone yet defying his wife to watch television was not an option that interested him.

Stroking the cock that was as hard as it had ever been, and which shamed as much as it thrilled him, was however.

And yet, even though his wife and the geek were not home, he felt compelled for some reason to obey her instruction not to *"pull"* himself off.

"What the fuck's happening to me?" he asked the silent spare-room to which he had been relegated. *"Am I so fucked up I can't even have a wank without her permission now?"*

The answer, given he had just been sent to bed so his wife and her boyfriend could have some grown up time together, was a resounding: *"Yes!"*

A wave of pure humiliation washed over him as he pictured the two of them embracing and the possibility that some of his golfing buddies might be out dancing with their wives too and spot them. How would she explain the fact she was out on the town with some Indian nerd? And where would she tell them her husband was while she doing it?

"This is Hari. He has the most marvellous cock and he will be taking William's place in my bed from now on… Divorcing?... Of course not… But William won't be playing golf with you for a while… In fact, from now on, William won't be playing at all unless he gets a little stronger and has our permission."

William Grant could tell just how thrilling the young Indian man found it to have his one-time boss in such a position and sensed he was taking to the situation the way pelicans take to sprats. He was a gawky computer nerd with big teeth and glasses no woman in her right mind would look at twice. Yet, not only was he getting to put his *"two-stones-of-cock"* into a desirable married woman, but he was getting to do so with the husband's full knowledge and – there was no other word for it - submission.

His eyes shot to the luminous hands of the clock when he heard the front door open downstairs and some tipsy giggling from Bernice.

The clock read 1.30 as he listened to them climb the stairs and saw the handle to the spare-room door begin to turn as he tried to feign sleep that he not have to face them.

The light from the hall shone through his close eyelids.

“Look at our good boy, Hari,” he heard his wife whisper, obviously buying his act. “All tucked up snugly while his mummy and new daddy have been out dancing.”

“New daddy?” William Grant’s thoughts raced as he tried not let his consternation at such a description show.
“Oh, we’ve woken him!” Bernice exclaimed, leaning over to pry an eye open that there be no doubt, her wonderful breasts in the clingy black sheath dress the first thing her wakened husband saw. The same breasts he had always adored and the one his former assistant would be getting up close and personal with shortly.

Hari stepped forward and kissed her neck, before speaking:

“Bernice, would you mind waiting for me in the bedroom, please. I need to have a talk with little Billy.”

The *“little Billy”* enraged him but, knowing no good could come of expressing his anger, the displaced husband remained with head on pillow as his wife consented to her lover’s request by placing yet another loud and wet kiss upon his subcontinent lips.

“Don’t be long,” she told him. “His mummy’s horny.”

When she was out of the room Hari sat on the edge of the single bed to which his presence had ensured the older man had been relegated. Far from the indecision and mistrust he had shown a little earlier his eyes now had a look of sternness and contempt in them.

“Your wife and I had a very lovely evening together. She is a wonderful and sexy woman and I am the luckiest person alive to be able to please her with,” he tapped his groin with a finger, “this cock she adores so much.”

The Indian boy watched his former boss swallow with difficulty and knew instantly that what he was attempting to swallow was the last futile uprising of his manhood.

“I am not stupid,” he went on, “and I am well aware that, looking as I do, I will never find another such as your wife, for whom the cock is far more important than the edifice containing it.”

“Got that right, you scrawny, ugly, Indian shit!” William grant’s thoughts blazed.

“But I must also say that I cannot quite believe how easily I have taken her from you. When she told me just how weak you truly were I had much trouble believing her. But no longer. I once thought, even though I disliked you, that you were a strong person who was at least worthy of the respect such a man is due. But that is no longer true either.”

Again, William Grant felt the cold sweet of terror breaking out on his forehead as the prospect of yet more humiliation – and this time from an even more detested source – reared its head.

“You are every bit as pitiful as she says,” the boy went on. “But she insists she loves you still and wishes to care for you. I have agreed to this and will do my best to care for you in a way that is fitting also.”

It was incredible, William Grant told himself. Sick, but incredible. His scrawny former assistant was telling him he was going to care for him. And meant it! This was no fantasy either. For his wife *or* the boy. They fully intended this to be real.

“I do not expect a reply from you,” the Indian boy went on to the older man, “and, in future, you will always ask me for permission to speak before doing

so."

The stricken husband's eyes widened. His wife had said something similar to him along those lines also and that had been hard enough to hear in itself. But this was a scrawny young Indian boy less than half his age telling him the same thing.

And worse was to come.

"Your lovely wife has enjoyed herself a little too much this evening with the wine so you must not take her words too seriously. It is obvious that I am not your *'daddy'* and I will not insist you address me in such a way in the future. But I do insist on respect and will want to hear a *'Sir'* added to what you say to me at all times from this moment on. Believe me, I am quickly coming to terms with this change in our relationship to each other and, if I sense you are reluctant to do as I say will have neither hesitation nor problem in placing you over my knee and taking my belt to your disrespectful behind. Is that clear?"

William Grant stared at the youngster as if he had just injected himself with the latest of designer drugs guaranteed to bend minds.

"If I do not hear a nice respectful *'Yes, Sir'*, when I reach the count of three, my belt will be removed and I will call Bernice to witness your punishment."

"One…"

"Hari, you can't… I mean…"

"Two…"

"Mr Chakrabarti, this isn't right. You can't treat…"

"Three!"

Tearing the sheets from the husband's cowering body, the Indian boy reached for his belt and was unbuckling it when capitulation came.

“Please… Sir… I mean… Yes, sir.”

Slowly nodding his head, unable to disguise the pleasure he took from this latest victory, the boy gazed down at the man he had just cowed into a mortifying obsequiousness and spoke, tones even and way beyond contradiction from one as underfoot as the man squirming on the sheet below him.

“I am going to go and fuck your wife with my superior Indian cock now and you are not to leave this room until one of us comes to get you in the morning. Understand?”
“Yes.”

Without hesitation the boy rolled the older man over on the mattress and delivered four smacks to his pyjama clad behind.

Scrawny Indian geek and pyjama-clad behind aside, William Grant yelped as the boy’s palm made contact and he felt those unmanly tears rise to his eyes yet again – even if it humiliation rather than pain that was responsible on this occasion.

“Yes, what?” the Indian boy who was taking his wife and assuming authority over him also snapped.

“Yes… Sir,” the displaced husband mumbled.

“Good boy,” he said, closing the door behind him and switching out the hallway light on his way to the master-bedroom that had once belonged to the man his young hand had just chastised.

It was not long before that same man heard the soft moans of his wife turn to screams of utter fulfilment he felt sure could be heard for miles around.

And now, all doubts along with all hope gone, he knew with certainty that his wife was no longer his and that, from henceforth, he would be playing a far different role in her life.

If something so menial and unjust could be described as a role at all.

Ten

His sleep after his young tormentor had left that night had been disturbed in the extreme.

But then, how could it be anything but?

His former assistant had fucked his wife in the master bedroom that had once been his and brought her to one shattering and vocal orgasm after another. Orgasms he could tell, simply from his wife's almost hysterical response to them, that he had not come close to supplying her even in the times before his illness when he was in full receipt of his strength and virility. And was

certainly not capable – even if he were to be allowed – of supplying now.

When he awoke in the morning he was amazed he had managed to sleep at all. The events of the evening before and Hari's words to him that were more by way of being threats came back to him the instant his eyes opened in the tiny spare-room that was now his and he felt himself become immediately tearful as the sounds of their lovemaking reverberated against the walls of his skull.

Again, the questions came thick and fast:

What was he doing? Why was he suffering this state of affairs? If he was the man he kept trying to convince himself he remained then why didn't he simply leave? Granted, he would be walking away with nothing in the way of material assets, or even a job and money, but he would at least regain his self-respect, wouldn't he?

He also knew the latter option was not going to happen. The simple process of even thinking about what would happen to him beyond the four walls of the home Bernice now insisted was hers and not his exhausted him. In his current – and ongoing, according to the doctors – physical and mental state he would not last two minutes on the outside. The truth was, he had to accept, was that he was trapped. With nobody close enough to him – and certainly not the fair-weather, hale fellows well-met, friends of the golf course – to offer some kind of temporary sanctuary his option would be the tender mercies of a welfare state that seemed determined to prove to the right-wingers who hated its existence that it was nothing of the kind.

And what if he did somehow regain his former strength and virility? How could he expect his young wife to respect him ever again? More to the point, given her treatment of him, how could he prevent himself from throttling the life from her body? After of course, he had slapped the geek around in a way befitting the treatment he had received from the Indian boy only the night before.

No. After what she had put him through, and to what he had submitted and

was continuing to submit, she would never see him as a man and he would *certainly* never see her as a woman worthy of his love again. It was over and all that was left, for him, was a life of… *humiliation.*
And yet, he could do no more than admit as he found his cock erect and urgent for reasons he was not in the frame of mind to analyse, if she was not worthy of his love then she was, it seemed, more than capable of inspiring him to lust still.

Desperately, and not for the first time, his thoughts thrashed around wildly as he sought an escape from the hell into which his infirmity and the unsuspected perfidy and depravity of his younger wife had placed him.

He was no nearer a solution when the door opened and Bernice stood framed in it.

She was dressed casually this morning in in tight jeans and a body-hugging red tee-shirt that showed her still hour-glass shape and wondrous breasts to perfection. Her face was not made-up but, even had it been, no make-up could have hidden the look of satisfaction common to those women who had just been freshly fucked. And on a number of occasions. Each one at least as satisfying as the last.

A wave of jealousy washed over him. This was, after all, still his wife. Surely he couldn't simply let another man – a boy – come into his house and take her from him without a fight. And if, as he wondered could be the case last night, she was testing him to provoke a manly and husbandly response, then she certainly had her answer.

"Good, you're awake," she said, white teeth dazzling as she smiled at me, for all the world pleased to see her *'little boy'*. "Hari is about to go home but we both need to speak with you before he leaves."

The spirits of the grown man behind the outsize Rupert pyjamas lowered once more, not that they had been high when she had entered. His hope had been that the geek would have left by the time his wife came to get him and he would be spared further contact for a while. That, it seemed, was not about

to happen and he felt drained with humiliation once more as his wife waited for him expectantly, a shapely bare foot, nails painted deepest red, tapping upon the carpet to indicate she expected haste.

Her eyes though, locked on his and smiled; even if it was not the smile of loving wife to revered wife or even that of doting mother to young son.

This was a smile of utter triumph.

Pure and simple.

“I`ll, hmm, just get dressed and I’ll, er, be down.”

She was already shaking her head.

“No need. Hari’s a busy man, he hasn’t all day to wait on you. Just come down as you are in your jim-jams.”

Standing to one side of the door, she indicated to the humiliated and increasingly cowed husband that he should go first and that she would follow.

*****

He was in the kitchen as they entered, munching toast and sipping coffee as if he owned the place. A boy, William Grant considered with immense bitterness, who was being allowed to punch above his weight for no more valid a reason than that he had contracted a virus that had pretty much wasted his muscles and the advantage his wife had taken of the fact to reveal she had been nothing more than faithless, perverted and calculating bitch the whole time. The hatred he now felt for his wife making the erections he could not prevent whenever he thought about her or found himself in her presence as baffling and shaming as they were potent.

He watched, stomach sickened, as that faithless, perverted and calculating wife went to the geek’s side and kissed the top of his toothy head with affection, eyes full of sadistic delight remaining on him as he stood anxiously in his jim-jams and beaming smile in his direction that he somehow found pleasurable and belittling at one and the same time.

“Good morning, Billy,” William Grant heard the toothy and suddenly arrogant Indian cunt say to him, wanting nothing more than to sink punch after punch into that smug and ugly face his sick wife preferred to the handsome features he knew to be his own.

Instead, cheeks burning with humiliation and knowing the response expected from him, he said:

“Good morning, hmmm, Sir.”

His wife looked from him to the young Indian man whose cock so enthralled her then back again, expression one of curiosity rather than surprise as her husband’s cheeks burned with pure shame at having her hear him address the boy in such a way:

“Sir?” she asked.

Knowing it wouldn’t ease his humiliation but feeling compelled to explain anyway, William Grant explained, as the geek looked on smugly and he himself tried to avoid making eye-contact, how that was the way Mr Chakrabarti wanted to be addressed by him in future.

“And you remembered, Billy,” she said proudly, crossing to him and supplying a big hug as if he had just recited the alphabet for the first time. “What a good boy you are.”

With cheeks burning crimson, William Grant tried to ignore the mocking stare of his one-time assistant.

What he could not ignore, however, was the return of an erection that had only recently subsided and had been restored to life by the hardened nipples of his wife’s wondrous breasts he could feel pressed against his chest.

Breaking off the contact she moved back to stand at the side of her lover.

“See?” she told him. “Didn’t I tell you how obedient he is now?”

“Yes,” the geek replied with a nod. “I confess myself amazed that he has become so… respectful to his betters. You must take all of the praise for educating him in such a way.”

To William Grant’s amazement and growing hatred of the young Indian, his wife fairly blossomed under the ludicrous compliment.

“But,” said her growingly more authoritative lover, “I still think we are right to not have him left alone in future.”

The husband’s thoughts raced.

“What now?”

“That’s all very well, Hari,” said his wife, “but are you sure about Nipa?”

Hari was already nodding:

“My stepsister has always been something of a loner and, as you know, has always had something of a crush for your handsome husband.”

William Grant’s thoughts raced, unable to recall any *“stepsister”*, until the penny dropped and he remembered an occasion a few years back when he had bumped into Hari whilst shopping in Town with Bernice and introducing him to a young girl.

A *schoolgirl*.

And an Anglo/Indian schoolgirl at that in whom the *“Anglo”* was playing a distinct second-fiddle.

“The job will be perfect for her,” the geek went on. She left school recently and will not be going on to university.”

He gave his lover a *‘what can you do’* look, arms held wide:

“I am afraid she is not academic like her older stepbrother and is also something of a loner.”

“We’re all different, Hari, and she’s lucky to have an older brother like you willing to take such good care of her after your parents passed away,” offered Bernice.

“That is most kind of you, my love, but it has not been without its troubles. She encountered some bullying while at school and it was only at the latest establishment to which I had her removed that she was left pretty much to herself. She does not mix well and prefers the company of those older than herself. When I spoke of what we intended I have never seen her so excited and, if you are serious about the position, I believe it could well be perfect for her..”

“What position?” William Grant could not prevent himself blurting out, so great was his feeling that whatever it was it would not serve him much relief from his current situation.

It would take less than a second for him to regret his interjection.
“How dare you interrupt grown-ups when they are speaking!” Bernice blazed at him.

He fell instantly silent, despite his pure wonderment that she could speak to him in such a ludicrous way.

“Grown-ups?”

“I spoke of this to him last night,” the geek chimed in, features about as stern as they could be given the toothyness that made him look as ridiculous as the words Bernice had just seen fit to utter. “I warned him of the consequences for bad behaviour and that I would have no hesitation in taking my belt to his behind should he be disobedient.

If he hadn’t already, the older man realised his world was moving away from and that every rotation seemed to regress him in status. This was painful enough for a man of his looks and standing. Having no recourse to anything

likely to provide him with a defence against the outrages being perpetrated upon him was simply *excruciating*.

To his relief – the prospect of being unable to prevent himself being placed over his former assistant's lap and disciplined before his wife the worst thing he could envisage at this point – it was Bernice who defended him.

Even if the nature of that defence mitigated somewhat his aforementioned relief.

"Don't be too harsh with him Hari," she said, as if protecting a much loved toddler from the wrath of a particularly harsh father. "It's still all new to him. The least we can do is show a little patience."

Her eyes fixed upon her growingly emasculated husband as he stood before her in the oversized Rupert jim-jams she had chosen for him and her next words were clear in their inference:

"To begin with anyway."

The geek was not convinced but, with a shrug, conceded the point anyhow.

"You are the boss, my love. But, if you do not mind me offering my advice, I would advise you not to be *too* lenient with him."

"There is no danger of that," Bernice assured him, before leaving her husband ignored as she returned to the conversation he had just interrupted.

"So, when will it be convenient for you to bring Nipa's things over and move her in?

Eleven

It was Friday evening and William Grant was again in his pyjamas, only this time it was a pair of Dennis the Menace jim-jams Bernice had purchased from the same provider adorning his adult's body so pathetically. She had

made him sit on the floor at her feet and told him not to disturb her as she read one of the *celebrity* magazines she enjoyed so much and of which he was so derisive. And still was, even if he didn't dare voice his contempt any longer.

"Don't fidget," she warned. "If you're bored you can give mummy a nice foot-rub."

He was, he knew, not being given an option and knew also that, if he didn't reach for one of the hosed feet that awaited only her choice of shoes for the evening that she be ready to party, she would soon order him to do it.

As his hands slid over the dark nylon encasing her shapely left foot he again cursed himself for the shaming subconscious reaction compelled by such an abject task and marvelled yet again at the strength of the erection that so contradicted his reduced physical capacity. Very soon, his former assistant would be coming over to have his wife in ways he no longer could and would not have been allowed had he been capable. A toothy geek who bore no comparison to the man *he* had once been was going to take her out for the evening, flaunting her and fucking her. What if any of their friends were to witness it? The fact his wife preferred the cock of suck an unattractive boy was killing enough to him, but for his friends to know of his disgrace would simply be…

His thoughts broke off as he considered how much greater his disgrace would be once her lover arrived.

Heart pounding with such pure dread his hands stopped their massaging of his wife's foot to ponder the arrival of the young girl who was about to become his wife's live-in housekeeper and *his* nanny.

It was barely conceivable, he told himself as a playful cuff on the back of his head told him to resume his ministrations to the proffered foot. *"A grown man"* with a nanny. And a nanny who was not only of a different race – albeit mixed – but still in her teens.

Bu then, as both his wife and her lover continually pointed out, he was *not* a man.

Consumed by the pain of his own thoughts and the task of rubbing his wife's feet, he had not heard the car pull up outside and the knock, when it came, startled him.

Bernice patted his head and rose to her feet expectantly.

"Well, little boy?" she demanded as he remained transfixed upon the carpet.

His mouth seemed to frame a *"Please"* but, before he could lend it a voice, his wife spoke over him:
"Go and let mummy's lover and your babysitter in?"

His stomach lurched. It was the first time she had used such a word to describe the *girl* coming to live with them. And was enough to make him yearn for the description of *"Nanny"*.

Legs literally shaking, and knowing he was all out of alternatives and, save the ending of his own life, had been for months, he rose and slowly, like a man on death-row, made his way to the front door that seemed, every time he opened it, to make his existence that much more miserable.

He could hear the geek and his stepsister chatting in their native tongue on the other side of the door and was thankful for the small mercy that the drive of their four-bedroomed detached was bounded by high trees and hedges and free from the prying eyes of neighbours who, again thankfully, pretty much kept themselves to themselves..

With a deep breath to try and calm nerves and shame that were far too advanced to be influenced by such simple methods, he gripped the door handle and pulled it open.

To be met instantly by the scrutiny of a young girl with, coincidentally, similar facial features to her stepbrother and whose eyes danced with both glee and, far worse… *anticipation*.

“Please come in, hmmm, Sir,” the older white husband forced himself to say the expected.

“Good boy,” his former assistant said, then, referring to the girl whose eyes seemed unable to believe her brother could talk to such a distinguished looking and old white man in such a way. A white-man, moreover, she knew to have once been his boss.

She was even more amazed when it dawned on her, this as he stepped aside to let her in, that he was wearing what looked to be children’s pyjamas. Yet to reach seventeen she had known early she would never be a *“looker”* though her body was well-developed, if a bit on the chunky side. Her colouring was slightly lighter than her stepbrother’s but there was no hiding her subcontinent roots and it was to that provenance rather than that of the other parent that she owed her looks. That she had chosen for some reason, having been schooled in the country for two or three years, to wear traditional Indian costume rather than the jeans and such favoured by girls of her age seemed only to heighten the older man and it struck him that perhaps she had known it would before he corrected his own thoughts as over-sensitive. She was only a young girl after all.

A *“young girl”*, he told himself with the hint of something like hope, who could be manipulated by a handsome and older white-man.

And especially by one for whom, as her brother himself had intimated, she felt an attraction.

Such *short* straws had he been reduced to clutching.
As he shut the door and followed, his wife and the girl were already hugging and it was obvious this was not the first time they had met.

It was not long, however, before attention turned to him as Hari, being the *man*, fetched his stepsister’s belongings from the car:

“Where’s my little boy’s manners?” Bernice scolded as the amazed but thoroughly excited Nipa looked on. “Aren’t you going to ask Ms Nipa if she

would like a drink?"

"I-I'm sorry," he said swiftly, a feeling of dislocation making an unbelievable situation seem even more unreal to him as he tried to avoid eye-contact. "What can I get you Nipa?"

"Ms Nipa," his wife's voice reminded him and he prayed for the floor below his bare feet to open and swallow him whole.

"I… I meant, hmmm, what would you like, er, Ms Nipa?"

"Better?" Bernice pronounced herself satisfied, after he had been told a Pepsi-Max and gone to fetch it, grateful to be out of the young girl's amazed appraisal.

Even if it was not for long.

Her brother was taking the last of her cases up to her room – one of the guest-rooms twice the size of the spare-room to which he had been banished when the demoralised former lord of the manor returned from the kitchen with his sister's request.

"His bedtime is eight, Nipa, and your brother and I are very strict on it. You are not to put up with any back chat from him and, if he gives you any and proves too much for you to handle, simply call either me or your brother and we will come back and take care of the matter."

His wife's eyes fixed on his as he handed the girl her drink and he could see that nothing remained of either her former love for him or any semblance of respect. No matter he had not asked for the illness that had debilitated him or for her to take advantage of it in such a way. All she saw now was a man allowing himself to be dressed in pyjamas while she had herself fucked by an Indian boy who fell short in all comparisons with her husband save for his cock. And now, to seal his fall from grace and position, he was about to be babysat by the young stepsister of the boy cuckolding him.

It struck him that his wife would have felt more respect for him if had indeed

put an end to his own life.

Something he had considered and known he would never have the courage to see through.

“When you have him tucked up in bed just check on him every now and then. I do like him to be asleep shortly after he is put down so please let me know if that isn’t the case.”
“I will, Mrs Grant,” Nipa nodded, eyes darting from the wife to the husband over whom she, a young Indian girl unused to men’s attentions, let alone commanding them, was about to be given authority and already feeling some of the same contempt for her soon-to-be charge as the woman employing her.

“Now, now, Nipa,” Bernice chided the young girl with, what seemed to the husband denied it, genuine affection. “No need for formality. You are going to be living here as well as working and I want no formality between us. From now on I insist you call me Bernice.”

“Thank you… Bernice,” the girl answered, the English he heard her speak for the first time just as accented and unpleasant to his ears as that of the brother’s but letting him know, just the same, that she was obviously flattered to be on first-name terms with a woman as attractive as her brother’s lover and boss.

And attractive lover and boss already turning to the metaphorically whipped and beaten husband as fidgeted from foot to foot at their side.

“Hari and I will be leaving to go for a nice meal soon,” she told him as he prayed it would not be one of the restaurants used by people who knew them, “and if I find out you’ve been less than totally obedient and respectful to your new… *nanny*…”

Woman and girl shared smiles at the word before the elder of the two continued:

“…I’ll have her brother spank your naughty behind in front of us so hard you won’t be able to sit for a month. Understand?”

Too full of humiliation and misery to speak, William Grant nodded.

“Sorry?” she snapped.

The urge to vomit, so great was his nausea, filled his throat and it was only with a huge effort that he quelled the impulse and said:

“Y-Yes, I understand.”

The eyes of his wife blazed into his and for the thousandth time recently he asked himself how he could possibly have missed the sadism and cruelty of her nature.

“Y-Yes… *m-mummy*.”

“Good boy, that’s better,” she almost smirked before turning to his young Indian *nanny*.

Then:

“You can give him the present we have for him after he has cleaned his teeth, Nipa.”

“I will, Mrs…” She smiled: “I will, Bernice.”

“And please make sure he is wearing it when he goes night-night. If he gives you the slightest problem we are no more than a phone-call away and he will be the sorriest little boy ever if he interrupts his mummy’s evening out with her new man-friend.”

Seeming to re-consider, she took the young girl’s hand in her own:

“We are placing a lot of trust in you and I know it is a big responsibility for one of your years to care for someone who is so much older than you.”

The face that turned to her husband was almost an outright sneer as she

finished:

“Even if he is not a *real* man.”

For a few seconds the girl’s expression seemed troubled and it was obvious she was afraid her would-be employer was about to have second-thoughts and withdraw an offer she obviously coveted.

“Please, Bernice, I may be young in years but I am more than capable of taking care of your husband and I will not let you down.”

The young brown eyes that turned themselves upon the older man who had once been a commanding husband and a demanding boss were inflexible and, despite her tender years, that same man found himself lowering his own before them.

“Believe me,” she went on with confidence that was as unmistakable as it was unexpected given her age, looks and the situation into which she had been thrust, “when you see him next he will be wearing his gift to you.”

She paused to regard the handsome white man with demoralised eyes fixed to the carpet, before:

“It is my most solemn promise.”

Twelve

He was sat on the edge of the bed in the spare room with his head in his hands, still cringing with embarrassment after *"Ms"* Nipa had led him to the bathroom and supervised the cleaning of his teeth as if he were a tardy five-year-old, when she marched in and took his misery to a new low.

He looked up at her stern little face with the large teeth and prominent cheekbones she coincidentally shared with her stepbrother and felt like a frightened school boy whose naughtiness had just been discovered.

It was *not* a response guaranteed to make him feel any more manly.

"Stand before me," she ordered.

Sick at heart and feeling increasingly beaten he did as she asked instantly and noticed she held a bag in her hand.

It was, he knew, time for his… *"present"*.

"Now lower your pyjama bottoms and underpants."

"My…?" he began, unable to complete the repetition, the prospect of revealing himself to this young Indian girl in such a way taking mortification that was already at a heightened altitude higher still.

"If I have to call Mrs Grant and Mr Chakrabarti," she told him, "I do not think you will like the consequences."

She said nothing more but, confident the threat alone would make him comply, awaited his reaction.

With cheeks the colour of an open wound, he lowered his bottoms, aware of her eyes upon him as she thrilled to the exercise of power over and adult male

who was both older, English and her superior in looks and intelligence – if, no longer, in physical strength.

“Good boy,” she said when the bottoms lay puddled at his feet, adopting the same demeaning phrase she had heard both her stepbrother and her employer use towards him. “Now the underpants,” she commanded.

Now he did hesitate as he realised he was once again urgently erect and that to do as she asked would be to let her see the condition that shamed him even more than it puzzled. Already the little Indian bitch was already becoming accustomed to governing him and he sensed her eyes on him. Eyes, he could barely admit to himself, that filled him with dread.

And not just because of what they would see if he were to lower his pants as she demanded.

“Do not think that because of my young age you can behave disrespectfully towards me,” she said when he hesitated, her stepbrother’s advice before they had left home to bring her here still echoing in her ears. “I have been set the task of managing you because your wife sees you as more of a child than a man and I will do just that.”

Still he hesitated, caught between his shame at having the girl see him in such a condition and the prospect of having both her and his wife witness him being taken over stepbrother and lover’s knee and being belted.

The mobile phone she produced from inside her sari made the decision for him.

“Why is your thing hard?” she asked when he lowered his underpants, unable to meet her eyes as she replaced the phone inside her sari; amazed that one so young and inexperienced and from such a background could be in such command of herself.

“I… I… I don’t, hmm, know,” he mumbled, the weight of having to explain his erection to anyone, let alone one so young and of a different race, crushing his male sensibilities.

“Does your willy always get hard for no reason?” she asked, heavily accented English and her juvenile description of a penis stoking his humiliation further.

“I… I’m sorry,” he said, wanting to be anywhere on the planet but where he was.

“And who are you sorry to?” she asked.

“I… I don’t under…”

She cut him off and, so far had he fallen, he allowed himself to be interrupted by a girl who was not only some twenty-five years younger than he but, he considered, inferior in looks, intelligence and race.

“Have you forgotten how you were told to address me?” she demanded.

“I… I’m sorry… Ms Nipa.”

“Do not forget again,” she snapped, moving more and more into the ascendancy. “I want us to get along and for that to happen you are going to have to be completely obedient for Ms Nipa.”

To his amazement, the Anglo/Indian teenager took a step forward and reached out a teenaged hand to grasp his cock.

Air left his body in a rush as the electricity supplied by the contact of her brown flesh with his engorged manhood thrilled him in a way he knew it should not.

“Do you like Ms Nipa’s touch,” she asked, effect in no way lessened by the fact her voice was matter of fact rather than seductive, gently sliding his foreskin back as she spoke.

“I… I…”

“You should be proud to know that yours is the first cock I have either touched or seen in the flesh,” she came in over his gasped attempt at a response. “Though I am very familiar with the look of them and how they are best handled from the Internet.”

The brown hand was sliding the length of his erection now. Slowly. Rhythmically up and down in a way that mesmerised the older man. Shamed as he was, William Grant could do no more than submit to the wondrous sensations supplied by the Anglo/Indian teenager’s hand and knew he would not be able to hold out for too long as he felt a touch upon his cock that was not his own for the first time in months.

Sure enough, within seconds his legs were beginning to buckle beneath him and his breath was shortening as, sensing his crisis despite her own practical inexperience, the girl speeded up her manipulation of him.

“Aaaaaaaaghhhhh!” he could not prevent himself from screaming as stream upon stream of semen spurted from his cock-head to arc its way towards the waiting carpet.

It was only when she was sure that there was no more left to come that the girl released her grip and took a step back to observe both the pleasure she had given him and the shame she knew he felt for having accepted it from one of her age and… *kind*.

“What do you have to say?” she demanded when his breathing had returned to normal and he stood before on wobbly legs as the reality of having just been masturbated by a girl who was twenty-five years his junior and, moreover, his *babysitter* kicked in.

He was at a loss and the young girl loved the beaten and desperate look of the adult she was governing as he floundered for the words he knew she required. Never in her short life until now had she known such feelings and she could only give thanks that her stepbrother, knowing her as he did, had seen fit to involve her in his strange ménage a trois, as she had seen it described. Her intent to keep it as the ménage a quatre it had become strengthening the more

she experienced the joys of control.

“I… I’m sorry… Ms Nipa,” he said finally, images of friends and the family who were, apart from the sister who detested him and he detested back, no longer living flashing before his eyes as gave thanks for the small mercy they were not around to witness the degradations being heaped upon his head.

The girl simply stared at him, thrilled by the tears she could see in the older man’s eyes and the knowledge that *she*, Nipa Chakrabarti, had been responsible in part for putting them there.

It was, without question, the greatest moment of her life until now.

And he had addressed her as *“Ms Nipa”*.

Without requiring her to prompt him.

“I was not looking for an apology,” she told him, feeling herself more and more in command of this handsome Englishman whose wife was, at that very moment, on a date with her far less than handsome stepbrother. In fact, why such a woman would bother with someone like Hari was beyond the young girl who she realised, though she felt affection for her stepbrother, was scarcely any more attractive to the opposite sex than herself. But that was the lady’s business and all she could do was give thanks that she had somehow developed a passion bordering on obsession for the brother who had pretty much brought her up after the death of their parents.

The man before her who *was* – or at least had been – attractive to the opposite sex was at a loss and there was, remarkably she thought, something truly childish in his demeanor, so beaten had his wife made him.

“I was thinking,” she helped, “that you might wish to show Ms Nipa your appreciation for coming to your aid.”

If possible, the man’s cheeks reddened further, but in a small voice that had no place coming from an adult he answered just the same:

“Thank you… Ms Nipa.”

She looked up at him as he towered over her and allowed him a toothy smile as, recalling the stories she had read on the Internet, she prepared to deepen both his humiliation and his sense of her authority over him.

“That is nice,” she said, “but do you not feel you could show more in the way of respect to Ms Nipa after she has been so kind to you?”

The man’s face was purest anguish and she knew – again forewarned by her Internet reading – that now he had *“cum”* he would feel less inclined to do as she ordered.

Which, she also knew, made it all the more important that he do just that.

No matter how demeaning he found what she required of him.

“It would really please me if you were to show me your gratitude and respect by kneeling down and placing your lips upon my feet.”

The high colour that she had only just taken higher drained instantly from his face as she raised her sari with one hand and pointed to a pair of surprisingly shapely feet with painted mails with the other.

Eyes already shamed beyond previous comprehension, William Grant could only stare at the feet revealed to him and it was not their surprising shapeliness that dominated his beleaguered thoughts.

He had just been manipulated to orgasm by the young hand of an Indian girl he found as ugly as her brother, even if he did have to grudgingly admit that there was something that attracted him in the compact young body and the large breasts that gave her a somewhat matronly air.
Now he was being asked to show his appreciation by kneeling before her and placing his lips upon her dusky toes by way of a thank you.

Could he truly fall any lower, he asked himself?

It was, it turned out, an unspoken question to which she was more than willing to provide him an answer.

“After that,” she went on, sensing his revulsion but certain he would submit to this as he had submitted to everything else thus far, “you will clean your mess from the carpet while I get a cloth to clean your sticky willy.”

At this, the handsome English face seemed to drain of blood in its entirety and she held back a smile of perverse satisfaction at knowing just how repugnant he would find the thought of her *cleaning* him as if he truly were a child and she were his nanny.

“Then,” she went on, “it will be time for your present from mummy and sir.”

Thirteen

“How embarrassing for poor Nipa!” were the first words Bernice tutted at him the following morning as her husband was led by the girl who was now his supervisor into the kitchen by – joy of joys – the *hand*.

Hari’s younger stepsister had given them a blow-by-blow account of events that had occurred while they had been out wining and dining and they both found her account humorous as well as incredibly arousing. Bernice especially so as it gave her yet more ammunition with which to torment her hapless husband. Not surprisingly it had also taken the unlikely couple’s fucking to new heights of frenzy as they pictured the once proud William Grant being dominated in such a way.

And now, here he was, being led into her presence as she took her morning coffee in the kitchen, hand gripped firmly in another belonging to the young Indian girl who was now his nanny. It truly was an incongruous, if delightful sight, she told herself. A grown man in Dennis the Menace pyjamas being led by the hand by his young… *governess*. It was, in fact, all she could do not to burst out laughing as the word occurred to her.

“Do not trouble yourself too much on my account,” Nipa told her. “It is simply a learning process and I will soon have him behaving more respectfully.”

It was a big statement from a young girl who had been at school herself not months before and her smile, if such a thing were possible, was both pleasant and evil as she added:

“Especially as he has now been supplied with the proper motivation.”

“Ah,” Bernice exclaimed. “His present. I almost forgot. Let me see. Hari had to go in to the office so he can see it later; though I have a feeling he will not be too happy to hear of little Billy’s behaviour.”

Still smiling, Nipa nodded and released the older man’s hand before reaching for the waistband of his bottoms, shocking both husband and wife as he flinched and she delivered his bottom a slap with the palm of her hand.

“Be still Billy!” demanded, a little shocked at the forwardness she was showing herself if the truth be known and, wonder of wonders, the adult she was supervising did exactly as she asked as his wife looked on with pleasure and amazement that the man she had married could now be treated in such a way.

The sight waiting to greet the deviant and newly dominant wife was not a surprise to her – she had gone online herself to purchase it, after all – but seeing her husband actually kitted out in it was something else again. She had taken some persuading when Hari said it would be more humiliating for him if his sister fitted it and had been loath to forgo the pleasure. But now, seeing how beaten and mortified he looked and the growing confidence with which the young girl handled him, she knew her toothy lover with the amazing cock had been right.
If *“Billy”* had been in any doubt regarding his status then he could not be any longer.

Having allowed himself to be handled by a girl so many years his junior and have his manhood locked into a cock cage precluded any claims he had to being a man and their former relationship as man and wife was forgotten now as Bernice found it impossible to regard him as anything other than the boy she insisted he was.

She had deliberately chosen a plastic rather than a metal-restrainer as, though she knew it would not be as secure, there was no danger of her cowed husband attempting to remove it and it would be a little more comfortable for him.

"I'm not," she had told herself when making the purchase, *"a complete sadist, after all."*

The plastic cage itself was only three-and-a-half inches and allowed a little room for his cock to… *breathe*. Should he not become erect, that is. It was locked to a plastic cage which Nipa had secured behind her husband's balls using two guide pins and a central locking pin with a padlock. A very simple, yet effective design, the promotional blurb had assured her and she could see for herself that it had not lied. Her husband's cock was now beyond his own access and, whilst he could pee while wearing it thanks to a slit at the end which looked as if it would make doing so very simple for him, the plastic interior could also be rinsed clean vis the three or four holes to either side and beneath it.

She had particularly liked the anatomical shape of the device and the bulbous end that accommodated the larger glans and, seeing it modelled on her abject husband now, regretted having been persuaded to forgo the delight of fitting him with it herself.

The young girl to whom she had ceded her own pleasure was holding out a key towards her and the older woman decided that, having gone this far, she may as well make her husband's mortification complete:

"No, Nipa," she said with a smile that was not totally forced, despite her aforementioned regret. "He is your responsibility now and it is only right in future that it be your decision as to little Billy's behaviour deserves a reward."

The look of surprise on Nipa's gawky face with the big teeth was genuine. She had not considered that such a… *responsibility*… might be bestowed upon her. Though she had given it much… *thought*.

The look on the older man's face as he realised his wife was giving a teenaged girl what amounted to complete authority over both his cock and any release it might get was simply, and as was to be expected… *indescribable*.

“I have a thin silver chain that will be just perfect,” Bernice told the girl, oblivious – apart from the obvious pleasure she took from it – to his misery. “My husband bought it for me when he was a man and not a boy and it will be just perfect to place the key upon and keep around your neck.”

“You are very kind to me,” Nipa told her as, pyjamas at his feet, balls encircled by a ring and cock restricted in a cage attached to it, William Grant assured himself yet again that death would be the only release from the ongoing bonfire the treacherous woman he had once loved was making of his existence.

And knowing, even as he assured himself, that he would always be found wanting in the courage required to end it.

“First, however,” Bernice went on, “and before Hari returns from the office, I think we should take our little boy shopping for some… *suitable*… clothing.”

The prospect of actually being seen in public with a woman and a girl who treated him so demeaningly took William Grant’s thoughts from his current misery; albeit only slightly.

“After all,” Bernice added, “we can’t have him doing his chores about the house dressed in pyjamas all day.”

Fourteen

“You are beyond pathetic!” Hari scolded him. “How dare you display your little cock to my sister. Have you no shame?”

Standing in his own front-room, wearing nothing but his cock-cage as Bernice looked on from the sofa and the sister in question stood to one side after having stripped him of his new *outfit* prior to leading him downstairs from the spare-room to *“face the music”*, William Grant knew nothing *but* shame as he stood there exactly as if he was the disobedient child they insisted him to be.

“It will not be tolerated,” said the young man who was not much older than his sister and now enjoyed, it seemed, complete autonomy over the husband of his lover. “I warned you of the consequences of disobedience or disrespectful behaviour and now it is time for you to experience them.

Eyes lowered to the carpet, William Grant felt what strength remained to his legs leaving them as he sensed his former assistant unfasten his belt.

His eyes came up with horror to see those of his tormentors fixed upon him - *hungrily*.

The young Indian man doubled the belt and seated himself upon a hard-back chair that had obviously been placed there with this very purpose in mind and was sideways on to the sofa upon which his wife sat as Nipa stood directly behind her.

“Come over here and place yourself across my lap,” Hari ordered.

William Grant’s head throbbed with shame and futility at the prospect of what was about to happen.

He was about to be spanked across his former employees knees.

And in front of his wife and the young Indian girl with big-teeth she now insisted was his *“nanny”*.

Their faces, he realised through his anguish, were filled with anticipation and a lust that was, in a different way, equally and probably more shameful as he, understandably, hesitated to do as he had been bid.

“Do not make me have to come and get you, Billy,” came the warning as he hesitated. “It will be all the worse for you.”

Like an automaton and not realising he had even given his limbs the order to move, William – *“Billy”* – Grant shuffled the few paces to where his former assistant waited. Not, this time, to accept orders from a demanding boss but to take that boss over his knee and spank him in front of his own young sister and the man’s wife he was now fucking.

Just wanting it over in the hope that they may at least let him retire to the solitude of the spare-room to let the residue of his manhood die in privacy, the older man began to lower himself over the young Indian’s lap.

“No, Billy. That will not do. Turn around and lay the other way. I want you

looking into the eyes of your lovely wife and my sister who now has the responsibility of caring for you and who you decided to disrespect. I wish for them to see the remorse in your eyes as I thrash your disobedient backside. And do not dare to close them or I will prolong your punishment."

"Be careful that you do not make the pervert and his little cock hard again, brother," Nipa advised matter-of-factly. "Our little boy seems to like being humiliated."

"No!" William Grant wanted to scream as he allowed the girl's brother to manoeuvre him around until he draped across his knees in the required position. *"I like nothing about it!"* He was looking into his wife's eyes now and could see only contempt along with the obvious arousal provoked by his position. Any shred of dignity he had once possessed was surely gone forever now as he felt his trapped between those of his former assistant and his hand twisted up his back that he be prevented from trying to squirm away.

Some the first strike of the doubled belt would have prompted had he not been held fast and, in his weakened condition, been unable to break the hold.

Instead, he yelped just like a little girl and provoked a giggle from Nipa.

The second blow was even harder and his yelp became a scream.

The third raised the decibel count of his screeching and the third, fourth and fifth did likewise.

By the time the twenty Hari had decided upon were reached he was bawling like the infant they had earmarked him to become and the tears streaming from his eyes had at least blurred the sight of Nipa and his wife looking on with such… *arousal*.

Believing his ordeal over, the older man waited for his younger chastiser to release him and felt an greater horror when he heard:

"Your turn, my lovely Bernice."

William Grant began to cry as he the blurred form of his lovely wife rise from the sofa and accept the belt from her lover.

“You are right, Hari,” he heard from above him. “He deserves punishing for being so rude to your lovely sister. But I think five will be enough. Though it will, of course, be up to Nipa to give him as many as she thinks he deserves.”

Though he could not make her out totally clearly through the tears still blurring his vision, William Grant saw the girl nod.

The heart that was beating in his chest irregularly anyway missed a few beats as he prayed that he not be beaten by the young girl; it not occurring to him that by doing so he was accepting the right of her wife and her lover to do just that.

Bernice’s first stroke as she stood above him was a bit off target and caught him lower down on the thigh. Though he cried out just the same as fresh tears mixed with the old. By the time the fifth had been reached, however, she was becoming more proficient and was hitting the target area of his red and angry looking buttocks with a will.

“Your turn, Nipa,” she said when finished and above the heavy and unmanly sobbing of the man she had married.

“I do not so, if it is all the same to you, Bernice,” he heard.

“He disrespected you, Nipa,” her brother reminded her, “and he should be punished as a reminder of what will happen should he do so again.”

“And I believe,” she said in her heavily accented English that was strangely assertive for one of her age, looks and intelligence, “he has been given a sufficient reminder already. If he is willing to apologise to me for his behaviour in a way of which he knows I approve then I am willing to forgive him his lapse.”

Through the sobs her words had lessened somewhat, William Grant knew *exactly* what she meant by *“in a way of which he knows I approve”*.

He also knew he would do it rather than experience a repeat of the physical pain he had just endured.

“Well?” Bernice demanded from above him, voice thick with the arousal the episode was provoking in her. “Is my little boy going to apologise to his nanny?”

He spoke with difficulty but when he finally got the word out it was a *“Yes”*.

The hand of his former assistant as it made contact with his abused buttocks forced a scream from him.

“Do not forget you place,” he heard. “Yes, what?”

“Y-Yes… Mummy,” he answered, hesitantly but instantly.

Suddenly his arm was released and the Indian boy who was half his size helped him to his feet as Nipa came around the sofa to join them.

As the girl stared at him expectantly as he wobbled before her, naked, beaten and wearing the cock-cage to which she and she alone now held the key around her neck, he knew exactly what was required and, giving up, simply bowed to the inevitable and sank to his knees.

“I… I’m sorry for disrespecting you, Ms Nipa and will try to do better in future,” he said without being bid and could almost feel the contempt of his wife above him – no matter that she was the one instrumental in him having arrived at such a deplorable destination.

The girl’s eyes widened demandingly and he knew what she expected from him next.

As his lips met the dusky and sandaled toes of his young Indian nanny the contempt he could sense from his wife was finally made vocal:

“Pathetic!”

Epilogue

The bed creaked and as he knelt at its side his wife's screams of pleasure became louder as the cock of her young lover took her to the third orgasm of the night and he grunted as his seed emptied itself into the pussy he had been told his own cock would never experience again. His cock in its cage was trying to become erect and was giving him much discomfort in the process, yet still it persisted in its efforts to attain full elevation as the sight of his wife being fucked by someone other than him supplied an unwanted arousal that seared a self-respect already in flames.

Not hours ago he had been beaten with a belt by his wife`s boyfriend and his former assistant before his wife had done the same and he had been forced to kiss the feet of a teenaged Indian girl who considered herself his nanny – a teenaged girl, moreover, with the key to any sexual freedom he might know from now on dangling from her neck upon a silver chain *he* had once gifted the wife who had given it to her.

Yet his cock still wanted to be erect in the presence of two of his tormentors as they fucked.

Did this make him as… *warped*… as them?

How else could he explain his reaction to his wife's soft moans as they gradually grew louder and more frantic as Hari pounded into her? Who but someone who was warped could respond in such a way to a boy with a bigger cock enjoying the pleasure of my wife? Especially when he was certain he would never experience that pleasure for himself ever again?

The toothy Indian girl who was now effectively his boss had informed him that if he pleased her and was the best little boy a boy could be for his nanny she would have no objection to letting him out from time to time and rubbing those dusky feet he seemed to like kissing so much over his little wee-wee.

If he was really… *respectful*… to her, she told him, she might even take his little cock in her hand and pull him off the way she had before putting him in

his cage.

If he wasn't *warped* then why was the prospect of placing his tongue at the girl's service to win such a reward turning him on so much?

When wife and lover both came back to earth after the third of what even he could not grudgingly describe as the boy's superlative fucking he felt Bernice's hand rest itself atop his head and her fingers ruffle his hair.

"There's Mummy's good boy," she said. "Waiting all patiently to clean her lovely pussy after her man has placed all his virile seed in her."

For a moment he was about to go into the en-suite for a damp cloth.

Just a moment, that is.

Which was when Bernice threw her shapely legs over his shoulders and presented him with her freshly fucked cunt.

His eyes came up to hers, horrified, and knew her intent instantly.

It was not *only* his nanny who had a use for his tongue.

"Please!" he mouthed, not wanting the Indian boy to hear his plea as he tried to locate some semblance of still existing sympathy and compassion for him in his wife that would prevent her insisting he clean her lover's cum from her pussy.

"Show my lover what a good boy you are and how well you can make her pussy all fresh again with your greedy little tongue," was his answer.

Sick at heart, but with no self-respect left, he closed his eyes and brought mouth and tongue into contact with the mess that was her cunt and sealed, if it had not been sealed already, his fate forever.

THE END