Everything He Had… and More

Part One of Two

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Part One

One

The events leading to his fall had already been put in place, but the conversation kicking off his descent began as follows…

…"I liked what you did last night," his wife of twelve years told him.

Andrew – *Andy* - Benson looked across at her, at a loss, thoughts concentrated on the fit young female presenter Sky Sports seemed to prefer these days as she gushed over the latest boring golfer to take an accountants fancy or the exorbitantly priced transfer of yet another pre-pubescent footballer to the club of a Russian oligarch – or, more correctly, *"oiligarch"*.

"It seemed… natural," she continued.

He gave her a blank stare.

"What are you on about?" he asked, as she sat opposite with a glass of South African Chenin Blanc he knew had been recommended to her by the Morgan woman.

Marjory Morgan.

His junior business partner and joyless old bitch – mental description of her made despite the fact she was some five years younger than him.

The Fiona sipping thoughtfully at her wine with eyes fixed upon his seemed different somehow. But it was the *way* her eyes were fixed upon him that triggered the memory of what she had asked of him the night before when he himself had taken on far too much of the grape. Something wasn't right and he could sense it – and not just the fact that he had, for once, conceded to one of her… *sexual*… requests. Just lately an element of her character he had yet to see or even suspect had decided to reveal itself.

An assertive element, he told himself.

Over the past month or so a more forthright and demanding attitude had replaced the normal and obliging Fiona he, understandably as a man who liked his own way, found so attractive. For, though their home was still immaculate and his food on the table when he returned from the office, there was a slight coldness to her. Hence, perhaps, his decision to take her out midweek to a nice Trattoria and treat her to a pasta and plenty of the white grape.

Hence also the incident to which she referred and which, in his inebriated state, she had persuaded him to go with.

"Don't pretend to have forgotten," Fiona Benson said playfully, attitude a sight warmer than it had been for weeks, he noticed.

“I’m not with you,” he told her, enjoying the warmth even as he pretended in just the way she had accused.

“You don’t remember getting down on your knees and worshipping my pussy.”

“Oh!” he exclaimed disingenuously, the memory having already flooded back and unable to meet her stare for some reason – troubled as much by her language as he was by his own uncharacteristic behaviour in performing an act he had always found somehow… *distasteful*.

His wife’s delight and plain speaking in regard of the matter wrong-footing him and making him appear hesitant where he was normally commanding and decisive.

Another example, were he to know it, of his uncharacteristic behaviour she found… *exciting*.

“I was really pleased when you agreed to do it,” she went on, rubbing it in a little and enjoying that he was the one on the backfoot for once – intending, as she did, to keep him there.

Big time.

“Especially,” she said when he made no reply, “as you’ve shown so little interest in fucking me these last few years, let alone fucking me with your tongue.”

Andy Benson looked at her askance, not sure which element of her sentence to tackle first, as scandalised by the obscenities rolling from his normally correct and polite wife’s lips as if she were an underpaid fork-lift-truck driver as he was hurt by the insinuation he had shown her no interest.

It was the latter he decided to take on.

To begin with.

“That’s not true,” he replied hotly, still embarrassed by the reminder of the way he had performed for her the evening before. “Things like… like that… well… they change with couples, that’s all. We’ve been together a long time and…”

“They might have changed for you,” she came in, all tight-lips and venom – another first; “but not for me. “I still want a good hard dick owned by a man who knows how to use in me on a regular basis.”

His mouth, sagging wide with shock, seemed only to spur her on:

“A *very* regular basis.

“Fiona!” he gasped when his outrage at hearing her speak in such a way receded enough for him to form words, such talk alien and unnatural on his usually docile and amenable wife’s lips.

A docile and amenable wife who was still as attractive to him now at thirty-seven as she had been when he had married her – albeit attractive in the more homely and functional way that befitted a caring wife and homemaker; even one for whom children hadn't happened. This last being something she had once been ambivalent about anyway but now had no shred of doubt.

She did not want them.

Not with him, not with anyone.

Though she was deadly serious about the attentions of a *"good hard dick"*.

But then, she had begun telling herself recently, why shouldn't she be? At a statuesque five-feet nine that her took over the six-foot mark with the right heels and accentuated legs that were already shapely and toned, it wasn't as if she was not considered *"fuckable"* still. With her large and still self-supporting C cup breasts with their button mushroom nipples, it wasn't only her long killer legs that won her attention – when she decided to unleash them, that is. Add to the package an attractive, if not pretty exactly, face, containing full sensuous lips and framed by silky black hair, and there was no reason she couldn't have men beating a path to her door in order to give her what her husband couldn't.

Just recently - and under advice - she had been surfing the net for… *certain*… stories and factual letters and, to her surprise had found herself incredibly turned on by the reading her friend, and the widow of Andy's former business partner, Marjory, now a partner in the company in her late husband's stead, had suggested.

At first, and understandably so, she had told herself she couldn't possibly treat her husband in the way the women of the stories treated theirs – not the more extreme ones anyway. Treating, and allowing a future lover, to treat her husband like a sissy and kit him out in the same way made no appeal to her whatsoever. Though the prospect of being able to get all the sex she wanted and when with other lovers and having her husband wait at home for like a servant was incredibly… *arousing*.

But could she do it to Andy?

She still loved him, after all, despite his pompousness and lack of adventure – not to mention their dull sex-life.

Then again, and as Marjory said when overriding her concerns that he would never go for it anyway:

"Love can take many forms, Fiona? You've experienced one of those forms by taking a backseat to your husband when you really should have been calling the shots in your marriage. Now you are about to show him another of those forms. And, trust me, because he fights you on the issue it does not mean he will not submit eventually or that the position you have in mind for him is not totally in keeping with the man your undeniably handsome husband truly is underneath all that puerile and pitiful male posturing."

“Don’t *‘Fiona’* me,” she lashed out suddenly, emboldened by the recall of Marjory’s words, venom again surprising him and empowering her as simmering asperity turned to outright anger.

His expression was one of wonder as he tried to work out just who had taken possession of his wife’s body.

Whoever it was, he decided as she prepared to continue, she did not appear right in the head.

“It’s high time we had this conversation. I’ve let you run things and have your own selfish way for far too long.”

She could read his thoughts as he stared at her, unsure whether to allow the anger he himself was feeling at her behaviour to surface or allow her uncharacteristic desire to argue to abate of its own accord, could almost see those thoughts tumbling around inside that conservative and unadventurous head. Rushing to and thro as he told himself it had been a bad idea to allow drink to make him drop his guard in such a way. After all, he would be telling himself, what else – unless she had taken on more of the Chenin Blanc than he thought - could explain the way she was being with him other than a, temporary, loss of respect for his having consented to perform oral sex on her?

“More,” she told herself, than he could possibly know.

Her lip curled derisively and with no small pleasure at the prospect of enlightening him, certain as she was that he was not going to like what she was about to tell him very much.

Not at all, as a point of fact.

“If this marriage is going to last,” she told him, then it’s obvious I’m going to have to take charge of it.”

Where at the beginning of this conversation he had been lounging in front of his silly sport’s programmes and paying only perfunctory attention to her, Fiona’s husband was now bolt upright in his seat as he tried to come to terms with the things she was saying to him.

It would, he was about to discover, involve a sight more than a change of posture.

At forty-five and the same height as her, he was still the handsome man with a full head of hair she had married; even if the hair was thinning ever so slightly and there was the hint of a spare tire at his midriff. He walked, he jogged and generally tried to eat well, all these things in keeping with his love of an orderly way of life.

On the down side, however, and while he was an efficient businessman, he was also devoid of anything approaching a serviceable imagination.

Despite his sexual and imaginative shortcomings, however, the stone cold fact remained that, despite his laid back, verging on the disinterested, attitude to matters concerning the mattress, he loved her as much now as he did twelve years ago.

It was, she told herself, something that was about to present him with a problem and his feelings for her could only make what she had to say all the harder to bear.

If not, she prayed, so hard to bear he felt compelled to leave.

This last being a worry – no matter Marjory's assurance that she Fiona Benson held, and for the first time in their lives together, the whip-hand.

Of course, had Fiona not been in love with him still, did not feel pride that this handsome, older and more academically accomplished man had chosen her as his mate, the above prospect of his leaving would have presented no worry to her at all.

But she did.

Love him, that is.

The thought of Andy not being at her side was actually painful to her, but she had still to be convinced, despite Marjory's utter confidence that he would bend his neck rather than lose her forever, that she could keep him there in the way she wished.

It was, she knew – and especially to a man with his pride – a big ask.

"The very least a woman like me can expect," controlling her nerves with an effort and beginning, "is a husband willing to make his cock available whenever she needs it."

His face was once again a picture of disbelief to hear such words exit her mouth and her eyes took on a flint hard look in the lamplight as she added:

"Even if it is tiny."

Now he was truly stunned,

Outraged must be taken as read.

As all men, described truly or not, would be outraged.

"Where was this coming from?" she could see him asking himself and could understand why. After all, hadn't she suffered in silence as his lovemaking grew more and more perfunctory until foreplay had become almost a memory, the lack of which was not about to be compensated for by him thrusting his unremarkable tackle into her until he finally spurted and lost interest. At no time in their relationship, in fact, had she complained about the dimensions of his equipment.

She had, however, made a good start now.

“You… You’ve never complained before,” he gave a somewhat hesitant reminder, still fighting the unreality of the conversation they were having after twelve years of the more cosy wife/husband dialogues, looking to Fiona like a man who knew he wasn’t dreaming but secretly prayed he was.

“And hurt that male pride of yours?” she scoffed. “Wouldn’t you have liked that!”

“Then why mention it now?” he snapped back, a little spirit infusing his cheeks as that *“male pride”* did indeed kick in.

She made him wait, amazed at her self-possession with him and the fact that, now the moment was upon her, she felt completely relaxed and calm.

Not at *all* how she had expected to feel.

Then, finally:

“To answer your question: I bring it up now because I’ve decided to start seeing other men.”

His reaction and the look on his face was everything Marjory had said it would be and more and the sheer delicious excitement of what she was in the process of doing to him compelled button–mushroom nipples to harden against the flimsy blue fabric of the silk shirt she had tucked into a tight, though not *too* short, skirt.

Amazingly, he began to laugh, no doubt remembering the sense of humour she had displayed in the early years of their marriage before its finite capacity found itself beaten in the face of his sober mindset.

“Almost, Fiona,” he chided her. “You almost had me there.”

A reproving finger was pointed in her direction and he was unable to quite disguise the relief that was not about to last for long if his newly empowered and determined wife could help it.

“I’m completely serious, Andrew,” she said, knowing how much he hated being addressed with the full version of his, in his own words, *‘namby-pamby’* name.

He was still laughing but she did not join him and simply stared hard at him until the message began to penetrate.

“My wife of twelve years, the wife I love, has just told me she intends to see other men – and she’s serious!’.

As was his usual way when presented with a problem at the workplace, Andy Benson stood up and left the room without excusing himself; putting distance between himself and what was troubling him that he might have some quiet time alone to put some perspective on the conundrum with which he had been presented.

On this occasion, and not being at the office, he chose the seclusion of his study.

Giving his wife the run of the front-room as the door to his sanctuary slammed behind him.

“I’ve told him,” Fiona informed Marjorie, having called her the moment the study door slammed shut behind her husband.

To Fiona’s surprise a chuckle came back down the line from the older woman who had, unexpectedly, turned out to be something of a mentor to the thirty-something wife.

“What’s so funny?” she asked with a hint of annoyance.

“Calm down now,” the woman advised in a tone that annoyed Fiona still further. “I only laugh at the obvious.”

“Which is?”

“Well, how about the fact that you have phoned to say you have told him? That you feel free to do so at all tells me he’s not within earshot and seems to indicate he didn’t take your news very well.”

“You got that right,” answered a mollified Fiona. “And he hasn’t heard half of it yet.”

“Then you have not got to the business and my part in it yet?”

“No. he rushed off to his study to sulk like a whiny schoolboy after I told him I intended seeing other men.”

“Hmm, well at least you have made a start. Nervous?”

At the question, Fiona held out her arm and flattened her hand.

It did not waver.

“Actually, it appears not.”

“Then keep it that way. We have covered all the bases, my love and will soon see some fruit for our labours.”

Fiona giggled at the latest of this superior and intelligent woman’s mixed metaphor’s. Amusing juxtapositions she put down to her equally mixed parentage. The German that was her first language sometimes making quirky adjustments when translated into the English that was her second.

“Show him no sign of weakness, Fiona,” her friend advised, oblivious to both her friend’s giggling and her own shaky metaphor that had instigated it. “He must be kept on the backfoot at all times if you are to achieve what you want from him and I am to be allowed to take a little pleasure also.”

“Don’t worry,” Fiona smirked into the phone, “I haven’t forgotten your end of this particular deal, Mrs Morgan.”

Both women laughed at this before the senior partner continued:

“Remember also, your husband is not a man such as my departed Clement – even though I am totally convinced we can achieve much more with him through the help of his weak nature.”

“Hmm,” Fiona considered, “Andy’s such a man’s man he wouldn’t believe we were talking about him if he could hear himself being described as…”

She broke off at the sound of the study door opening.

“Got to go, he’s coming back.”

“Do not forget to keep me posted.”

“As if!” Fiona exclaimed sincerely as she replaced the phone on its cradle and watched her husband step from his study to come and confront her.
The next time he entered that room he would, she determined, enter as quite another man.

If *“man”* was a description able to be used in respect of who he would be.

Two

The management at Benson-Morgan Software-Solutions were, to put it politely, surprised at the turn of events they were witnessing after they had assembled in the meeting-room at the behest of the company's owner and largest shareholder.

"…So, to sum up," that owner and largest shareholder told them, ashen-face begging the question of illness being the cause of this move that had taken them all unawares, "Mrs Morgan here will be taking the helm of the company as of now and I… I will be acting in a more… a more…"

Dressed in a severe two-piece costume the colour of which almost matched her hair, it was the prematurely greying woman at his side who rose to her feet now and cut in over the man who had, until this moment, been their overall boss. She was a lean woman none of them had seen before but knew to be the widow of the late Clement Morgan. A man who had, at least, been a *working* partner.

Where *she* had not.

Until now.

"What Mr Benson is trying to tell you is that we have agreed the company is in need of fresh blood at the top and that I am the one best placed to improve both its profile and its performance."

Notwithstanding the understandable desire not to antagonise a new boss, discreet looks were shared about the meeting-room. Each and every one of them having thought the company *was* improving its profile and its performance under *"Mr Benson"*. The severe looking woman's use of the honorific ahead of his surname, rather than a simple Andy, seeming to them like evidence she was both out of touch with the workings of the company and unlikely to be anywhere near as laid back as this sober but fair man who had been their overall boss until now.

"The change will take effect as of now," the woman said in her no-nonsense way, totally unfazed it seemed by having to address a room full of complete strangers. "I will be speaking with each of you on an individual basis over the next few days but, until then, I suggest we all get back to work."

It was a somewhat dazed management team who rose from their seats to return to their individual tasks and, as they did so, new boss addressed old:

"Before you return home to your wife, Andrew, I need to speak with you in your…"

Marjory Benson caught herself and the severe face, framed by short and French-cropped hair, almost cracked a smile.

"…In *my* office."

*****

“I speak to you now as your wife’s friend and confidante,” she told him as he sat on the wrong side of what only three days ago had been a desk belonging to him. “And I do so because I know how much she loves you…”

A snort full of hurt, derision, and sheer disbelief that she could say such a thing interrupted her and she waited silently with hard eyes until he was again composed – or as composed as he could manage under the circumstances, anyway.

“Andrew, your situation is not a good one and I am trying to help, so…”

The name’s ‘Andy’, as well you know,” he rebuked her.

“And I choose to call you Andrew,” she said, holding his eyes until he lost the battle of wills and looked away.

Then, a few seconds later:

“We have never liked each other and I doubt that will change,” the woman born of a mixed Anglo-German marriage told him, the Teutonic of the mother always more to the fore than the Saxon of the father. “What we have in common, however, is a great affection for Fiona and a desire to see this much undervalued woman reach her full potential.”

“And taking my company from me achieves that, does it?”

Marjory Morgan reflected upon this for a few moment, until, finally:

“Yes. It does. And I think we should be clear here. *‘Your’* company is *not* being taken from you.”

“Really? I thought that as its founder, along with Clement who, you may remember, came along a little later, and the major share-holder, that was a given.”

The woman’s severe features were non-committal and simply observed him as if he were a specimen on a slide. His discomfort was obvious to her and she reveled in it, her dislike of him stemming, as it did with all men she found attractive who held no reciprocal feelings for her, from the fact she knew she was of no physical or personal interest to him. Spiteful by nature as well as possessing a commanding way with her – another aspect of her personality that, unlike with her late-husband, did not work on Andrew Benson – she took massive delight in the situation she had engineered between man and wife. For, though she had not lied when she mentioned her *“great affection”* for Fiona, there was a greater imperative than the younger woman’s happiness that had driven her to lead that woman to the place she now occupied. A place where her handsome and superior husband was marginalised and, as well as offering her complete control of their relationship, gave her, Marjory Morgan, the opportunity to be a part of her husband’s humbling. Yet she knew the man sitting opposite her as she filled the seat that had been his a day ago was in no way a bad man or husband – even if he was, according to the highly personal details she had gleaned from the wife, an ineffectual lover.

Tempted to reveal her knowledge of his inadequacy, she held fire and decided to deal with the issue on the table first – she did, after all, have *all* the ammunition in their mini-conflict and it was her choice how she used it.

Her severe looks were in no way a contradiction of her emotional make-up and, as the hapless Clement had long ago discovered before the reaper intervened so prematurely, she enjoyed nothing more than complete control, preferably over an unwilling victim.

Which Clement Morgan was not.

Her late-husband had been only too willing to have his life ruled by his wife and, in making the pleasure he took from her control evident, diluted much – the majority, in fact – of her own.

She dressed elegantly if somewhat spartanly, and today had been no different, her choice of clothing reflecting the inner woman equally as accurately as the looks over which they were draped. The high heels that were de rigeur with her and for which she had given Fiona herself a passion – *"men are simple beasts and we must ignore no avenue that makes them more... respectful to us"* - showed her calves to be well formed and shapely while her button nose was the only redeeming feature of an angular face with thin lips and piercing green/grey eyes.

"Had it not been for the independent audit I had carried out," she went on, first things first, "we would be none the wiser about your illegal activities."

"Illegal act…!"

"That is what I said," she spoke over his protest. "You moved a substantial amount of money from the company pension account into the main business account. Were it to be discovered, you would not only face criminal charges but have irreparably damaged this company's reputation and future growth. That is why, Fiona and I decided it was time for a change and, given my own business background, who better to steer the ship back onto the straight and narrow than the second largest shareholder."

"But… But you know that was just a temporary loan until some of our clients with outstanding bills decided to…"

"Then why did my auditors not tell me it was registered as a loan? Why were they adamant that an audit under the auspices of Companies House would consider it evidence of fraud?"

"Look…"

"They did not," she went on as if he hadn't spoken, "tell me it was a loan because *you* did not register it as such. Neither did you inform your two partners: myself and Fiona. If, apart from those needs of your wife's you have allowed to go unsatisfied, you wish to have a reason for your… *demotion*… look no further than this piece of gross misjudgement."

The woman waited for him to come back at her.

He did not.

Instead, Andy Benson chewed his lip and declined to answer, knowing as he did that, strictly speaking, what he had done was illegal and that, despite the fact it was common practice, she was right. There would, if it were brought to the attention of those with authority, be a case to answer. And he also knew that it was not uncommon for transgressors of such a kind to get sent down if their actions were considered fraudulent.

Marjory Morgan, he conceded, had also been bang on the money on another matter.

They had *never* liked each other.

On Andy's side, however, that personal distaste manifested itself as downright detestation and he could never understand how a lovely and easy-going guy like his late-partner Clement could have involved himself with such a cold and old looking for her age bitch.

And now that bitch, along with – wonder of wonders – the wife he had thought was devoted to him, via the shares he had gifted her and she had decided to use to side with the Morgan bitch, had stripped him of his position at the company he had started and taken to its present level.

And done so with such ease the whole process had not taken three days, though he had fought them with everything he had.

Which, demoralizingly when it came down to it, had not been very much.

His mind went back to yet another conversation with the wife he loved and now barely knew…

"…Things are going to change around here."

"What are you talking about?" he demanded, it was the morning after her telling him she intended seeing other men yet, despite this, she had laid out his clothes and made his toast and cereal as if nothing had happened.

He looked up from his Daily Telegraph and Alpen and gave her a worried look. Overnight he had convinced himself that her wild talk had been nothing more than Chenin Blanc induced nonsense, but now she seemed about to take the same route sober.

"That's what you want, is it? Us to become swingers?"

Her laughter angered him, so much so it prompted him to use language he would normally have found inappropriate.

Especially in front of a woman.

A woman, moreover, who happened to be the wife he loved.

"What the fuck's got into you, Fiona? Where is all this shit coming from?"

Unused to such language on the lips of her husband, his young wife was unperturbed:

"Actually, it's not 'shit', but, to deal with your first question first, it's more a case of "What the fuck's" not got into me."

As intended, her reference to the ground she had laid regarding his sexual inadequacy the evening before put him on the backfoot immediately – this with the added bonus of reddening her handsome older husband's cheeks.

The power-rush she felt was, exactly as Marjory had said it would be, as incredible as it was liberating. For the first time in their marriage she was the one driving events between then and he seemed to have no answer to her assumption of control.

"At no time did I mention YOU having sexual partners outside our marriage."

Her look became spiteful and, had he been aware of what had transpired between his wife and the wife of his late business partner, he would have noticed a certain similarity of expression.

"Why should any other woman be as disappointed with your performance in the sack as me?"

His face was a picture.

"Also, it would be very disrespectful of you."

"Disrespe…?"

Lost for words, he slammed his Telegraph down onto the table and was about to rise, the office and the relatively facile problems of a working day a sight preferable to listening to sexual complaints he found himself unable to refute.

He was halfway out, back turned, when her next words stopped him in his tracks:

"If this marriage is going to last it's high-time I took control and started calling the shots."

The expression accompanying her proposition had been, not that he knew or could see it at this point in his downfall, positively orgasmic. But then, how could he know just how infected his revered wife had become from hearing of the exploits of his late-partner's wife and the fact she had "fucked" other men without caring if she had his approval or not. Even if Marjory knew approval was something she had anyway and was simply an expression on Clement's part of the domination he wished her to exercise over him?

It was a difference in the two men that would, Marjory had assured Fiona, take her coming domination of her own husband to heights she had "never" experienced with her own willing partner.

"Do you now?" he asked with sarcasm, voice dangerously low as his male machismo enabled him to recover enough of his pride to turn and come back at her.

"I do," she told him, unfazed and holding his eyes to underline her sincerity. "I know you for who you are now. All these years, when I thought you were not just my senior but a strong, take charge, man, for whom it was worth putting my own life second, you were actually an impostor terrified of me."

"An Impost…?" He shook his head wonderingly, the suspicion she had become one of those wives who had taken to the bottle reasserting themselves, be it the evening or even the morning. "Bit early to be hitting the sauce, isn't it?"

Rather than refute what she saw as his "obvious" line of attack she took a quite different approach; certain of just how successful it would be:

"Isn't that the real reason you would never put your tongue at the service of my cunt when I begged you to go down on me?."

Just as she had suspected – and as Marjory had told her it would be – his jaw sagged at hearing this from her.

Again!

She was already ploughing on before he could form the defence he was finding it so difficult to mount:

"You were afraid that once you'd had a taste of me the real Andy Benson would surface."

"The real Andy Be…?" he mouthed, almost automaton-like and unable to finish his train of thought, so discommoded did she have him.

Fiona nodded, too far along the path of confrontation to think thoughts of consolidation.

As her mentor had warned, once started upon this path one either took it through to its logical denouement and found oneself in total control of a relationship in which she had long played a distant second-fiddle; or backed away from it and left the husband she wished to control with an even greater contempt for her powerlessness and the feeling he was free to do whatever he wanted.

The wife who did that, Marjory had assured her, had no-one else but herself to blame when that husband, no matter his feelings for her and being the bestial male all men were at heart, used this concession to his power to consolidate his role as lord and master and, worse, considered it HIS due to seek sex with women other than the partner he professed to love.

“That’s right,” she sneered, giving him no time to form a rejoinder of any clarity. “I let my feelings for you and your greater years cloud my judgement and allowed you to run the show, when all along it should have been me calling the shots.”

“What?”

The single word expostulation did nothing for his cause other than make his growingly assertive wife more certain that what Marjory insisted was possible to achieve with her previously dominant and commanding husband actually was.

“I should have seen it years ago,” she went on. “You were born to be led. A woman’s underling. Someone who needs a strong female to tell them what to do. Not to mention when and how to do it.”

The expression on his handsome face threatened to tip her into just that kind of orgasm of which she had been deprived by her husband up to now.

With an effort of restraint, she controlled herself and went on:

When I felt your tongue on my pussy for the very first time as you knelt before me it was like an epiphany: you in your rightful position and me in mine.”

“Really?” he said with sarcasm, though not before swallowing back a huge lump of hubris that told her he recognised the simile.

Again, just as the worldly wise Marjory had insisted he would.

“Is your hearing becoming as inadequate as your cock?” she chided him, more and more feeling confident she could manage him in exactly the way her friend had assured her she could and not disappointed with the surge of sheer and perverse pleasure coursing throughout her body.

This, again, exactly as that same friend had assured that her taking control of him would.

Better, in fact.

She had NEVER felt so energised.

EMPOWERED goes without saying.

“I’m not staying here to listen to this… this… rubbish,” he snapped out and had actually reached his feet before she spoke again.

“An ‘Underling’, I said, and an underling I meant,” she said, instilling a little more attitude into the repetition before adding:

“MY underling.”.

Her eyes did not leave his and if she was thinking of backing down the intention was disguising itself pretty convincingly to him.

"Is that so? Well, I think my employees might have trouble agreeing with you on that one."

Her laughter demeaned him almost as much as her references to what she considered his sexual inadequacies, but he hadn't the time to take her to task as she was already in his face, knowing the momentum was with her and determined to maintain the status quo.

"It was Clement they respected. Not you," she told him.

"Clement?" he almost guffawed, amused in spite of his wife's continued… perversity.

"That's what I said. Now he was a real man. A strong man."

His expression told her: "Really?" So tickled was he, in fact, that Andy Benson almost persuaded himself this really was an elaborate private joke his wife was playing on him, knowing as he did, despite the best efforts of his former partner and friend to keep the half-Kraut's control of him "in-house", so to speak, that Clement acceded to the wishes of his severe looking spouse in almost all things.

Hell!

Not "almost" all, but ALL.

Fiona Benson was nodding:

"It does, after all, take a very self-confident man to admit that his wife is his superior and not let his pathetic little ego get in the way of what should be the natural relationship between them."

"Well, yes," he began, using the superior and condescending form of sarcasm with her that had proved so successful in the past. "I imagine letting oneself be hen-pecked by a sour-faced bitch with small tits and a face like a sucked lemon is a sure sign of a REAL man."

He was still laughing at his condescending humour when she cut in on him:

"Yes," she told him. "it is on so many levels. Clement may have been a weak man at heart but at least he had courage enough to accept Marjory's guidance and allow her to direct his life."

Her lip curled at the corner:

"After all, and as Marjory told me, it takes a really strong and self-confident man to accept he can't please his wife in bed and encourage her to take lovers who can."

His look told her that he was finally beginning to get the drift of where she was going with her recent treatment and attitude towards him.

"That's why you dislike her so much. Because she sees in you exactly what she saw in Clement and has done from the beginning."

"And that would be?" he asked, knowing, even as the words left his lips, that he had asked exactly the question his wife wished him to ask and, in doing so, had given her a platform to continue this unexpected abuse of him.

Underlining his suspicions, Fiona did not hesitate:

"She said you were weak. A pussy-boy. Not a real man.

"P-Pussy-boy?"

Fiona's nod mocked him.

"She…? For heaven's sakes, Fiona," he began, attempting to reason with her. "Where is all this coming from? Do you truly believe all this nonsense?"

Her answering stare was answer enough.

Or should have been.

"Me?... "Weak?"

She smiled, as if to say:

"Didn't I just say that?"

"And, I suppose, because this shrivelled bitch of a person says it, why, then it must be true? What utter rubbish!,"

If his wife was impressed she was hiding it well.

"Could a 'Weak' man be responsible for all this?" he asked, indicating the custom-fitted kitchen in the equally top-of-the-range stockbroker-belt home the fruits of his business enterprise had fetched them. "How do you explain the business I set up and run so successfully?"

"Ah!" she exclaimed as if her memory had been triggered. "I'm glad you brought us on to this subject as I've been speaking to Marjory about how we see the company developing."

"You've been speaking about my company to…?"

"Marjorie feels –and I agree with her," she told him, paying no attention to his outrage and going on over him, "that you don't have the necessary expertise to take the company forward."

Not being a saint – or a "man", according to his previously loving wife – his temper snapped:

"What the fuck are you saying? Marjory feels? This is my company. I started it and I own the majority shareholding. Your 'new' friend is a junior partner – and she won't even be that when I buy her out. And as for you, I…"

"She has no intention of selling her interest in the company," Fiona cut him off, contemptuously unimpressed by his display of anger.

He shrugged, angry still but, at this juncture, unconcerned.

"That's her decision," he told her. "So long as she knows it's my company and I'm the one who calls the shots."

Fiona was shaking her head before he'd even finished.

"It's only your company if you're the majority shareholder and –correct me if I'm wrong here- but, with my shares and Marjory's together, we own fifty-one-per-cent."

And now, for the very first time since her change of attitude towards him, Andy Benson finally acknowledged the breaking of this particular dawn – if not in its totality.

"You…? You're not serious, Fiona," he began, confidence dented, having forgotten the shares he'd given her and not having believed for one split second she would ever turn his gift to her against him. "Surely you wouldn't…?"

There was no apology in her answering shrug and certainly none in the words that followed:

"I already have," she told him.

"Wh-What?"

"As of this moment you are no longer in charge. Both the company and you are going to have a new boss."

Despite everything that had transpired between them recently, he looked at her as if she were mad - fully expecting her to laugh and tell me she was joking.

Then, when no laughter was forthcoming:

"That's it, Fiona," he told her, drawing himself up to his full height and towering over her. "This has gone far enough. I'm your husband. We might not have children but we have history together and, if you want this marriage to last, you had better decide where your loyalties lay."

The response he expected was certainly not the one he got from his unfazed partner of the past twelve years:

"This marriage will last for exactly as long as I want it to last. And from now on I'll be the one who makes the decisions."

He could only look on with open mouth as she laid it out for him, his loving wife a stranger to him.

"Unless, of course," she told him, "you find a pair of balls more impressive than the ones I've had to suffer."

His anger, outrage, and yes, growing fear, were so great he could barely form words.

Finally, composure enough to speak returning:

"And you really think I'm going to be happy with that and just go along with it?" His arms went wide as if attempting to reason with a half-wit. "My business is specialised, Fiona. Even if you could find someone who can bring as much to the table as me why would you bother?"

"I already have bothered."

He was about to ask who when something in her expression caught him cold, a realisation so ludicrous he would have laughed had he not been in such emotional extremis.

"You…? You're not serious?... YOU want to run the company?"

Unrestrained by the same emotional restraints and, in fact, thoroughly enjoying having her handsome older husband on the backfoot for the first, and definitely not the last, time, the answer she gave through her own laughter mortified him still further:

"Don't be silly, Andrew," she told him, using his full Christian name in the way he hated and feeling slightly miffed that he was too preoccupied to notice. "Unlike you, I know my limitations and running a company is certainly amongst them."

"Then…? Who…?"

*****

"My advice, Andrew, if you are not too proud to hear it and have more sense than I give you credit for, is to go home to your wife and listen very carefully to what she has to say."

Still mulling over that earlier conversation with his wife, Andy, chewed his lip.

“It might not seem like it soon, Andrew, but your decision to place the house and all your assets in your wife’s name for safekeeping, should the company falter and creditors come looking for them, was a very sensible one.”

She gave him a thoughtful look, unable to disguise the enjoyment she was taking from her part in his discomfort.

“I am also tempted to believe that such a course of action was no more than a subconscious plea on your part for Fiona to take the burden of responsibility from shoulders plainly unsuited to such a task.”

Had his eyes been laser-beams she would have been no more than a pile of ashes on the plush leather of what had once been *his* chair.

“Then again,” she went on, unperturbed, “perhaps not. You do seem to have a rather large capacity for denial. Even now I imagine you are telling yourself that this is just a temporary insanity of your wife’s and that she will soon be her lovely, biddable and willing, self for you to walk all over.”

It was, his thoughts grudgingly conceded, exactly what he had been telling himself but, as time went on, more in hope than expectation.

“Now would be a good time to assess your position, Andrew,” the Morgan bitch continued, becoming it seemed more condescending with him by the second.

“Why don’t I just leave it to you?” he suggested, bitterness and sarcasm vying for top spot in his tone. “You seem to think you know what you’re talking about.”

The sarcasm did not survive her reply, even if the bitterness would increase and go on doing so.

“Let’s see…” she said, leaning back in what had been his chair as if she had occupied it for years and not a matter of minutes and making a steeple of her hands to give the task some thought. “Firstly, this is not a good time to be jobless.”

“Don’t fret yourself on that score. I’ve plenty of contacts in this business who would love to have me aboard.”

The head housing that severe face, grey hair and French-crop above accentuating, somehow, the coldness of those features, was already shaking.

“You don’t think so?” he asked challengingly.

“No, I’m sure you’re right,” she agreed, taking him by surprise.”

She paused.

“But I get the impression Fiona would prefer it if you worked from home as of now,” she told him.

“Really? Well, my soon to be *ex*-wife will just have to get used to the idea.”

Anglo/German laughter filled the office and did not sound pleasant to his ears.

“You truly are more stupid than I took you to be,” she told him, enjoying how such an unlikely description of his mental faculties could throw him off-balance, his slight surprise that she would dare do so inviting her to continue.

She did.

“The house in which you live is in your wife’s name, as are the bank, saving accounts, and investments you have made. The moment you leave this office you are also out of a job. You will still be paid the dividend on the shares you hold in the company, of course, but, as they are paid into an account stipulated by you, and held by Fiona, they are not likely to do you much good.”

“I’ll simply get another job, open a new bank account and have the dividend paid into it, you smug half-Kraut bitch. Do you really think a man like me is going to sit still and be treated like a piece of shit?”

In all the years she had known him, Marjory Morgan had yet to hear him speak in such a, low-grade, way.

Good!

It meant they were getting to him.

“As I say,” she went on, giving him a few moments to try and cool down when it was obvious whole decades would be unable to perform the feat, “you’re more stupid than I took you to be and, if you can bring yourself not to interrupt for the next few minutes you may find it instructional to discover why.”

Knowing he was achieving nothing by just sitting there and listening to her, Andy Benson felt compelled – call it curiosity, or something about the aura of authority that clung to the woman – hear her out.

Though later he would wish he hadn’t…

Three

Fiona stood at the side of the bed as the powerful Nigerian man licked the nape of her neck and used his free hands to unhook the bra that left her naked at last. He was her first black man – the first man other than Andy in over twelve years – and the contrast of his ebony skin against her smooth and unblemished white body was almost as much of a thrill as the power she sensed coursing through him. Not to mention…

As the bra came undone and dropped to the plush carpeting of the hotel suite, she could wait no longer and swiveled in his arms to find his face and push her tongue into his mouth, the knowledge that while she was *here* her husband was at home, busy with the chores her reading about cuckolds said it was important to set when out being fucked, did nothing to impair her excitement.

"Yes," she thought. *"A lot has changed since Marjory took over the company and her husband became more… useful… at home."*

The kiss continued in feverish fashion fo a minute or so and she could not get enough of the rock-hard body of this man who understood more English than he spoke and spoke what he did know with a heavy accent betraying his African roots.

As with all the new and exciting developments in her life just recently it had been Marjory who had been responsible for setting her up with the man – she used the description *"man"*, despite her lover being but eighteen – via email. Along with every other piece of advice she had given and suggestions made her choice had been gloriously correct. Also, she felt safer knowing that Marjory had checked the background of the man – boy - out prior to their meeting and knew she was not involved with some thug or wannabe terrorist but a young man who had only recently been brought to England by his British stepmother after the death of his Itsekiri father and found himself with a taste for cuckolding white and English husbands with whose wives he was much, and understandably, in demand.

"Oyowe" was still wearing a pair of white Boss boxers that were startling against his coal black skin but the snug shorts stood no chance of ever disguising the package he had waiting for her beneath them. The clinging material outlined his semi-erect black tool and did nothing to hide its dimensions. In fact, he was a big boy/man altogether, standing at six-three or six-four with wide shoulders, washboard-stomach, muscular arms and sleek and powerful thighs.

Twenty-five years older and as handsome as he undoubtedly was, Andy was a pygmy to this young, if not especially good looking, young Nigerian

Good looking or not, Fiona could scarcely breathe so great was the sexual excitement prompted by the instant attraction she had felt towards this boy the moment he had sent her his picture via the Net.

Exactly, truth be told, as Marjory had assured her she would.

And now they were together.

Alone.

Unable to constrain herself, she immediately knelt down before Oyowe and slid the object of her lust free of its boxers, her breath again catching as it came into view.

Now *this* was what she called a *"cock"*.

It was at full mast by now and by now and literally throbbed in her tiny hand as she grasped the shaft, amazed to discover her fingers reached only halfway around its girth.

She looked up at him and smiled as she eased his boxers down his legs:

"You have a beautiful cock, Oyowe."

"Thank you, Miss Fiona," he said, having insisted upon addressing her in such a way from their first email, despite her insistence he be less formal.

Even if the show of respect and deference did make her feel more… *secure*.

"Miss Fiona has a most beautiful body also," he finished English limited and heavily accent but precise..

Smiling, she bobbed her head forward and took the silky smooth crown of his fat cock in her mouth, action – despite his *"Miss Fiona"* – redolent of obeisance on her part.

For Oyowe's cock demanded such fealty and was, simply put, *stupendous*.

Unable to restrain herself any longer, Fiona went to work. Hungrily. Within seconds, the only sound in the room was the sound of suction as she sucked upon the small part of that wondrous black cock she could actually get in her pert little mouth, head ducking as far as her gag reflex would allow before coming up again to honour his endowment by fluttering her tongue against the shiny mushroom of his cock-head. She wanted to take it all, to devour it, to know that every last pulsing inch had known the attentions of her more than willing mouth and throat, but such worship was simply not feasible given the young man's size.

"Miss Fiona is very good to Oyowe," he breathed, still polite and respectful despite the obvious pleasure he was taking from her attentions, eyes closing as he savoured the sensation of her mouth around his imperious black penis and the feel of her full and still firm breasts in his own hands as he toyed with them.

When finally she released him, his crown wet with saliva and glistening from her efforts, his eyes opened and she stared into them:

"You and your cock are everything I thought they would be Oyowe. I want to feel it inside me…

"Now."

Reaching down to place his hands under her arms, the powerful young Nigerian lifted her as if she were made of paper and in one movement twisted around so his own back was towards the bed then fell back upon it while placing her in the female astride position as he did so.

A position her posturing and ersatz macho husband had *never* consented to try.

With his back to the duvet and lying perfectly still, Oyowe waited for her to position herself above the engorged cock that was twitching as well as throbbing by now and looked ready to burst.

For her part, Fiona was in a new and wholly different world. A world where *she* was in control – no matter how powerful and masculine for his years the boy/man about to fuck her. The worries she had imparted to Marjory when considering cuckolding her husband and putting him under were all concerned with not wanting to jump from one partner who dominated her to another. But, exactly as her friend and mentor had assured her it would be if they chose correctly and wisely, this was not the case.

Again, she told herself, the estimable woman who had replaced her husband at their company and was doing such a fine job, was absolutely and completely right.

Oyowe was perfect and she sensed he would gain as much pleasure from pleasing her as she would take from being pleased by him.

For the moment, though, she was in a giving vein and wanted to do a little *"pleasing"* of her own. His throbbing cock held an almost hypnotic magnetic attraction for her and her eyes were transfixed by the sight of it as the head tried to reach the hairless pussy she hovered above it while straddling his thighs, rising and falling slowly so that her warm opening with its tantalisingly moistness brushed the very top of his crown before moving out of touch. Her faraway smile was one of pure and contented anticipation as, unable to restrain herself any longer, she placed two tiny hands at the base of his shaft to control its eager twitching and began to lower herself gently onto the waiting cock she sensed was about to add even more changes to those she had already made to her life.

Amazingly, given the young African's dimensions, he slipped inside her without too much resistance and, surprised at how right it felt, Fiona wriggled herself further down upon it until she had been impaled fully.

Her cry, she would give thanks later, did not bring housekeeping accompanied by the house-detective to ascertain who had just been murdered.

But this was no death.

The English wife had never been filled in such a way - or had a man willing to let her ride him in such a way.

This was life – and life in full and glorious Technicolor, even if, speaking strictly in terms of pigmentation, the couple indulging in it were of the monochrome variety.

The sensation of fullness was one she knew that, once experienced, she would not be able to forego in the future and again gave thanks to Marjory that on their very first *"cuckolding"* adventure they had struck such a rich seam of gold.

Fiona already knew, deep at her core that Oyowe was perfect for her and that, if he felt the same way, she could indeed have everything.

A handsome older husband she still loved, albeit in a different form, who was so dependent upon her financially and otherwise he would consent – after much pleading for her to reconsider on his part – to become her housekeeper.

And a none too handsome young Nigerian whose cock and body was everything that husband's would never be.

It seemed too good to be actually happening and there were times when she could hardly believe the changes she, along with Marjory, had made to her life.

Not to mention her husband.

Contracting her vaginal canal, incredulous at her capacity to do so given his length and girth, she squeezed his shaft and was rewarded with a long and languorous sigh from beneath her as the black fingers of one hand slid between her legs to locate and diddle her clitoris between thumb and forefinger, teasing the little nub and bringing her to a fever pitch of excitement along with her riding of his cock.

She was squirming on its length by now and felt as if it must erupt through her throat, her entire world focused upon what was happening right there and right then.

But it was neither her lover's cock nor his diddling fingers that drove her over the edge to completion.

That coup de grace was supplied by an image of her husband as he went about the chores she had left him to complete while she got herself fucked.

And completing them while supervised by…

Marjory!

It was this picture of her handsome older husband as he went about the laundry and other duties, before her friend inspected them and pronounced herself satisfied with his efforts – or not - that took her over the precipice and led to a scream that must surely have been heard in the lobby some ten floors below.

Fiona fell on top of the young African - gratitude, possessiveness and the need to maintain control of this young and virile beast to prevent some other lucky woman getting her claws into him, all vying with each other for prominence.

This was wonderland!

All three feelings of those competing feelings intensifying when, no more than a minute or two later, a hardening beneath her slick and sweaty stomach told her he was ready again.

As was she…

*****

Andy was awakened, not that he had slept at all, by the sound of Fiona and Marjory laughing downstairs. His wife, he noted with some despair, sounded deliriously happy. Husbandly spirits sank as what he took to be the final nail in the coffin of the manhood he had worked so hard to forge was hammered home.

His wife, the wife he adored and he thought adored him in return, had just returned from an evening on the town.

And not just any evening.

Tonight, and with his knowledge, his lovely Fiona had allowed herself to be fucked.

By a man who was *not* him.

But then, Andy – *"Andrew"* – Benson, felt hardly able to describe himself in such a way.

After all, what kind of a man allowed himself to be bullied and manipulated into such a position he felt his only option was to become his wife's flunky and, by default, that of the Anglo/German bitch he hated who so adored having him under her heel and was taking more and more control of him – and with Fiona's consent – every passing day? What man worthy of the name would stand still and do nothing as his company was stolen away from him with the help of the wife he had trusted enough to place their assets in his name, before being told that said wife still loved him and he was expected to live with her still or face the threat of the half-Kraut informing the authorities of his financial – but definitely illegal – shortcut?

Loved him?

The handsome head resting upon the small cot in the spare-room to which he had been banished shook with bitter resentment.

Fiona, he told himself for the umpteenth time, loved him so much she wanted him to stay living with her.

As her servant.

Again came the oft asked question:

"How the fuck have I let them do this to me?"

The trust he had placed in Fiona in placing the house, accounts and investments in her name had been turned on him and, consequently, not only was he out of a job and without money – at least now the sum he'd had in his own cashing account gone - but she had insisted on cutting up his credit-cards as well as cancelling them.

He was, in effect, dependent upon her.

Totally.

Bu just when, exactly, had he become so weak?

It made no matter that much of their life went on as before, friends and family – of whom she had few and he had many – over for dinner and to theirs for barbecues and other get-togethers. She had been as good as her word and not let on as to the dramatic change in their living arrangements. He in the spare-bedroom, she in the main. Though it had been mentioned that he had been feeling stressed and stepped aside from the company for the time being and would be looking after the home while Fiona devoted more time to the online shopping website she had been playing with for the last few years.

A website that was beginning to show signs of life now she was giving it her full attention and had benefitted from some sound advice from the dread… *Marjory*.

And right there was another source of bitterness and sheer unrelenting humiliation.

Marjory.

The half-Kraut bitch who was, he was beginning to see, behind everything that was bad in his life.

Certainly his formerly loving wife had only began showing signs of resenting both him and their relationship after she had started seeing the bitch more frequently after Clement passed away; despite her knowing how much he disliked the woman.

And now, it appeared, he too was about to be seeing more of her at Fiona's insistence.

Though *not* with the same feelings of warm anticipation with which his wife greeted the prospect of the woman's company.

He had, in fact, just spent an evening with that very bitch while his wife took herself off to be fucked:

"Marjory has very generously offered to give up her time to keep you company while I'm out and check you do your chores correctly," Fiona had told him, knowing he would rage, curse, plead and cajole, even if he was beginning to realise that the *new* Fiona was utterly impervious to anything he might say or do that did not involve doing *everything* she told him.

And she did mean: *everything"*.

Thankfully, apart from some comments on the laundry and the proper use of liquid detergent when he did the dishes after having prepared them both, and watched by her as he went about it, a snack, Marjory had kept her comments terse and her presence unobtrusive.

Which still did not alter the fact of her presence there.

In effect, he realised, he was being babysat.

Head still shaking from side to side as he gazed at the uncomprehending ceiling, another refrain that had become familiar to his thoughts rang out inside his head:

"What the fuck has happened to you?"

Only the sound of the front-door closing behind the half-Kraut from downstairs, followed by the tread of Fiona's heels as she made her way up, prevented yet another futile examination of his demise and the unsuspected weakness in him ensuring it would happen.

He sensed rather than saw the door handle turn and, humiliation on top of humiliation, realised he was hard.

"Now what?" he asked himself as the door slowly opened. *"Your wife returns after letting another man fuck her and you're excited? What kind of pervert are you?"*

The urgency of that erection as the door opened fully and his wife was held in its frame, backlit by the hall behind her, bare-legged now, despite having left in sheer hose and killer heels, answered for him.

"There's my lovely boy," she said, expression unreadable. "A good boy too, his aunty Marjory told mummy."

"What the fuck is this?" his thoughts raced. *"Mummy? Aunty!!"*

"We're going to have such a nice life together from now on, sweetie. All you have to do from now on is anything either your mummy or your aunty tells you."

"You… You can't be serious, Fiona," he said, propping himself up on his arms. "I'm a man for crying out loud. Your husband."

Placing herself down on the side of the bed and wondering if he could sense the freshly fucked pleasure she felt, Fiona placed a finger on his lips and shushed him.

"Now let's not be having all that nonsense again," she told him, tone almost schoolmarmish. "Technically you might still be my husband but you are certainly not a man."

The eyes that held his were almost demonic, so fierce were their glow as she added:

"A fact that was amply demonstrated to me this evening."

His eyes widened.

“That’s right, sweetie. You’re a fully-fledged cuckold now.”

Tears sprang to those wide eyes then as - hoping as he had been that she would have second thoughts at the last moment and return to him his old Fiona – he realised he had lost her.

She had fucked another man.

And felt sure enough of him to admit the fact.

Any respect for him that still remained, and it could not have been much, must be in the process of dying in its entirety as she explained her faithlessness to his face.

Especially as all he could to protest was cry.

“That’s all right, baby,” she cooed, almost like a mother to a son, “There’s no shame in crying. Mummy likes to see her good little boy’s tears. It shows her how much he loves his mummy.”

His shame, Andy Benson decided, was indescribable as the woman he loved continued:

“But don’t be too upset,” Fiona told him, stroking his ears as if she were mollifying a pet. “Mummy hasn’t forgotten her promise to her boy and he is going to get it right now.”

He watched as she rose to tower over him, unzipped her shirt and let it fall to the carpet.

“Because mummy wasn’t quite right when she called you a fully-fledged cuckold, was she?”

The sight of her as she stared down at him, hands on hips expectantly, stopped his tears in their tracks as he realised that it was not only had her hose she had discarded before returning home.

There was nothing between the pussy she had recently insisted upon denuding – and with him performing the honours – and his shamed and wondering eyes.

She had, he told himself, returned home to him minus her underwear.

“But that’s something your lovely mummy and her little boy’s obedient tongue can make true right now.”

As, too stunned and horrified to either move or complain, Fiona scrambled atop him and edged her… *soiled*… pussy closer to his unresisting cheeks, Andy Benson knew that his life could not get any worse.

Unfortunately for him, as the tears returned and the pussy that was no longer his for the taking presented itself to be cleaned, he was, in this as in so many things recently, wrong.

Utterly, totally and completely.

END OF PART ONE

(Part-Two to follow shortly)

Everything He Had… and More

Part Two of Two

By
Clarice Darling

FDC Publications

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Part Two

Four

The gym, followed by a swim at his former health-club, that had been his Saturday morning routine since before his marriage to Fiona had gone, replaced by a whole weekend of…

Along with everything else that had turned to shit in his life over recent months this latest downturn was difficult to make terms with.

No.

Not *"difficult"*.

Impossible,

Rubbing the cloth over the navy leather of the left foot of a pair of expensive shoes, Andy Benson told himself that no matter how many times he performed this and other similarly menial tasks he would *never* get used to it.

And, when and if he did, then he would surely know that any last vestige of manhood left to him had departed from his life along with the home in which he had once had a share, together with his business and any self-determination a job and regular money might have once supplied.

The fact the shoe he was working on still had the shapely foot of a woman inside it, a faint smell of perspiration and nylon wafting up to him as he fetched a shine to the leather, made the fact he was on his knees with the sole of her shoe resting upon his aproned lap no easier to countenance. How could it? How could *anything* mitigate the soul destroying humiliation of being duty-bound to adopt such a position when commanded to do so?

The leather that was already pristine and unmarked also begged the question of why the task was necessary in the first place?

Question asked, question answered, as his thoughts raged at the pleasure this woman took from perversity and the power she had to compel him to do the most trivial of tasks.

Whether the task in question required doing or not.

"Who would have thought," began Marjorie Morgan, barely deigning him a glance as she concentrated on the figures dancing across the home-computer in her study, "I would end up here and…"

She gave out a tiny laugh of mock disbelief before picking up the thread of her thoughts

"…and that you would end up down *there*?"

Knowing a response was *not* required and that the half-Kraut he despised with every fibre of his being wished only to be allowed to torment him uninterrupted, Andy Benson contented himself with completing the totally unnecessary task he had been set. On more than one occasion – too many to count accurately in actuality – he had been the thickness of an alopecia victim's hair away from simply taking her long and thin neck between his hands and wringing the life from that smug Anglo/Germanic face with its severe features and grey and French-cropped hair. It could only be seen as Manslaughter he had told himself each time he fought back the urge and would, at the very least, ensure he would not be deprived of a bed and four walls.

Even if those walls were populated with bars at regular intervals.

Not three months had passed from the day Fiona had ripped the guts from his world and decided to side with the Morgan bitch and oust him from his own company while emasculating him in his own home.

A feat that was achieved with a minimum of fuss given the two women were backed by the very real threat of jail time for a piece of business accounting that, while commonplace, was still seen very much as illegal and evidence of an intent to defraud.

Three months during which his world had seemed to change by the hour.

And *never* for the better.

"The more I see of you in such positions, however," the bitch so instrumental in the turnaround of his private and public affairs continued, "the more natural and just it seems that Fiona – with a little help from her good friend Marjory – would insist you adopt a role in her life that is so much more fitting for your… *talents*."

Andy sensed her eyes on him now and, rather than meet them and the mockery he knew he would find beamed back at him, together with that deep pleasure she took from having him attend her in such a way.

Eyes fixating on the instep of her shoe rather than the admittedly, if grudgingly so, shapely instep of her hosed foot, his thoughts went back a month or so to when he had been given the less than elevating news that the woman had bought the old Anderson home not five minutes from them on the same leafy road and, given the sale was chain-free, would be moving in shortly…

…"Now you have become so much more adept at looking after the home and have so much more free time on your hands," Fiona had told him, "I've decided that it would be nice if you showed Marjory how much you appreciate her taking the company forward by taking over the domestic responsibilities in her new home of a weekend."

The words were spoken to him as he stood before the wife who had become a stranger to him as she rested her buttocks on the edge of yet another desk that had once been his.

This time though it was his study that had been taken from him as Fiona used it to administer her email business.

A loss, just the same, that was no less to him than the office from which the half-Kraut had removed him.

But it was not the loss of his private space that was concerning him at this point.

Every single day now seemed to bring a fresh shock to his system. From being deprived of his position at the helm of the company he had created, to being told he was expected to become a househusband, to having his wife step out on him with another man whose identity had not been confided to him, Andy Benson realised he was being marginalised and made pitiful in ways he would once have found more impossible to believe than the plots of those outrageous science-fiction he had always found so risible. A marginalising made all the harder to take for his inability to find a way to counter it in even the most minimal of ways.

When Fiona wanted something from him these days, and no matter how demeaning to his personal pride, she got.

Even if, like now, he did protest.

"Please, tell me you're not serious, Fiona?" understandable anger at what she was suggesting bringing the man he once thought he had been to the surface.

For a few moments, anyway.

The shaking of her head, face decidedly unsmiling, told him what, despite his flash of temper, he knew already.

"No," she told him, the eyes he had once melted into holding him with an unwavering stare that told him just how far he had fallen in her esteem. "I will not tell you that. And, if you want to be allowed some spending money to meet your cousins when they come down to London from Pontefract, then you'd be wise not to backchat me on the subject."

If her tone of voice was not enough, then the words she used when speaking to him these days were enough to convince him of just how low he had fallen in her regard.

And was still falling.

She knew just how much he was looking forward to seeing the cousins he had grown up with in Epsom before the family moved North; a chance for him to act for a while as if he were still the man he had been; and, humiliatingly, was using it the way a mother used the carrot of a trip to the theme-park.

"Backchat?" he asked.

If she considered her use of the word to be erroneous in any way it was not evident to him.

“Fiona,” he began, referencing the sex she was having with men other than him obliquely rather than risk being obliged to hear the nuts and bolts of her faithlessness in more detail, even if he had been forced to see and, more mortifyingly, taste the evidence of it up close and personal, “I realise you no longer see me as a husband of any kind and prefer to look elsewhere for… for what you would normally have looked to me for, but…”

His arms went wide, as if imploring the cause of his predicament to come to his recuse.

Then, when it was plainly obvious she had no intention of doing so:

“For god’s sakes! I’m still a grown man. Do you have to treat me so insultingly and dismissively?”

His impassioned, if a little hesitant, speech produced not a flicker of emotion on the face he had once loved and was coming to loath – even if his desire for her had grown perversely stronger and had him masturbating to her image in the confines of the spare-room to which he had been banished.

Once, shamefully, with a pair of her soiled panties he had refrained from hand-washing and smuggled into his room for just that purpose.

The above and ongoing response, given the way she was treating him, yet another source of mystification and disquiet for him.

“I’m being patient with you, Andrew,” she told him, still in authoritative parent mode, “but there is a limit.

“Patient?” he marvelled, almost to himself, amazed despite everything that she had the nerve to suggest such a thing, let alone mean it.

“I realise what I have in mind for you requires a huge learning curve but, if I don’t see evidence of progress soon, I’m going to think this just isn’t going to work out and let you go.”

“Let me go?” he parroted, flash of temper replaced by bewilderment that she could be speaking to him as if he were no more than a retainer.

“Stop repeating what I say and listen to your mummy” she snapped.

His jaw dropped.

It was the first time she had used the description in reference to her since the first night of her unfaithfulness.

The same night in which he had been left to be supervised by the half-Kraut as he – gratefully, given it kept him out of the woman’s presence for long periods – went about the chores he had been asked to complete by his wife as she got herself royally fucked by a person or persons unknown to him.

Up to now.

Not only, prior to cementing his status as a cuckold by presenting her freshly-fucked pussy to him for him cleaning, had she referred to herself in such a way but had also conferred the title of "Aunty" upon the Anglo/German bitch who had just, to all intents and purposes, babysat him.

"Mummy?" he asked, repetition dropping from his lips in defiance of his wife's words.

"There you go again!" she snapped, rising from the edge of the desk to stand before him imperiously with hands upon hips, the heels she seemed to wear habitually these days ensuring she had an inch or two of height on him and, as intended, intimidating him even more.

"But…"

"No," she hissed. "I don't want to hear any more of your whining. I told you that if you decided to stay rather than have the authorities told of your fraudulent activities with the company pension fund then you'd have to get used to things being a lot different between us."

"I know but…"

This time it was the sheer intensity of her displeasure as beamed at him from eyes that had once shone with love that quieted him.

Unable to come to terms with the fact he could feel fearful of the young wife who had once hung upon her handsome husband's every word and taken a pride in ensuring his needs – on all levels – were taken care of, Andy Benson waited with a feeling of dread at his stomach for what he was about to hear

Content she had his attention, Fiona continued:

"I also promised you that, if you did your best to please me in the ways I wished, that the situation between us would be kept from your family and our friends and that we would continue to act as if we were a conventional man and wife whenever we met with them. Remember?"

He nodded, too full suddenly of emotion and feelings of futility to speak even a single word.

"And I have kept that promise, haven't I?"

Again he nodded, recalling how his fears had proved unfounded whenever family or friends had paid their usual if infrequent visits since the change in his situation and Fiona had behaved as if nothing had changed between them and allowed him to enjoy a brief pretence of being his own man again.

It did occur to him, however, that the knowledge and involvement of the German bitch did rather contradict her assertion.

Big time!

She had read his thoughts:

"Yes. I realise Aunty Marjory knows of our situation. But that's entirely another matter. As far as I remember she is neither a member of your family nor someone numbered a friend."

"You can fucking say that again!" his thoughts answered, even as they raced back to her use of "Aunty".

Surely she didn't mean for him to…

…"It is wholly right, I think, that Fiona should have made these changes to your marriage, Andrew, and I for one find you a much more appealing… *person*… since she did so."

Andy Benson felt fingers run through his still reasonably full hair and realised the Anglo/Teutonic bitch was petting him as if he were some kind of animal or child. But there was worse. His undeniable humiliation was intensified all the more by a stirring at his groin that could only be another of those unbidden erections that shamed him almost as much as the treatment he was allowing to be handed out to him and to which he had started responding in such an *"unmanly"* way.

"Almost", because at least, and no matter how shameful its source, an erection remained a source of pleasure for him.

"I know that it is so much harder for you to accept a woman's authority than my Clement found it. And that is what makes it such an honour and a pleasure for me to be permitted by Fiona to be a part of your… *education*."

As she was speaking down to him, voice for once pitched in such a tone as to make it seem she did feel a genuine affection for him, she realised that the man she so enjoyed belittling and making comply with her will was actually leaning in to the caresses of her long slim fingers and all activity in connection with the unnecessary buffing of her shoe had ceased.

The smile crossing her lips in no way lessened the intent in the vivid and startling eyes she knew intimidated her friend's husband; the progress they had both made with this pitiful excuse for a man in so short a space of time so spectacular it could only prompt them to push further and faster.

It was, in fact, a smile of total and utter confidence in her power to… *govern*.

Him.

So aroused by her thoughts was Marjory Morgan, she considered having Andy Benson attend her pussy for the first time.

Through her hose, of course.

Any contact he made in the future with her *bare* pussy would have to be earned.

In fact, she was actually about to spread her legs prior to commanding him to do just that when the ringtone of her mobile phone saved her from a rash act she knew would be considerably more pleasurable if events were allowed to take their course in the way she and Fiona intended.

"Continue with my shoe as I take this," she told him as she saw Fiona's caller-id highlighted on her cell, fingers extricating themselves from scalp and hair as she prepared to take the call.

Unable to believe he could feel a sense of loss for the removal of this hated woman's hand from his head, Andy continued with the totally gratuitous buffing of the shoe before him, actions automaton-like as he listened in, ears pricking as he realised he was the first item on the agenda and knowing it could only be his wife.

"Yes. He is here with me now and being most useful. I am very pleased with him. He shows a far greater aptitude for work of this kind than he ever did for that of business…"

A twitch of anger flickered at his pulse for this unjust description of his abilities but, like all the anger he felt these days, he thought rather than acted upon it.

"…No. He is quite finished and it will be my pleasure… Yes… I will make sure he does just that… Of course… We will speak again later."

Ending the call, Marjory Benson leaned down and placed a finger beneath his chin to raise a handsome if thoroughly humiliated face to hers, delighted at the way his eyes could not meet her own.

"That, as I am sure you have already guessed, was mummy."

She paused, loving the pure mortification describing his wife in such a way caused him.

"She has asked me to send you home to her as she has something very, *very*, important she needs her boy to do for her."

Again she waited and, taking in cheeks that seemed redder by the moment, told herself that no matter for how long and how often he was on the receiving end of such treatment he would *never* find it anything other than excruciating – even if other, bestial, male responses provided a counterpoint to his misery.

It was, after all, what made him precious and delicious to her in a way the late and willingly submissive Clement could never have been.

“The back door will be open for you,” she told him unnecessarily, knowing he was not allowed door-keys or allowed to use the front-entrance, “and you are to go straight upstairs to your room and change. After that you are to return back down where mummy will be waiting for you in the kitchen.”

The way he flinched at her use of *“mummy”* and the anguish underlying that flinch at her reminder of what he was expected to wear around his wife’s home from now on, inspired a more *“moist”* response at her core. Grateful she Fiona’s call had restrained her impulse to have him provide satisfaction through her hose, she knew nonetheless what she would be taking from the top-drawer of her bedroom-chest the moment he had left and she had repaired upstairs. She also knew it was not her sex-slave of choice but was confident patience would have its rewards. Her forbearance, she felt certain, something she had in common with most superior people and something that would only make the sexual fealty Andrew Benson would be compelled to pay her very soon all the more…

Incredible.

For her, that is.

“Well, off you go then. Do not keep mummy waiting.”

Grateful to be gone, she knew, the alacrity with which he rose with his cloth prior to returning it to the kitchen cupboard and hanging up the apron she insisted he wear as he went about the weekend completion of his domestic chores yet more evidence of just how intimidating he found it to be in her presence these days, he had almost made it to the door when her voice stopped him:

“Are we forgetting something?” she asked, delight in being able to treat a grown man who was some five years or so older than her – even if he did look the younger of the two - as if he were an errant schoolboy requiring her constant supervision making the top-drawer of that bedroom-cabinet seem all the more urgent.

He turned back to face her and she saw his Adam’s Apple bob up and down in his throat as he swallowed back the bile that might prevent his showing the respect required of him.

The widening of her vivid and daunting eyes asked, *“Well?”*

It took a few moments but, shortly afterwards and with head lowered, she heard:

“Thank you…”

She waited, eyes drinking in his abject misery as the response she was seeking initially refused to come.

Then:

“… Aunty.”

Five

The tee-shirt with the "Knott's Berry Farm" logo they had purchased on a trip to California – this during the early days of their marriage and a trip Andy Benson now looked upon with such fondness; not to mention bitterness that the guileless and adoring young wife he thought he'd married had turned out to be nothing of the sort – still hung stylishly baggy on him and, even allowing for the somewhat juvenile aspects of the *"Farm"* logo itself, was not troubling for him to wear.

That distinction was left to the plain white shorts, a deliberate size too small, she had purchased for him and insisted, along with a number of similar tee-shirts she was in the habit of buying for him, he wear when about his duties inside the house.

Almost, perhaps equally, demeaning were the white ankle socks she insisted he wear also.

The overall effect, he knew, was ludicrous and made him look like a male version of Doris Day – even if he knew the former singer and actress could *never* have looked as pathetic. At first he had tried wearing the tee-shirt outside in the hope its length would hide the shorts at least and decided that, even with the juvenile socks, he looked better, casual almost. But Fiona had soon seen through this ruse and insisted he tuck his tee-shirts into the shorts themselves.

There was, it seemed, no end to the pleasure she took from having the power to humiliate him in such a way.

His twin, and tiny, consolations being that she allowed him to wear normal clothes when he cut the lawn or on those occasions she took him out with her and also when he went across the road to work for the half-Kraut.

The second of those consolations being that she had been true to her word in not presenting him, or even hinting at the change in their marriage, to family, friends or neighbours

Small, *very* small, mercies in the overall scheme of his growing subjection to both wife *and* the dreaded half-kraut.

Even if the prospect of presenting himself to his young wife while dressed in such a way – despite the fact she was the one *enforcing* it – filled him with self-loathing for his own weakness.

She was waiting by the kitchen-sink that had once been her domain and was now his, back turned, when he padded down and entered, footfall muffled by the dread ankle socks ensuring she did not hear him enter and giving him ample opportunity to take in the body that had once been his and was no longer and which, for reasons as mysterious as they were shameful to him, fascinated him more than at any time in their marriage.

Such was the power of denial and the perverse nature of the male.

Or at least the nature of this one.

Why, when she was faithful, accommodating and available to him, had he not then experienced the almost constant desire to fuck her?

And it was not the only question troubling him:

Why, now she was most definitely *not* accessible to him in such a way, could he not stop masturbating over her image the moment he was ensconced within the humiliating confines of the spare-room she had insisted he sleep in from now on?

As she took in the view of the garden from the back window, he took in the bare and shapely tanned legs below a pair of tight denim shorts of her own and the pert bare bottom inside them.

And, in doing so, triggered an unbidden image of thick fingers that were *not* his.

Paused silent and motionless in the kitchen doorway, he visualised those fingers pressing possessively into the soft white flesh of her buttocks and pictured her own busy hands as they unzipped her lover to release his rapidly hardening dick from its confines before throwing her arms around his neck and giving him a kiss of passionate intensity he, Andy Benson, had not experienced himself for some time.

Nor would again.

With that sixth-sense women had when it came to being observed by men, Fiona turned from her view of the garden he kept so immaculately and spotted him; the breasts he had always adored; even if he paid them more attention now they were pretty much off limits to them; were the first thing to take his eye and it was obvious they were unfettered beneath the clinging material of a white top that hugged her curves possessively.

“There’s my boy!” she said in a way that almost convinced him she was pleased to see the husband she had reduced to no more than the most juvenile and menial of bit players in both her home and her life.

“Marjory,” he began, before catching the flash of his wife’s eyes and quickly correcting himself, accompanied as always by cheeks that never failed to redden when faced with these situations.

“Aunty,” he began again, “told me you wanted to speak to me.”

The eyes flashed again and like the spineless cur he considered himself these day it was enough to achieve the desired effect.

“I… I mean, Aunty told me you wanted to speak to me, hmmm, Mummy,” adding the latter maternal honorific with even more incredulity and self-loathing than that inspired by the former.

The face beneath those flashing eyes broke into such a big beaming smile that a stranger gazing upon it would have seen it as no more than the maternal approbation of a loving parent toward a child who was beginning to heed its lessons.

A *"child"*, in this instance, who just happened to be a handsome man of middle-years and had, not months ago, been the sober and respected CEO of his own company and was now expected to address the wife who was so much younger as his female authority figure.

To his surprise, his *"mummy"* came towards him and drew his body into a warm embrace that had the effect of thrusting the breasts he lusted over tight against his chest.

To his further astonishment, her nipples were hard with excitement and the close proximity and the hopes it raised that they might once again make love as a man and wife should prompted a predictable reaction inside his shorts.

Also, it wasn't *only* her hardened nipples that gave him cause for optimism.

Her whole body, it seemed to him, was alive and tingling with anticipation and seemed almost to vibrate against him, his hopes raised still further when she placed gleaming red lips upon his cheek with more affection than he had experienced from her in…

He was still pondering the time elapsed when she took him by the hand and led him to the breakfast table in the centre of the large kitchen.

"We need to have a very important talk, Andy," she told him, pulling up a chair so that she could sit before him, bare and tanned knees touching his own equally bare, if less tanned, examples, her use of the *"Andy"*, rather than the *"Andrew"* she knew he detested, and along with the hug of affection and accompanying kiss, doing nothing to dampen spirits so diminished even this small beer could seem reason for optimism.

As it was about to turn out, the beer was far smaller than he could possibly have imagined.

Even if their *"important talk"* did not start out that way.

"I'd really appreciate it, Andy," she began, consciously raising his hopes with a second use of the diminutive, "if you could listen carefully to what I have to say and not interrupt me. I know a lot's happened over the past few months and I know you haven't been happy with either it or me, but this is probably the most important discussion we'll ever have if we're to stay man and wife."

Andy Benson's heart thumped so hard against the Knott's Berry Farm tee-shirt he was sure it must have appeared to Fiona that the logo had been animated.

So great and instant was the effect of her unexpected change of approach upon him.

The thought occurred to him that perhaps the behaviour bordering on the schizoid she had exhibited towards him had been no more than a protest against his undervaluing of her in the past and that everything done to him since was no more than her way of teaching him a lesson – albeit a drastic one - for the future.

"What if it hadn't been a lovers semen I licked from her pussy?" fevered and hopeful thoughts asked. *"What if it was some creamy white sauce or something similar she had smothered on it just to fool me? How would I recognise the taste anyway?"*

The rejuvenating power of hope ensured his optimism did not end there:

"What if there never was a lover?"

Such were the thoughts racing through his mind even before she began the discussion that was so *"important"* if they were to *"stay man and wife"*.

The words opening the discussion did not exactly dampen his optimism either.

Though they soon would.

"It's struck me over the past few days," she began, "that we're not as close as we once were and that it's my fault."

Despite his optimism he had to bite back a huge and cynical:

"Duh? D'ya think so?"

If his wife was aware of his thoughts they did not stop her from pressing on;

"I need you to know just how much I love you still and how important you are to my life. I know things have changed between us but I really couldn't imagine this house, this life, without you being a part of it."

In the same way as kind behaviour from a bully towards his or her victim can tip that victim over into relief and gratitude, so did those feelings add themselves to Andy Benson's mix of optimism and cynicism and place him on the verge of tears.

"Having said that, however, Andy, I really don't think I could go back to the way things were between us and I'm sure the only option for us as a couple now is to continue the way we're going," she told him, and in doing so immediately put the brakes on his feelings; well, the optimistic aspect of them anyway.

"Once a cat's been let out of a bag," she assured him, "it's next to impossible to get it back short of actually killing the poor thing."

Not quite sure what she meant by this or where she was headed, Andy decided that if this new attitude on her part led to him being able to dress properly and *not* be compelled to act as an unpaid skivvy for the Anglo/Teutonic bitch then it would be at least a half-step in the right direction.

“What I’m trying to say, sweetie,” she told him, sensing his confusion, “is that we can’t go back and must go forward from here.”

“Forward to where, Fiona?” he asked. “What possible future can there be for us if you…”

He swallowed back a lump of emotional detritus he did not wish her to see and attempted to finish:

“…If you keep treating me like this?”

Sensing he might have said too much, emotional or not, Andy was relieved when she allowed his use of her Christian name to pass and reached out a hand to stroke his thigh and re-activate the erection that had wilted a little as he concentrated on what she was saying to him and he was saying back to her in return.

“You say you love me and then you make me wear…”

Feeling himself choke up a little, he simply referenced the shorts and ankle socks with his hands before recovering enough emotional balance to continue:

“It doesn’t seem much like love when you treat me the way you’d treat a smile and have me treated like a servant by… *that* woman,” he told her emboldened enough by what he saw as her softening of attitude towards him to be critical. “She… She takes pleasure in humiliating me, you know?” he went on, unaware of just how childish he was sounding. “She… She insists I polish her shoes.”

There was a pause as his head shook in wonder at the fact she could be in a position to insist and, worse, he would feel compelled to comply.

“So?” Fiona asked, not missing the childish whine of his voice and feeling a sense of accomplishment for having reduced him to such a condition. “You polish my shoes for me, where’s the problem.

“She… She makes me do it while she’s wearing them,” he said with lowered eyes in a shaking head as he confessed to something he found as humiliating as anything Fiona had forced him to until now.

Well… *almost* anything.

Had his eyes been raised he would have seen the strenuous attempts his wife and self-proclaimed *“Mummy”* was making not to burst out laughing and might have suspected that the brave new world he had sensed not moments before was on the verge of being blown to smithereens.

Erection or not:

“I treat you like this, Andrew,” she began, “and allow Aunty Marjory to do the same, because I refuse to live a lie anymore and will not allow you to do so either.”

“But…”

A finger over his lips shushed him and his spirits again sank as he realised she was moving back into *“mummy”* mode.

“I asked you not to interrupt mummy, Andrew,” she reminded him, anchoring those spirits back into position that had become very familiar to him of late.

Crushed, he fell silent, blood draining from cheeks that had been animated not seconds before.

“You are *not* the strong man you have been pretending to be all these years and I have grown fed-up of us adopting unnatural roles in respect of each other and this marriage. However, I am a strong woman who feels more than capable of looking after her little boy.”

The colour that had only just drained from his cheeks returned in the form of a most vivid red.

“That is why I decided you would be more usefully employed in a more domestic capacity. It also seemed logical, as Aunty Marjory is running the company for us now and doing a better job than you ever managed, that you should lend a hand with her household chores as well.”

She allowed him a fatalistic shrug:

“If that means polishing her shoes the way you do mine – whether her feet are still in them or not – so be it.”

“But…?”

“I told you,” she snapped, eyes again flashing as his turned up to meet hers. “no *‘buts’*.”

Eyes unable to meet hers and lowering to rest upon her smooth, tanned and sleek, thighs, he again fell silent.

The look upon his wife’s face that greeted his acquiescence to her was one that, while certainly blissful, could be mistake for nothing other than pure and naked *lust*.

“Please don’t interrupt again when I’m speaking,” she went on in a no-nonsense voice, even if, had he listened carefully enough, he would have discerned a tremolo betraying her excitement. “Mummy’s told you how much her little boy means to her and now he needs to listen carefully if he doesn’t want her to send him away.”

Sick with defeat and disappointment and marveling still at how they could have reached such a point, *“Andrew”* did just that.

And could not believe what she went on to tell him.

Six

Andy Benson had no idea how long he had been stood before the closed door to his own front-room.

Correction: *Fiona's* front-room.

Even in his thoughts he had almost just described that room as *"Mummy's"* and it was taking a conscious effort of will on his part to not only refer to her and address her in such a way but *not* to think of her with the infantile honorific uppermost.

Given a constant diet of conditioning, the logical and marginalised part of his mind told him, the part that was still working in the face of what was happening to him, even the most outlandish behaviour can come to seem as nothing out-of-the-ordinary if repeated routinely enough.

He had been staring at the glossy white paint covering that closed door for the past few minutes, though it could have been hours, so turbulent, conflicted and fearful – most certainly the latter – were his thoughts.

The unbelievable content of what had begun as a spirit lifting monologue from Fiona had degenerated into a demand from *"Mummy"* had left him feeling almost numb.

But not before he had actually – wonder of wonders – slid from chair to knees and begged his wife not to continue his… *torture*.

And doing so as he actually cried, as if he were for all the world the infant she insisted he had been all along.

This, after she had informed his instantly horrified face that they had a guest.

A guest who, true to her word, was neither a family member nor a friend.

Though he wasn't exactly a stranger either, at least not to her.

How could a lover of three months or so duration be described as such, after all?

A *"lover"* who now waited on the other side of a door he could not seem to bring himself to open.

As he tried to either find the courage to open that door, or do what a real man would have done and simply leave and take his chances from the get-go, the kitchen confrontation that had taken place some ten minutes before resounded in his ears and blazed across his vision…

…"Oh, baby," she had cooed, the sympathy with which she had tried to enthuse her words unable to camouflage the exquisite perversity of having reduced her once commanding and sober husband to such a condition and the delight she took from it. "this doesn't mean Mummy loves you any less, just differently."

"Please, Fiona, don't do this to me. If you love me the way you say then stop all this and let's go back to how it was. I've learned my lesson. I'll never take you for granted again and…"

"That's enough!" she had snapped and, despite his understandable animation, his pleading stopped in its tracks and left him looking up at her through the mist of tear-filled eyes as he wondered at the level of control she now seemed to exert over him.

"I never want to hear silly talk of such a kind on my boy's lips again."

Then, when he didn't respond:

"Unless he prefers to be sent to a… "home"?"

Andy knew exactly to what the "home" of her question referred and wondered if it wouldn't simply be preferable to take the year or two he would receive, come out and start again. He would still have his shares in the company, after all, and felt sure he could find a good position with one of his contacts in the industry. Surely this was preferable to the life – the unbelievable life – his weakness was allowing her to force upon him, his thoughts screamed?

But then, and despite his sober and rigorous outlook, he had never been either physically nor mentally courageous. The prospect of Prison with its attendant stigma – white-collar crime notwithstanding – filled him with dread. A dread that was swiftly turning to terror now that the prospect was a very real one and given the stories put out by the media, whether it be newspaper or film, that painted such a horrific picture of life inside.

Especially for someone with his looks – of middle-years or not.

"If Mummy is going to let her little boy stay," she began, knowing that referring to him in the third-person increased his humiliation for some reason, "then he is going to have to accept that her lover wants a long-term relationship and so does she."

The look of pure and undiluted helplessness her words fetched to his eyes, far from eliciting sympathy in her breast, made Fiona almost swoon so great was the arousal inspired by the sight.

"As you know, I've never been one to flit from man to man and it's not something I intend to start doing now."

If she thought this would make him feel more fondly towards her it didn't – and it hadn't been her intention anyway.

"Mummy wants this very badly," she went on over his distraught features, "equally, perhaps more, than she wants her little boy at her side.

The tears that were never far from the surface with him these days again seemed imminent as she went on:

“And her lover wants it too. Like Mummy, he is not content with the arrangement as it is. He is very young but he is also very self-assured and will not get involved in a long term relationship unless Mummy’s little boy fully understands what is involved.”

It was too much for him and the anger accompanying those imminent tears could not restrain itself:

“You’ll be fucking him, Fiona,” he choked out through the unmanly sobs he couldn’t get under control. “What’s to understand?”

The sound of her palm landing upon his tear-stained cheek startled them both.

It was the first time either had ever laid a hand upon the other in such a way and was made all the more incredible by the fact he was the one on the receiving end.

That and the fact he was already on his knees before his growingly dominant young wife in a position of supplication that, taken a degree or two further, could be mistaken for genuflection.

Their joint surprise, however, was very different in nature and where one was utterly shamed and appalled at this evidence of just how far down the scale he had fallen, the other was aroused and excited to have been the one responsible for having lowered him, so far and so quickly, she could actually treat him in such a way and be allowed to get away with it.

Not giving him a chance to respond, Fiona continued on the front-foot:

“If Mummy ever hears the words ‘fuck’ or ‘Fiona’ on the lips of her little boy again she will not only rinse his mouth with soap and water but take him over her lap for a good spanking.”

This last proposition had tumbled from her lips before she had even considered doing such a thing but, now she had, she could not believe how exciting she found such a possibility.

An excitement in no way lessened by a look of utter horror so great both the tears and the anger of her kneeling husband were put temporarily on the backburner of his disgrace.

First things first, though:

“That is,” she went on, “if she decides to let her little boy stay at all.”

Andy Benson’s head literally throbbed with pain that was inspired by both words and events and felt near to vomiting, so great was his unmanning.

But her next words inspired even him to defiance.

Albeit of a short-lived variety.

"My lover is waiting in the front-room to speak with you," she told him. "I do not intend for him to live with us and he will only be visiting on weekends. But, if you are not extremely respectful to him and do not do as he wishes then he will not accept a long-term relationship with me."

She paused:

"And I will no longer accept you living here."

Her lip had curled, certain he knew the consequences should that happen but wanting to underline them anyway:

"That being the case, of course, Marjory will have no option but to inform the authorities of your… fraud."

"You…? You'd do that?"

Her nod was emphatic.

"I want this marriage to last," she told him, "and for that to happen there needs to be a real man present… At least some of the time."

"But," he pleaded, unaware of just how childish he sounded, "I am a real man. Just give me the chance to prove it."

Nod had turned to shake now, and was equally as emphatic.

"Real men do not ask for chances but simply make the most of their opportunities to take what they want. You've had over a decade of the things and not made the most of any of them."

"But…"

"No more 'buts'! I'll be going across to have coffee with Marjory in a few minutes and if, when I return, things haven't been settled to my lover's satisfaction, you'll be leaving and I'll be giving her a call to tell her to inform the authorities of the irregularities at the company."

His head shook with wonder that, despite everything she had put him through and he had accepted, even in her wildest dreams would she be able to convince herself that he would consent do such a thing – though the possibility that his craven caving in to her demands up to now might explain her having the confidence to ask did nag at him from a small corner of him mind.

"You…?" he spluttered, a part of him still unable to accept the lovely young woman he had married could be this way. "You tell me you love me?"

She had nodded, completely serious on the subject as took in her sincerity with genuine wonderment.

"And having said that, you then demand that I go into a room and convince a perfect stranger – a stranger who is…"

Her unflinching eyes invited him to finish.

"…A stranger who is having sex with you – that I'm perfectly okay with it and willing to allow myself to be treated like… like crap? To be forced to do housework, not just for you but for a woman I detest, dressed like this? To be stripped of my dignity simply for you to be able to experience your… your…"

Eyes that were still unmoved urged him to go on.

"…Your sick and perverted desires. No doubt aided and abetted by your equally as sick half-German bitch of a friend," he finished, emboldened to actually be acting as if he was a man again and having an exchange of words that, while not of his choice, was at least adult in nature.

"She will be most interested to hear your description of her," Fiona said, eyes and body language still unperturbed as she sat, supremely confident by now in the power his weakness gave her over him and the fact his little show of backbone would not be of any great duration.

Sensing his wife's thoughts incensed him further, his normally sober and polite language deteriorating as his anger grew:

"Like I give a fuck whether she's interested in what I say or not!" he told her. "I mean, have you become totally fucking deranged? You really expect me to act in such a way after you've stolen everything from me?"

"Why wouldn't I?" she shrugged, as if his criticism of her was no more remarkable than a simple taking to task for her having overspent at the January Sales. "You've knuckled under like the spineless wimp Marjory told me you were up to now."

"Marjory!" he hissed to himself with boundless venom. "I knew she would be behind all this."

"Of course, I didn't believe her at first when she told me my handsome and commanding husband was really a child in adult's clothing. But after the gutless way you've let me treat you these past months I'm absolutely certain that's the role you're going to play in my life from now on."

"For fuck's sakes, Fiona! Are you even listening to the shit that's spouting from your mouth?"

His head shook with both wonder and regret.

"What's happened to you? You're unrecognisable."

She neither answered nor nodded and simply allowed the intent in her unflinching eyes to give him the answer without bothering to refute his observations.

Finally, in the face of a silence he found almost as insulting as her speaking to him as if he were a child, his manhood surfaced and he was on his feet before her, fists clenched by his sides as he fought back the urge to provide her some physical violence of his own, joblessness, homelessness and the threat of prison as nothing to the rage and revulsion he felt for what she was suggesting he do in order to stay in the home his money had bought and which he had misguidedly signed over to her.

"Well, fuck you, Fiona. I've only stayed here and taken this shit out of love and the hope you would come to your senses. Now you can have all the men you want with complete peace of mind because I'm out of here, threats or not."

As he slammed the kitchen door behind him and made his way upstairs to change out of the ridiculous clothes she had him kitted out in and pack a few belongings, the silence at his back had been ominous…

…The glossed door to the front-room stared back at him in challenge and he realised the house itself was deathly silent apart from the sound of his own stress filled breathing and the odd passing car from outside.

The incendiary anger that had seen him storm upstairs to his room to change and pack had, in common with such displays from people who were, at base, weak, abated almost in its entirety before he had even pulled the detested Knott's Berry Farm tee-shirt over his head and flung it upon his single-cot-bed.

The shorts and socks he hated with an even greater passion than the garment he had just shed denied the same treatment as he slumped onto the cot with elbows upon knees and head in hands.

A position he had maintained for what seemed an eternity before, sick at heart and finally believing he was as weak as both his wife and the Morgan bitch insisted, he had put the tee-shirt back on and trudged dispiritedly downstairs.

And was still, many minutes later, staring at the door to the front room.

A door beyond which was the man who had taken his wife from him.

"No!" he corrected himself. Not *"taken"*. Fiona had performed that courtesy for herself before the man was even on the scene and could not be blamed in that respect.

Surprisingly, the thought made him feel ever so slightly better.

The man inside, he told himself, was being used by his wife just as he was being used by her.

Albeit in a far more manly way.

He was not a threat, just a fact, and this did put a slightly different slant on things for him.

It was a minute or so later, still considering this slightly more acceptable state-of-affairs, that Fiona's earlier words in the kitchen came back to him:

"I do not intend for him to live with us and he will only be visiting on weekends."

It was yet another, *small*, chink of light penetrating the basement of gloom to which he had been consigned and one which gave him, at least, courage enough to act.

Reaching out with a tentative hand, he twisted the door-handle and pushed before, taking a great lungful of air, stepping inside.

Seven

The man waiting inside for him turned out to be not a man at all but a boy.

The words Andy Benson was struggling to find by way of introduction were made all the harder to find as entered with cheeks that were already crimson cheeks and took in the sight of the youth who lounged nonchalantly in what had once been *his* chair.

Not only was he not a man, he was also... *black*.

Coal black.

And, young age or not… *intimidating*.

He was also, and not put too fine a point on it – which in Andy Benson's frame of mind was not likely to happen; in his thoughts anyway – shaven-headed and, below the gleaming black scalp, ugly.

And ugly in a way that put Andy in mind of the simian.

"Is this what Fiona prefers to me?" he asked himself, answer known to him beforehand and only adding to a sense of humiliation he thought had reached the tipping point.

"I'm Andy," he said as casually as he could after he had gotten over the shock of both age, colour and facial shortcomings, the feat a difficult one seeing as he was standing before his wife's *'simian'* lover in a pair of 'Doris Day' shorts and ankle-socks together with a tee-shirt from a US theme park.

The expression greeting his words on the face of the man/boy was not friendly.

"Hostile" would have been more accurate.

"I was told your name is Andrew," he said, thickly accented English making Andy Benson's humiliation at being on the back foot in such a way before one so young all the more difficult to bear.

"Well, yes, but…"

"What is it?" the man boy snapped and a pulse of anger flickered at Andy's temple at being spoken to in such a way and by such a person in his own front-room.

Except that it wasn't *his* front-room any longer.

And that was the whole point really. The reason his unsuspected weakness of character had been brought to the fore so easily. An explanation for why he was just taking the shit being heaped upon his head with so little in the way of fight.

Fear of prison and the fact the trust he had placed in his young wife had been turned against him to ensure he was stripped of not only the company he had built and the livelihood and sense of self-worth that went with it but his home also.

The man/boy's eyes were fixed upon him and did not look too amused to be kept waiting for an answer.

With Fiona's warning of what would happen were she to return from her coffee with Marjory Morgan and find her lover either gone or unwilling to continue *"fucking"* her, Andy Benson swallowed back yet another lump of self-respect and wondered how many more such lumps would be returning back via his gullet before he had none left to swallow.

The answer, were he to know it, being *"Lots"*.

"You, hmm, can call me Andrew," he said, finding it difficult to meet the eyes of a young black African he felt sure must still be in his late-teens, despite the powerful physique that was unmistakable even when seated.

Like Andy – *"Andrew"* - the teenager was wearing tee-shirt and shorts. The big difference being that the shorts were knee-length and made of denim with a "Boss" logo emblazoned on one leg. Another being the absence of ankle-socks on the bare black feet resting comfortably inside a pair of Prada moccasins.

The biggest difference of all between them, of course, being the difference in size and power despite their respective ages.

At the side of what had been his favourite chair and was now occupied by the man/boy rested a large plastic-bag and Andy Benson prayed it did not hold a change of clothes and that his unwanted visitor would be staying for the rest of the weekend or, worse, longer. He felt relieved though when he recalled Fiona saying how he would only be with them weekends. As if that wasn't enough.

Realising his wife's black and teenage lover seemed disinclined to break the silence that followed, Andy made to sit down on the sofa opposite his former chair the man/boy now occupied.

"What do you think you are doing?" asked the heavily accented voice, stopping him in his tracks.

"Fiona said you wanted to talk," answered the bewildered white husband, still making as if to sit.

"Stay right where you are?"

"What?"

"Did you hear me say you had permission to sit down?"

"But…"

“If you want me to go on giving your wife the pleasure you are unable to provide you be best to show me complete respect. She will be most unhappy if I tell her you have not pleased me”

Again, just as he thought his situation could get no worse, another yank on the chain plummeted him further downwards.

Now he was being told he had to show respect to a boy.

An *African* boy!

And what did he mean by that: *“pleased me”*?

He had no time to consider this as the man/boy had another criticism:

“Also, you are not to call my woman by her first name.”

“But… she’s my wife,” Andy replied. “Surely you…?”

“She tell me she like for you to call her something else. What is it?”

Suddenly, everything came to a head in the older white husband’s breast to create a tipping point that, temporarily anyway, filled the gap where his courage and manliness should have resided. His self-disgust for the meek acceptance of the events of the past three months ensuring what was being asked of him now was a step too far. With a *“fuck it”* he turned from the black man/boy and made to leave.

“Have a relationship with the treacherous bitch or don’t,” he called over his shoulder. “It’s your choice. I’m leaving and I don’t give a shit.”

Feeling almost lightheaded with self-approval for having finally found the balls he should have shown from the beginning, Andy had almost made it to the door when a huge black hand took him by the shoulder and spun him around.

“You go nowhere, white-boy,” issued from the mouth of the demonic and simian features of the young man his wife had been fucking and wanted to continue doing so on a regular basis.

“Really,” said an already intimidated Andy Benson, the *‘balls’* he had been so pleased to find not seconds before not so… *vibrant*… now; though he fronted-up just the same. “Watch me.”

The backhanded slap that rocked his head to the side stunned him, though not enough to prevent his being intimidated still further.

“I have changed my mind. Now I meet you I see you are every bit as weak and pitiful as your wife say. It not matter anymore if you accept what I expect from you or not, because what you want do not matter. From this moment on it be what your wonderful wife and I *decide*.”

“I’m leaving,” Andy told him, recovering enough to speak. “And if you lay a hand on me again I’m calling the Police.”

The simian face that was beginning to terrify him broke into a huge smile that contained not one jot of warmth or humour, if one can imagine such a thing, even teeth dazzling with their whiteness.

“From what I am told that will not be a very sensible move on your part. I do not think prison would be very good for a weakling like you.”

Andy knew he should defend himself rather than hide behind threats of the Police he had, for reasons just explained, no intention of calling. This black boy had just struck him. Surely he should be retaliating with some violence of his own?

But then, despite the fact he was not a tiny man and was in reasonable shape for his age, he had never been the most physically brave and was convinced anyway it would not do him any good.

Not when the man/boy facing him who was so obviously inferior in terms of looks and intelligence was so far *superior* in terms of strength and physique.

“Sensible or not, I’m off,” he said, and managed barely to move before the open-palm of a black-hand imprinted itself across his cheeks and stung his fear into the background as he lashed out with a punch to the head the man/boy was able to evade with nonchalant ease.

Snaking out a hand, the black giant took hold of Andy’s tee shirt and began to bitch-slap him. Manhandling the older white man effortlessly and not even dignifying him by making a fist and using it as if he were actually fighting a real man.

Back and forth the hand of the black man/boy slapped that handsome head, stunning his lover’s husband so much he was unable to mount a defence that would have been unsuccessful anyway.

But then, not only was Andy Benson not retaliating he was not even considering doing such a thing; this despite the fact the small part of his mind still able to function somewhere near normally convinced him the slaps – forehand and backhand - would soon knock the very teeth from his head.

In fact, it was not long before, cowed and in awe of the power of the young black brute punishing him, he also realised that the only thing keeping him on his feet as the bitch-slapping went on was the giant’s grip on his shirt. He could hear a pitiful noise coming from somewhere that was a cross between a groan and a whine and was too far gone to realise who it belonged to. Even if it was coming from him.

When finally the bitch-slapping stopped and the tee-shirt was released, it was both a disorientated and further diminished Andy Benson who slumped to his knees at the feet of his wife’s African lover.

The sobs leaving him now were markedly different from those unmanly sounds Fiona had produced from him.

These were the sobs of a man who had just been physically beaten.

And by a boy!

A *black* boy!

Through filmy eyes, Andy Benson watched the thick and powerful bare legs in their Boss shorts step away from him and resume their position in the chair that had once been his.

"Now that you know how easily Master Oyowe can punish a disobedient white-boy," the abused husband heard, "we need to get a few things sorted out before your Mummy returns."

On his knees upon the carpet of his own front-room, Andy Benson could barely breathe for stinging cheeks, disbelief, and humiliation that transcended anything he had experienced thus far.

And was about to become worse.

"I want you to crawl on all fours to me, kiss my feet with the respect they deserve from you and tell me you accept I am now your Master in the same way your former wife is now your Mummy."

Body unmoving, the beaten eyes of Andy Benson nonetheless rose up to meet those of his wife's lover as they stared out from above simian hoping against hope that his young African tormentor was not serious.

It was not to be.

"If you not at my feet by the time I reach the count of three, your new Master going to take down your little boy shorts and smack your bottom like the naughty child your Mummy says you are."

The excruciating events of the past minute or so were almost forgotten as the older white man took in the demand.

"One…"

"No!" Andy Benson's thoughts screamed. *"This isn't happening to me. Not in my own home. Not in England. Not anywhere!"*

"…Two…"

"Any second now, Fiona will be shaking him awake to tell him he was just having a very vivid nightmare."

"…Three…"

The humiliated and demoralised husband was still waiting for that most welcome of wake-up calls when he saw the man/boy who had described himself as *"Oyowe"* rise from his seat and close the distance between them.

He was still waiting when a powerful hand yanked him up by the hair, dragged him back to the seat he had just vacated, and…

Eight

It was Wednesday evening and Fiona Benson and Marjory Morgan were in Fiona's front-room discussing the events of the weekend. Given that Marjory had been required to attend an important business seminar in Harrogate first thing on the Monday morning, she had travelled up on the Sunday and missed out on the latest developments in Andy Benson's… *subjugation*. A gap in her understanding of the situation as it now stood that was being remedied now.

A necessary debriefing as the Anglo/German woman was off to the States the following day for a two week trip to cultivate business contacts and keep sweet those the company already had.

"I'm not joking with you, Marjory," said Fiona who, just the same looked pretty amused for one who was serious.

Marjory Morgan shook her head. She had long suspected the weakness residing behind the façade of her late husband's senior business partner, it had been, after all what had compelled her to cajole Fiona along the road she knew would be right for her – for them *both*. But that he would prove *this* gutless.

"It is hard to believe," she told her younger friend as both of them sat at their ease and sipped from two glasses of well-chilled Cloudy Bay that had been delivered by the shamefaced man in question himself. Though *'man'* was, of course, stretching a point, Marjory told herself. Service performed before he had taken himself off, with a sigh of inner relief no doubt, to perform some chores upstairs – his new *'Master'* having taken himself off back to the home of his white stepmother first thing Monday morning.

"I always knew he was a weakling underneath it all," Marjory said, still shaking her head, "but…?"

Fiona was smiling over the top of her glass, having experienced exactly the same thoughts herself.

"…But to cave in in such a way? And so quickly? Why, you could not have been at my house during their meeting for more than an hour, and yet…"

"And yet my husband was waiting in the hallway upon his knees with his head lowered upon my return in just the way in which I had instructed Oyowe."

"Amazing!"

"It was all of that, Fiona agreed, any moral concerns she might have had about treating a fellow human being in such way – and her husband to boot – having lost any power to make her think twice, let alone prompt her to reconsider her actions. "Seeing him brought so low by a young African boy he wouldn't have employed as an office junior at one time was almost as big a sexual rush as Oyowe's beautiful black cock filling me to completion."

Marjory Morgan was also smiling now, aroused herself despite her male organ of choice being the tongue and *never* the penis.

It was a preference the late and submissive Clement Morgan could have attested to without fear of any accompanying charge of perjury.

“Oyowe was actually stroking my husband’s hair and talking soothingly to him as he stood above him, much in the way one might try to calm an anxious pet,” Fiona went on, becoming aroused simply by recounting the incident. “My only regret is that I could not film it that my great friend Marjory could not have witnessed his humbling.”

The Anglo/German woman was reassuring:

“Do not trouble yourself, my dear. The picture you paint is vivid enough for me to take pleasure from it. And besides, I am hoping that there will soon be ample opportunities to benefit from your… *fulfilment*.”

“Sooner than you think, Marjory,” Fiona told her with a cryptic smile. “In fact, I have a little surprise for you before you return home tonight.”

“Oooh, liebling, you know how I love a surprise.”

“Then you’ll absolutely adore this one. But let me bring you up to speed first.”

“I am all ears.”

“And one very wet pussy,” Fiona reminded her with a laugh.

“That is true, but in this I am not alone I think.”

“Indeed you aren’t.”

The man she had reduced to a flunkey not available on the instant, Fiona did the honours and topped up their glasses.

“When Oyowe urged him forward and my handsome husband actually *crawled* upon his belly until he reached my shoes and was in a position to kiss them, I felt I would swoon from the sensations racing through my nervous system.”

“Oh, my!” sighed Marjory Morgan, the imagery, it seemed, doing much the same to her.

“When, without rising from his stomach, he went on to tell me that he accepted Oyowe as his *‘Master’* and that he would do his best to be the most pleasing of servants for me, well…”

She had no need to describe the series of mini orgasms that had greeted her husband’s capitulation as the recipient of her reminiscence was already on the verge of similar herself, even if she was fighting them.

“But…” Marjory Morgan said when she was calm enough to gather together rational thought, “…how did Oyowe achieve this in so short a space of time?”

“Very simply,” Fiona told her smugly, delighted to be a few steps ahead of her mentor for once.

“Well? Do not keep me in suspense.”

“He spanked him.”

Marjory thought she had not heard correctly.

“That’s what I said,” Fiona confirmed. “He took down my husband’s shorts, laid him over those wonderful black thighs, and spanked his naked bottom until – and he assures me it is not an exaggeration – my husband began to cry and wail and beg as if he truly were the infant we’ve been treating him as.”

“My, my, my, my!”

“Yes. That was my reaction when Oyowe told me. I was even more astounded when he told me how he made Andy kiss his feet afterwards as a mark of respect and then made him kneel with his nose in the corner for ten minutes to think about his behaviour before having him crawl back over and suck his cock unless he wanted another spanking.”

“And…? And your husband…? He did this?”

Fiona nodded.

“And bawled like an infant as he did so, stopping only when Oyowe’s thick and creamy semen hit the back of his throat and left him no option but to swallow.”

Marjory Morgan’s eyes closed to better picture the imagery being described to her and Fiona went on:

“But that wasn’t all. After he had made Andy lick clean his balls and his dick – as well as filming it for posterity on my mobile, Oyowe then…”

Fiona broke off before completing her train of thought and Marjory stared at her expectantly.

“To tell you more would be to spoil the surprise Oyowe and myself have for you.”

Marjory conceded the point and assured her hostess she wold be patient.

“Suffice it to say,” that hostess went on, “that my young black lover finds my husband very attractive and assures me it will make keeping him obedient and in line to us both all the more enjoyable.”

“He is bisexual then?”

Fiona thought about it:

“In a limited way, perhaps. He has no intention of fucking my husband – should I allow him, of course – but he has stated a preference for me letting my husband lick his balls before we have sex. From what I’ve read on the subject via the Net, this is known as *‘fluffing’*.”

Marjory was nodding, way ahead of her friend on the subject – if not the practical experience.

“He is also very keen on my husband being forced to clean both my pussy and his cock after our lovemaking.”

“It is, I am told,” Marjory assured her, “a most effective way of ensuring a cuck knows his place in the pecking order. And, speaking of your *‘cuck’*, how has he behaved himself since his new *‘Master’* left.?”

“The moment Oyowe left, of course, what passes for his courage returned and he turned on me. *‘How could you do this to me?”*, all that kind of thing. I mean, after all that’s happened he still thinks he can somehow talk me round and make me feel guilty for what’s been done to him.

“How did you handle it?”

Fiona’s smile was nothing short of diabolical:

“I simply picked up my mobile and gave him two choices: I said he could either have me ask Oyowe to return so he could ask him the same questions, or I could send the images of him sucking my lover’s cock to his family and friends.”

“I always knew you would prove to be a natural when it came to the domination of men – and *especially* this one.”

“I owe it all to you, Marjory.”

“It was as nothing as, equally, he is as nothing. But go on, please. How did he react to your threat?”

Fiona’s smile was utterly diabolical:

“Trust me,” she began, “you have never seen such fear on the face of a human-being. My young lover truly has him terrified and, between his fear of Oyowe, the prospect of prison, and his family seeing him suck on a massive black cock, I’m pretty sure we’ll be having no trouble from my husband from now on.”

“Wonderful!”

“As of now,” Fiona finished it’s all pleasure.”

She paused for just a moment until:

“For us, that is.”

The two triumphant women clinked glasses before Fiona told her friend it was time for her surprise and took up a small bell from the table between them and rang it.

Marjory gave her a questioning look at this new development.

“I shouldn’t have to raise my voice when I want him for something and this seems to underline his status in the house perfectly.”

“I can only agree,” Marjorie Morgan smiled as the sound of footsteps hurrying – *literally* hurrying – downstairs culminated in the presence of the man who had formerly been known in this same house as *‘Andy’* and who now went by the name of *‘Andrew’*.

He was wearing his habitual tight-shorts and ankle socks but, this time, the tee-shirt above them was emblazoned with an image of Pooh-Bear.

“Yes, Mummy?” he asked, unable to meet either of their eyes and looking as if he wanted the foundations of the house to open and allow him to fall all the way to the other side of the world and a new life *‘Down Under’*.

Though it did strike Marjory that he addressed his one-time wife in the demeaning way she insisted upon without the usual stuttering and hesitation.

He was, as she had always known he could be, and despite the hatred for them both he would always feel, becoming… *conditioned*.

“It’s time for you to give Aunty her surprise, Andrew” his *‘Mummy’* told him, expression warning him not to let her down and do as she asked in exactly the way she had said.

The look on his face promised more in the way of projectile vomit than acquiescence to his wife and now mummy’s wishes, but all it took was for Fiona to reach for her mobile-phone and the one-time *“Andy”* to begin unfastening his shorts and dropping them to the floor before stepping out of them.

“What…?” Marjorie exclaimed, genuinely surprised, even if she was not unfamiliar with such things. “No. Surely not… Is that…?”

“A cock-cage,” Fiona finished for her. “It was Oyowe’s surprise for me but, when we talked it over, we thought it would be a much better gift for you by way of a thank you for all your help and advice.”

Marjory took in the device on the former Andy Benson’s cock and balls, this as he stared shamefaced and mortified at the carpet, and told herself the metal ring encircling his scrotum and attached to an equally sturdy metal cage into which his cock had been stuffed was *not* something that would be easily removed.

Fiona was holding up what looked to her fascinated friend like a remote control of some sort.

“It comes with an added bonus,” Fiona informed her. “Running inside the cock-ring is a miniaturised Tens Unit. So, anytime you either want his attention or something more drastic by way of correcting his behaviour, you simply adjust it to the setting you want and fry away.”

Fiona laughed at her choice of word but Marjory was far too enthralled to join her.

“I’m more than happy to use my little bell to get his attention,” Fiona continued, feeling the usual rush of power at having her husband before her in such a way while knowing his tongue would soon be in both cracks as he went about satisfying the arousal his submission had prompted. “Besides, who needs a Tens Unit to make him behave when I have Oyowe.”

“I… I do not know what to say, Fiona. It is wonderful but… I fail to see how it is a gift for me.”

“It’s a gift for you because myself and Oyowe decided it would…”

She broke of once again and held out her hands apologetically:

“But why am I explaining when Andrew is here himself and knows just what to say to his Aunty.”
“Andrew” made no response and gave no sign of having heard.

The woman who had *once* been his wife in more than name only knew better.

“*Don’t you, Andrew?*” she asked, emphasising every word.

For a few moments there was still no response and Fiona was just at the point of using the mobile-phone as motivation when the man she was fashioning into a wretch began to respond.

As both women looked on, the distraught man they were treating as an adolescent bent down to pick up the shorts he had only just stepped from.

The Anglo/German woman gave Fiona a questioning look and was given a smile and a nod that urged her to keep her attention trained on their victim.

Doing as she asked, Marjory Morgan turned back to him in time to see something being retrieved from a pocket of the shorts.

Used as she was to having this same wretch of a man polish her shoes with her feet still inside them, Marjory was no less surprised when he suddenly knelt before her and pressed his lips to the toes of her shoes before kneeling up and offering her what she took to be a key on a chain.

And now it was the Anglo/German female whose breath caught in her throat as she began to divine her friend's gift to her and prayed she was not wrong.

She wasn't.

"Please, Aunty," Andy *'Andrew'* Benson began, eyes watering despite the growing numbness the unrelenting disgrace of his situation instilled him with, "I would be most honoured if you would take the key to my cock-cage and look after it for me."

And now Marjory Morgan *did* orgasm.

Epilogue

Hearing another man take his wife to high heaven was causing Andy Benson's cock to attempt to stiffen in its cage.

Of course, he knew it was an odd way for a husband to react to a black man/boy who, unbelievably, considered himself that husband's *"Master"*. A man/boy moreover who was fucking the wife who had once been his as he kneeled in a corner of the room. But he knew now that if a man was denied for long enough there were a whole host of things he could find sexually exciting that he would once have considered repugnant.

Unable to tear his eyes away, he watched his *"Master"* kiss his *"Mummy"* full on the lips while one powerful black paw caressed the breasts he himself so desired and was now denied - save on *very* special occasions when his behaviour was considered servile enough for long enough to warrant his being allowed to *"suckle on Mummy"*.

"Look at your little boy in the corner, Ms Fiona," Oyowe said, still insisting upon addressing his older white lover in such a way, despite her having assured him a simple *'Fiona'* would be fine. "You have him so very well behaved these days he seems to take pleasure from seeing you receive the attention you deserve."

"Thank you, Oyowe," Andy heard his somewhat breathless *'Mummy'* reply. "But you must take at least some of the credit for coming up with the idea of the cock-cage."

She gave out with a malicious little giggle.

"Not to mention the fact that my little boy is terrified of his powerful black master."

Giggle became laughter as the humour they took from having a grown man kneeling in the corner as if he were a disobedient child dovetailed.

This as they frolicked upon a bed that once been his and was now out-of-bounds to him.

Andy Benson writhed in impotent and chastised misery that was all the more potent for it being internalised, knowing as he did that his suffering, far from welcoming compassion, simply took their torment of him to greater levels. He had been in the cock-cage for two weeks now, ever since the *"half-Kraut"* as he described her, at least in his thoughts, had taken off to the States on a business trip that should, by rights have been his to make, and was near insane with the need for release.

Something that would only happen, Fiona had told him, when the woman who now owned his cock and balls returned.

A return scheduled for tomorrow and one, despite the unrelenting intensity of his hatred for the half-German bitch, Andy Benson was looking forward to with much anticipation.

His need was fuelled even more, of course, by a suggestion to Fiona from the black man/boy who had mastered him so easily.

A suggestion that her *"little boy"* be allowed to watch.

Not worried about him hearing or not, his young African *"Master"* had explained to his wife and now *"Mummy"* that by let him watch it would show him just how physically inadequate he was and how great her control over him. It would also, he assured her, bring it home to him that he was now so far down the food-chain that she would be unconcerned to have him in the same room with them as they fucked. A perfect way, he told her to let him know his place on a regular basis.

"As if," the broken shell of a man had thought at the time, *"she doesn't know how to do that, anyway."*

Fiona, it turned out, did not need much in the way of persuading to let her husband watch so that he could underline with even greater emphasis just how much control she exerted over his life and how much she adored being fucked by him.

Andy watched as Oyowe took his naked wife in those powerful black arms and was, again, startled by the contrast between the soft white skin of his wife's still shapely body and full breasts and the thick black fingers of the man/boy who was so gently caressing them. Hating what he was forced to witness, he found he could not tear his eyes from them as he watched Fiona reach out once more to grasp as much as she could of her lover's immense black schlong in her tiny hand, intimidated by the younger black man's powers of recovery as much as by his size.

Again, he realised his cock was straining against its prison and he bit his lip in order not to draw attention to himself by crying out as it thrust against the contraptions metal bars.

It was with much resentment, and despite the younger man's simian looks that were no match for his own handsome features, that Andy Benson confessed to himself that they made an impressive couple. The contrasts were striking. Huge and muscular black power and the almost petite yet curvy femininity of the English Rose. Yet, for once, it was not the now unattainable wife he had masturbated over so frequently before the advent of the cage that drew his attention but, mortifyingly, the throbbing black penis he could see pulsing in his wife's hand.

Trying to gauge his size and finding himself unable to quite believe any cock, let alone this monster, had known the inside of his mouth, Andy tried to gauge his *"Master's"* size.

When Fiona held him with one hand, he noted, much of its length remained free of her grasp. With two, however, one resting atop the other there would only be a little left visible – though this included the smooth and bulbous shaped crown. But it wasn't just his huge cock that fascinated the dominated and broken of spirit white man.

Even as he was repelled by the sight.

The scrotum Fiona had now slid a hand underneath was barely able to be cupped by her admittedly tiny hand; though it did serve to cushion his overlarge balls in their elongated ball-sac and push them forward and up in such a way as to make them appear even more prominent.

As if they weren't prominent enough already.

By the light of a bedside lamp, Andy Benson could see the glint of the wedding-ring he had given her with such pride all those years before when they were – *both* of them – different people. The sight of it misted eyes that were seldom a word or action away these days from unmanly tears. But then, he was no longer a man and, according to Fiona, she seriously doubted that he had ever been one in the first place.

Knelt in a corner as that same wife fondled the cock of a man/boy half his age and twice his endowment, it was hard for the demoralised husband to come up with any kind of argument to refute her assessment.

It seemed only yesterday to him that he had held her hand and lovingly placed that ring on her finger as a symbol of their love for each other together with a vow of mutual fidelity. But this was *not* yesterday and if he was not the same Andy Benson then she was certainly not the same Fiona East, as was, who was about to take his last name. That and everything else he had, as it turned out; of a material nature as well as that of the physically the emotional and the psychological.

"Does my little boy think the cock of Mummy's young lover beautiful?" the woman he had married asked, gazing over the coal black body of the lover in question to where her husband rest upon his haunches.

It was the worst moment for him – as if being there , and in the position he was required to adopt wasn't bad enough. The moment when, in a lull during their lovemaking, they decided to include him that his humiliation might fuel their mutual lust. And, in doing so, provoke the perverse excitement his besieged libido took from watching them and enjoy the pain written across his features as his captive cock made contact with the bars preventing it reaching full erection.

Throat too full of emotion to form words, Andy Benson simply nodded and prayed the non-verbal acquiescence would temporarily sate their sadism.

It didn't.

"Do not nod at your Mummy like a dumb animal," the young black man he hated almost as much as he feared told him, the displeasure of his wife's lover and how he might show it making him shake in his corner. "I do not want to have to take you over my knee again but if you disrespect this lovely woman I will do that and more."

"Calm down now, Oyowe," said Fiona in the role of good-cop, having already watched her lover perform such discipline on her husband and certainly not averse to a repeat of listening and watching this once commanding man squirm, beg and grovel under the powerful hand of his young black Master. "He is still learning and we have to cut my little boy some slack."

“He not learning quick enough for my liking,” the *‘young Master*’ told her, eyes fixed upon the abject man in the corner who could force his own to meet them.

“Now you’re just being harsh,” she chided him. “He is trying, after all. I mean, he calls you *‘Master’* without having to be reminded and he never speaks without being given permission first. I really think he wants to be the best little boy and cuckold for his Mummy and his Master he can be.”

Oyowe looked unconvinced.

“In fact, I bet that if you asked him to come and lick your lovely black balls as his Mummy rides the even more impressive cock above it he would be only too pleased to show how much he respects you.”

“Hmmm… Is that right, cuckold?”

Andy Benson heard the question but found himself unable to look up and meet the mocking and expectant eyes he knew would be trained upon him.

But he also knew the consequences of not answering.

“Y-Yes, Master.”

Now it was Fiona who tutted to show her displeasure:

“Andrew! My little boy knows better than to be so rude. Look at Master Oyowe when he asks you to speak to him and tell him exactly what it is you’d like to do for him.”

Dying the latest of a number of unending deaths, Andy Benson raised his head to meet the sight of his wife in the arms of a powerful young man upon the bed that had once been his and hers alone and be greeted, as he had expected, by eyes full of mockery and sadistic lust at having placed him in such a position.

With an effort of will, he managed to hold the black man/boy’s eyes and went began to speak the familiar words:

“Please, Master, it would be my honour to lick your superior black balls as your most beautiful cock gives my Mummy the pleasure I could never provide for her.”

“What else,” his Master demanded.

“It… It will also be my great pleasure to clean my Master’s superior semen from my wonderful Mummy when you have finished.”

Simian features turned to Fiona:

“Hmmm, I not sure he mean what he says.”

“Oh, I’m sure he does, Oyowe,” Fiona said, as if interceding on her husband’s behalf for a real boon. “Give him a try. If he doesn’t prove pleasing then I’ll put him over my own knee and spank him with your belt.”

Oyowe pretended to think about it then, deciding, placed his hands under Fiona’s hairless and smooth armpits to, with an effortlessness even Andy Benson in his corner would only grudgingly admire, lift her atop the spear that was his black cock and place her upon it.

In truth, Andy told himself – and not for the first time since the advent of the black man/boy into his life – that gasp of purest pleasure and anticipation exiting his wife’s lips was not one he could ever recall his own cock ever producing from her.

Not even close.

“Crawl to your Mummy and your Master and do your duty, cuck-boy.”

As he did so and worked himself up from the foot of the bed towards thrusting cock and stretched to its limits pussy, Andy Benson suppressed a groan of pain. His own tinier version of a cock he realised was again straining against its cage. And this time with more urgency than at any time since Fiona had fitted it before requiring he kneel before the Anglo/German bitch he blamed for his downfall and virtually begging her to accept it as a gift along with the key and the remote-control device capable of keeping it – and him – in line.

As he fixed his gaze upon the wondrous arse of his sadistic and faithless wife and his tongue made contact with the massive and hairless black balls below the humongous cock filling her, Andy – *“Andrew”* – Benson realised something else.

It wasn’t *only* the arse of his *“Mummy”* responsible for the attempted erection only Marjory Morgan could now release and satisfy.

THE END