Evil Stepdaughter

A Tale of the Erotic & Female-Led

By
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“Evil Stepdaughter”

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Prologue

It was excruciating.

The needle piercing my nipple made me scream into the balled-up panties being used as an ad hoc silencer.

But there were other aspects to the unwilling torment I was undergoing that, in their different way, were at least the equal of my physical pain.

Not least of them the sadistic smile upon the face of the eighteen-year-old woman responsible for the position in which I found myself.

Nor the fact that the woman doing the actual piercing was, like me, in her mid-forties and looked as if she had just arrived straight from a morning shift at the local library – with a stocky figure and thick-framed glasses to match; the hair she had scraped from a somewhat cold yet predatory face only serving to enhance the comparison with a retro and forbidding bibliophile.

The thick nylon clad thighs staring up at my cloudy and pain-filled eyes, together with the exaggerated calf-muscles I had already noted below them, making the connection a done deal.

Had it not been for the bracelets connecting my ankles and the fact my arms were secured at my back, I knew I would have bolted from the eighteen-year-old's room and said to hell with the circumstances. And yet, even as I told myself this, I knew that I would soon have been back in that very same room. Penitent and grovelling at the feet of the young woman who had made my life a living hell and turned the loving relationship I'd shared with her mother into…

Something quite different.

"There, there," soothed the piercing librarian, actually using her fingers to brush away my tears and stroking them through my hair as a means of drying them. "Almost done now."

I screamed into the makeshift gag once more as she produced a thin metal ring from a bowl of sterile solution and inserted it through the piercing.

"There, that wasn't so bad now, was it," she cooed, succeeding only in making me want to head-butt her as, still kneeling before me, she brought up an ice-cube from a bowl at her side and applied it to her work. "One more to go. Be a brave boy now and it will soon be over."

Used to being humiliated as I was, being treated like a pre-pubescent a grown-up was coaxing into having a dreaded inoculation – and a grown-up who was a complete stranger to me – added an extra dimension of despair and self-loathing to my predicament. Had it really been only a couple of months ago that I had married the

woman of my dreams and moved into the home she had shared with her late-husband? Could I truly have been reduced to such a condition of helpless dependency and self-hatred for my weakness in so short a space of time? And by one so young?

The *one* in question watching me from her seat upon the end of the bed and looking absolutely thrilled with her creation as I felt the librarian swab cleansing and antiseptic alcohol onto and around my remaining nipple. Not a shred of remorse, hesitation, or self-doubt could I see in the young eyes devouring me and, not for the first time, I asked myself how a woman as loving and kind as I had once believed her mother to be could possibly have spawned something so…

Demonic.

The answer was still eluding me when the needle again pierced a nipple and my screams made rational thought of any kind impossible.

When the ring had been inserted and the soothing ritual with the ice-cube repeated and I collapsed upon my side to the carpet, the sadistic librarian spoke again:

“Let him relax for a few minutes.”

And, more ominously:

“Then we can take care of the rest…”

One

Jenny was a widow of two years with teenaged daughter, named Abigail when I first met her. Her husband had passed away in a motorway collision and Jenny had not long been seeing other men again when she met me. Saving a lot of unnecessary narrative, I'll simply say that we got along famously from our first meeting in a Covent Garden wine-bar and brasserie and, within three months, were talking marriage and, another month after that, married in a South London Registry-Office. We were very much in love and, after having divorced a first wife with a disability of the legs insuring she couldn't keep them closed; except for me, of course; I felt like one of life's lottery winners to have landed such an attractive, loving, intelligent and faithful, woman for a partner.

All was well in my world at this point.

Apart from one thing.

The stepdaughter who had actually seemed to like me when I was simply dating her mother appeared to have a change of heart when I slipped the ring onto that same mother's finger and became her de facto father; moving from my own rented flat on the outskirts of London into the large South London home Jenny now owned free and clear after her Executive husband's passing. Ownership that did not prevent her continuing a rewarding career as a mortgage-consultant for a well-known high-street building-society.

And if you're thinking of me as some kind of opportunist, think again. My first wife may well have taken my home from me – no kids, thank the lord! – but the fact she had a good job of her own meant I paid nothing else and even received a cash settlement when she decided to buy me out of that same home. In fact, I had been on the point of buying myself an apartment nearer the private school in which I taught when things turned serious between Jenny and I and she persuaded me to live with her rather than uproot Abigail from her home.

It was a change that made sense and to which I had no problem conceding.

Unfortunately, however, the next change would be one in which I had no say.

A change that was as abrupt as it would prove to be far reaching.

Now, before we get into things, let me assure you that I did not attempt to usurp her late father's role and neither did I try to become some kind of authority figure to the teenager. Any suggestions or criticisms of a personal kind I left to Jenny and I was careful to insure my interaction with her daughter was as friendly and supportive as possible. Hell, I even flashed the cash for her and two friends to have a weekend at Glastonbury for her eighteenth-birthday; this after Jenny had told me how much she wanted to attend that year's music festival.

Her gratitude was immense.

And every last bit of it aimed at her mother.

Me?

All I got was a grudging monosyllable of appreciation – and I only got that because Jenny forced the issue.

"Don't take it to heart, my love," she had consoled me later that same night. *"She's simply adjusting to having another man in the home rather than her father. I know it's been two years since we lost…"* Her eyes had misted up, as they always and understandably did whenever she spoke of her late husband and I waited patiently for her to recover her equilibrium. *"To Abigail, though, it seems like just yesterday and…"*

I'd cuddled her to me tightly and prevented her telling me what I knew already; praying as I did so that the warmth Abigail had displayed to me when I was a temporary fixture in her mother's life would soon return now my presence there was permanent.

It would certainly do that; I wouldn't be long in discovering.

And in ways far *too* warm for my liking.

My name is Paul Hardacre, and this is the tale of the young woman who has ruined and commandeered my life.

Two

The moment our living arrangements changed, Abigail became cold, bordering on nasty, towards me whenever her mother was not around.

When Jenny joined us she became the sweet and loving person I'd known before marrying her mother.

Mentioning her behavior to Jenny – she was naturally protective after the girl had lost her father – would not only seem insensitive on my part but weak. I was a man in his mid-forties and it would hardly look good to all but admit I wasn't capable of dealing with an eighteen-year-old girl.

There was also the possibility she would deny her behaviour and that would simply make matters worse.

For me.

All I could do was try and be as nice as possible and hope that things found a natural – and more acceptable – level.

With the above in mind, I tried my hardest to endear myself to her. Without any discernible lessening of her growing hostility towards me. I also did my best to avoid being alone with her.

It was an invitation to lunch, from a former friend and female colleague in her mid-thirties, that triggered everything and set my new married life spiralling downwards.

I met her at lunch-time during half-term while Jenny was going to be working late that evening and Abigail was out with friends, making the most of the year-out she had taken from university to flop-out and have a good time. She had suggested a nice brasserie in Dulwich, equidistant to our homes, and I'd spruced myself up in a pair of designer denims, a plain white tee-shirt from the "Guess" range and a casual two-buttoned jacket in navy-blue. My friend looking as glam as a former teacher who had done well from her recent divorce from a City Trader she had caught doing the naughty on her – and looking far more relaxed and younger than her years than ever she had when teaching.

"Grant," she gushed when I joined her at table and she gave me a hug and a kiss, "it's so good to see you."

We had a good lunch and a catch-up and I allowed her to get the rage she was still feeling at her former husband's betrayal out of her system before bringing up my own domestic problems – or *problem*, to be more precise.

I explained how Abigail was behaving and how obvious it was that she was jealous and doing her best to undermine my marriage to Jenny without making herself look like the culprit. It had been a long time since Rebecca and I had seen each other and, as in the past, she proved a good friend who was not only prepared to listen but to give me advice

I might not wish to hear if she thought I was being wrongheaded. On this occasion, simply telling me to continue on the way I was and let my new stepdaughter see the error of her ways.

It was good advice and, after a delicious lunch accompanied by a nice glass of Sangiovese, I was feeling far more optimistic on life in general and my home-life in particular. So, when lunch was complete and she invited me to see her new home in Forest Hill, I followed her home in my little Alfa.

Her town-house was a new-build, as stylish as it was homely, and I immediately felt relaxed there. After another glass of red and Rebecca the tow of us telling each other what we had been doing for the past few years, we eventually got round to reminiscing about the fun we had during our time working with each other. Which was when, to my eternal regret, one thing led to another and, before, long we were naked with each other.

Regret or not, I confess, her body was everything I had imagined it to be down the years and my guilt and inhibitions were soon banished as my lips found her glorious nipples and she mashed my face against breasts that would not have disgraced a twenty-year-old.

A twenty-year-old glamour model, that is.

When her own lips went south, any remaining guilt I was feeling went with her.

In my defence, it had, after all, been a long time since I had felt the soft lips of a woman wrap themselves around my cock.

Now don't get me wrong. It is not that Jenny's inadequate as a lover. She is loving, tender, and full of fun. But oral sex is a no-no. On more than one occasion she has made it plain that she simply finds the thought of a man's penis in her mouth revolting. A distaste I can hardly refute as I've always had a bit of a hang-up when it comes to placing my own mouth at the service of a pussy and have told Jenny just that when she's asked me to perform the service.

A hang-up, at least on my part, that would not prevent me from being forced to perform it in the very near future.

At this point, though, having Rebecca stimulate me orally until I reached orgasm felt incredible; even if I felt her disappointment when I explained how distasteful I found the act in reverse.

A disappointment that did not survive the pummelling my eventually revived cock gave to a pussy she assured me was ravenous after a period of involuntary abstention.

I returned home before either Jenny or Abigail and, feeling guilty as well, was pleased I wouldn't have to endure Abigail for a while yet. The rest of the evening after my wife's return and then the daughter's was normal and uneventful and I had already convinced myself my infidelity of the day would not be repeated in the future. Though, cuddling in next to a woman I knew I loved, I did not get much sleep.

In the morning, as if to underline my guilt and trigger my conscience yet again, there was a message on my laptop from Rebecca. It contained a long description about how much she had enjoyed playing with my delicious cock and wonderfully I had treated her hungry pussy.

She inquired if I had enjoyed eating her pussy too and whether I intended to see her again in the future.

I felt truly disgusted with myself. I hadn't been married five minutes and I'd already defiled the union I'd made with a woman I not only loved but who had only recently gone through all the pains of losing her own partner. Her daughter's coldness and disrespect towards me was *not* an excuse.

With this self-disgust uppermost, I sent Rebecca back a massage assuring her just how much I had enjoyed our afternoon but that I loved my new wife and could not go behind her back again. She replied immediately and explained, to my relief, that she respected my decision and would do nothing to damage my relationship with Jenny; though she hoped we could remain friends and confidantes, as well as correspondents. A hope that reflected my own, given what I sensed would be a need for a friendly ear if my concerns on behalf of Abigail proved correct.

Concerns that came home to rest with a vengeance not a week and a number of emails later.

Three

“Interesting reading,” observed Abigail the moment I walked in the door from a walk of the park and a livener at the pub on my way home, making the most of my last few days before school resumed after the half-term break and feeling quite relaxed.

A feeling that did not last beyond sight of a sheath of papers she was holding in front of her and to which she referred.

Papers that looked suspiciously like email printouts.

She was still in the clingy black lycra leotard she wore to work out in the outhouse her late father had turned into a mini-gym and, if the nipples straining for release beneath the fabric were any guide, was in a state of some agitation. Not for the first time, it struck me how much she resembled her mother and my own feelings of discomfort grew. If what she held in her hand was what I thought it was, then my marriage to a woman I genuinely loved was beyond toast.

“Isn’t the Internet wonderful,” she told me, looking proverbial in a cat and the cream way.

A sense of imminent disaster clutched at my vitals and I prayed the printouts in her hand did *not* contain what I thought they contained.

The evil smile she directed my way did not reassure me and I knew she had somehow found a way to access my laptop.

But how? I didn't share my password with anyone or have it written down. And Abigail had shown no great aptitude for such technical matters other than the usual Skyping and downloading of selfies common to most young women of her age.

The answer was not long in coming:

“Amazing how many people simply shut their laptops without closing down or logging out,” she told me as I castigated myself for my carelessness and stupidity.

And it got worse.

“Not to mention forgetting to erase their deleted items.”

She was still in proverbial mode and was grinning like a Cheshire Cat as she held up the printed messages for me to see.

And there was something else in her expression too.

Something… *predatory*.

“Does mum know about your special friend?” she asked, handing me a print out of the first email Rebecca had sent after our tryst.

My blood ran cold and I'm sure my face went white as the indignation I felt at having her pry into my personal life took second place to just what she had found there.

And what she would do with the information.

I crumpled the print-out in my hands and Abigail's smile grew even bigger.

"Don't worry I saved them onto a memory-stick as well as my One-Drive. I'm sure Mummy would love to know her new husband the respected teacher is cheating on her so soon after they were married."

I totally panicked at the prospect that she would show what she had found to Jenny.

"Abigail, this really isn't how it looks. I love your mother."

Her eyes said: *"Really?"*

I tried to explain that Rebecca and I were old friends and work colleagues.

"And you're still friends-with-benefits, right?"

"Yes… No! That's not it at all, Abi."

"You don't count fucking her as a benefit?" she asked, hearing the profanity on her lips for the first time shocking me for some reason. "Won't she be upset if she ever finds out?"

She smirked:

"I wouldn't bank on her opening those legs for you again if she does."

"Abigail, it won't be happening again. You… You saw the emails. It was a mistake. I was feeling down because you were being shitty towards me and…"

"I don't believe it!" she cut me off, shaking her head with violent indignation. "Are you trying to say it's my fault you fucked around on mum?"

"No, no! Of course I'm not. You've seen the emails. I told her it could never happen again. I was just feeling low and it happened. There's no one to blame but me and I regretted it the moment it happened."

"Liar," she spat. "The only time you regretted it was after you got your second nut off. You're a fucking pig, and if you don't want me showing these to mum you had better give me a pretty good reason."

"Abigail, you're right. I behaved like a pig. But that's certainly not the real me. I love your mother and…"

She held up a hand to cut me off and, already responding to the threat she held over me, I allowed it.

“I think we need to have a serious discussion about this,” she said, already walking towards the staircase leading up to the bedrooms.

I remained rooted to the spot, watching numbly as the exaggerated swing of her hips helped her to the staircase and up a few steps.

Numbness giving way to amazement as she turned back to me and hooked a finger in my direction as an indication that I was to follow her.

Then, not waiting for my response, she simply turned and went upstairs.

I have no idea how much time passed as, with a mixture of anger, disgust, and pure fear, I contemplated just what her discovery was going to mean for me and Jenny; but I’m sure it was nowhere near as long as it seemed before leaden legs had me following in her footsteps.

*****

She was waiting for me by the door leading to her bedroom and closed it behind us after I’d made a sheepish entrance – this being my first visit - and I vaguely recall thinking it was just like any number of young women’s rooms up and down the country with its mixture of pastel colours, posters, and general untidiness.

The first words from her lips, however, were not of a kind found in many of those same rooms:

“Take off your clothes.”

I looked at her as if she’d beamed into the room straight from the Starship Enterprise.

“That’s right,” she confirmed, totally unperturbed by my shock. “I want you naked. Right here. Right now. I’m curious to see what made my mum and this *‘friend’* of yours so hot for a middle-aged man.”

“Abigail, you can’t be serious. If you think I’m going to…”

“That’s exactly what I think,” she spoke over me again. “if you want to stay married to my mum you’ll get yourself bare-bollock naked in front of me this instant.”

A sense of relief flooded me for a few seconds and overrode what she was suggesting. The inference she might not show her mother the email detailing my betrayal temporarily blotting out what I might have to do to buy her silence. If she were serious, that is, and not simply trying to rattle and humiliate me before lowering the boom anyway.

“Abigail, I made a massive mistake and cheated on the best woman I know. I’ll spend my life making it up to her if I get the chance. Do you really want to make matters worse by…?”

“Seeing you naked?” she finished for me.

I nodded, knowing something of teenage hormones and what they could drive their owner into doing. I had no idea if she were sexually active yet and had assumed at the age of eighteen that she was. Now, the thought struck me that she might still be a virgin and had decided to use what she had discovered to lose what was no longer seen as a badge of honour to the world's youth.

I was right and I was wrong.

She was, it would turn out, a virgin indeed.

But she had no intention of having me be the first, second, third or fourth.

In fact, I would soon discover she had no intention allowing me to fuck her at all.

"For reasons that are totally beyond me," she went on, "you make my mum really happy. She hadn't smiled since dad left us until you came on the scene and, believe it or not, I was grateful to you for it."

"Abigail," I began, seeing an opening and totally sincere in what I was about to say, "making your mum happy is the highest priority I have." I sensed my hypocrisy. "Even if I am ashamed of my own weakness and how I gave in to temptation. "But I promise you, that will never happen again. If it's your intention to humiliate me, believe me, you've already accomplished it. Just having you know how stupid I've been shames me to the core. But getting me to strip in front of you will only make you as pathetic as me."

"Not possible," she spat, her contempt for me obvious. "I could never fall that low. The moment you came to live with us I started to have my doubts. That's why I've not been particularly warm to you and I knew it wouldn't be long before I was proved right."

Her hands went to her hips defiantly – almost, it seemed to me, with *authority*.

"And I have been, haven't I?"

"Abi, I…"

"Shut up, you cheating cunt!" she screamed.

Her venom and the language in which she expressed it, froze me to silence. For all my greater experience and years as a teacher I was at a loss with how to deal with the situation. It also began to strike me that my one-time lapse of judgement and fall to temptation with Rebecca might just spell the endo of my new marriage to a woman I adored.

"Here's what's going to happen," she went on over my stunned expression, as if she were in no doubt whatsoever that I was going to comply with her demands – whatever they were. "You're either going to do just what I tell you from now on, or a couple of things will happen that you won't like."

I continued to stare at her, too stunned to respond.

Firstly, I'll show these emails to mum," she told me, hands still resting upon lycra-clad hips as she stared me out with what appeared *total* confidence. "That's not my favourite option as, for some reason, you seem to make her happy. But you better believe I'll do it in a heartbeat if you don't agree I'm your boss from now on."

A number of rationalisations occurred to me at this point.

The first being that perhaps the eighteen-year-old had feelings of her own for me – I was still in pretty good shape with a headful of thick and well-styled hair that retained the majority of its natural colour, and such things had happened to me during my years as a teacher and been dealt with seriously and sensitively on my part. The second being that perhaps she was just trying to save her mother more heartache. She had been through such a lot, after all, and my behaviour, I freely admit, was reprehensible enough to be causing me considerable guilt. And the third of those rationalisations being a sad amusement at Abigail's belief that my transgression and her possession of the incriminating emails somehow made her my *"boss"*.

"You said *'a couple of things',*" I reminded her, something of the school-teacherly manner returning to me as my wits acclimatised and my fear, though still present, receded enough for me to be able to think more clearly.

My wits would not stay acclimatised for long.

"The other thing," she began, still looking supremely confident for aa girl in her late-teens who was facing down a far older man in her own bedroom, "is that if you don't agree to do as I say from now on I am going to ring the Police and tell them how you came to my room and tried to rape me."

As if to underline her threat, and as I stood in stunned silence once again, she produced her iPhone from the top of the bed and hovered a finger over it.

"You have to the count of ten to start getting out of your clothes," she told me. "Then I'll make the call and you'll not only lose mum but your job and your freedom as well."

I admit it, the moment the words left her mouth my legs turned to a mixture of water and jelly, barely able to support me as her young and intense eyes fixed themselves upon mine unblinkingly.

"Abigail," I began, mouth drier than a hose in a drought, mind working furiously.

"One…" she began.

"You're being irrational, Abi. You're angry with me for…"

"Two…"

"…for doing such a stupid and hurtful…"

"Three…"

“You’ll hurt your mum, more if you do this. Aside from the lies…”

“Four…”

“…the lies you’ll have to tell the Police. Who do you think…?”

“Five…”

She was as relentless as a metronome and I could actually feel the terror rising from my liquefied legs up into my heart and lungs.

“Who do you think the Police will believe? You? Or a respected teacher of many years who…”

“Six…”

“You’ll break your mother’s heart, Abi.”

“Seven…”

“It was a mistake, Abi. I love your mother and want to spend…”

“Eight…”

“Please, Abi,” I pleaded, knowing with certainty that she held my immediate future in the hands currently poised over her iPhone and sensing she would have no compunction in doing exactly as she threatened. Call me weak, pathetic, or any adjective that comes to mind. But believe me, unless you’ve been in my position, standing in that room with a young woman you knew was intent on ruining you if she did not get her own way, your descriptions of me are unlike to be of the most informed kind.

“Nine…”

“Abi, I’m begging you. Put the phone down and let’s talk. We’ll…”

“Ten!”

Words, not that they had served me well to this point, deserted me as she tapped a digit out on the phone.

And then another.

Which was when, barely aware of my own actions, I began unbuttoning my shirt, eyes riveted upon my stepdaughter as her finger hovered over that final and irrevocable digit.

“Everything,” she demanded, unable to quite disguise the excitement she was taking from having a man so many years her senior do her bidding and, unless it was my imagination, licking dry lips when my well-maintained if not overly sculpted upper body was revealed to her. “I want you in front of me bare bollock naked.”

“Abigail…” I tried to plead.

She stepped towards me and slapped my face.

Then, as I stood before her, shirtless, motionless and dumbstruck:

“Say one more word without me giving you permission and I swear I’ll make the call,” she told me, getting into my face so close I could feel her breath make its way up to my chin; her breasts heaving with the animation that stood in such stark contrast to my transfixed horror while made to seem even more impressive under cover of the lycra.

The slightest of smiles curled her lip and I could tell she already knew I was beaten as she took a step back from me and ordered – yes *“ordered”*:

“Now get naked.”

To my everlasting shame and regret, I not only did as this young woman told me but did it instantly. Before another minute had passed I was naked to her scrutiny; my cock taking its lead from my thoughts and thankfully flaccid. Which did not stop her from looking impressed; even if it was a look that lasted only a moment before she regained her more usual demeanour of contempt in respect of me.

Her next words – though I have no idea what I was expecting to hear – were both a shock and a puzzle:

“Put your hands behind your back and stay still,” she ordered, turning away to retrieve what looked like a mini-notepad and something I couldn’t quite make out from a drawer in her bedside cabinet.

Then, looking up into my eyes with a look of the purest malevolence:

“I need to get you measured…”

Four

Jenny's face was a picture – and it was *not* of the chocolate-box variety; whereas mine was hotter and redder than the most vivid capsicum.

"I… I need you to let me do this for us, Jenny," I told her as she stared at the object I had just revealed between my legs. "I… I never want anything or anyone to come between us and this will make sure of it."

I had just entered our bedroom from the en-suite in which I'd disrobed and it wasn't until I stood before her in motionless silence for what seemed an eternity that she raised her eyes from her book to look upon the naked body of her husband. And an eternity later before uncomprehending eyes took in the contraption surrounding my cock and balls her daughter had locked upon them before her mother returned from work. A discovery that left her speechless.

For a while, anyway.

"What…? What on earth have you done?"

"It… It's a chastity-cage, my love," I answered, cheeks continuing to burn as she took in the ringed scrotum and the metal-cage encasing my imprisoned manhood.

"For god's sakes, Paul! I know what it is. What I want to know is… *why?*" Is…? Is this the sort of… *stuff*… you're into?"

I shook my head, genuinely, the wearing of such a thing – let alone allowing the love of my life to see me in it – hateful to me; unable to tell her that it was her own daughter who had insisted upon it and held a spare key to the device other than the two I was about to present to her mother. It had been a month since that fateful day in Abigail's bedroom and her measuring of my… *dimensions*. The device the teenager had ordered online with my credit-card having arrived that morning.

And now here I was, ready to spout the bullshit the girl had come up with for wearing the thing before I presented with, supposedly, the only two keys to the secure titanium padlock securing it.

"Please, Jenny, hear me out," I begged, feeling about as low as I could recall feeling – even lower than standing in a teenager's bedroom and have her measure my tackle; the prospect that my wife might not buy her daughter's concocted explanation, and view me as just another male pervert who got off on bondage weighing heavily on my mind as I prepared to deliver that explanation.

Without a word, she waited, eyes searching mine with expectation and no small measure, I thought, of disappointment.

Some minutes later, when I'd finished detailing my reasons for locking away my own manhood and offering her the keys, the disappointment had all but vanished and I could see she was beginning to buy into my explanation of wearing it to insure our marriage.

By locking away my cock and balls and being, again supposedly, my sole keyholder, I was insuring myself against the accusation of improper behaviour more and more of my male colleagues were finding themselves being plagued by. It was a gross distortion of the truth, of course, but had enough validity in reality for me to be able to fashion a cogent excuse.

Of course, if one thought about it for long enough, it was obvious that simply locking my cock away would not pre-empt accusations of indecency on my part; but at least it went some way towards mitigation if such should ever prove the case.

I must have been successful with my argument because, when I offered the keys to her, it took only a few moments hesitation before she held out a hand and allowed me to place them in her palm.

"It makes better sense this way," I told her as sincerely as I could under the circumstances, hating what her daughter and her growingly authoritative manner towards me had insisted I do. "This way it's up to you when we get to make love. I know how stressful your job is and the last thing I want to be doing is pestering you for sex when you're not in the mood.

It was utter bullshit flowing from my mouth and I knew it, but, to my astonishment, something resembling… *excitement*… transfused her expression and I got the impression she was warming to the idea.

"Well," she began finally, staring at the keys in her palm; "I can't say I'm not… well… shocked really, but…"

Her eyes found mine and searched them, almost as if she was questioning the seriousness of my intent, suspicious she might be on the wrong end of some marital practical joke.

"You…? You really mean this?"

I nodded, everything about the situation making me want to throw up; even as I breathed a sigh of relief that she was buying the explanation and my marriage would continue.

As well as preventing the daughter making good on her threat to report me as having tried to rape her.

A thoughtful silence followed.

Then:

"If we are to do this," she told me with deadly seriousness, "I won't put up with you pestering me every minute of the day to be released. You can ask, of course. But if I say no that will be the end of it. Agreed?"

It struck me that she was getting into this *far* too swiftly for my liking and I sensed from the swell of her breasts that there was much in the situation and the taking control of my manhood that she found… *arousing*.

“That… That’s part of why I want to wear it for you,” I lied.

She nodded, but the nod was for herself. It was not inclusive. In the space of a few minutes I could see she was already viewing me in a different way. A *lesser* way, perhaps. But then, could I blame her?

Her next words pretty much confirmed my suspicions for me:

“Paul, you do realise that this will change things between us, don’t you?”

Fear of what she was about to say must have revealed itself on my face because she was quick to reassure me:

“Don’t think for a moment that I won’t still love you,” she smiled with a kindness behind which I knew lurked something I wouldn’t like. “You’ll still be the handsome and considerate man I married. But…”

“But what, Jenny?” I pressed, forced into Abigail’s scenario and obliged to play it to the hilt if I still wanted a marriage – perhaps even a job and my freedom. “I’m doing this because I love you so much and want nothing to ever come between us,” I lied. “I’ll still be here. I won’t have changed.”

She shook her head sadly.

“It’s not you I’m worried about, Paul,” she told me.

“I… I don’t follow you.”

“Think about it, my darling,” she said, just as if I were one of my own pupils and she was highlighting an obvious fact that seemed to be eluding me. “I’m flattered that you think enough of me to do such a thing. And I know you well enough to be sure this isn’t an attempt on your part for some kinky sex.”

I snorted dismissively – she had *that* right!

“But surely you see,” she went on, “that by giving me these keys you are also saying I have a certain… *authority*… over you. You do understand that, don’t you?”

“Well…” I blustered, comfortable with neither her assertion nor the underlying satisfaction I sensed accompany it.

“I’ll be honest, Paul. This is all something of a shock to me. But the more I think about it the more sense it makes. Though I can’t believe you came up with this idea on your own.”

A wave of fear travelled the length of my spine and I knew the game was up if she ever discovered her daughter’s hand in all this.

"You… You're right." I told her, thinking furiously. "One of my colleagues – and don't ask his name because I gave my word I wouldn't divulge it – did the same thing with his wife. Think about it, my darling," I urged her, using her own words to me. "Think about how vulnerable we teachers are to accusations of the sort. It's not just our relationships and marriages at stake, but our careers and our freedom too."

This gave her pause for thought.

"Yes… I can see that. But surely you can also see that you're investing a lot of… I'm sorry, but there's no other way to say this. By giving me control over your… orgasms, you're investing a lot of power in me."

It was something I could indeed see and, given the high regard I had for my wife, was the least of my worries on the subject. She was the best person I knew. If I were going to give control of my cock and balls to a woman – and my preference would be not to do so at all – then my Jenny would be that person.

"I do see that," I told her, "and have absolutely no qualms about it. "I fell in love and married the sweetest and most loving woman in the world and there's no other woman on the planet I'd ever pay such a compliment."

"And certainly not your little bitch of a daughter," ran my thoughts.

Jenny was nodding her head now, and I could see she was not only coming around to my deceitful reasoning but, if I was not mistaken, beginning to warm to it.

Sure enough:

"So, if we go ahead with this arrangement, you're saying I'll be in complete control of our sex-life?"

"Whoa!" I thought. *"Where did this come from?"*

On the backfoot immediately I attempted to prevaricate:

"Well, not exactly, Jenny. Just because I want to insure our lives as a couple I wouldn't want you to think I've turned into some kind of wimp. Certainly, it will be your decision as to when and how often the… the…"

"Cage?" she offered.

I nodded, painfully uncomfortable in both skin and thought.

"But that doesn't mean you'll be calling the shots when it does come off," I finished.

Was that disappointment I saw flit across her face momentarily?

"And wearing it for me doesn't excite you?" she asked, the slightly off tangent inquiry catching me unawares, while her quick glance at my flaccid cock in its imprisonment seemed to answer the question for me.

“Apparently not,” she mused, and then, to my unquantifiable relief, she smiled. A loving smile. A reassuring smile that told me all was going to be well and I still had a wife.

Relief she underpinned with words:

“Okay, Paul. I have my concerns, but let’s see how things go.”

Her next smile was coquettish and full of promise.

Promise that lay in the future, that is.

“I have a busy day and an early start tomorrow; in fact, the rest of the week’s pretty hectic as well,” she told me, patting the mattress at her side. “So I think your cage needs to stay on for tonight.”

Not being in the mood right then – understandably I thought – I wasn’t too disturbed.

Though her next words certainly changed that mental dynamic:

“Perhaps we’ll review the situation at the weekend,” she said, smiling again. “Now turn out the light and come to bed.”

Doing as she asked and sliding under the covers, I felt her spoon up to my back and her left-hand travel south towards my trapped cock and be-ringed balls.

For the first time since the bitch stepdaughter had placed me in the cage, my cock attempted become erect and I stifled a wince as the steel bit into a sensitive and expanding mushroom head.

“Hmmm,” came her last words before she fell immediately into a profound and, no doubt blissful sleep. “I think I could grow to like this.”

And, with those words resounding in my head, so began my life as a chastised husband.

Five

I couldn't believe the girl I had once believed to be so sweet could be so cruel. With her black hair and vivid green eyes there was a kittenish look to her. But that was where any such cuddly comparisons ended.

It was the seventh week of my chastity and I was no nearer to finding a way out of the imprisoning shackles in which my stepdaughter had placed me.

If anything, I was even more trapped.

If you're trying to second-guess why my situation had been made worse, then picture this:

A forty-something man, laying naked upon an eighteen-year-old girl's bed as she unlocked his cock and balls from their restraints and, to his eternal shame, feathered his needy cock to erection; cutting off my protests by slapping my face hard enough to rock my head violently to one side and marking my cheek.

The above before manipulating me to only the third orgasm since she had fitted me with the infernal contraption and had me present myself – gift-wrapped and ready, so to speak – to my wife while wearing it.

And, after bringing me to the boil, catching my copious emissions in what she had no problem telling me were her soiled panties.

This before sealing them in a plastic food bag and placing them somewhere out of my knowledge or reach.

Now it was not just a question of being accused – and *that* was terrifying enough.

Now she had physical evidence to back up her claim of rape.

As my thoughts came back to the here and now, I realised she was removing her clothes.

I watched, kneeling upon the carpet in her bedroom as her blouse slowly came off and she pulled the straps of her bra from her shoulders so she could twist it around and unhook it before allowing it to fall to the floor at her feet.

"Rub Ms Abigail's tits, you pathetic wanker," she ordered, seating herself on the edge of her bed to give me access from my kneeling position.

As I did as she asked and, as I felt my treacherous cock stir in its confinement, it was hard not marvel at the changes the last seven weeks had wrought in me.

For one:

I no longer worked.

It being *"Ms Abigail's"* idea that I ask Jenny if I minded leaving the job I loved in order to make her life easy and take over the running of the home in order to relieve her of even more stress.

It was a request I had prayed Jenny would refuse.

She didn't.

To the contrary, she was positively buoyant about my offer and actually released me from my cage that I might fuck her that same evening.

After the compulsory months' notice, I was no longer a teacher and no longer had an income or access to cash of my own; especially since we had merged our accounts and Jenny – being far better with money than me – took over our accounts; leaving me with one debit-card she allowed me to pay for shopping and other household necessities.

I felt, to no great surprise, as if I'd allowed myself to be neutered.

And I *knew* that the domestic, sexual, and financial independence I'd allowed to be stripped from me would difficult, and perhaps impossible, to gain back.

My shame and inability to counter the changes being made to my life, in fact, were in stark contrast to the delight my previously sweet and loving wife was taking in my growing… *docility*.

"I've never seen mum so happy," said the bitch-daughter as she slid her skirt down a pair of shapely legs, muscles defined by the regular workouts she gave herself with such frequency; the fact she was something of a loner who enjoyed her own company giving her plenty of time to indulge her fitness obsession. "You might be a pussy-boy but she enjoys having you in her life – even if you are becoming little more than a domestic servant to her. Then again, even that's better than being some cell-mates bitch if you ever make me have to play hardball with you."

As the skirt slid down her legs, she slipped a finger under the waistband of her black panties, and started rolling them down her hips. When she stepped out of them she raised the sole of her foot to the centre of my chest and pushed me onto my back so that I was staring up at her shaven womanhood. The absence of any pubic hair only serving to enflame my treacherous cock in its cage.

"About time, we got you started on some serious pussy-worship," she told me. "Then you can really serve mum the way she deserves to be served."

Abigail, I have to confess, has the kind of figure every girl would kill to have and most men would sell themselves to take. But I wasn't most men – if indeed, I was a man at all – and the prospect I knew she was describing did not appeal. Quite the opposite, in fact.

Explaining, perhaps, why I spoke up to the bitch for a change – on more than one level, given she was towering above me at the time with a foot upon my chest as the red-nails of her toes flicked at my chin.

“Your mum… Jenny…” I began, feeling lower than dog-turd to be speaking of my wife in such a way to her daughter. “She doesn’t like… You know?... Oral sex?”
Her expression said:

“So?”

“She… She also knows that… that I don’t like it either?”

“So” changed to *“And?”*

“Won’t she be suspicious if I suddenly want to start doing… *that*… to her suddenly?”

In answer, she placed her feet either side of my chest and squatted down, eyes beaming into my own, no doubt to enjoy the defeat she herself had placed in them.

“Just tell her that, because she works so hard, you want to do something special for her.”

Her firm eighteen-year-old arse came to rest on my chest.

“Trust me,” she said with a knowing confidence decades beyond her actual age, “once I’ve trained your tongue to know what it’s doing, she’ll be more than willing to accept your… *gift*.”

Her pussy was directly above me now and the scent of her was already making my nostrils crinkle. Looking beyond it I could make out a pair of full and self-supporting breasts with puffy that appeared almost as if they were breasts in their own right. But it was her pussy, both in scent and in sight, that was arresting my attention at this moment.

At eighteen, still, her labia minora remained hidden between the lips of her labia majora and, despite my long-time revulsion for oral sex of the kind, I found myself responding to her dominance of me. Over the weeks since she had first blackmailed me, I had begun to feel strange new feelings whenever I was in her presence. Even when we weren’t alone and, for the sake of appearances, she at least treated me with a degree of normality, I started to feel…

There’s no other way to put it.

I felt *weak* in her presence.

It was almost as if my subconscious had succumbed to her dominant nature and had gradually allowed the message to seep into my everyday reality. Whenever I was around her – and equally so with my growingly imperious wife - I had a strong desire to feel Abigail’s breasts and stroke her pussy. On one occasion she had make me kiss and lick her bare feet after a strenuous workout – and even this indignity seemed to stoke my unnatural desire for such treatment from her.

And there was no doubt she was happy to degrade me even more.

She lowered her pussy onto my mouth and nose and began a series of soft and slow gyrations against my face as I came to terms with a woman's scent – up close and about as personal as it gets – for the first time. Then the gyrations stopped and she simply settled over me. I suddenly realised I was being smothered and had to struggle to catch a breath, trying to buck her off of me only to have her snatch a hand full of my hair and yank my head back into place.

Then she raised herself up an inch or so.

"Flatten your tongue and lick me from the top of my arse to my clitoris," she ordered, as if she were some kind of sex educator and me an unwilling neophyte; making me wonder how a girl with such reclusive tendencies and no friends to mention had become so knowledgeable when it came to the receiving of oral sex.

My puzzlement, however, was fleeting; given that I had other things on my mind as I tried to follow her instructions.

"Good boy," she breathed demeaningly. "We'll soon have you trained and up to speed for your lovely wife… Yes, that's it!... Oh, what a good boy you are. Keep flicking my clit with your tongue and then suck it into your mouth as if it's the tastiest and juiciest lollipop… Yes! That's it!... Oooooh!"

To my amazement, the smell and the taste of an act I had once found repugnant was beginning to turn me on and I groaned into her cunt as my cock tried to erect and met solid steel; my new found desire growing so fast I was able to backdoor even this discomfort. Having this young woman atop me in such an intimate way was affecting me big-time. Though part of me thought the realisation, I had no choice but to concede the fact that her use of me simply seemed…

Right!

Then, as I tried to make sense of these new feelings; even as I continued to suck upon her clitoris and my cock continued its futile attempt to fully enlarge within its captivity, and just as I was beginning to lose myself in the smell and taste of her; she sat up.

Rocking back so she could see my eyes, she stared down with a look of triumph that managed to thrill me despite its unholy nature.

Then, rocking her hips forward again, and to my utter horror, she moved her asshole right over my mouth.

It was too much and I began to buck beneath her as her puckered button lowered itself towards my captive nose and lips.

Her response was immediate and I felt as if the life had been sucked from my body when she simply reached behind her and squeezed my be-ringed balls.

"Going to behave?" I heard as she rocked back again and stared down at my tear-filled eyes; emphasising her question by giving my scrotum a vicious yank that fetched a

whine from my throat that would not have disgraced that of a small rodent caught in the jaws of a larger and far more fearsome predator.

“Well?” she demanded, relaxing her grip and allowing me a few seconds to recover.

“Y-Yes,” a pitiful voice I barely recognised as my own answered.

It wasn’t good enough.

“Yes, what?”

“Y-Yes, I’ll behave, hmm, Ms Abigail.”

“That’s better,” she told me with a superior smirk. “Now, when I lower my arse onto your face I’ll say *‘sniff’* and I want to hear you taking in my scent through your nose. You’ll be getting very familiar with my arse so get used to it.”

An unmanly tear ran down towards my mouth and it was obvious the sight pleased her.

“Then, when I’m satisfied you have the scent of my arse imprinted upon your memory, I’ll say *‘lick’*, and then you can respectfully lick around my rim until I’m satisfied it’s all fresh and spotless.”

My horror and sense of worthlessness knew no bounds as she threw out her instructions with the full confidence of having them obeyed and the sickness I felt at heart was only matched by the inexplicable urgency of my thwarted erection and the pain of the steel cutting into it, even as I berated myself for taking such treatment from her.

And my self-castigation when she added her final instruction – for now, anyway:

“Then, when I say *‘tongue’*, I want you to stick your silly tongue out as far as it will go and make it into a point.”

Her smile as she stared down at me was as near pure evil as I ever hope to see and again I asked myself how I could ever have believed her to be a nice, sweet, girl.

“Then, when you’ve done that, I’m going to let you tongue-fuck my bum – and believe me, it’s as close as you’ll ever get to fucking me.”

Hating her as much as I was coming to fear her, it came as a surprise that hearing my cock would never experience her sweet cock inspired in me a sense of loss that bordered on despair; though I had no time to dwell on the sensation when her arse lowered itself towards my waiting face and she said, simply and as if it were the most normal request in the world:

“Nose.”

And with that, I was forced to smell her asshole, closing my eyes to my own humiliation in the shape of her teenage buttocks above me as I exaggerated my sniffs so that she’d be in no doubt I was following her instructions.

How low can a man fall?

And yet…

I soon realised I was finding her odor remarkably sweet.

How could this possibly be? Had she taken me so low I could actually find so debasing an act… *arousing?* Was I beyond redemption?

The answer came partly with her next spoken command:

“Lick.”

Instantly sticking out my tongue, I began to lick around the rim of her anus and found the taste only mildly off-putting, feeling a sense of absurd pride when she let out a moan of pleasure as I teased her outer rim with the tip of my tongue, becoming more and more lost in my service to her as I continued with my debasing worship of her.

But it was some minutes later, with my stepdaughter all but swooning atop me, after she had uttered that last word, that I had my answer in its totality:

“Tongue!”

Six

My wife reached into her bedside cabinet and pulled out something. I couldn't see just what it was because my head was locked between her thighs in what had become almost a nightly ritual for us since I had surprised her – delightfully, if her screams of pleasure were to be believed – by asking if she would like me to worship her pussy the way it deserved to be worshipped. Words supplied to me by my stepdaughter. Words that I knew she would have no way of knowing whether I used them or not – her mother was hardly likely to confide something of such an intimate nature to her, after all – but words I used just the same.

From having no interest in giving or receiving oral sex, my wife was now a born-again believer in the power of the pussy and its *right* to have itself pleasure by her man's tongue.

A new conviction-cum-obsession that did *not*, sadly, apply when it came to the giving.

When she rolled off me and sat up I saw she was holding a pale-green latex dildo and looking very pleased with herself.

"I ordered it online," she told me proudly, as if pleased with her daring, running a finger the eight inches from its tip to its base where rested a lifesize scrotum in the same green latex. "I thought it could take up the slack now you're not as… available… as you once were. You can use this on me instead. That's why I bought one without the vibrating facility."

Her smile might have seemed loving, if her mockery of me had been a little less obvious as she added:

"So you can feel a bit more involved."

My face reddened, despite the indignities heaped upon me by the daughter to which I was becoming more and more acclimatised, at hearing my wife tell me she had more use for an inanimate lump of latex.

And the impression I was getting of her enjoying my discomfort for the first time went no way towards easing my chagrin.

"You could always…" I began, only to be cut off.

"No!" she said sharply. "I know what you're going to offer and it won't work. Too much has changed between us for there to be any going back."

My spirits sank as my recognition of her changed attitude towards me grew stronger. Previously, she had always been at pains to reassure me and praise me for the efforts I was expending to make her happy. But not now."

"We spoke about this when you first suggested it. Apart from the reasons you gave about your work and the dangers of being falsely accused, you also said you wanted to do it for me: *'To relieve your stress'*, were your exact words. I went along with it in the beginning because I thought you were trying to prove yourself to me. And guess what? You have. I don't think I've ever been happier, and I include my time with – God rest his soul – my late husband. I can't tell you how much I appreciate you for offering to take care of the home and become my househusband."

My face reddened further at hearing such a description of myself upon her lips – despite a grudging acknowledgment of its accuracy.

"I've already had one promotion at work since you took over the stress of running the household and I've been told I'm on the verge of another."

"But…?"

"I told you no!" she snapped again, voice taking on a tone of command I'd noticed creeping into her discussions with me more and more. Our new bed-time and private relationship, with Jenny in charge of my orgasms and when I had them; not to mention her own; had spilt into our daytime life too. Subtly, she had begun taking the decisions she had once expected me to make whenever we went out to dine or had friends over for the evening; though, so far, her air of growing command in respect of me had yet to be picked up on by either female or male friends alike – though I did get the impression some of the husbands considered me henpecked.

If only they knew!

She had even started to decide which invitations from our friends we should accept.

Whether I liked it or not.

The answer to the above being, of course, "*Not"*.

"This was your idea and it's working," she went on. "I've no intention of changing a thing. And that *includes* letting you out of your cage when I'm not in the mood."

I wanted to yell and scream at the unfairness of this and, instead, simply lowered my head sulkily; so far was I from the man I had been not months previously.

The silence that followed was… *charged*.

Then:

"I think it's high-time we were honest with each other," she told the top of my head as I stared at the duvet, lost in self-pity and recrimination for having allowed myself to be brought to such a pass.

"Look at me when I'm speaking to you, Paul," she said, just as if she were the ex-teacher and her forty-something husband another home-schooling project in need of a firm hand.

As if I'd been conditioned to respond, my eyes lifted to hers and, alarmingly, saw something of the same expectation of obedience on my part and authority upon hers I now saw on a regular basis from the daughter.

"You should know this, Paul. My feelings for you have changed."

My breath caught in my throat. A sense of imminent disaster paralysing my naked and prone body. Sure the "D" word would not be long in coming.

"How could they not?" she asked, continuing on as I waited for the shoe to drop. "I won't lie to you, Paul, these past weeks since you… *dedicated*… yourself to me have been… Well… I suppose wonderful is the only word to describe them."

My lungs filled with the oxygen of relief; not to know it would be only short-lived.

"But…" she continued, looking, to my horror, regretful, "I have to say also that I've lost the love I once had for you."

She must have seen – I don't see how she could have missed it – the pain her words brought to my features and hurried on:

"I'm sorry, Paul. I put that clumsily and insensitively. Believe me, I'm not saying I don't love you still and want our marriage to end. Far from it."

The air of relief again entered my lungs; though not with the same intensity as before.

How could it when, love me still or not, she had told me her feelings had changed?

A change she was about to make plain to me.

"Though I love what you do for me and have no intention of losing you, it was inevitable that I would lose a certain amount of respect for you. How could I not? You have to admit that your role in the home is more than a bit less than unmanly."

"But…" I began again, appalled that she might think of me in such terms and about to protest, even if I had suspected as much myself.

After all: *"How could she not?"*.

Again, she cut me off:

"No, Paul! Please don't interrupt when I'm speaking."

It was the second time in a matter of minutes that she had rebuked me in the way of an authoritative adult correcting an errant pre-pubescent. And I just lay there and took it. Doing the very thing that was guaranteed to make her feel even less respect for me.

"You have to admit," she continued, "that you behave more as if you're my… Not to mince words… My servant. Even Abi's commented on it; though she does seem to be warming to you now."

She laughed at an amusing thought before sharing it with her husband:

“She even said how lovely it is to have our very own servant.”

My eyes raised in anger at this; that the woman who supposedly loved me would laugh at hearing her daughter describe me in such a way.

“Oh, don’t get all high and mighty now,” she chided. “Abi was only having a little fun and has no idea of what we do in private.”

She took my heavy and unused balls in the palm of her hand and jiggled them.

“I’m hardly likely to tell her that my husband, and her new stepfather, has his baby-making equipment all locked away and I have the keys.”

She allowed herself a tiny smile as my treacherous and ignored for too long cock again attempted to reach full erection; its owner turned on to have his balls handled in even such a… *dismissive*… fashion.

“And I certainly wouldn’t want her to know you virtually begged me for the privilege,” Jenny added. “I think that would just about kill any respect she has for you.”

My lip was being sorely tried by my teeth as I bit back the temptation to tell her just how much her bitch of a daughter did know and was only prevented by the knowledge of what such a disclosure would mean for me.

“The fact remains though, that, my love for you has changed. I can’t help it. It’s all so… *unmanly*.”

I looked at her with genuine horror upon hearing my behaviour described in such terms – even if I could hardly be surprised by such a reaction.

“If it’s any consolation to you,” she went on, looking anything but consolatory and simply preparing to throw me a bone, “my own reaction to it all has been just as startling. I mean, it’s all so self-demeaning for you. Dirty. Degenerate. Perverted. I can’t help but feel you didn’t come up with that nonsense about your job simply to put yourself in a position where I had control of you and it turned you on.”

She could see I was about to respond and cut me off simply by increasing the pressure upon the balls in her grasp.

“Look at the way you worship my pussy now?” she continued. “Knowing that I will *never* take your cock in my own mouth. What do you think this tells me about you? That you’re a man? Not hardly! What man worthy of the description would not only lick his wife’s pussy in such a way, but would even kiss and lick her back-passage to show her how much he cares for her?”

My eyes flitted from hers, mortified and ashamed; knowing that my only defence was even more incriminating than my actions and that, if I took her daughter on, there would be only one loser.

Her husband's silence seeming to stoke my wife's growing sense of control and what she could do with it.

"I mean, that's hardly a man I could admire or look up to, is it? A man who's given up all pretence of equality with me to leave his job and take on the household chores, while his wife goes to the workplace to support them both? A man who has consented to have the organs defining his masculinity locked away in that same wife's possession and yet consents to serve her pussy and arse so that she may not go without? Does this sound like a man to you?"

I felt truly sick; knowing the truth of her words and that their only plausible refutation were other words likely to make a desperate situation untenable.

"I… I have to…"

Tearing myself from the bed and her grip upon my privates, I leapt from the bed and just made it to the en-suite in time to empty my stomach into that waiting porcelain.

But there was no reprieve following on from my voiding.

"Do you know," came her voice from the doorway; "I bet I could even trickle my urine into your mouth and you'd not only accept it but grow to feel honoured to have me use you in such a way. Get to like it, even." Her laughter was cruel and nothing like the Jenny I had met and fallen in love with. "Perhaps even crave it," she finished.

And, as I hugged the toilet and allowed feelings of shame, disgrace, and futile anger to threaten another round of abdominal voiding, my cock thrust against its constraints with at least as much power and desperation as I had ever experienced.

"Would you like me to do it?" she broke in on my thoughts, her own excitement unmistakable and, finally, telling me the relationship we had once shared – no matter what we shared in the future – was beyond repair of local or any other kind.

"You…?" I began, raising m head from the bowl and twisting around so that my naked back rested against the chill of the porcelain. "You would do that to me?"

She mistook my question for something quite different:

"Of course. You're my husband still and I want you to be happy and fulfilled. If eating my arse and then drinking my piss is what it takes then, yes, I would be only too happy to do that for you."

"And what if I said I didn't want that?" I asked. "What if I said it was the last thing on earth I wanted?" My voice was coming with greater strength and conviction now. "And what if I said I wanted the lovely caring and sensitive woman I fell in love with back, rather than the control freak you're becoming?"

As the words were leaving my lips, I realised what I was asking of her was impossible. Abigail would as soon see me in prison as have her mother return our relationship to its

formerly loving status. And the look on Jenny's face told me this was at best a remote possibility anyway.

"Oh, Paul," she said, almost sadly. "You must have seen this coming when you opened the box. "For the first time in my life I know what it is to be in control. And guess what? I love it. My late husband – may he rest in peace – was far too much of a man to ever have contemplated such a thing and… Well, the idea of it with him is simply ridiculous."

Her eyes met mine and for the first time I read contempt in them.

But with you?"

A certain softness added itself to the contempt and I allowed myself to hope a little.

I shouldn't have bothered.

"But with you," she went on, "having your cock under lock and key just feels… *right*. It seems totally natural to have your soft lips pressed against my pussy and your teeth nibbling away gently at my clitoris as if it were a nipple. Acknowledging the rightness of serving my pleasure and willing to swallow down everything and anything I produce."

Her eyes had taken on a look that, I told myself, would not be out of place on a fanatic of some sort and for the very first time I knew that I had lost her in the usual sense of a man losing a wife.

She had been shown a perverted nirvana and something equally perverse in her own nature had responded to it with abandon.

And it had been her husband – blackmailed and pressured to reveal it as he was -who had provided the visitor's pass she was determined to make into a resident's visa.

"It's so… *empowering*… to look down on you as you nurse on my cunt like an infant sucking on its mummy's teat. Knowing that this creature lowering himself to me is not an infant and is so far from being one that he is actually the husband I had thought of as a real man when I married him. A less than real man who seems more and more like some lower life form to me."

"You…? You don't respect me anymore?" I asked, aware I was stating the screamingly bloody obvious.

"Look at yourself, Paul," she bid me. "At where you are and what you have around your genitals. If your reason for asking me to lock your cock away ever had any validity it surely lost it when you asked to become my househusband. If being my restrained and chastised servant wasn't what you wanted, you could at least have asked me to release you from your ring and cage now your original reason for wearing it was no longer a factor. But you didn't, did you?"

I had no answer.

“Respect you?” she asked thoughtfully. “What do you think?”

I lowered my eyes, sick at heart.

“That is what I said about not loving you in the same way. Your lowering of yourself to me has been the single most exciting thing in my life; but it has lost you all my respect.”

Considering me desperate enough for a bone of even the most pitiful kind, she threw me it:

“Oh, I'm grateful enough. I feel incredibly fortunate that you are actually willing to sink so low for me. But how can I help but feel so much above you? And do you know what, I sense that you share my feelings. It wouldn’t seem so natural to me if you hadn’t already accepted that you're where you truly belong; in the place where all human sex-toys belong: with your tongue inside my cunt and then licking my ass.”

My cock quivered in its prison and did not go unmissed.

“Your arousal betrays you even if your words don’t,” she exclaimed triumphantly and my shame took yet another nosedive.

“Servicing and then cleaning my ass and cunt is as natural to you as it is for you to clean the home and take care of the laundry. Not the actions of a lover, but a dependent; a servant obliged to keep both me and my home clean because his true submissive nature compels him to do so. And that *is* something I can respect you for.”

So low had I fallen that even this piece of faint praise brought up my eyes hopefully.

Hope that did not last long as she expanded her theme:

“I respect anyone who does his work well – no matter how menial it is. The cleaner and office dogsbody play their part in the successful running of an operation too. But respect you as a husband and a man?”

She shook her head with a regret I could tell she didn’t feel.

“Not possible, I’m afraid.”

“I’ll pack my things and be gone by the morning,” I told her, forgetful of the fact there would be consequences in the form of her daughter if I were to do so. Forgetful also of the fact I had no funds and pretty much nowhere to go – though not for the first time I wondered if Rebecca would be willing to put me up until I found another position and regained my manly and financial feet.

The panties soiled with my emissions, and the accusation they would back-up from Abigail, making my thoughts irrelevant anyway.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Paul!” she snapped. “Have you not heard a word I said? Just because I no longer love you the way I once did does not mean I haven’t feelings of a similar but different kind for you.”

I slumped against the porcelain hopelessly as I asked myself if prison could be any worse than the daily demise of my masculinity in her home – even if my cock had other ideas upon the subject.

“You’re not an unintelligent man, so you must have realised there could be a risk involved when you asked me to take control of your sex-life and become my… well, to put it bluntly, *servant*. Any man willing to suck a cunt while his cock's locked in a cage surely can’t expect to be the alpha personality in his relationship with its owner. You must have realised that there would come a point where I simply saw you as… *less?*”

The nauseous feeling in the pit of my gut was not lessened any for knowing she was right.

Manipulated or not, I had allowed myself to take on a role in her life more befitting one of Cleopatra’s neutered body-slaves.

And a part of me I truly hated found it thrilling to be beneath her as I performed the services she now required.

“There’s no question of you leaving,” she told me.

Then, haughtily and with even more authority:

“I simply won’t allow it.”

She strutted towards me, her nakedness savage and magnificent as she came to a halt above me and placed her hands upon her hips in a manner eerily reminiscent of the daughter.

“I’m glad we had this conversation,” she said, as if to some underling at the office whose piddling complaints she had just overridden. “From now on we can make things a bit more… *formal*.”

I had no idea what that was supposed to mean, but, when she told me to kneel facing the toilet and then sat astride it to face me, my cock made it plain her meaning was unimportant to it.

“You’re going to watch me take a piss,” she said with full confidence I would obey. “And afterwards you are going to lick me clean.”

One head was horrified while the other took a completely different approach as mushroom head expanded against unforgiving steel.

“Then, when you’ve thanked me for allowing you such a treat, you can use my new dildo to give me the pleasure your cock no longer can.”

She took a handful of my hair and, none too gently, pulled my face to within a few inches of her glorious pussy.

A few seconds later, the sound of her piss trickling into the bowl reached my defeated ears.

Epilogue

While the woman was piercing my nipples, Abigail explained to her what she wanted tattooed on my arse and, an hour later, sore and tender, my buttocks carried what I was told were the following words - and in flaming red ink:

"Property of Ms Jenny"

When the tattoo artist was finished, Abigail ordered me to lower my head to the stocky woman's feet and place my lips reverently and respectfully upon the pointed toes of her patent black leather shoes.

I was then sent to kneel in the corner:

"Be a good boy," my stepdaughter told me, sounding more like a Victorian nanny than a South London teenager, "and keep your nose to the wall while I reward Ms Ruby for her efforts on your behalf by letting her taste my fresh young pussy.

Not waiting to be told twice, nipples throbbing angrily and my arse aflame with the script inked into it, I shuffled to the opposite corner upon my knees and did as she asked; thoughts the usual jumble of abject humiliation and powerlessness as an accompaniment to the inexplicable arousal my cock seemed to take from such treatment of its owner.

It seemed like only yesterday, I had allowed dissatisfaction with the way Abigail was treating me to fuck Rebecca in her own home; having no idea her emails that followed on from it could possibly result in my complete emasculation. The fact I had ended any possibility of any further extramarital slip-ups of the kind doing nothing to save me. While some endemic and fundamental weakness at my core I had not suspected ensured I not only allowed the young bitch an opening with which to control me but fed into her own burgeoning and considerable well of natural sadism.

My cock surged in its cage with the usual futility, its reaction seeming separate from my conscious thoughts, as I heard a release of air from the bitch teenager and sensed rather than saw the woman bury her face in the hairless pussy with which I was now also obsessed.

It was some twenty-minutes later, pain and discomfort growing from the piercing and the tattooing and being forced to adopt the same position for so long, that a familiar sigh-cum-swoon from my young mistress told me the librarian had brought her home, so to speak, and prayed I would be allowed to go to my room and apply some much needed calomine to my wounds and cover up before my wife's night on the town with friends from the office came to an end.

It was not to be.

After the sound of some scuffling around, her dreaded young voice reached my ears:

“Turn around and crawl over to the bed now, pussy boy.”

Spirits sinking from an already subterranean low, I forced my acing body to all fours and crawled towards the two pairs of feet my lowered gaze could see on the carpet before the bed; one pair bare, the other pair still in their patent black leather shoes with the pointed toe.

“Now,” said the bitch-stepdaughter as my beaten head came to a rest below them; “as a thank you to Ms Ruby for marking you as the property of a woman… make that *women*… that you are, I want you to show her superior cunt just how much you’ve learned since you were first shown your true place.”

As I rose up on my haunches, obedience automatic by now and needing no prompting it seemed from my conscious mind, the first thing that met my eyes were those exaggerated librarian calf-muscles and the pale white skin of the powerful thighs above them; revealed now that the older woman had peeled them down to her knee.

The almost tropical foliage camouflaging her middle-aged pussy making no appeal to me whatsoever.

Which did not explain why my cock continued to rage in its confinement.

“I’m going to leave the two of you alone for a while,” Abigail told us, rising to her feet and wrapping herself in a dressing-gown.

She took my chin in her hand and lifted my eyes to hers, the joy of her complete control over me sparkling from them.

“And woe betide you if I come back and hear you haven’t performed for her!”

*****

“I can’t say I’m not touched,” Jenny told me as she accepted the length of chain attached to my nipple ring I had just handed her. “But I am puzzled.”

She was still fully dressed from her evening out – though I did wonder how she had lost her pantyhose I had smoothed over her legs before she had left for work the previous morning and looked quizzical as she awaited my reply. Luckily, Abigail had warned me the question would be coming, and primed me in the way it should be answered. Which did not make me feel any less abject under the scrutiny of the woman who had once considered me at least her equal.

Abigail – *“Ms Abi”* – had also told me to expect a surprise from her mother when she eventually made it home that day.

Or *night*, as it turned out.

“You’re wondering where I got the money,” I said, staring up at her from the kneeling position I had taken before the bed that once been ours and in which she now slept alone – this while I curled up at its foot with a blanket and a single pillow.

Just like the obedient canine that I had allowed to be made of me.

“Well?” she asked, curious as to what my reply would be; knowing as she did that I had no access to money of my own.

“Ruby’s a former colleague of mine who left to open her own tattoo-parlour,” I told her, paraphrasing her daughter’s instructions to me. “She owed me a favour and…” I looked down and away, unable to meet the complete lack of respect for me I could see in her eyes and her expression.

Surprisingly, given what I saw, I felt a hand ruffle my hair affectionately as she rose from the bed to tower above me.

Well… affectionately as in the manner of an owner rewarding its pet.

“I’m so very pleased you feel this way towards me, Paul,” she said, something sounding a little like relief in her voice.

Then ominously:

“Your commitment to me makes what I have to tell you and… what I expect you to do for me, all the easier.”

After everything that had happened to me over the past months and my self-professed expectation of being beyond further shock, I felt my stomach give a lurch just the same.

“As you are no longer a man in the truest sense of the word,” she went on, taking my ear between her fingers and gently rolling the lobe under their tips, “and seem perfectly happy to accept a lowly position in my life…”

“No!” I wanted to scream. *“I’m no different to when you first met me and I do not want this!”*

But I was different and I had been changed; whether I chose to accept those changes or not.

And how could I really deny those changes, given the way I was presented to my wife?

The chains leading to my nipple-rings she now held in her hands, together with a tattoo proclaiming me as her property inked in flaming red upon my buttocks, effectively undermining any claim I might have made to manhood.

The erection thwarted by the steel-cage about my genitals, its key resting securely about her slender neck from a thin gold necklace, supplying the final symbolism of irrefutable disgrace and making even the attempt of denial impossible as she drove the final nails into the sarcophagus, first her daughter, and now she designed for my emasculation.

“I still have feelings for you and can’t imagine you ever being absent from my life,” she told me in upbeat words it didn’t take much guess-work on my part to know would not stay upbeat for long.

My guess-work was correct.

“But, it’s obvious you can never be in my life again as a man who functions the way a man should and, given I have no intention of ever allowing your unworthy cock to know my pussy again…”

My breath caught at her use of intentional verbal cruelty for pretty much the first time, as I sensed what was about to follow and an explanation for her return in the small hours this morning looking, for her, a little less than her immaculate and unruffled self; looking for all the world as self-satisfied and dreamy as a woman looks after she has…

Tears flowed unbidden from my beaten eyes as her words destroyed me before having even been uttered.

Before they were uttered and destroyed me even further:

“That’s why I spent this evening with someone who is not only a man but has a cock to match and knows how to use it.”

She fell silent for a few moments as she recalled that evening and her face took on a look of such utter rapture I felt my heart must burst under the sheer misery gazing upon it inspired; before she seemed to come out of her erotic recall and took in the pain etched upon my features.

“Oh, sweetheart,” she said, after a fashion that seemed genuinely concerned with my anguish. “Don’t worry, I would never consider humiliating or disrespecting you by bringing him home. You’re still my husband and I would never consider hurting you in such a way before another person.”

Suddenly, she was all maternal with me; arms enveloping me and cradling my head to her breasts. And, just like the fallen child, able to hold back its tears until a supervising adult shows its sympathy, I burst into an unmanly crying jag that, once started, threatened never to stop as I blubbed my emasculation into her chest and wrapped my arms about her waist as if she were a life-belt in a typhoon swept ocean and my only chance of salvation. All the while, feeling my hair stroked reassuringly and her *“there, there’s”* of consolation.

“You’ll always be my number-one boy,” she cooed to me as I sobbed out my heart in a way I hadn’t sobbed since the playground; though I wasn’t so far gone I missed the *“boy”* reference. “And I’ll always be your mummy.”

Devastation and sobbing, or not, the word arrowed itself to my penis and I convulsed, as again met the steel thwarting its full expression bit into the budding erection it was preventing.

My subconscious response to her referring to herself as my *“mummy”* not wasted on her.

Peeling my hands from her waist, she lifted my chin to gaze into my eyes and I felt myself melt beneath her… *authority*.

The maternal kiss she placed upon my forehead only serving to make my feelings of reverence and helplessness before her more pronounced and deep-seated.

Though what was to follow could *never* be considered in any way… *"maternal"*.

"I promised to always cherish you," she said. "For better, for worse. And that is exactly what I intend to do. You have, however, and you can hardly fail to admit the fact, shown yourself incapable of fulfilling the role a man and a husband should fulfil."

I gave her a beseeching look and she again ruffled my hair and kissed me upon the forehead.

"It's okay, little Paulie…"

"Little Paulie?" my thoughts screamed at hearing myself addressed so… *condescendingly*… by the woman I loved.

"I love our new life together and have no intention of changing it. Even Rebecca seems happier now that she sees how you like to wait on me – and by extension, her; even if she doesn't know the full extent of our relationship – and really seems to be warming to you…"

"Of course, she's fucking warming to me!" my thoughts raged as she spoke over them. *"She's the little bitch responsible for my becoming a pussy-whipped househusband. Why wouldn't she warm to someone who not only waits on her hand and foot and does all her domestic chores, but uses his tongue on her cunt and arse whenever she's in the mood?"*

"…But, just because you can no longer fill the manly obligations of a husband for me, it doesn't mean I don't have other uses for you when I get back from seeing my new… *man*.

Now it was my turn to be quizzical, as she took a step back from me and smiled.

"Think of it as your way of showing me you accept our new arrangement and my right to be fucked by *real* men."

A sense of onrushing doom began to settle over me and was not lessened any when she took the hem of her knee-length skirt and slowly raised it up over her thighs.

The pussy she must have freshly depilated at some time during the day she'd spent at the office, was puffy, reddened, and tender.

And there was something else.

It was leaking.

"I've been online and done some reading," she told me, widening her stance that I might see the war-zone that had been made of the cunt that once was mine and mine alone fully.

"Apparently, it's expected in the type of relationship we have with each other, that the *'little boy'* shows his respect for his *'mummy'* when she returns from seeing a lover…"

I waited for her next words with the resignation of a former aristo as the tumbril came to a halt before the steps leading to the inevitable and inescapable guillotine; worldly enough – if without any accompanying interest – to be familiar with Internet tales of cuckolding and having an idea of what was to follow; knowing also that, once I caved in to the demand I sensed coming, what small and infinitesimal chance I had of ever regaining the position of manhood in her eyes and, more importantly, my own, would have passed forever.

"…by making her all fresh and dainty with his obedient little tongue and, also, showing his respect for the man supplying his mummy with the fucking she deserves and he can't deliver, by cleaning his cum from her cunt."

For the first time, I saw I was not the only victim of the changes forced upon me by Abigail and saw that the lovely and caring woman I'd married had been equally transformed by the personal power her daughter had contrived to place in her hands.

Jenny had just as effectively been stripped of her nurturing femininity as I had been of my own masculinity.

More effectively, in fact.

Despite the fact my own weakness prevented me from ever rising from the kneeling position in which her daughter had placed me, together with the unholy and completely unwanted reaction of my libido to the situation; I could see no signs of either second-thoughts or doubt in the reactions of my once loving wife.

Though I could see an excitement that did not look as if it might wane any time soon.

As I pondered all this, I felt my wife's hands upon the back of my head.

"I want my little boy to do this for his mummy," I heard her voice from above, her freshly-fucked voice betraying her used cunt's eagerness for attention of a quite different kind.

A less manly kind.

Before my eyes, a glob of what could only be her lover's semen appeared, pearl-like, upon her outer-labia and my head lurched back with horror.

Only to be held in place by the forcefulness of her grip upon my hair.

"Bad boy!" she scolded, and, despite my feelings of revulsion for what she intended for me, a thrill of degenerate and debasing longing surged through me.

Then, more gently:

"Just do this for mummy, sweety," she cooed. "I promise you will soon get used to it."

I stared at the used pussy before me, numb except for the cock that throbbed uselessly and uncomfortably in its confinement, the scent of both her and her lover intermingled combing to take my submission to even lower depths.

Which was when she decided a little motivation was in order:

“Do this for mummy and then we will be in no doubt of our respective positions and can have a lovely life together.”

A part of me wanted wrench my head from her grasp, rise to my feet, and reclaim my manhood.

Unfortunately, it had long since been a part of me able to exert any influence upon the growingly docile and submissive nature the daughter had detected and exploited for her own ends and, now, her mother’s.

Then:

“Do this for mummy and she’ll allow her boy’s little cock out of its cage and play with it with her feet.”

My breath caught in my throat.

“If he does a *really* good and suitably respectful job,” she went on, “mummy might even let him choose some pantyhose for her and make his little cock spurt between her nyloned toes.”

A few seconds passed as my cock throbbed even harder and more uselessly in its cage before a slight pressure upon the back of my head forced my face closer to the wrecked and soiled pussy my wife intended me to… *clean*.

And then, cock desperate for release and an image of her hose-clad toes manipulating it to orgasm, my tongue made a slow but inevitable exit from my tongue as her guiding hands forced it into her snatch.

As the taste of her arousal and the remnants of her lover’s semen made contact with my tongue and threatened to make me gag, I made the final acknowledgement.

My life as a man had ended.

And my life as my wife’s servant, child, and clean-up boy had begun…