Husband in Name Only

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Part One

Prologue

My name is Becky Sharp and, even more so than the self-serving Thackeray heroine after whom I was named, my married life has been, and remains, a strange one.

The description *"strange"*, I use mainly because of me and the desires I had long felt.

Desires, in common with most people, I had been too timid to act upon until I reached such a level of frustration at not being able to experience them _ anywhere but in my imagination, at least - that my resolve to breathe life into them was bolstered by both that aforementioned frustration and a fortuitous Internet meeting with a woman who became my guide into the world of cuckolding and male submission to the female.

Whether that cuckolding and submission be wanted or otherwise.

A *"guide"* who went on to become a friend and, eventually, my female lover.

Or, to be more precise, the first of them.

I've been thinking about my situation a lot lately and, prompted by Joanna, the female lover and guide mentioned above, have decided to put my experiences on paper that other women who share the same desires might find themselves inspired to throw off the shackles of convention and sample the delights of having a chaste and utterly obedient husband who will not only accept his wife's right to find sex with men – and women – outside their marriage, but will even tackle all those inconvenient household chores while waiting impatiently for his freshly fucked better-half to return home.

At which time, you understand, his real work and purpose in life begins.

Work mostly undertaken, I'm sure all simpatico women reading this will understand, with the tongue.

Not possible you might think; especially those of you married, as was I, to a

man who not only considered himself the king of his castle but a manly and macho example of masculinity.

Well, read on and think again.

So far have I been successful with my own once dominant hubby that he now looks to me for everything and requires my permission for even those most trivial of things he would once have thought nothing of doing for himself without my input.

And, yes, that includes the pleasuring of his little cockle.

"Impossible!" I hear those wives amongst you who have yet to explore what the Net has to offer saying.

"How can a man be stopped from playing with himself?"

I confess, at one time, I would have been amongst your number. At least until my fantasies in regard of my husband became so strong and so frequent that I found myself doing what countless millions of men do and surfing the net to find stories and experiences matching my desires that I might experience my fantasies in at least a second-hand way.

What I found led me to the wonderful marriage I now have.

Wonderful for *me*, that is.

It also led me to the blog of Joanna who, after the death of her own cuck, had turned to writing and enjoyed acting as a kind of de facto agony-aunt to wannabe cuckoldress's such as me that she might continue to experience, in some small way, the thrill of owning another human being while being free to do exactly as one pleases.

"But this is just fantasy. I love my husband and could never treat him in such a way."

Yes. I hear you. And of course you love your husband. Exactly as I loved

mine and still do love him – even if that love lacks the respect I once felt for him now that I've seen his true weakness and he marches to my tune, and especially as the cock and balls he naturally believed to be his and his alone are now under lock and key. After all, one does not necessarily feel respect for the infant one is potty-training, though one certainly loves him.

So trust me, you will not lose this love. But it will, of necessity, change. For both of you.

This not a training manual and I have no intention of lecturing those of you who find themselves drawn to the female-led and completely dominant lifestyle I have managed to forge for myself. To do so would not be my style. What I will say, however, is that, for those of you who truly hanker after the kind of marital life I now lead, the following description of my life with David and how I, with the not inconsiderable help of Joanna, managed to achieve it, could prove a real help in your own success.

I suppose the proper starting point in my description of how I rewired both my marriage and my husband will be my first meeting in the flesh with Joanna that followed on from my kick-starting, at her instigation, the process that would lead David to his submission and me to my life of complete sexual and domestic fulfilment. A meeting that took place some three years ago now and set the final seal on my determination to become the alpha partner in my marriage. Mainly because that is when Joanna convinced me that my desires did not make me a monster and, far from being unfair to a man I professed to love, actually freed my husband from those responsibilities of sex and breadwinning he was plainly incapable of satisfying if the existence of my need was taken as the irrefutable evidence it proved to be.

Actually, based on my conversations with Joanna and other women since, I now accept this as a truism in more cases than most.

Turning my husband into a cuckold and a domestic servant was the making of my life and, if the same could not be said for him, it allowed my husband to remain in that life and be useful in his own way when, had we continued down the same road, only divorce would have waited for us at journey's end.

He sees this differently, no doubt.

But then it makes no difference how he sees things now.

His only concern is how his queen sees them and how best he may please her.

This, for me, is and should always be the natural order between male and female.

So, if you are interested in having a domesticated husband who looks after the home while you go out to have yourself fulfilled by a career and lovers of your choice, without any need for subterfuge or deceit, read on. I'm sure many of you women reading this have had my fantasy more than once and, if you're like me, will want to experience the all-consuming reality of forcing the man in your life to wait at home, or even watch, as a more alpha example of his own gender pounds his wife’s pussy to submission before being allowed the honour of providing you with those intimate services only a well-trained and docile husband can provide.

Usually with an equally servile and well-domesticated tongue.

Enjoy!

Rebecca Sharp
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One

My first meeting with Joanna took place over lunch in The Tiger's Head pub at the back of Chislehurst, its usual mix of mildly well-heeled diners having the usual mundane conversations concerning mortgages, projects and shopping malls, no doubt, as I prepared to spend the next couple of hours listening to a woman I was meeting in the flesh for the first time as she detailed just how I could turn a macho and commanding husband into a cuckold and a servant.

First, though, she would need to get over a few nerves and reservations on my part:

"Am I being too hard on him?" I asked, almost to myself, scarcely believing I was about to indulge in such a perverse and off-the-wall conversation in such… *normal*… surroundings. And with a relative stranger at that. "It's not as if he's been a bad husband – even if he is a little overbearing at times. I mean, this is my fantasy, not his. Can I truly expect him to put up with what I want from him?

The well-spoken Joanna who, it turned out, lived in nearby Beckenham and looked pretty much as I'd pictured, listened attentively but with an air of having heard it all before. She was a woman in her early fifties whose fleshiness translated to the voluptuous rather than the simply obese and made a striking contrast with a severe two-piece costume with bolero jacket in grey. A knee length skirt accentuated her shape and the heels of her black courts emphasised the somewhat muscular calf muscles I could see being

hugged by the sheerest of black pantyhose. A crisp white-cotton shirt and short but texturised snowy and un-dyed hair completed the monochrome effect and gave her a somewhat authoritative appearance, while her black-framed spectacles, shielding vivid blue eyes and resting upon a face with striking features and contradictory plump lips I immediately attributed to collagen.

For my own part, I was wearing a pair of tight denims my thirty… *something*… years allowed me to get away with still and a baggy jumper I knew would not be baggy enough to completely conceal the breasts that, along with my legs, I considered my best aspect. My own page-boy cut red-hair was, if I say so myself, as stylish as ever, and my face devoid of all make-up save for a mere soupcon of lip-gloss.

"These are completely normal thoughts," Joanna answered, looking up from the menu of overpriced pub-grub that was the norm for the area, her expression becoming serious. "But *never* voice within earshot of your husband. He must never see the slightest hesitation in you from now on. As of this moment you must think of your husband as no more than a dog you are training to the highest standards of obedience and devotion."

I'm sure it was just my natural embarrassment, but her words seemed extremely loud and I stole looks at the tables closest to us; finding myself relieved to find our fellow diners too engrossed in their own preoccupations to hear us above the hubbub of the pub. Her description of David as a *"dog"*, however, was not lost on me. In fact, I found it absolutely delicious.

"In fact, Becky," said the older woman, "it would be to your advantage if you could start treating him in such a way as soon as possible."
I laughed: "You're joking, right?"

My new acquaintance and would-be mentor's expression was unsmiling.

"Aren't you?" I added.

Joanna's shake of the head was emphatic.

“But just how do I set about doing that? I can’t see David accepting his food from a bowl on the floor, if I’m honest,” I told her with much sarcasm, wondering, perhaps, if the older woman wasn’t unbalanced; after all, she was only someone I’d met on the Net and this was our first *live* meeting.

Could it be *I* was the one being *groomed*?

“You take me too literally, my dear,” she told me with a laugh that settled me a little. “Making him eat his food in such a way would be a little drastic, I admit. Though, later, and as your power over him increases, you may have David do just that if you wish to punish him or simply amuse yourself.”

Again I wondered if she were being serious. Surely getting him to do chores around the home and accept my being fucked by other men would be achievement enough. But to treat him as if he truly were a dog?

Though such a concept was not entirely without appeal, I confessed to myself.

“Yes,” my mentor went on, sensing my thoughts, “it all seems pretty fantastic to you at this point. I promise you, though, and believe me when I say I have much experience in such matters, that with each incremental increase in the power you wield over David you will begin to realise there is virtually no limit to what you can make him do.”

“Only *‘virtually’*, you say?””

After a few moments we both laughed together.

“Believe me, Becky, the sooner you begin to regard him as an animal in need of your tuition – an animal for whom you care and have certain domestic and sexual uses - the more readily you will accept that the arrangement you are imposing upon him is not only exciting and will make your life more… *pleasurable*… but that it is just and right also.”

Joanna’s expression again became serious:

“It will also make it seem easier and more natural on those occasions when it is necessary for you to be… *severe*… with him.”

I shook my head to clear it, so great was the effect of hearing my own fantasies fall from the lips of another.
Another who had actually experienced them with her own late and much missed husband.

Though it did occur to me that the late-husband himself might have a different take on the matter of his absence were he alive to be questioned on the subject.

“These are your very first steps towards a life of fulfilment only a few women such as myself and others have known and it will seem pretty fantastical to you at this point,” she told me, “but with no great passing of time you will begin to see anything is possible with the man you have described to me. Some wives I know have even taken to sissifying their husbands that they may never look upon themselves as a real man again. So great is the power it is possible to wield over a man of the right… *mindset*.”

My feelings of distaste must have transferred themselves to my features:

“I see this is not something that makes an appeal to you?”

“Not in the slightest, I’m afraid,” I told her. “Each to their own and all that, but why a woman would want to present her man to the world as such a weakling is beyond me. The power I want to have over David is something I intend to keep private between him, my lovers, and perhaps some selected friends. But he makes no appeal to me as a sissy at all.”

“I understand completely,” Joanna told me. “I was – and am – just like you in this. It’s a man I want to own and be seen owning – even if I don’t allow him to act like one around me.”

I was relieved. Had Joanna insisted my making of David a sissy was crucial to my making him a househusband and cuckold I would have been unable – unwilling – to go on. But, as it turned out, she was of a likemind when it

came to the control of a man.

“This is going to be even more intoxicating for you than it was for me, Becky,” she told me in that no-nonsense way she had about her that had me becoming a believer. “Given that your David sees himself as a man’s man and will, initially at least, be angry at you for even suggesting the possibility of such a… lifestyle… can only heighten the sensations of power for you when you have him under your heel.”

The symbolism implicit in her words was not lost on me and was no less… *arousing*… for having been overused down the years, but I knew her own late-husband had already been in possession of submissive tendencies and, in the absence of any evidence of such in my own, wondered just how much more difficult it would make my task when it came to subduing my own less than docile and willingly submissive example.

David was a man still, after all, and physically more powerful.

Mental cunning went so far but, when it came down to it…

“From this point, Becky,” Joanna continued over my doubts, “the life you share with David becomes all about you and what you wish for yourself – even if he does prove resistant initially. Eventually, given you will be his only outlet, he will certainly, such is the way of the male-beast, contrive to find some kind of perverse pleasure from your treatment of him.”

I still had my doubts and could only hope she was correct.

“This is all to the good,” she assured me, “and only serves to strengthen your hold over him.”

I could feel a familiar wetness between my legs and I got the impression speaking on the subject was provoking a similar response in the older woman opposite.

“Tell me, Becky,” my mentor began, the way she squirmed upon her seat confirming my suspicions as I performed the same movement upon my own,

“how did he react when you brought up the subject in the way I suggested?”

I shrugged.

“Pretty much as you said he would.”

“Do tell me more.”

I was about to do just that when one of the waiting-staff approached with our cutlery and necessitated a halt to our deliberations, leaving me to confine the answer to my thoughts for the moment…

...It was after dinner, when I had cleared the table and cleaned the dishes he seemed to think was my responsibility despite my holding down a job that was at least as well paying as his and probably more demanding, that I brought up a fictitious and married work colleague of mine I had christened with the name of Miranda – an unoriginal choice given it was the name of a new show we were watching on TV at the time, though it wasn’t commented upon by my husband as he vegged out with his usual after dinner Jack Daniels.

As casually as I could, I dropped it to him that this “Miranda” saw me as something of a free spirit for some reason and had confided to me that she had been having numerous affairs during the twelve months just passed.

His half-disinterested and fully contemptuous: “What a slut! Nothing worse than a cheating woman,” did not come as a surprise and neither did the look of pure revulsion inspired by my next words.

“But that’s what makes it all so strange,” I told him, fighting with the new show for my share of his attention. “She says she isn’t cheating at all.”

My share increased suddenly.

“She sleeps with other men behind her husband’s back but she says she’s not cheating. Sounds delusional to me.”

“But that’s her whole point,” I said as his eyes crinkled with puzzlement. “She says she makes sure to tell her husband whenever she is going to have herself fucked by another man.”

The use of a word he had never heard from my lips had the desired effect and his mouth fell open with shock. He was a handsome man, ten years older than me, but an unadventurous lover. A lack of sexual adventurousness which spilled into his language on the subject also.

“Her words not mine,” I lied by way damage limitation, yearning for the time when I could speak to him in any way I chose and he would just have to accept my right to do so.

“Why would any man with the slightest self-respect put up with his wife behaving like that? I’m not sure who disgusts me most – him or her.”

Acting more offhand and nonchalant than I truly felt, I told him that her husband had realised he wasn’t pleasing her in the bedroom and had told her he loved her so much he couldn’t bear for her not to be satisfied.

“Hmmph! No need to tell me how she reacted to that green-light.”

“Actually, she told me she was shocked. You see, though he was right and his cock didn’t do it for her…”

“Becky!”

“I’m only telling you what she said, David,” I told him with as much innocence as one so guilty could muster. “Look, forget I started this, but I was interested to know what you made of it. Let’s get back to the show.”

To my surprise my bluff not only worked but had him reaching for the remote-control to mute – if not entirely switch off - the comedy he was showing signs of beginning to enjoy.

“No, you tell me about it. It’s just a bit of a shock to hear language like that

from you, is all."

"Well… if you're sure," I teased. "I have to tell you, I was shocked myself by what Miranda had to tell me."

"What, you mean there's worse?"

"Oh, yes," I assured him. "But to get back to what she told her husband when he said it was alright with him if she wanted to fuck other men…"

He winced but made no comment as I continued the story of my fictitious work-colleague.

"…She said she told him that, yes, his cock didn't provide her with much in the way of pleasure or satisfaction but that she loved his tongue and that was good enough for her."

As I'd intended my barb hit home and my handsome husband's cheeks reddened a little from the knowledge he had never once provided such a service for me in our eight years together, had, in fact, been pretty sniffy on the subject when I'd had the temerity to mention the subject – and this after telling me how much he loved me to use my mouth on him.

"What, hmm, did he say to that?" he asked, trying to talk over his inability in the same area and deflect my attention from it.

"He insisted that it was not good enough and that he loved her so much he wanted her to be fully satisfied the way a woman should."

"Sounds like a pervert who just wants to get his rocks off to me," he sniffed.

From what some of the other girls at the office who've met him tell me," I shrugged, "he is not only good-looking but charming and intelligent into the bargain. In fact, were it not for the fact he was already taken a few of them would have had their hooks into him."

"So? Perverts come in all shapes and sizes. Why else would a husband

suggest such a thing to his wife?"

I pretended to think about it.

"I suppose, when you think about it," I began, enjoying leading him on in such a way immensely, "love comes in all shapes and sizes too. Perhaps it's just his way of showing Miranda he loves her enough to want her to be satisfied as a woman – even if he isn't capable of being the man who does that satisfying for her."

The look of sheer revulsion spreading across his handsome cheeks told me this was not an act my husband found either credible or based upon love.

"I must admit," I began tentatively, preparatory to upping the ante, "that I almost found myself envying her when she told me this."

Had his jaw hit his chest right then it would have done so with a thump.

"Oh, don't look so shocked," I chided him. "What woman could fail to be touched at knowing her husband was so devoted to her he would allow her to see other men if it meant she found what he couldn't give her…"

Two

…"And how did he react?" Joanna asked, too absorbed in my recounting of this initial sortie to be bothered by a frankly gristly and uninspiring lamb-shank as my haddock received pretty much the same neglect.

"I didn't give him the chance to react at all," I told her. "Instead, I did exactly as you said and made to leave the room, pretending to be upset."

Joanna's expression said: *"And?"*

"When he asked me where I was going I told him, in a terse voice that left

him in doubt I was displeased as well as upset, that I needed to be on my own and was going to take a shower and have an early night."

My mentor seemed pleased with me and asked:

"And how long was it before he was in the bedroom with you?"

I laughed:

"Forget the bedroom. He was sitting on the en-suite chair when I came out of the shower."

My amusement was joined.

"Let me guess," Joanna began when our laughter subsided. "He was all male outrage and hurt feelings. Accused you of finding your imaginary friend's situation exciting and read you the riot act."

"Got it in one," I confirmed, picturing David's look of outrage as I stood before him dripping wet, nipples hardened to such a degree even he could not miss the signs of my arousal. "He asked me if that was what I wanted and told me in no uncertain terms that, if it was, then I could start packing now."

"To which?"

"To which, I told him that if there were to be any packing of that kind done in the future it certainly wouldn't be me doing it. We have had very few arguments – especially those of the heated variety – since we married and I could tell he was wrong-footed by the venom I was suddenly aiming at him. One moment we had been having a perfectly reasonable – if off-the-wall – discussion about a colleague's infidelities, the next I had stormed off and seemed mightily displeased with him. From being totally sure of himself with his younger wife he seemed totally at a loss as to how to deal with her."

"Again, let me guess," Joanna offered. "More anger?"

"Just as you say. He told me how he would never consider having sex with

another woman – with or without my knowledge - and that I should be ashamed of myself for getting so turned on by the prospect of what my slut colleague was doing."

My older mentor was waiting and, I could tell, ahead of me.

"I told him that if he was as much of a man as Miranda's husband and accepted that his little cock was unable to satisfy his wife he wouldn't be getting so angry."

Joanna's smile was one of pure satisfaction, "I can see the wind leaving his sails as we speak."

"Oh, it did that alright," I assured her. "It was the very first time I'd even hinted at his shortcomings and my restraint over the years of our marriage – and just as you said it would – made the bursting of the dam all the more thrilling."

Joanna was nodding to herself: "That first tentative step towards taking control of one's husband – *real* control – is pretty heady."

My laughter was genuine:

"I promise you, Joanna, there was nothing *'tentative'* about this first step. I don't know how he'd expected me to react but if he thought I'd simply cave in under his manly outrage and act all contrite he was certainly disappointed. Especially when I went on to tell him he was too selfish to compensate for his manly deficiencies by trying to give me pleasure with his tongue the way Miranda's husband did just that for her."

Her eyes quizzed me.

"Without waiting for him to answer I virtually manhandled him out of the bathroom and locked myself in."

The eyes that had been quizzical were now a little censorious.

“Yes. I know I could probably have pressed my advantage the way you said I should whenever I sensed him on the backfoot. But it struck me at the time, and knowing my husband as I do, that it would probably be better to let this first skirmish sink in with him before pressing harder.”

Her expression told me she wasn’t entirely convinced but accepted my logic at least.

I continued:

“So stunned was he, I managed the feat of ejecting him from the bathroom as if I were dealing with a child. I told him through the door that he was to spend the night in the spare room and that if he tried to get into bed with me he could go to the company dance that means so much to him on his own the following evening.”

Joanna’s smirk was dismissive, though not of me, as I answered:
“And that was enough to get him to back down?”

“You don’t know David,” I told her. “He has a highly developed sense of protocol and appearance means a great deal to him. He knows – and I don’t mean to sound big-headed – that we make a very attractive couple and loves nothing more than to have his work colleagues see us arm in arm together.”

“An advanced sense of self-esteem and vanity,” my older mentor, and swiftly becoming friend, said, almost to herself. “Hmmm.”

“Is that a bad thing then?” I asked, feeling a moment’s alarm that the undeniable presence of a vibrant ego in my husband could put a crimp in the progress I’d made so far.

Thankfully, Joanna was smiling and shaking her head with reassurance before my question was complete, “Not at all, my love. Quite the opposite. It’s a massive plus for you and provides some real leverage.”

“I’m not with you?”

“Think about it, Becky. You’ve already told me how his younger sisters and the rest of his family look up to him.”

“They do, but I don’t see…”

“Would come as quite a blow to him if they were to discover he was… *disappointing*… his wife in the bedroom, don’t you think?”

I felt the beginnings of a smile as the dawn began to break.

“And how much worse would it be for him if they were to discover that his younger wife had been so unfulfilled by his attempts at lovemaking that she had found herself forced to find satisfaction with more virile and better equipped men.”

“Devastating, I should think,” I agreed, feeling more confident of success in my intention to cuckold and domesticate my handsome husband.

“Exactly. This, along with the undoubted love he has for you, is a large part of your hold over him. A stick with which you can threaten him as you dangle the carrot of allowing him to continue to be seen as an equal partner – even if it is obvious to all that he is not – should you find his… *behaviour*… pleasing enough.”

The puzzled look returned.

“Just the same though…”

“What?”

“I’m amazed that a simple threat not to accompany him to a company gathering could have made him back down in such a way.”
“As I said, he loves to show his young wife off and knows I enjoy letting him do it. While I knew the prospect of my refusing to go with him would show just how serious I was.”

“And did he try?”

“I’m sorry?”

“To get into bed with you after you’d warned him not to do so.”

I mouthed a no and shook my head.

“More’s the pity. It was our first real argument and I’d enjoyed myself immensely – especially as I was the one in control of it. I refused to speak to him the next day at breakfast; despite his efforts to be amenable. But I did go to his dance and was friendly to everybody but him – I even heard him explaining to his MD that we were having a bit of a domestic.”

Joanna snorted, “If he calls that a domestic he hasn’t seen anything yet.”

“When we got home that night,” I nodded, “I told him to sleep in the spare-room again and not to try coming back into our bedroom until he was ready to admit his shortcomings and use his tongue on his deprived wife’s pussy.”

My older friend was impressed and mouthed a *“wow”* in my direction.

“The vibrator you recommended certainly had its work cut out once I was alone in our… *my*… room,” I told her, adding a conspiratorial wink by way of a thank you to my all-knowing mentor.
“You really do have the bit between your teeth, don’t you?” she laughed

“Not for long though.”

“Now I’m not with you?”

My answering smile was warm, inclusive and conspiratorial:

“What I’m saying is that it will soon be between his.”

Her own smile was instant as I finished:

“And guess who will be controlling his reins?”

Three

I took him in my arms and kissed him with something approaching the passion I'd felt for him in our early days. A passion, in truth, that had never entirely waned with me for my handsome husband and, given where I was leading him, felt sure would only grow in the time to come, As we kissed I placed a hand on his crotch and the way his less than impressive penis throbbed beneath my palm was all the evidence I needed to know that the three weeks of cold-shouldering, neglect and, yes, contempt, had not only left him desperate for me but far less sure of himself and his role as lord and master of our marriage.

Squeezing his erection through his trousers I suggested we go to bed early – well, not so much suggested as ordered – and felt a rush of power as I rose from the front-room sofa and headed towards the stairs without bothering to wait for his response; certain that he was so anxious to return to my good graces he would be there at my heels if I did turn to check.

“I’ll be really disappointed if you break your word to me,” I told him as I slid off the black pantyhose I’d worn all day to the office and left them on the floor with the two-piece work suit that was de rigeur for my work as an accountant in a finance house.

“You aren’t going to disappoint me?” I asked with no small edge as his eyes drank in the legs I knew he loved and the still firm and hourglass body above them. I had deliberately instigated this scene before showering as a way of testing his intent. If he caved in and used his tongue to please my pussy when it in such an… *indelicate*… condition I felt sure it would be a massive green-light for me and the plans I had for the continuation of our marriage.

“Are you?” I persisted when he made no response.

He appeared to moisten what must have been a pretty dry mouth I fully intended to lubricate for him and answered:

“I gave you my word, Becky,” he told me in only a slightly faltering voice. “When have you ever known me to break it?”

This was true. He was indeed a man of his word and, if he wasn’t exactly a mover and shaker in the Insurance conglomerate employing him he was at least well-respected for delivering on what he said and being straight and above board. Handsome but boring and attractive but dependable, in fact. Traits I liked more than I let on, given they were going to be the very weaknesses that delivered him into his younger wife’s hands.

Not saying a word, I peeled off my Gossard’s and was rewarded by a sucking in of his breath as he saw the denuded pussy I’d had waxed at a salon two days prior to his caving in to me on the subject of oral sex.

For me.

Still silent, and not waiting for a comment, positive or negative, on my now hairless cunt and the plump pussy lips revealed by the subsequent lack of camouflage, I placed myself on the bed with my back against the headboard, placed the soles of my feet upon the duvet and spread my legs invitingly.

My eyes found his and I was surprised when he lowered his own until I realised he was feeling shame. He had been manoeuvred into a position he did not wish to occupy and I could tell he was extremely uncomfortable – not to mention unhappy – to find himself in such a predicament.

He needed, I knew, motivation.

“Listen to me carefully, David,” I told him as his eyes, almost involuntarily it seemed, were drawn to the denuded pussy on full display to him, “because I’ve never been more serious in my life.”

The eyes that raised themselves to mine had a beaten look to them that told

me I had allowed a weakling to call the shots in our relationship. But no more. If, after all, I could have him in such a condition with no more than a few weeks of cold-shouldering there was surely nothing I couldn't achieve with him given more time and more… *torment*.

"I've been unhappy with both our sex life and our married life for some time now and, if it doesn't change exactly in the way I want it to change, I have no intention of staying married to you any longer."

The look of pure pain and alarm that transformed his features as he heard this was so empowering my pussy all but gushed to witness it.

"You… You don't mean that," he said in a half-strangled voice.

"Try me," I warned him. "I'm sick of hearing the other women at work talk about their wonderful sex lives and then come home to your little cock and its feeble attempts at lovemaking."

If you can picture a handsome man in his forties looking for all the world like a child reprimanded by a strict mummy you will have some idea of how my husband looked to me at this point.

It was wonderful!

Better than wonderful!!

"I love you still, David," I told him, supplying one of Joanna's *'carrots'*, "but I refuse to be taken for granted any longer. Either you accept our marriage has to change or there will be no marriage for either of us."

He said nothing and I pressed him further:

"Understand?"
"In heaven's name, what's got into you, Becky," he began. "If you were unhappy why didn't you just talk to me about it? We could have worked some…"

“I’ve spoken to you now,” I snapped, finally understanding what Joanna had meant when she said I needed to act towards him as if he were a dog I was in the process of training, keeping my language and tone brusque and authoritative when speaking to him – something I had done very little of recently.

“For god’s sakes, Becky! You can’t just…”

“I can and I will,” I overrode him, amazed at my level of self-assertion if I’m truthful but far too empowered and energised to stop. “I’ve allowed you to run this marriage for far too long.”

He looked at me as if I were an alien, the recently waxed pussy that had been holding his attention forgotten as he tried to persuade himself this was the same obliging woman he had married.

“A-Allowed me to…?”

“But no longer,” I spoke over him, realising I might just be pressing too hard too soon but unable to stop so great were the sensations coursing through me. “I’ve decided I should be the one who calls the shots between us from now on.”

A bus could have parked itself in his open-mouth.

Or, I thought with much anticipation, a large cock at least.

I almost laughed as I upgraded my thoughts.

A *very* large cock.

“Don’t worry. I won’t make a big thing of it to our family and friends but, if you want to remain my husband, there are going to be big changes around here.”

A flash of temper revealed itself on his face – not unsurprisingly, I suppose – and for a moment I really thought I’d gone too far and cursed myself for not

listening to Joanna and proceeded with caution. As weak as I now knew him to be I also knew he had enough pride to temporarily rise above his weakness. Long enough at least to put a big dent in my plans from which they might *never* recover.

"As I said," I began, hoping the carrot I was about to proffer would not be too little and too late, "I love you and you remain the only man I would consider spending the rest of my life with…"

I paused, making him wait for the inevitable *"But"* in the hope it would deflect him from any intention he had of simply upping sticks and leaving; certain I hadn't handled this fledgling scene in what I hoped would be an ongoing series of such engagements very well.

"But," I continued, "you need to show me that you love me as more than just an attractive decoration you can drape on your arm from time to time."

He didn't respond for a few minutes but, when he did, and to my great relief, it was obvious my slight change of tack had yielded a dividend. I knew, of course, that he would interpret what I'd just said as this new attitude of mine being all about some kind of payback for his having taken me for granted and made decisions for me and us without consulting me. In other words: something he could soon put right with a little contriteness and a few conciliatory words before we slipped back into our usual routine.

"Let him think it," I told myself with a contempt for him that had not been entirely present in my thoughts a few weeks before. *"Plenty of time to show him the error of his thinking later."*

Sure enough:

"Becky," he began, "I know you won't believe me, but I've been thinking about just that since we… since we fell out that night…"

I felt my contempt growing as he prepared to hand me what I knew would be no more than what he thought I needed to hear that he might get our marriage back on to its proper and rightful track.

A proper and rightful track with him in the driver's seat, of course.
More of the totally predictable same followed as I tried to keep that contempt I spoke of from my expression while my husband attempted to manipulate me back to that situation that had brought about our current head-to-head; not to know *that* would *never* happen.

He finished his predictable – and very irritating – monologue with:

"…I realise I've been selfish and unfair. But I've never stopped loving you and I never will. The thought of losing you is a physical pain and I'll do whatever it takes to keep us together."

"You mean that?" I asked, adopting an expression guaranteed to have him thinking he was on the right track and that all I needed was evidence of his feelings for me.

"Try me," he said with arms wide, paraphrasing the words I had used earlier.

I held his eyes for a long moment as if thinking about it then, deciding no words were necessary, held up my forefinger and pointed it downwards at a recently waxed pussy that felt it would explode if it not feel a servile and husbandly tongue upon it in the next few seconds…

Part Two

Four

“I've built a whole network of female contacts who I’ve either helped or been helped by,” Joanna told me in the Bromley wine-bar we had chosen for second face-to-face. “You can be sure that when I tell you something or offer you advice it comes from the world of the living and not that of fantasy – even if its origins with most women begin as just that. Fantasy. At least until they can bear the thought of not experiencing the empowerment that comes from forcing one’s husband to take a very humble backseat in their relationship.”

“You must have had many failures to go along with the successes,” I pointed out. She was dressed in exactly the same way as she had been for our first meeting and only the brands of her clothing had changed. Attractive, voluptuous and commanding at one and the same time. A look I had tried to emulate but had not the matronly air to carry off; hence my change of mind at the last moment and a shortish skirt with bare legs and heels, a bolero jacket in black completing the ensemble over a body-clinging navy tee-shirt.

“Not as many as you might think,” she told me without missing a beat. “In fact, so few I can count them on less than half the fingers of a hand.”

I was impressed. This was hardly a precise science we were talking here and, recalling my studies for the actuarial exams I’d taken and failed, were pretty impressive figures given she had told me the ball-park number of her successes. Either men as a sex were a whole lot weaker than I had taken them

to be or the woman opposite who was rapidly becoming a friend knew of what she spoke.

Something, given the nature of my own desires, I prayed would prove the case.

“Men, even at their most complex, have always seemed extremely simple to me. Of course, they are divided into alphas and betas and a quite different approach is required for the former. All of them, however, are easily managed by the woman who is both clear-sighted and knows what she wants. Cultivated carefully, both types complement each other wonderfully in the fulfilment of our desires. The force of nature whose cock, power and virility we use to provide us with the sexual satisfaction lacking from our partners – those *‘alpha-bulls’* who, unless we are most unwise, we use only for sex and refuse emotional involvement. And the beta-cuck, whose terror of losing us ensures he will do anything – no matter how soul-destroyingly demeaning to him – to keep us in his life; whether that be housework and total obedience, a willingness to clean our pussies of our lovers leftovers, or both.”

As ever when I spoke to this woman my pussy was on fire.

Ablaze, in fact.

After having made some headway with David along the lines we had discussed previously – far *more* than we had discussed actually – I had thought my reaction to descriptions of similar experiences might have been a little more… *muted*.

It was not.

“There is present, in *all* men,” Joanna went on, “a primal animal instinct. The herd mentality, in even the most creative and successful of them, is present to a greater or lesser degree and the contempt of the alpha for the beta and that betas fear his superior brother in gender will take his woman from them creates an ever spinning wheel of power and fear that gives women the most wonderful opportunity to bend either alpha or beta to her will in a manner of

her choosing. They are brothers and they are not brothers, two different kinds of primate with contrasting sets of behavioural patterns. One born to lead, one born to serve, to use a cliche – even if society and political correctness has evolved in such a way that such differences are observed only as metaphor."

She was, I confess, losing me a little, but I certainly liked the sound of her next pronouncement:

"Both primates, be they born to lead or born to serve, are placed on the planet in my opinion with the sole and overriding purpose of proving themselves useful to the superior sex."

She smiled:

"Which, of course, would be us."

I nodded, smile equally as broad, no lover of intellectual exercises but gleaning enough from what she said to be optimistic for the likelihood of bringing my husband to heel in future.

"Simply by dint of evolution and the way we are put together, women are not meant to be confined to one sexual partner. To a lesser extent this applies to our two kinds of servitor also. Monkeys, in the main, are monogamous, Rebecca. Apes are not. Your David is not an ape and therefore must be a monkey, so it is wholly fitting that he should remain chaste and true to you while accepting your right to be fulfilled by men more favoured by nature for the task."

"Amen to that," I giggled.

"You must understand though," Joanna went on, expression serious now, "that once started down this road there can be no possibility of your husband's inferior cock ever finding its way into his wife's cunt again."

Not for the first time during our two meetings with each other my eyes darted around us and prayed we hadn't been overheard - a prayer that, also not for

the first time, was answered.

“You should also be aware,” she went on, seemingly oblivious to such concerns, “that any equality will vanish from your marriage and your emotional responses to David will become quite different. I know you say you love him still but, I promise you, the moment you have forced him to accept your superiority you will see him in quite the different light. You will still love him, of course, but now contempt will be present.”
She paused before finishing:

“It always is, I’m afraid, and is an unavoidable response once a woman has bested her man in such a way. Before you go any further, Rebecca, you might want to consider this as, once your more… *loving*… feelings towards him undergo a change there can no returning them to their former condition.”

“You are preaching to the converted on all counts, Joanna,” I assured her, lowering my own voice that she may take the hint and do likewise. “He has had no problem using my finer feelings to allow him to rule our roost without feeling guilt for his actions, so why should I? And don’t worry: the only part of him that will experience my pussy from now on will be his tongue.”

“Not forgetting your superior arse, of course,” she laughed.

“As if I could,” I told her, an image of my husband with his tongue inserted into a part of my anatomy he would find even more humiliating to worship than my, up to now, orally neglected pussy threatening to spiral me over the edge.

“And for his own pleasure?”

“Sorry?” I asked, still distracted by the lewdness of my own thoughts.

“How do you intend for him to find his pleasure?”

In truth, I really hadn’t given it much thought.

“It’s most important as you go forward to be sure and dangle the carrot of

release before him for good behaviour," Joanna warned me. "As he is less able to please himself with your body in the more traditional way of his choice there must be another means for you to satisfy his urges. *Means* that are necessarily empowering for you and, of course, highly demeaning for him. Denied placing his cock in your pussy he will soon come to look upon even the most humiliating means of getting his rocks off as a gift. This, I assure you, is a massive part of the power you will wield over him."

As said, at this point, I hadn't given much thought to how David would get his jollies and I was a little on the backfoot.

"I suppose I'll let him play with himself and pretend to turn a blind," was my predictable and by the numbers response.

A response garnering a rather sour and somewhat disappointed look from my mentor.

"And you will be happy for him to do that?"

"Well..."

"And at times of *his* choosing?"

I spread my arms wide in puzzlement. How could I – or any woman – be expected to prevent a grown man from playing with himself? And especially when it was his only outlet?

My mentor was about to tell me:

"Control means just that, Rebecca. If it is not total it is not control. Under no circumstances can you allow your husband access to his manhood at any time of his choosing and expect to maintain the power and authority you tell me excites you so much."

"It does, Joanna," I protested, her *'you tell me'* having stung a little, "But how do I achieve such a thing. I mean, I've heard of male chastity belts, but they're just Internet fantasy… Aren't they?... I mean, even if they worked,

how would I get him into such a thing with his agreement?"

"Agreement?" Joanna snorted. "Even if he gave it he would not mean it."

"Then how…?"

"Simply by ordering it," she came in. "From this moment on, if you are truly serious about cuckolding and domesticating David, his agreement will neither be sought nor required."

"Easy for her to say," I thought.

"And they *do* work," she assured me.

I wasn't totally sold – even if I did love the idea in theory.

"Believe me, Rebecca," she continued after fortifying herself with a decent sized sip of a Chilean Chenin Blanc, "after he has finally bent the neck and placed his tongue at your disposal for the first time you will find him much easier to… *manage*… and even locking his cock in a cage will not seem so… *fantastic*… to you."

I couldn't prevent a smile from transforming my features at having already had him do just that – even if he had done it unwillingly and I had gone a little further than my voluptuous and matronly mentor had advised.

"What?" she asked, eyes crinkling, having, I suspected already divined what I was about to say.

"That *'neck'* you mention?"

"Yes?" she questioned in turn.

"It has, along with his tongue, already bent," I told her.

And with much pride.

Five

“You said to try you and that’s what I’m doing,” I’d told him after my ultimatum on that first night had produced the desired effect – or a part of it at least. My finger was pointed at a pussy that was fair boiling with the juices inspired by my having taking a measure of control in our relationship for once and, though he tried manfully to hide it, I could see his revulsion for both the act and, worse, having me force him to perform it. “You promised to do anything it takes to keep me in your life and right now I need to see you prove your sincerity by dropping to your knees and worshipping this lovely cunt you’ve chosen to ignore throughout our marriage.”

Again, he looked somewhat shell-shocked at hearing such language exit from his previously demure and biddable wife’s lips as she sat naked with legs apart upon the edge of our bed.

Naked himself, he also looked frightened and I exulted in having contributed to that look – even if I knew his fear was mostly based on something else.

“Many men – almost all – Rebecca,” Joanna had assured me during our first meeting, *“are terrified of our cunts. It surfaces either as an unrealistic desire dominate and fuck it into submission, or avoidance. This is why your David, no matter how he justifies his reticence to both you and himself, refuses to place his mouth at the disposal of your womanhood. In his mind, no matter how deeply buried in his subconscious, for him to do that signifies a submission of a wholly different kind. That of his to you.”*

His cock was not erect and I knew it was time to follow the advice my mentor had supplied me after the above words and reassure the husband I was taking down the road to submission.

“It’s okay, sweetheart,” I told him, the incongruity of reassuring, almost motherly words coming from the lips of a wife so much younger than he bringing a flush to his cheeks.

A delight!

“I know this is new to you and I really don’t expect an awful lot,” I told him, paraphrasing the words Joanna had suggested I use when the time came – even if she hadn’t envisaged my using them quite so early in proceedings.

His cheeks, as intended, reddened further. After all, no man could possibly being taken to task for his lack of oral… *ability*… by a wife his junior by so many years. Despite her greater imagination when it came to such matters.

“We’ll take it nice and slow,” I told him. “Think of it as being on a first-date with my pussy and take it nice and slowly as if you’re wooing her. Soft gentle kisses to let her know you respect her as much as you’re excited by her.”

My husband’s face was crimson by now as I led him to take his first tentative steps into a world he had not expected to visit and, once he had, would never leave.

Taking him by the hand, I drew him down to his knees and brought his somewhat moist eyes closer to my pussy.

“Breathe through your nose, sweetheart. Let your date know how much you appreciate her fragrance.”

“Becky, I…”

“No talking now, you bad boy,” I scolded playfully, looking forward to that time when all reprimands would be real and consequences would follow.

For him.

“Just deep breaths through the nose now. Show me how much you appreciate the pussy I shaved for you.”

To my utter joy, he did just that; though I was all too aware his *appreciation* for finding himself so close to my recently denuded cunt was a long way distant.

Even more exhilarating was the fact I could tell the fragrance did not make much – read: *no* - appeal to him.

“That’s it my lovely boy,” I praised him. “I know you won’t like the smell at first but that’s only because you are so unfamiliar with your wife’s beautiful cunt.”

Humiliated, his eyes closed to blot out the sight of both me and my hairless slit and would probably have done the same with his ears had he been physically able.

“No!” I snapped. “That won’t do. How dare you insult my pussy by closing your eyes. Open them this instant!”

When he didn’t respond and his eyes remained closed, Joanna’s warning about going too far too soon resurfaced and I berated myself for not having taken her advice to heart and allowing my natural impatience to *“put him under”*, as she had described it.

Only to find my spirits soaring as his eyes flickered open and found mine, my arousal inspired to greater heights by the undeniable evidence of shame I could see written across his expression and the fact he had obeyed me just the same.

“That’s my good boy,” I told him, sensing I really had him on the backfoot and so great was his fear of losing me and having his sexual shortcomings made known to friends and family he would allow me to take these first steps in his enslavement.

And, once taken…?

Let’s just say, I would not allow him to retrace them anytime soon.

If ever.

“Now, we are going to take it nice and slowly for your first time and you are going to place soft and respectful kisses the length of your date’s slit. She

doesn't expect you to be perfect this first time but she would be really pleased to see you're making an effort to please her."

And make an effort he did, relieved I think that I had only insisted he take in my scent and place soft and tender kisses on the labia majora rather than making him put his tongue into volcano that was my womanhood.

"Just keep your eyes on my pussy until I tell you otherwise," I told him, "and listen carefully as you place tender soft kisses on those lovely bare lips."

Grateful, no doubt, not to have to meet my eyes, he did just that and was soon pressing his lips to my labia majora as instructed.

Not good enough.

"I don't hear you breathing through your nose," I scolded, elated but scarcely able to believe this was my older and formerly dictatorial and correct husband on his knees between my legs with his lips pursed against my slit.

Joanna's words again accompanying and heightening my growing arousal:

"From now on, everything you do with him will done with the aim of creating an addict. An addict to your body and the specific scents of its individual parts. Though his cock must never know your pussy's interior from this point on his tongue and his nose must never be allowed to become a stranger to your womanly scents – be they of the arse, the armpit, the foot or the pussy itself. By such a course, and with the help of the cock-cage it's imperative you lock him in, you will make yourself as an oasis to a dehydrated explorer. Within a very short space of time he will come to yearn for contact with you – no matter how debasing or soul destroying he finds it. Then you truly will have a cuckold and a servant on your hands."

Unable to remain aloof any longer I wrapped my hands around his head and pulled his face in close to smear the length of my slit across his crimson cheeks, the interior moistness separated from his mouth by my labia threatening to turn into a gusher as, unbelievably, he responded to my… *command*… and the glorious sound of air through nostrils reached my ears

though his face was now mashed against my womanhood.

“Good boy!” I gave praise again, Joanna’s instructions to praise him as I would a dog uppermost in my thoughts – for a second or two, anyway. “You must never be embarrassed or ashamed to worship your young wife’s pussy in such a way,” I told him. “It’s what all good husbands do for their lovely wives.” I added, reminding him of the fictitious husband of a non-existent work colleague I’d told him did just that.

And *after* she had returned from a night with one of her lovers.

When I relaxed the pressure on his head, and after he had been placing soft kisses on my lips for a few minutes the urge took me to become more daring with him.

Rising to my feet, the action necessarily removing my pussy from his reach and provoking a look of relief from him that his *ordeal* was over, I ordered – yes: *ordered* – him to lower himself to the floor and place his back against the carpet.

The eyes that met mine were not happy but, so great was his fear of losing me now and the humiliation with his family that would follow, he did as I asked. Which was when I placed a foot either side of his head and lowered my cunt onto his waiting – and horrified – face.

Careful, you understand, not to apply too much pressure so early in his…

Training.

I had deliberately sat facing the bed with a view down along his body. This meant the only view he would have apart from the ceiling would be the smooth alabaster buttocks of the wifely arse pressing down upon his nose. An arse, though it had not been my intention until Joanna had brought the matter up, he would become intimately familiar with on a number of levels sure to humiliate and repulse him.

And still his cock showed no sign of life.

He just lay beneath me quietly, still breathing through his nose as instructed while, for my part, and wanting a response from him that I could use to heighten his feelings of shame, I leaned forward to cup a hand around his balls and roll them possessively. I said nothing at all, but continued to roll his balls between my slender fingers with the most gentle of movements as I formulated my next moves and again asked myself if I was truly sure this was the marital life I wanted.

It took only the time for me to answer my own question with a resounding *"yes"* for my slender fingers to work their magic and bring my husband's less than impressive cock to full-mast.

Not only had he placed his mouth upon his wife's pussy for the first time but was now on his back with her astride his face as he breathed in the scents of both front and back passages.

And, into the bargain, his little dicklet, as I was coming to describe it more and more in my head, was responding to the treatment.

The smile he was in no position to see was simply satisfaction on my part at the knowledge I was well and truly on the way to achieving what I'd desired for so long.

Six

"It is selfish, Becky," Joanna conceded after I'd told her of my progress and had confessed a twinge of guilt for having treated the man I'd married in such a way. "You're telling him his life is less important than that of the young wife he has ruled the roost over and that to stay married to her he has to agree that his own needs and desires will always come a poor second."

I certainly had no quarrel with such a concept but there remained nagging

doubts as to the self-worth of a woman who would want her husband in such a position and, also, why any man would accept it.

Joanna was about to enlighten me on the last of these mildly troubling concerns:

“You also asked why a man would accept such treatment from a woman,” she began. “The answer to that, my dear, comes in one of two forms. Either he subconsciously desires having his lack of sexual prowess punished and sees it as only natural justice that he be reduced to the position of a cuckold in a female-led marriage by the wife he has failed to satisfy. Or…”

“That’s certainly not, David, I can tell you,” I huffed, cutting off her train of thought. “He hates even the small steps we have taken and I’ve just described to you so far.”

“Or…” Joanna went on in a slightly raised voice, the tone of which told Becky its owner was not best pleased to be interrupted, “…he is brought to heel by increments and his weaknesses – in this case his continuing sexual desire for you and the humiliation he will feel should family, friends and work-colleagues discover he is unable to please you the way a husband should.”

I nodded, acknowledging her superiority in such matters.

“All the above,” she went on, “can be used to reduce him to a level of dependency very much in your favour.”
Not for the first time over the past years I asked myself why the prospect of humbling a husband I had not only loved but continued to do so – after a fashion – aroused me so much.

“You mustn’t think I don’t understand and sympathise with the misgivings you’re having. I too felt compelled to ask myself if I was some kind of monster for wanting to treat my husband in such a way – even if he had shown no such misgivings when the situation had been reversed,” Joanna went on, laying a hand across my own to show support. “I felt precisely the

same way when I first decided to put my husband under."

She smiled:

"Trust me, these misgivings will soon pass the more he concedes to you and the more you realise just how wonderful his submission will make your life."

Again I nodded, praying she was right and knowing it would make no difference either way.

I was hooked on the idea of my husband as a cuckold and servant and *nothing*, I was certain, would deflect me from achieving that end.

Joanna, of course, was not to know this, hence her words:

"Tell me, was it not wonderful to finally take control of him?"

"Wonderful is an understatement," I told her.

"Did it not feel completely natural for you to astride his handsome face and dictating his responses?"

"Completely."

"Did you not, even as all those raw emotions and sensations coursed through you, berate yourself for having allowed such an abnormal situation to have existed between you all these years?"

"It's exactly as you say," I agreed.

My mentor spread her arms wide as if at a successful cross-examination:

"Then go with what feels natural and consign all these feelings of guilt you speak of to the swill-bin where they belong. Because, if you don't, your cuckold will spot your weakness and utilise it for his own ends. Trust me on this, it's why I insisted you should begin speaking to him and schooling him as if he were your dog. The more stern and unrelenting you are with him the

more docile and obedient he will become – even if he does hate acting in such a way towards you."

A half-smile transformed her face.

"In fact…"

"What?" I prompted when she hesitated.

"I know you have no wish to treat David as a sissy and I'm in complete agreement with you, but you might want to consider treating him exactly as you would a dog whenever you feel his behaviour disrespectful or not suitably submissive on occasions. I promise you from experience, it is something he will hate and something you will find extremely empowering after the first feelings of silliness on your part have receded."

"You mean, like making him sit up and beg and say woof?" I laughed.

Joanna did not return my amusement.

"Yes. Amongst other things, that is exactly what I mean. Don't be too dismissive of such a punishment, Becky. If it were a simple matter of you being used to role-play out a husband's more perverted desires it would be quite a different proposition. But bear in mind that when you order him to adopt such a role it will not be *play* and he will be treated exactly as if he were a canine for as long as you think his misbehaviour merits such treatment."

Her eyes held mine:

"Think about it."

I did.

"That he concedes to you the power to compel him to behave in such a cringe-worthy manner can only cement in his mind your superiority and authority. It is what I meant earlier when I said the love you feel for him will

necessarily have to change. It cannot be helped. Never again will he be your soul-mate and partner in the way you once regarded him to be; albeit with distinct disappointments on your part. In fact, every time you move forward from now on, and each time he bends his neck before the latest of your demands he finds humiliating, you will take your husband in with quite different eyes. No longer will you look to David for those things you once depended upon him to provide. As you move forward and strip him of more power, domestically, socially and financially as well as sexually he will become more and more a lesser being to you. Especially when any penetration of you by a *real* cock will come from other sources while only David's tongue gets to make love to you."

Once again, my mentor and new friend had me on the verge of swooning with the matter-of-fact advice and descriptions that did so much to make me believe the incredible course I had embarked upon could be seen through to a glorious arrival.

A mentor who was about to take me even closer to the edge:

"Also," she added, "and as a means of counterpointing your control of him, I suggest you do not allow David the use of his hands when cleaning or pleasuring you and insist he keeps them clasped behind his back. This, I promise, will be mightily humiliating for him and wondrously empowering for you."

If the feelings inspired by simply *thinking* of punishing my husband in such a mind-bendingly puerile way were a guide then – unlike putting him in female clothing and make-up – it was an option with which I could definitely feel comfortable.

But, the verge and swooning notwithstanding, first things of necessity needed to come first:

"You're right, Joanna, I'm sure treating him in such a degrading way will work for me the way you say, " I assured her. "But that comes later when the proper footings have been laid and I have a solid base from which to work.

Right now though, I need to get over these stupid feelings of guilt before he works out I have them and uses my finer feelings to manipulate me."

"That's my girl," she winked, no doubt congratulating herself on having gotten me over my *small* qualms as a job well-done.

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"So where do I go from here?" I asked, all business and anxious to make strides with the promise I had made myself to make my husband the most obedient – add *abject* to that – cuckold and servant a devious and controlling wife ever had.

"The first thing you have to do is measure him," Joanna said, face completely serious.

"Measure him?"

"That's right."

As I continued to look at her with much puzzlement, she held her arms wide and smiled:

"How else will we know what size cock-cage to order for your soon-to-be cuckold?"

Seven

"This has gone far enough," Becky, he raged at me.

Actually, when I say *"raged"*, I'm not being entirely truthful. Given his fondness for appearances and the fact we were seated in our favourite Italian surrounded by fellow diners, it wasn't so much of a rage as a supressed and hissed explosion of indignation.

"I… I've bent over backwards to accommodate these… these perverted desires you seem to need to get out of your system. But enough is enough. I don't know what's gotten into you and how but it stops as of now. If that means ending our marriage then fine. But I refuse to be treated like this any longer."

His… *supressed*… outburst had not taken me by surprise exactly. In fact, it had been one of the reasons I'd dropped the bombshell on him while we were surrounded by other couples. Knowing how he absolutely hated either seeing or being a part of a public *"scene"*, I was sure that if I told him what was expected of him in such surroundings I would get to finish my complete train

of thought without him stomping off in a huff to the study.

A study of which I intended to deprive him some time soon.

Joanna had told me to just state what I expected matter-of-factly, as if it were a foregone conclusion he would comply, and then override his objections, one-by-one, afterwards.

She also pointed me in the direction of some online case-histories and when I read the descriptions of what other wives had achieved with their men after they had managed to get past their initial – and, I suppose, understandable - objections to having their pride and joy locked in a cage – I realised why my mentor was so insistent I get my David into a device.

Post-haste!

“I’ve done a lot of research on the Internet,” I told him, “and it’s obvious to me that the reason you’ve been less than satisfying in bed is because you play with yourself too much.”

He was horrified, eyes darting to-and-thro at my matter-of-fact assertion as if the whole restaurant had heard it and not just a hovering waiter who missed a beat before convincing himself he had misheard.

“Playing with myself?... For…” he caught himself in mid-outburst a she was about to utter a familiar Anglo-Saxon obscenity rarely found upon his lips.

Then, in a more controlled voice whose lower register hid nothing of his outrage:

“Have you gone quite mad, Rebecca?” he asked, using the full version of my name he only uttered when near the end of his tether with me.

“On the contrary,” I told him. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen things so clearly.”

“But…?”

“I’m sorry, David,” I cut in, lowering my own voice now that I may get my message across without him losing part of it through his concern we may be overheard. “You are still the man I married and still the man I love. But you’ve disappointed me and, if we are to stay together, you are going to need to follow my lead until you learn how to treat your wife in the way she deserves to be treated.”

I wasn’t lying, you understand, but I was being rather economical with the full truth, as a certain mendacious and Tory Attorney-General he detested had once put it so memorably. He was my husband still and I did indeed continue to love him. But I wasn’t being at all honest as to the way in which I was coming to love him these days.

My assurance did have the effect of mollifying him though.

A little, anyway.

“Look, Becky,” he began, returning to my more familiar incarnation, “I’ve acknowledged that…”

His eyes scanned the surrounding tables which, fortunately, were most unlike the normal trattoria layout and not crammed one on top of the other, before being reassured on the score of privacy enough to continue:

“…that I’ve not… not been satisfying you the way… the way you like, and I want to change that.”

I nodded, deciding now would be an opportune time to dangle a root vegetable before him.

“I realise that,” I said, “and you mustn’t think I’m not appreciative of you placing your tongue at my disposal.”

Fair enough, it wasn’t the most edifying of carrots and his mortified expression as I reminded him of his first *dip* into the oral sex arena – on the *giving* side, anyway – indicated this.

It would be something he would need to live with from now on.

“If our marriage is going to survive, though,” I went on, expression grave, “you are going to need to show me much more commitment.”

His thoughts were whirring now and it didn’t take an expense of effort on my part to know what they were whirring about. I deliberately hadn’t brought up the subject of my fucking other men since that first night and wouldn’t again – as per Joanna’s advice – until he was snug and secure in the cock-cage that would mark the *real* beginning of the new…

Regime.

“For crying out loud, Becky,” he protested. “I’ve conceded that I might have – unknowingly and unintentionally, mind – taken you for granted a bit in the past, but…”

“A bit?” I snapped, reaction disproportionate but necessary if I were to keep him on the backfoot where I needed him if I were to ever hear the wonderful sound of that lock clicking shit around his cock and balls.

“Alright… A *lot*,” he conceded. “But, as I said, it was never my intention to do it and I suppose I just got so wrapped up in trying to be a good provider that I took my eye off more… *intimate*… matters.”

“Look, David,” I began, reaching a hand across the table to lay it over his, knowing the gesture of fondness and familiarity would be sure to melt him and knowing also that to melt was to soften also, “I’m not trying to punish you here and if you think that’s what’s happening then I haven’t explained myself properly.”

Something resembling hope surfaced upon his handsome features and, given it was exactly the response I’d been hoping for, I exulted in my ability to manipulate his reactions so expertly.

Especially as I was lying through my teeth and wanted nothing more than to be in a position to both punish him and – the sure sign of triumph – have him

admit he fully deserved any treatment I decided to hand out to him - no matter how severe and humiliating.

Unjust you may take as read.

“It’s just that when I heard how the husband of my colleague at the office showed his devotion to her I realised how undervalued I felt.”

“But…”

“No, David,” I cut him off, squeezing his hand to underline it. “Just listen for once and let me finish. I know you think that by kissing my pussy for the first time the other evening you convinced me of your intention to be a better and more attentive husband for me, but it’s going to take a whole lot more than that if you are going to convince me this marriage is worth persevering with. The other night was no more than a promising start if you are ever to persuade me you’re capable of showing me the same kind of love and devotion my colleague has come to accept as her due from her own husband.”

Still in the early days of having his younger wife override him, I saw his Adam’s Apple bob in his throat as he swallowed back his indignation and forced himself to listen.

It was something I found exciting.

Had he, after all been a *“beta”* with no backbone at all I’m sure *“putting him under”* would not have been the power-rush it was for me – even at this fledgling stage, but my husband had the appeal for me of being a beta – even if he had yet to be made aware of the fact – who considered himself an *“alpha”*.

“I love you and I want our marriage to flourish,” I told him, fetching a return of hope to his features. “But marriages cannot flourish if one of the partners is unhappy. That’s why, after listening to my work-colleague, I decided I had only two options open to me and it would be your response to them that decided whether I asked you to leave our marriage forever, or persisted and

tried to tap the potential I know you have to be the man I want to spend the rest of my life with."

Exactly as Joanna, who'd suggested the above approach, had said, the merest hint that I could be prepared to end our union was enough to make him fearful and apprehensive.

Which was exactly the condition I needed him to be in right now.

"Becky," he began, squeezing my hand now, "you know already how committed to you I am. The thought of being without you causes me actual physical pain. Be certain, my love, that I intend to do just what it takes to make everything right between us."

It was, of course, exactly what I'd wanted to hear from him and - thoughts of the other thing the fictitious husband of a non-existent work-colleague had been required to do conveniently forgotten for the moment – he looked utterly sincere in his intent.

"I need to know you mean that, David," I said, leading him beautifully, even if I say so myself. "I know just how much you value your word and, if you give me it, I'll believe you. But, once it's given, all will be over between us if you go back on it even once."

So relieved was he to have what he thought was a crisis in our marriage recede – even if it only did so with responsibilities on his part – he leaned across the table and went to place a kiss on my lips.

Only to find himself thwarted when I turned my head at the last moment and presented him a cheek.

A small but symbolic reminder to him that things had already changed between us; though I'm not sure the subtlety penetrated his elation.

"I need to know," I began when he sat back in his seat, "that you want to stay in my life for the right reasons and not just because you're terrified of the shame you'll feel to have our families and friends know of the shortcomings

that could make me ask you to leave. I know how much stock you place on appearances and I have no intention of being some kind of trophy-wife you can trot our whenever you feel in need of an ego boost."

The truth, as I had known it would, put him on the backfoot and he began to splutter:
"That's not fair, Becky."

"Isn't it?"

"Okay, fair enough, it does me no harm within the company to be seen with a gorgeous wife on my arm at corporate functions and the like. But I thought you understood that. It certainly doesn't mean I value you any less."

"I'll take your word for that," I told him. "And I expect you to take mine when I say that putting me in the driver's seat of our marriage will not cause me to devalue you any less."

I engaged his eyes in a long and charged stare before adding:

"Quite the opposite, as it happens."

Seated across from the handsome husband I intended to be both my cuckold and my manservant, I could almost feel him melt at my words and the possibilities contained within them.

I clinched the deal with a smile offering still more potential for his elevation in my eyes before considering the time ripe to return to the crucial topic that had led us to this point and what, in truth, this meal had been about.

The enslavement of my husband's cock.

To me.

Eight

His breathing was shallow and his words hesitant as we sat on the sofa together with Cognacs after our return from the restaurant. My husband's unease none too surprising given the topic we had discussed before settling the bill and the fact a hand not occupied in holding my Brandy balloon had slipped inside his trousers and was massaging an erection that was about as impressive as his none-too-impressive equipment could manage. Something it seemed, subliminal or otherwise, was turning my husband on and I was not about to let the opportunity to advance my cause pass without utilising it.

"So, my randy and handsome husband," I began, "don't you think it would be exciting if you gave control of your big powerful cock to your loving young wife?"

It was hard not to laugh when the *"big powerful cock"* that was nothing of the sort gave a tiny lurch and an involuntary sigh left his lips as he attempted to frame a response.

“B-Becky,” he began, reiterating, if less articulately, his objections and sheer disbelief at the prospect I’d outlined to him over his meatballs and fettucine in a dolcellate sauce that had gone pretty much untouched after I’d brought the subject up. “I’ve said I’ll do anything to make our marriage work – and you said yourself how much I value my word. But what you’re suggesting is… *madness*.”

“Not according to what I’ve read on the Internet,” I supplied a contradiction whilst rolling his ball-sac between my fingers in that way I knew he loved.

“That… That’s just fantasy. Even if it could be done, no man would consent to having… to having such a contraption put on him.”

“What do mean, sweetheart: *‘even if it could be done’*?”

I stilled my hand and was rewarded with a look of frustration from him.

“Come on, Becky,” he urged me. “The real world and what a few perverts say is the *real* world on the Net are two different things. I promise you, any man locked in one of those things would soon cut himself out of it the moment he was frustrated enough.”

“You think?”

“I’m sure of it. But the more important question is why any woman would want to do that to a man anyway.”

“I’d have thought that was obvious I thought,” I told him, taking his balls in my hand and giving them a sharp squeeze to underline my point. “All women dream of having a man who’s faithful to them but know they can never be sure he will be. A cock-cage not only makes a man’s sexual loyalty a given but increases his desire for the woman who now controls his penis and balls.” His face was crimson now and my older husband was – understandably I suppose – distinctly uncomfortable with the subject under discussion.

“What could be a more convincing declaration of a husband’s devotion to the

woman in his life than giving her authority over his most prized possessions."

"But you've always had my devotion, Becky. Even if I haven't shown it to you enough or in a way you… you'd like. Apart from the fact a man would simply cut himself out of one like I just said, they'd be a health hazard even if they did work. Let's just drop it can we. Please. I promise I'm going to work at pleasing you to make up for the past from now on, but you can't expect me to agree to something so… so ridiculous. No man would."

Moving my head closer to his and staring directly in his eyes, I shook my head:

"You're wrong on so many levels, David. There are more men wearing them for their wives than you can possibly imagine."

"Come on, Becky" Who, for crying out loud?"

"Miranda's husband for one," I told him.

"Who?" he queried, having forgotten the name of mu non-existent work colleague.

"My colleague at the office. She put her husband into one six-months ago."

His jaw dropped and I marvelled at the efficacy of my lie while conceding Joanna's point that the success of a *"con"* rises or falls with the *"set-up"*.

"Not only does she insist that the ring of lightweight metal encircling his scrotum and the cage that contains his penis is impervious to all but the most superior cutting tools that would, without doubt, take a great part of her husband's equipment with it should he try to release himself without her permission…"

The only thing that could have made the look of horror and revulsion upon my handsome husband's face more exciting to me at that moment would have been my waterfall of a pussy mashed against it with his tongue thrusting in as far as it could reach.

Restraining the temptation to throw him on his back and do just that, I took advantage of my stunned and captive audience.

"…She also tells me it is comfortable for him to wear and, as he is able to clean it whilst it is still locked on him, there are absolutely *no* concerns in regard of health."

There followed a long silence as he took in what I had just said and what it meant for him. My hand, still and unmoving now, remained buried in his trousers. And, just as he could have no idea that *"Miranda"* and her husband were figments of my imagination, nor could he that in speaking of his *"cock-cage"* I was being totally truthful.
Both contradictory assertions academic anyway as I knew with complete certainty that David believed *both*.

"Becky, I…"

"Please, David!" I snapped, stilling his protestations in his throat. "You gave me your word in the restaurant and I told you what to expect if you went back on it… Even once!"

"But…"

"No!" I blazed, removing my hand from inside his fly and rising to my feet so sharply the Cognac I'd barely touched swirled over the rim of the balloon to land on his thighs. "From now on I do not accept *'buts'* from you."

The look of pure helplessness in the features staring up at me in the hope of a respite were of a kind I could only dream of seeing on his face not weeks before. And now, as I rested the balloon on a table and stood before him with hands on hips imperiously, hosed feet planted firmly upon the carpet, here it was in the reality. The urge to throw him to his back upon that carpet and grind my pussy into that same face was almost overwhelming.

Almost.

“I’m not playing, David,” I told him, “and you had better believe it when I tell you I want your things packed and you ready to leave if you don’t do as I say.”

His eyes seemed to question that this could possibly be the same young wife he had ruled for the term of our marriage as she stood before him and delivered an ultimatum that would once have been as unthinkable to her as it was to him.

“The only reason I can come up with for you not wanting me to take charge of your cock and use my control of it to make our marriage better is that you need to have it free to pleasure women other than me.”

“That’s not true!” he blurted out, reacting to all my prompts exactly like the well-schooled animal Joanna assured me I could make of him.

“If it’s not then why are you refusing to give control of your cock to me.”

As Joanna had assured me they would, my choice of words fetched forward a look that was a mixture of astonishment and a pain that was almost physical.

Which was, of course, her reason for having me use them.

“Are you afraid I won’t let you out to have a little cummy?” I asked. “Or have you really been tomcatting around on me and find the thought of stopping more important than showing your wife how much you trust her?”

His eyes – wonder of wonders – were moist.
My once proud and commanding husband, I noted with a glee I know and accept makes me evil, was on the verge of tears.

And *I* was the one provoking them.

“You have two choices at this moment,” I told him, striking while the branding-iron was hot. “One: you leave this instant and spend the night at a hotel, or a place of your own choosing, before returning for your things when you’ve found somewhere to live. Take this choice and I will consider our

marriage at an end and will telephone everybody to tell them and why. Believe me, I will *not* take you back after you've broken your word to me under *any* circumstances."

I allowed my thoroughly anguished husband to take this in, more convinced than ever that he truly did love me and found the prospect of being without me in his life – along with the presence of having all his intimates know of his failure as a husband and a man – utterly appalling.

Then:

"Or…"

His beaten eyes found mine and I just knew he was looking to me to provide him an exit from the corner he had just backed himself into:

"…Two: you can go up to our bedroom now, strip off all your clothes and wait for me."

His expression said:

"What now?"

"Then," I went on, hoping I'd chosen that *'corner'* wisely, "I shall replace and finish the Cognac I just spilled and come up to join you."

"What now?" became *"to do what?"*

"Our bedroom is, after all, where I keep the sewing-box containing my tape-measure."

The light still hadn't dawned when I added:

"What else would I measure your cock and balls with?"

Not waiting for a response I seated myself in a chair opposite him and crossed the legs I knew he loved so much and gloried that, even in such a

state of mental extremis, he could not prevent his eyes from taking them in hungrily.

Then, after a few moments that, to him, must have seemed like whole decades of anguish and indecision:

“Well? What’s it going to be?”

Had it not been for his somewhat tortured breathing – mine too if I’m to be truthful – the silence would have been greater than in any tomb in the Valley of Kings prior to discovery and excavation.

Then…

Part Three

Nine

"Mason fucked me three times tonight. And each time he was as hard as he was the first. At no time was he soft until I was totally – and I do mean *totally* – satisfied."

This was the opening salvo in what was not a conversation with my husband so much as a monologue. A *highly* demeaning monologue on my part that took place an hour or so ago after I'd returned home to shower and refresh myself. This before entering the study I now occupy that once belonged to my husband and firing up the computer to continue my story. The story of not just my husband's cuckolding but his fall to domestic servitude in the same house in he had once ruled.

Same house, *different* boss.

The handsome man of middle-years who knelt on the carpet before my parted legs and the recently fucked pussy at their apex may have been recognisable from his physical appearance but the man inside the shell bore almost no relation to the proud and masculine man I'd married.

Correction:

"Thought" I'd married.

The pain etched into his features as I recounted my latest exploits with a better endowed lover triggered my excitement back to life after my earlier

exertions and I acknowledged just how important David was to me – even if I would *never* allow him the satisfaction of knowing it.

Then again, how much satisfaction could a man take from knowing he was important to his sexy younger wife simply because her control and humiliation took her sensual life to heights that would have taken her off-world were they to go any higher. Simply picturing him as he went about his humble chores at home – chores set by *me* – seemed to add extra inches to the cock of my lover at the time and took my passion to levels I knew were beyond simple cheating; though I still haven't worked out why the suffering of a man who loved me – pompous and overbearing as he was at one time – should be so thrilling.

All I can say is that if funds are still being deposited into an account on a regular basis it would be madness to close it until the cash-flow ceased.

And where this cash-builder was concerned there seemed no chance of the dividends coming to an end any time soon.

If ever!

The main provider of those dividends was kneeling before me, and kneeling before me fully clothed, knowing what was to come and dreading it – if a grown man dressed in tight shorts and an oversize Disney tee-shirt can be described as fully-clothed.
The above being yet another twist to my growing sadism – yes, I'm comfortable enough in my skin to now describe myself truthfully – a sadism made all the more exquisite for knowing it was forced upon a captive who hated it.

Tough.

This was how I liked him to dress when *"serving"* me indoors and must have been especially demeaning for him as he waited for me to continue with the description of my night.

I had insisted it become a ritual between us and, hate it as David did, he knew

he was best advised to listen attentively, and without either grimace or rebuke if he did not want me to follow through on my threat to invite one of my *"lovers"* to actually fuck me in the bedroom in which he himself had one lorded it over me.

Having made the promise to him that I would not rub his nose in his inadequacy by introducing one of my lovers into our own home, I also knew his fear that I might do just that was yet another lever with which to control him.

And, unbeknownst to him, I did intend to just that at one time – despite having given him my word on the subject.

My word in regard of him, after all, meant only what I wanted it to mean.

"You don't seem too thrilled that another man gave me what my own husband couldn't," I observed, still marveling that I could be treating him in such a fashion, despite having done so on many before occasions now. "Or are you sulking because I didn't bring my black lover home with me for you to witness how a *real* man fucks a *real* woman."

Despite all the changes I had made to our relationship and the humiliations he suffered on a daily basis, my threat still managed to make him look green at the gills as his eyes lowered before mine in yet another unintended tribute to the power I now wielded over him.

I pressed home my advantage:

"Well?" I snapped, adult-to-minor. "Is that what it is? Do you want mummy to bring the big powerful black man home so you can see how well he uses his beautiful cock to please her?"

The mix of anger, anguish and, yes, lust – to this point he has been in his cage for a whole three weeks without the humiliating release I allow him if he has been sufficiently obedient – was as incredible to me as it was exciting and, once again, I asked myself how I could have missed such levels of weakness in him when we first met and I had allowed him to take centre-

stage.

To me, it was inconceivable that any person would accept such treatment.

Let alone stay on for more.
I had said as much more than once to Joanna and her answer each time was near identical to the one that had preceded it:

"I see it as a simple law of nature," she had told me. "Strength responds to strength and uses weakness; while weakness can do no more than bend the neck and go on doing so once strength decides to make use of it. Every time you force David to obey you and do something he would rather not do, and he does it, a little more of his self-will dies.

"It is up to you how far you go with this power, but my advice would be to use it wisely lest you find yourself with a husband who is little more than a compliant vegetable with little individuality and ability to think for himself and, consequently, becomes of no use to you. The incredible levels of arousal you feel at this time are only made possible – no matter how adept and well-endowed your lovers – by your having forced David to accept both your right to be fucked by a man capable of satisfying you and the knowledge it is still a man you have reduced to such an abject condition. A part of what elevates your pleasure is that David remains a man still and hates what you do to him. And yet, out of weakness, need, and the fear of having his shaming lack of manhood made known to those who know and look up to him, he stays at your side and accepts more of the same. This is the foundation stone of the exhilaration provides for you."

She had been, I knew, and as she had been in so many things, entirely correct; nor had she been wrong when she added:

"The trick is to maintain this balance. Do so and you will not only be living the dream but will continue to go on doing so."

Incredible as that initial power-rush had been whenever I forced David to do something he hated, I'd recognised the sense of Joanna's words and had

made sure from then on to balance my demands. As far as our families and friends were concerned, we were still happily married and in a loving relationship – even if that did apply in reality to only one of us – and I did not want what happened between us behind closed-doors to infringe upon this perception. A David without any sense of manly pride – no matter how pitiful – would not go unnoticed. As it stood, however, I still found it highly amusing to see him strut around as if he were still the man of the house on those occasions when family and friends called – even if it would have been quite impossible for them to miss that there was a new sheriff in town. The fact they knew he taken a voluntary redundancy from the company he loved and was running the home now I was the main breadwinner made that recognition as much of a given to them as it was a surprise.

Had they known that I'd also insisted upon him signing over a power-of-attorney – about the most difficult task I'd faced with my growingly submissive spouse – shock could have been added to recognition.

And been but the tip of the iceberg were they to be told *everything.*

At this point, he had no access whatsoever to any of our accounts and was, in fact, completely dependent upon me for any money he received for shopping and the like and knew better than not to be able to account for *every* last penny.

Actually, had it not been for the fact I quite enjoyed having him chauffeur me to the supermarket and other places, I might just have cancelled his driving-licence and made him feel even more dependent upon his young wife. He did, after all, love his driving and I knew it was one of the few things that still gave him a sense of both being a man and in control. Unfortunately, however, I detested driving as much as he thrived on it and was unwilling to forego my *"Lady of the Manor"* jaunts with my *"man"*.

Even if it was an idea with which I continued to toy.

"I just asked you a question, Davy," I reminded him, the boyish diminutive and the expectancy in my tone only turning the screw on his misery.

The eyes he raised up to mine were moist with unmanly tears and an expectancy of his own; almost as if he expected such unmanly behaviour to force a rethink from me that I might start seeing him as a man and a husband again. Something I found hard to believe. Not only had the unexpected levels of his weakness allowed me to force him into an early retirement – as he preferred to describe it to those close to us - from the position and the company he loved, but I had also taken over *all* responsibility for our finances and domestic decisions and insisted he sign legal forms giving me the full right to do so.

Yet still he seemed to harbour some deluded hope that I would overlook the pitiful way he had caved in before me and return our marriage to something near its former footing.

Some hope!

“Is that what you want, Davy?” I pressed, eyes blazing into his with full and maternal force. “For me to bring home one of my…?”

“No!” he almost screamed. “You know I don’t want… *that*. Please, Becky, I…”

The slap that rocked his head to one side was not the first of such corrections I had given my older husband but its effect was no less reduced.

And it was not the pain alone that stopped him in his tracks and turned moistness to tears.

The mere fact I felt free to correct his behaviour in such a way, and that he felt utterly powerless to prevent me from doing so, gave my slap the power my female physique was unable to provide on its own.

“How dare you call me by name when we’re alone!” I snapped, rising to my feet to tower above him. “You only have permission to do that when we are around friends and family. When you stopped being a man you forfeited the right to address me in such a way.”

My reference to his vanished manhood had the desired effect and heaped yet more misery upon the head I still found so handsome – more so, actually, given to all intents and purposes it was now my property.

I had read fictional stories on the Net where wives spoke to their husbands in similar fashion and found it apt on this occasion; knowing that any mention of his reduced status as a man in my eyes could only reduce it lower and to a point of my choosing.

Though, with Joanna's advice ringing in my ears, I would make sure to be careful not to take his pride to such a point my torment of him would lose all value.

And, as I've mentioned, I did have *some* feelings for him still; though they were – apart from the admittedly perverse sexual aspects – more those of a strict and disciplinarian authority-figure rather than anything resembling the usual wife-husband interaction. Quite the opposite. I also felt more comfortable speaking to him in a way I had always found slightly risible as contained in the stories I had read online and talking down to him as if he were an unruly child being taught to obey only served to heighten my excitement.

As well as destroy any lingering respect I may still felt for him.

I was not finished just yet, however:

"It's impossible for me to see you as any kind of a man anymore and I'm convinced you *never* were one. Any affection I have for you – and I still do have affection for you, you will be surprised to learn – is that of a mother for a child who needs her strict and loving guidance."

"Please, Becky!" he cried, ignoring the correction with which I'd just provided him and throwing his arms around my waist to press his face against my skirt and the freshly-fucked pussy behind it. "I am a man. If you'll just let me prove it."

Taking a handful of his full but greying hair, I yanked his head back and away from my crotch until his reddened eyes met mine:

“Every time you open your stupid mouth,” I hissed at him, warm breath scalding once manly cheeks that were already aflame, “you prove to me how pitiful you really are. A *‘real’* man would not be *asking* for a chance to prove himself in such a way but would simply take what he wanted. Is that you, do you think? On your knees at my feet with your cock locked in a cage to which I have the key? Because it doesn’t sound like much of a man to me.”

I waited for some response from him and, as expected, there was none.

His attempted rebuttals and doomed attempts to win me over were becoming smaller and smaller in duration.

The knowledge made me smile and it thrilled me to think that, soon, any rebellion on his part would be made solely within the confines of his own head

“This is the last time we are going to have this discussion,” I assured him, anger a mixture of feigned and real – the excited and the contemptuous. “If you tell me you’re a man just one more time I will fetch a big black bull over and have him fuck me in front of you while you kneel naked before us before making you suck his cock clean after I’m finished with him.”

The horror in his eyes was real and he knew by now that I was as capable of carrying out such a threat as he appeared incapable of resisting it.

Just the same, I saw no harm in adding an extra incentive for good behaviour to the mix:

“Who knows? If you really misbehave…” I had been about to say *‘piss me off’* but caught myself in time when I realised the language was far too adult for the relationship I was forging between us “…I might just take my cell-phone and get some nice shots of you with your lips around my lover’s fat prick as you clean our mingled love juices from it.”

Knowing all too well his benign, if no less homophobic, antipathy to same gender sex, I was unsurprised when his eyes widened with absolute horror at my threat.

A good time, I thought, to give him something even *more* discomfiting to think about:

“Wouldn’t our families and friends enjoy that little slideshow!”

Misery goes nowhere close to describing his expression and I could almost hear him asking himself how a life he loved so much could have degenerated into such a horror show.

And *so* quickly.

I was on a roll now, however, and his inner misery was propelling me forward rather than halting my flow:

“I repeat: you are *not* a man and have *never* been one.”

The next words I almost spat:

“What kind of a man allows his wife to lock his cock away in a cage and leave a job he loves to become a supervised househusband? Does that kind of person sound like a man to you?”

He closed his eyes and I slapped his face.

Again.

“Don’t you dare close your eyes when I’m speaking,” I barked, gratified when his eyes flashed open. “Now apologise. And address me with respect when you do.”

A few moments passed.
And a few more.

It did not take a genius to divine his thought patterns and I knew he was asking himself – much the same as I did myself – why he was taking such treatment from me. I had taken his job and his self-determination from him and made him no more than a cuckold I was treating like an infant – and a cuckolded infant with domestic and humbling sexual responsibilities at that. Yet there he was, on his knees at the feet of the wife who had just been fucked by a black lover while he had stayed at home with his cock locked in a cage and performed chores until she returned.

I had actually raised my hand again when it came:

"I… I'm sorry…"

Then, with my hand still raised threateningly and knowing what he had to say:

"…Mummy."

Fucked-and-used to completion as I had been earlier, yet another orgasm rippled through me as my once manly husband conceded what was left of that manhood to me and, in doing so, acknowledged to me – *again* - that I was the supreme ruler of both our household and him.

Lowering my arm, I smiled, knowing it was time to be maternal again; knowing also that he would, subconsciously, at least, respond positively to such treatment in the time-honoured way of the little boy melting to sympathy from the bully who had just been in the process of tormenting him.

Such is the perversity of men and, perhaps, though I *never* hope to find out, women too.

"Good boy," I praised, leaning in to plant a kiss on top of his head.

Then, running a loving hand through the thick grey locks I had just manhandled my voice took on a softer tone:

"That's much better, sweetheart," I told him, soothing words having the

almost instant effect of turning him to mush; such is the childhood conditioning I just spoke of that makes some males so much more responsive to female handling than others. “Mummy want us to have a lovely life together, but that can only happen if you are totally obedient and try to be the best boy you can be for her. I don’t want to have to be strict with you and nothing makes me happier…” I’ve no idea how I kept a straight face “…than letting you have a treat when you’ve pleased me.”

I gave him a big maternal smile:

“Remember how much you enjoyed it when I let you play golf the other weekend with your friends?”

I could tell from his expression that he was hardly likely to forget one of the rare occasions his *“good behaviour”* had earned him a treat that had once been regular *and* his right; *“carrots”*, as Joanna had insisted, being an important part in the motivation and moulding of the cuckold-cum-domestic-servant.

Everybody, after all, needs to have something that allows them to look forward.

Even an abject and domesticated cuckold.

“There’s no reason there can’t be other treats for my boy,” I went on, “so long as he convinces his mummy he wants to be the best boy he can be for her.”

As ludicrous as this sounds, I could tell from the expression beneath the tears flowing down my husband’s beaten cheeks that he actually took some small and humiliatingly weak encouragement from this.

Incredible!

This weakling had been waiting for me to take control of him all this time and I’d been unable to see it.

Unjustly, I resented him for this and told myself that if he wanted to earn those *"treats"* in future then he had better get used to jumping through some pretty demanding hoops.

"Now," I said, retaking my seat on the sofa and spreading my pantyhosed legs that he may see the sodden and cum-stained gusset reserved for his tongue, "before she lets her little boy make his mummy all fresh and cleans away the cum left by her powerful lovers beautiful black cock, she wants to tell you all about her evening."

As it had on all the other occasions when I'd demanded a similar service, the blood drained from his reddened cheeks as if a faucet had been opened and sent his life-force – what remained of it – into solitary confinement.

And *still*, after all that had passed between us recently, his eyes pleaded with me to relent and put an end to his suffering.

He was not only weak, I decided, but delusional.

Then, not being in a *relenting* vein and before I began to relate the events of the evening to a once commanding and authoritative husband standing abject before me in his degrading home attire of tight shorts and ludicrous Minnie-Mouse tee-shirt, my eyes settled on the bulge in those shorts created by his cock-cage and my thoughts, for some reason, went back to a conversation with my husband that triggered recollection of a still earlier conversation.

A conversation that did not end well for him.…

Ten

"Becky, I… I know I agreed to wear this… this contraption, but it… it's really beginning to get… uncomfortable."

It had been a week since that fateful night when I had, rushed and fearful that he might change his mind, affixed the encircling ring of steel around his scrotum and slid his shrivelled penis into a metal sheath that, once attached to the ring and locked, would forever alter the balance of power in our marriage

in ways even more favourable than the small changes that had taken place thus far.

Even more favourable to *me*, that is.

To say I was overjoyed at the effect caging his cock had upon David would be to admit to a distinct lack of gift when it came to describing the sensations the early days in my intent to thoroughly humiliate and enslave him produced in me. The handsome man who was so admired by the ladies and looked upon with respect and envy by so many of the men he worked with – not to mention friends and family – was all but grovelling before me. The coming reversal of roles that was to be far more Draconian and far reaching than anything he had experienced to now made all the more possible in my eyes by the top-of-the-range contraption that prevented him experiencing an erection without his young wife's express permission. Nothing in my life had prepared me for such a rush of sensations and I also knew that *nothing* could prevent me from carrying out my intention to thoroughly emasculate my husband that I might continue to do so.

After all, I told myself:

"If this is the pleasure treating him in such a way produces in me now, how much more incredible will it be when I truly have him under-the-heel, so to speak?"

Had there been any possibility of me re-thinking my intention it died the moment the padlocked joining the ring encircling his scrotum to the cage containing his cock had snapped shut.

Joanna had told me that certain men get a weird kick out of handing control of their cocks over to their wives and that I might need to utilise some ice before he was in a condition to have his pride and joy imprisoned.

This did not prove to be the case.

If there had been one shred of excitement on his part, subliminal or otherwise, to *"handing"* me the kind of control it must have been obvious to

him I would wield once the top-of-the-range and pretty much immovable device clicked shit around his scrotum, then it was doing a bang-up job of preventing its message from reaching a positively fearful penis.

To be honest, I can't say I was surprised.

In fact, I'd go as far as to say I understood his reticence entirely – even if that reticence did stop a long way short of anything approaching sympathy.

I mean, given we're capable of feeling pain ourselves, we can always emphasize with someone we love who happens to be suffering mental or physical anguish; but it doesn't mean we're about to stop causing them it.

In my case, quite the opposite, in fact.

My husband had been about to have the cock and balls that had been his to play with – at least since he first realised the pleasure they were capable of bringing him - placed under lock and key by a younger wife for whom he had always felt a distinct if unspoken sense of superiority. Once secured, he knew, any pleasure from now on would be experienced only with my direct permission. He would, of course, be able to piss and clean himself in the usual – if slightly more circuitous – way. But when it came to intercourse or even masturbation he would, from the moment it snapped shut, be dependent upon a woman far younger than him in years for any sexual satisfaction coming his way.

There was, Joanna had assured me from hands on experience of her own with her own husband, no greater inducement that could be supplied to a man to make him more, respectful, more helpful, and more docile than knowing his very manhood was under the control of someone who was not only *not* him but was his *loving* wife.

Small wonder he had *not* been excited!

Again seduced by the sheer exhilaration I had experienced when *forcing* the cock-cage upon him, my thoughts gave me no choice but to linger on the events of over a week ago that seemed as fresh now as they had been at the

time; this as he stood before me and awaited my response to his complaint regarding the discomfort caused by his new male *underwear*…

…"Please, Becky," he had asked, only a residue of male pride preventing him from outright begging, "is this really necessary? You know I've never even looked at another woman, let alone cheated on you with one. What possible purpose can this… thing… serve?"

I'd smiled inwardly at his delusion. He was deep down, I knew, too loyal and correct a man to go behind me with another woman. But then, this was not about my fears of his cheating on me but utilising the possibility to provide a believable reason to get him into his cage. And doing so without giving the game away that my true motivation for wanting to put his cock and balls under lock and key was less to do with his fidelity than my gradual assertion of control.

Control that would be, if Joanna had not exaggerated when describing the results to be had, and I did not weaken…

TOTAL.

"You're a handsome man still and you know it, David. I see the women at your company functions almost salivating over you and I'm fed up of constantly worrying that one day you'll succumb to temptation and soil our marriage."
His jaw had all but landed on his chest.

And I would have been surprised if it hadn't done exactly that.

This last, after all, had been more than a bit rich on my part. Considering it had been my saying that if he were truly devoted to his wife the way the fictitious husband of my non-existent work-colleague was to his then he would want me to be satisfied by cocks bigger and better placed to satisfy me. In fact, even at this point, and having come so far in his… training, I was still amazed that the young woman who had allowed her handsome husband to lead her in all things had found the nerve and courage to even suggest such a

thing.

Yet another thank-you I owed to Joanna for her encouragement and keeping the faith to bolster my confidence on those occasions – not as many as I might have expected – when I felt I might not be up to the task of taking over the reins after so long with the bit between my own teeth and David astride the saddle.

To my astonishment, however, it seemed he was more outraged by my having inferred he might cheat on me than the prospect of me doing just that to him. Making an earlier decision I'd taken at the beginning of his… conditioning… look all the more sensible. By not returning to the subject of other men satisfying me since that first time and simply concentrating on getting him to perform for me with his, heretofore, unwilling tongue he had, like most men, chosen to simply bury an idea that was discomfiting to him.

Much good his impersonation of an Ostrich would do him.

Though it had been my decision to stay off the subject of other cocks for a while it had been reached only after a suggestion by Joanna, and, as well as being one of many suggestions she had made, it had also proved a sound one.

And one more debt to add to the growing list of gratitude I owed to the mentor I now looked upon also as a friend.

Anyway, ego fed to such a point he almost forgot that his wife was in the process of fitting him with a restraint that would not only make such ersatz fears on her part meaningless but would effectively give her a massive bargaining tool with which to control him, he had leaned forward to kiss the top of my head reassuringly:

"Becky," this is nonsense. "There's no woman for you but me and nothing will change that."

"Do you really mean that?" I asked, on the edge of laughter at his faux pas and determined to extract a little mileage from it that I may increase his discomfort. "I had no idea you were so… kinky."

His eyes crinkled with puzzlement and it took a few moments for him to realise his error:

"I meant… You know what I meant?"

"A Freudian slip was it?" I teased. "Or does the idea of me dressing you in slips of a more female kind excite you?"

His face was a picture of horror – or should I say: horror over horror.

I used the silence created by his revulsion at such a thought to continue teasing him:

"Because if it was, I have to tell you that the idea of being married to a sissy, as well as to a man incapable of satisfying me the way a real man should, does absolutely nothing for me. I couldn't possibly stay married to such a pervert."

Apart from seeing the barbs directed at his manhood and sexual prowess striking home I basked in the injustice of the treatment I was in the process of inflicting upon him.

It was just too, too, delicious.

ME describing HIM as a "pervert" when there was so much running around in his head already – none of it pleasing to him – caused him to begin spluttering:

"Th-That's n-not what I meant and you know it," he cried, on the verge of a hissy-fit as I liked to describe any signs of rebellion to the new and coming order he might make.

"Oh, do calm down," I told him. "I'm teasing you. I know a big strong man like you would never want or consent to dress in such a way. And it really pleases me to hear you say I'm the only woman there will ever be for you as that's how I always want it to be."

Still not totally up-to-speed with my intentions for our life together from now on, his expression became hopeful:

"That's all I want, Becky," he told me, eyes blazing into mine with such earnestness it was impossible for me to believe anything else.

They were still blazing into mine as I gave him an encouraging and diversionary smile before my hands snapped shut the padlock securing the ring into place about his scrotum.

The resounding click that echoed into the room seemed, to my ears at least… final.

"Then you won't mind me making absolutely certain of that, will you?" I asked the look of pure horror that greeted my taking receipt of his manhood, using his own logic against him. "After all, if you have no intention of cheating on me why would it bother you to give me control of your cock and balls?"
If the look on his face was any guide, one might have been forgiven for thinking he had just been chemically castrated and the clicking shut of that lock was no less than the sound of the drip controlling the compounds about to neuter him, shutting off that organs other than his testicles might not be damaged by an overdose.
As amusing as I found such a concept, I knew in my heart of hearts that this would never happen.

I could never do such a thing to him.

Not when his being capable of an erection and me being in a position to prevent it was such a huge turn-on.

"But what…?" he began, eyes not leaving the device attached so securely to both his cock and balls; terror – real terror – draining his cheeks of blood.

"But…? But what if…?" What if…?"

I'm sure he had many concerns at this point, but we both knew to what he was really referring. Why wouldn't he? Just the same, I professed puzzlement as to "what?" he was actually asking and the blood that had left his cheeks returned with a rush at the prospect of questioning me on the subject of not just sex between us but of his own satisfaction.

"But what?" I pressed, quizzical eyes holding his until his humiliation became too great and he lowered his own.

Only to have the sight of the ring encircling his scrotum heighten that humiliation further and, in doing so, trigger the demand Joanna had said would follow on from my "securing" him:

"Then…?"

I could see he was steeling himself to ask me the question and thrilled at having brought him to such a condition so swiftly.

He appeared to swallow with difficulty and then choked it out:

"Then you won't mind if I insist on you wearing a similar device and holding the key myself?" he asked in a way that was not altogether unexpected. Joanna had warned me the request would be made at some time or another and had schooled me in just how to answer it. "I see how men look at you too, so it's only fair that…"

"This is not about me earning your trust," I snapped at him, truncating his thought processes as I threaded a thin silver chain through the eye of the key that had just imprisoned his manhood, and doing so in a way that still managed to impart to him a sense of both irritation and disappointment at the same time.

In a few minutes it was my intention to have him actually fit the key conferring power over his manhood around his young wife's neck.

After I'd explained some home truths to him, that is.

“This,” I went on, “is about putting me first for a change and showing me how committed you are to staying married to me.”
“But…”

“Things have changed between us, David,” I told him, balancing firmness and a little regret in my tone in a way intended to give him the impression his taking me for granted had left no alternative but the current course of action. “I can’t deny it. I’m not the same naïve young girl you married but a mature woman with a mind and needs of her own…”

“Yes, but…”

“...I don’t look at you in the same way I once did, I’m afraid, and there’s no help for it,” I overrode his increasingly crestfallen features as he stood before me in his new restraint and listened to me tell him I’d lost a great deal, if not all, respect for him.

I allowed it to sink in.

“You’re not the man I took you for.”

The, drawing out the pause between my next words:

“But, if there’s to be any hope for us, and you are as devoted to me as you say, you can at least try to be the man and husband I want you to be.”

Despite his seniority in years to me there was fear written across his face; not the terror plastered across it upon hearing the click of the padlock and seeing the device attached to cock and balls admittedly, but fear just the same.

And it wasn’t just the love he had for his wife and fear of losing her.

No, he was at least a little more complex than that.

Complex and, I was beginning to realise, pitifully weak.

Being the man he was – a man to whom appearances meant so much – a great portion of his self-worth was wrapped up in his young wife and the way others viewed our union.

He was the type of man other men looked up to and, though he had never said as much, I knew this was a source of great pride and pleasure to him and that having me on his arm played a large part in his self-approval. For me not be draped upon it was unthinkable for him. And worse was the prospect of friends, family, colleagues and neighbours, knowing that I was no longer with him because he was incapable of providing me with the sexual pleasure the type of man they assumed him to be could and should have provided.

For David, I knew, losing me was simply not an option.
Again:

Tough!

"Becky," he began, finding a little backbone despite his fear and the fact his young wife had just locked his treasures in a cock-cage to which only she had the key, "I can't say I understand what's started happening inside your head recently, but out of love for you I've gone along with it."

He indicated the metal encasing his cock and balls with a gesture that was almost disbelieving of his willingness to have allowed me to do such a thing to him:

"I... I want you to be happy, but there's a limit. I've allowed you to…" again he indicated the top-of-the-range restrainer with a sense of disbelief, "...put this thing on me to…"

I allowed him to go no further.

"No!" I snapped, mindful of Joanna's advice to treat him just as if he were a pet I were training, snapping out the word in a way that sounded to my own ears very much like 'Bad dog!'.

His eyes found mine and I saw real panic mingling with his surprise at my

forcefulness in interrupting him – something that would have been unthinkable not long before. I also sensed a growing need in him to actually lay hands upon me and shake some sense into my head his words had been unable to do on their own.

And I also knew he wouldn't – why else would he have allowed me to have just snapped shut the lock that effectively imprisoned his manhood?

As my mentor had said:

"With every backward step you force him to take you ensure the next becomes that much easier until, at last, he will lose all hope of making a forward motion of his own volition without your express permission."

The concept had been a delicious one and even Joanna's warning words afterwards had not caused me to miss a beat:

"I say again though, Becky: be very careful this is what you truly want because, once emasculated, you will never see him as a man again and the marriage you once knew will be gone forever. Should, that is, you ever hanker for its return. Any respect you have for David is about to go through the floor and though you will value him – even feel a form of the love you once knew for him - for the many practical uses he has in your life and the pleasures his submission frees you to sample, he will never be a real man to you again. For me with my husband, it was the most exquisite power-rush to know that the man who had once considered himself my superior was now relegated to being my chaste and obedient flunky until such a time as I considered he had earned the right to feel the release of an orgasm again."

The high colour of her attractive but growingly matronly cheeks left me in no doubt of her words.

"But," she went on, "I must be truthful and point out to you that I have known one or two women who simply could not bear to have the husband's – husbands they had once regarded as real men - stay in their lives once they had been revealed for something less. I mean it, Becky, be careful you really

want to take this next step. It still isn't too late for you to embark upon a… milder… form of re-wiring where David is concerned. A milder form that will at least enable you to keep something of your former respect for him as a man alive and still maintain a new and more commanding position in the relationship."

My head was shaking before she had even finished with the cautionary words. I had already decided that even a smidgen of the former respect I'd once felt for David was the very last thing I wanted to feel towards him; though Joanna ignored my intent and continued to warn me of the dangers inherent in stripping David of any belief he might possess in his own manhood:

"We females are fickle, Becky. We want absolute control over our mates. But we also have a need to feel dominated on occasion. Those women I spoke of above found the responsibility of virtually becoming a mother to their weakened husbands a dreadful bind and it led to one of them actually leaving her husband and falling into a relationship with her Bull."

My friend and mentor's stare was full of warning as she added:

"A relationship with her Bull in which she was the one who found herself utterly controlled and dominated. Of course, in your case, not having children is a bonus and prevents you having to implement a more conventional household routine and hiding your contempt of David that they may not feel contempt of their own for someone who is, after all, their father. But I would be less than a friend if I were not to point out the possibility of his weakness actually becoming repellent to you and seeing you slide into the kind of demeaning relationship with another man now lived by the two women I speak of."

With her advice ringing in my ears and David stood before me in his restrainer, looking fearful, angry and ashamed in equal measures, I gave mental thanks to my friend and mentor for her wise words.

And ignored them completely.

I had never felt so alive to that point, and if making my previously dominant, if relatively, benign older husband continue on his journey backwards was what was required to keep the feelings coming or, hopefully, multiply them there could only be one course of action open to me.

I also knew Joanna had simply been playing Devil's Advocate and knew of my commitment to that course I had asked for her help in setting me upon.

She was doing no more than any true friend would do and was making me aware of possible pitfalls.

As I say, I gave thanks to her for this.

But I also knew that, rather than put an end to my marriage with David, it would be my control, domination and, yes, "contempt" that would ensure our marriage would last.

And as for me finding myself on an inferior footing with a male ever again – be he cuckold husband or sex-god Bull?

There was as much chance of that happening as there was the cock of my handsome older husband ever being allowed inside my pussy again.

She had ended her cautionary words with:

"You need to be totally sure you can handle having a man for whom you once professed love in a thoroughly miserable fashion. Some betas and cuckolds actively embrace the lifestyle and take a perverse kind of joy from having their wife control them. But your David, though I am certain he is a genuine, if unconscious, beta, is not one of their number."

Given his complete lack of a positive reaction – subconscious or otherwise – to the locking of the ring around his scrotum, this was an opinion of my husband's beta status I'd already reached for myself.

"He will hate what you do to him, even as he submits to such treatment for

those reasons of appearance and self-regard you have mentioned. Just be sure that seeing him miserable is not too much for you to bear because, as I've warned, there can be no re-winding of the clock once the cuckold cat has been released from its bag."

Reflecting upon her words, and far from experiencing second-thoughts, I'd smiled to myself. David miserable, and my being the cause of it, evoked in me such feelings of euphoria my earlier self-questioning as to whether treating him in such a way would make me a monster was no more than the sound of a fast moving train vanishing in the opposite direction.

Monster or not, I wanted what I wanted.

Eleven

"…I need… *want*… you to take this thing off of me, Becky."

My husband's words snapped my thoughts from a recall of the previous week's events that still managed to delight and back to the present.

A present that was no less delightful.

To all you wives and women who are reading this who would wish to experience such control over a husband or partner, I cannot explain with total accuracy just how incredibly arousing it is to have one's man standing before you in such a condition of supplication. In no more than a matter of eight days I had already seen changes in his behaviour around the house and in his

attitude towards me – *servile* changes – and was now even more determined to continue on the path I had set myself. After all, if I could achieve results so positive in so short a space of time what could be done if I kept him in his cock-cage longer?

"I'm assured that as well as being the most secure ring and cage of its kind," I told him, deliberately not addressing the root cause of his complaint in its regard, "it is perfectly comfortable and hygienic. Are you having trouble performing your… natural functions?"

"Well, no… But…"

"Is keeping it and yourself clean a problem?"

"No," he replied, red-faced from having to participate in such a conversation with his younger wife. "That… That's not a problem."

"Then why are you whining to me?"

The derogatory and childish word had the desired effect and he coloured some more. Not only was I becoming accustomed to giving him short, sharp and easily understandable commands – just the way one would, as Joanna had intimated, to a pet being trained – but my tone with him was taking on a distinctly maternal and authoritative edge. Though there was *nothing* maternal in the way his tongue was being schooled to give my pussy pleasure.

Despite the distaste for the *chore* he could never quite keep from marring his expression.

"You know full well I'm not *"whining"*, as you put it," he said, gamely trying to inject an edge of authority into his own tone – and failing dismally and unsurprising, given what we both knew was under his trousers and *who* had forced him into it.

"If you have a problem all you have to do is tell me about it," tone still motherly but with *less* edge.

Sucking him in.

“You… You know what the problem is,” he said, averting his eyes.

“How can I know if you don’t…?”

I paused, deliberately, as if I had only just sensed his *real* difficulty.

“Oh!... I see,” I said, giggle implied.

Implied or otherwise, it stung:

“You seem to have forgotten, Becky, but I’m a man,” he almost spat, anger and his sense of injustice lending him something of his former... *authority*.

But only *something*.

“I have… needs.”

“Yes,” I agreed, surprising him. We had only just returned from the office and were dressed accordingly, me seated on the sofa after having just taken receipt of the ice cold Pinot Grigio he had just fetched, black-hosed legs - legs that aroused him even more it seemed now his cock was locked away – crossed one over the other to reveal an expanse of sleek thigh his eyes could not prevent themselves from flicking downward glances towards. “Am I to take it you’re asking for my permission to play with your little dicky?”

“Permission?” he blazed. “For fuck’s sakes, Becky! I’m your husband, why should I even need to ask to have sex with you the way a normal man and wife would have sex?”

“Oh!” I said, feigning innocence. “You mean you’re asking to have sex with me?”

“What else?” he asked, frustration growing in increments as our conversation progressed.

“I thought you were asking me to take your cage off so you could stroke your tiny cock.”

“Stop it, Becky! You know full well that my co… penis… isn’t small.”

I widened my eyes at him and he was instantly on the backfoot:

“Perhaps it is more average than big,” he qualified, “but it’s been good enough for you all these years.”

My head was shaking emphatically as I told him, “No. It hasn’t been good enough for me all these years. Why else do you think I put the little fella in its cage? We’ve been over this and you agreed to try and satisfy me in ways other than with your cock, which is plainly not up to the task. Or am I wrong.”
The sheer pleasure of manipulating and leading my handsome husband in such a way was having the usual effect and I could feel my excitement making my hose sodden.

The urge to command him to eat me out with the tongue I’d been training to do just that was suddenly very strong; but, despite knowing how much he hated performing such a service for me and the joy added to my pleasure by making him do it, there were other imperatives at this point

“Unless you want to pack your things and leave, you had better get used to the idea of your tongue being the only part of your body that ever gets to touch my cunt. From now on, you do not get to fuck me anymore. You'll be allowed to eat me and maybe use a dildo on me if that’s what I want, but your cock will never soil the inside of my cunt again. On those occasions when I consider you’ve been well-behaved enough to deserve a little cummy you’ll stroke your little cock in front of me and then thank me afterwards. Understood”

He had heard similar from me over the past few weeks but hearing it now seemed to truly stricken him; possibly because – even locked away in his cage – he had contrived to convince himself it was some stupid phase I was

going through and once I'd made my point things would return to normal.

"You… You don't meant that, Becky."

"And what exactly makes you think that, little dick?"

"That's enough! I won't be spoken to in such a way. I've no idea what's gotten into you but if you really want me to leave then I promise you're going the right way about it."

I allowed his little mini-rebellion to run its course, stern and reproving eyes not leaving his, then:

"When did I ever say I wanted you to leave?" I asked.

As intended, the question flummoxed him; while my next was about to double his confusion:

"Why would I want the husband I love to leave?"

"The husband you…?"

"Just because your cock is next to useless to me," I told him, adding a pinch of salt to the granule of sugar that had, no doubt, contrived to inspire him to a little hope, "that's not to say I don't value you still as the partner I want to grow old with. In fact, I couldn't imagine ever living with any other man."

"But…"

"But," I interrupted him, "if I'm going to let you stay it will not be on an equal footing… Nowhere near, in fact."
"What…? What are you talking about?"

"Simply that I've been reading a lot of Female Supremacist literature on the subject of marital…"

"Female Supremacist literature?" he cut in, much to my annoyance. "What on

earth's that when it's at home?"

The flinty glare of my stare left him in no doubt his interruption had pissed me off and, though I was sure he hated the fact, I knew he was growing fearful of anything approaching displeasure with him on my part.

Then, when I considered him suitably on the backfoot:

"Because your cock is pitiful there is no need for you to act in the same way," I told cheeks swiftly reddening with a mixture of anger and shame. "You are, though it's hard to tell at times, an intelligent man and whether you've heard of Female Supremacism and its believers or not it shouldn't be too difficult for you to divine what those two words mean when placed side-by-side."

Anger and shame fought each other for prominence as the wife he had always patronised went about doing the same to him.

"As I was saying," I went on, no-nonsense teacher controlling an unruly pupil – albeit one with his cock and balls under lock and key: "I've been reading Female Supremacist literature on the subject of marital relations and I've come to believe that marriage really only works best when the woman is in *total* command in all areas, whether it be domestic, social or sexual."

I took advantage of his lowering jaw and look of astonishment – though why he should have been astonished at such a proposition from my lips after everything I'd subjected him to already was amazing to me – and filled the silence caused by his wonderment to add:

"No matter how much younger that wife is than her husband."

He was looking at me now as if Scotty himself had just beamed me into our home while copulating with a Klingon:

"You… You're not serious?"

"You think not? Then answer me this: why is it you are the one standing before me with his cock in a cage and not the other way around?"

Berating myself for the clumsy phrasing that, taken literally, would have meant I was in possession of a penis also, I realised he'd got my drift in spite of it and I continued on with a conversation intended to take his… *training*… to the next, and decidedly humiliating, level.

"You are a weak man, David, and it's to my discredit that I didn't see this earlier. Despite this and the inability of your cock to satisfy me, I'm determined to make this marriage work. If that means taking complete control and making *all* decisions then I'm determined to do it."

He was utterly stunned to hear such words coming from me and I knew for sure at this point that he had indeed convinced himself the cock-cage and my new and controlling attitude were no more than an inexplicable phase I was passing through and soon we would return to the status quo.

What I was about to tell him would either kill or… well, not *cure* exactly.

Though the ultimatum, and the carrot for bending his neck to it, I was about to give him would certainly leave him in no doubt of what he had before him.

Twelve

Joanna had introduced me to him at her house over coffee and we had agreed to meet at a restaurant.

After returning from work and having the conversation with my husband just described in the previous chapter, I'd taken a long relaxing bath, shaved my legs, trimmed my pussy, and lotioned myself up that I'd be soft for the first man other than David to have experienced me sexually since we had married. I was in a state of high excitement at what was to come and, having met the none too handsome, but utterly powerful and charming, black man in the flesh and having been pre-warned of his cock-size and ability to use it, my fingers trembled as I applied the finishing touches to my make-up.

Once or twice, I had caught a glimpse in the mirror of David lingering in the bedroom doorway I'd deliberately left open and exulted in the knowledge that, even now, after I'd told him what I would be doing that evening and what I expected from him when I returned, he was too afraid to either leave or confront me on the subject further.

Or, at least, he wasn't *yet*.

So far had I reduced him in so short a space of time and, though I knew it was driving him crazy to know I was preparing myself for another man I also knew there was *something* there that was whispering in his ear to *"submit"* to his new and dominant young wife. Though I had told him I was meeting another man he was totally in the dark, and would remain so when it came to the details. He had no idea where I was going, with whom, or when I intended to come home.

But he was aware of the *ultimatum*.

This I will get to soon.

At dinner, Rufus and I flirted throughout our veal-in-breadcrumbs and lasagne Verdi respectively until he told me he wanted to take me back to his home. Though he was nowhere near as handsome or intelligent as my David – and I interpreted certain looks from our fellow diners as asking what such a woman could possibly be doing with such an ugly, and black, man – he was blessed with a powerful body and, Joanna's fulsome praise in regard of his *"wondrous black cock"* rang in my ears. Hardly surprising then that the bill was soon settled and I found myself following him back to his surprisingly tasteful third-floor apartment and was in his arms and kissing him the moment the door slammed behind us.

When led me to his bedroom I expected him to undress me, but instead he placed a chair in the middle of the room and sat upon it.

I needed no prompting when his eyes flicked downwards towards his fly and all but flew at him in my haste to experience the cock a lip-smacking Joanna had described so graphically.

Undoing his pants, I'd been aware my breathing was shallow, rasping in my throat as I waited to look upon the monster he would soon place inside me.

Breathing that became even more laboured when I unbuttoned him and realised he was *commando.*

The cock I flipped from its confinement explained my friend and mentor's

lyricism on its behalf.

It was no more than a few seconds later that his hard ebony rod and the veins pulsing its length was sliding deep into my hungry mouth as my jaw struggled to widen enough to accommodate the invasion. As I allowed it slide partly from my mouth before wrapping my lips around the smooth mushroom head, images of David at home accompanied what was fast becoming a sensory overload. Should he, as I most fervently prayed and after the ultimatum I'd delivered him, still be there, of course. Prowling the house distraught at the knowledge of what I would be doing and unable to either prevent it or - in the unlikely event that he was like some men and got a thrill from his wife being used by another man - play with himself.

Deciding to ignore the possibility of him *"manning"* up and leaving, I preferred to picture him, helpless and miserable, in his cock-cage and allowed the imagery and my delight in cuckolding him to take me to the higher stratosphere.

My new black lover was durable and masterful and soon had me with back to the bed as his wondrous black tool filled me in a way I had not experienced until then and brought words to my lips I'd *never* felt the urge to utter during David's feeble attempts at lovemaking:

"That's it lover, fuck me, fuck me, me!"…

"Make me beg, make me scream, make me… Ooooooh!"…

"Show my husband how to fuck a woman and make her scream for pure joy"…

The last one, uttered as if David were actually at the foot of the bed watching. brought a deep-throated chuckle from Rufus and, rather than speed the invasion of cunt with cock, he began to take it slower, sliding that magnificent black prick from my waterfall of a pussy and making me wait for a return that was even less speedy.

"Ooooh, you beautiful black animal," I cried, uncaring of the political

incorrectness or whether he was of a type to take offence from it. All I knew was that I had never felt so… *filled*… So… *mastered*."

Rufus, who Joanna had told ran his own agency for guys who worked the door at some pretty upmarket nightclubs, and made pretty upmarket money for doing so, picked up the pace and my thoughts began to scramble.

"Yes, Rufus! Go deeper. Fuck me harder. Make me cum the way my wimp husband never has. Give it to me. Treat me like the slut I am. Slam that black cock into me and fill me with your cream."
When he took me at my word and I'd orgasmed and climaxed more times in an hour than I had in the whole of my marriage, my behaviour shocked me. Not content with what I'd had and wanting even more, I went after his cock with my mouth. No matter he was, by now, understandably limp, I licked and cleaned that magnificent piece of black equipment and sucked on his emptied balls, my efforts accompanied and spurred on by the image of David as I continued to picture him at the foot of the bed, forced to watch and unable to either leave or participate.

To my amazement, and despite his earlier exertions, my ice-cream cone type licking and slurping reinvigorated my black lover.

Soon, he was standing tall again and I straddled his prone body to impale myself once more upon that glorious cock.

As I eased myself up and down upon that marvellous pole, learning quickly enough to slow my descent and do a little teasing of my own, the first seed of unease chose its moment to add a downer to my euphoria as I recalled the conversation I'd had with my cock-caged husband before leaving and realised my first taste of sexual nirvana might also be my last if David found balls enough of his own to man-up and actually...

In a way that would have been unthinkable not an hour before, I actually found room in my over-sensitized head to multi-task and enjoy my straddling or Rufus's cock as well as thinking back on the conversation I knew would be make or break for the relationship I intended to have with my husband.

Hence my unease.

Given the chain and key around my neck, David's balls might be in my possession, in respect of both the plural and the literal.

But right now my thoughts were more concerned with the singular and the metaphorical.

And in that respect the *ball* was definitely in *his* court.

As incredible was the feel of being filled with a big black cock more than up to the task, I also knew it would feel nowhere near as sensational without the added extra of a subjugated David to torment with the details and the euphoria I felt at my growing control over him.

And if he did indeed find the balls to defy my ultimatum…

"…In a few moments," I told him, striking hot on the heels of his having been informed I no longer saw him as any kind of man worth the speaking of, "I'm going upstairs to take a refreshing shower before making myself ready for a nice romantic meal at our favourite Italian."

Incredibly, despite having just described him in such belittling terms, I saw what could only be interpreted as a look of hope cross his demoralised features at the prospect of us dining out together as if our relationship hadn't changed.

"Hope" I enjoyed crushing.

"Just so you know, and to keep things above board, the man I'll be meeting there goes by the name of Rufus and I'm reliably informed his cock is everything yours is not."

"You…? You're meeting another man?"

“Isn’t that what I just said? We wouldn’t want you accusing me of cheating now, would we?”

Of a sudden, his legs seemed to give out beneath him and he slumped onto an adjacent armchair, head lowered towards the carpet as if its close-knit pile somehow held a solution to the misery being heaped upon his head.

“I know this is going to be difficult for you, but I promise it will get easier as we settle into our new roles.”

This brought his head up. With a jolt. Not only was this the first time I had returned to the subject of being fucked by another man, but he was having to listen to me telling him it would get easier with repetition – and this while his own cock was under lock and key and he could neither seek out a woman of his own to fuck or, failing that, pleasure himself.

“Are you fucking serious, Becky? “Easier”? You take advantage of my feelings to put me in…” a hand indicated his groin “…this… thing? Then tell me it will get easier for me when you go out and… fuck… other men? What fucking planet are you inhabiting lately?”

Instead of responding instantly, knowing I was about to force him into a corner in which, rather than shy from, I prayed he would place his nose, I remained silent with my eyes fixed upon his in a silent battle of wills.

It could only have been seconds before he was the first to blink and look away but it seemed an eternity, so much did I have riding on what I was about to tell him – nay: demand of him - next.

“I want you to listen carefully now, Davy,” I told him, careful myself to use the childish diminutive of his name I knew so diminished him as a man in turn. “Please don’t interrupt me or speak until I tell you I’ve finished as this is going to be the most important conversation we have had in our marriage to this point and will determine whether we stay together or you leave this house and accept the consequences of your doing so.”

The eyes that once more raised to mine were, I could see, more than up-to-

speed with those consequences and I could see him ticking them off in his head:

1. The loss of the home he so loved.
2. The loss of me.
3. The loss of face with friends, family and colleagues alike when, as he knew I would, I explained to them the reasons for our parting.
4. Again, and not to be big-headed, the loss of ME.

"Believe me when I say this," I told a face that still seemed unable to come to terms with the fact – despite all that had happened between us recently – he was in such a position in his own home and in his own marriage, "because I have never been more serious about anything in my entire life and, though I still love you in my own way, I' more than prepared to never see you again if you wilfully defy me."

The "wilfully defy me", I would congratulate myself later, had been a masterstroke and effectively cemented him – whether he accepted the fact or not at this stage; or even realised the distinction – in the role of dependent child; something my language and tone towards him had been geared to achieving after having heard Joanna's advice to train him the way one would train a pet or an infant.

"I'm going out with Rufus this evening, and there is nothing you can do to prevent it. We will be going to your favourite Italian."

His eyes widened at this and I could read the unspoken question there:

"I knew what you are thinking and you had better hope none of our friends are dining there at the same time. Just the same, I do not go back on my promises and, providing you do not break your word to me, I'll simply convince them he is a business client."

I laughed tauntingly:

"Though whether they believe this or not is totally out of my hands."

Truthfully, I can say I had not to that point, though I have since, seen a more abject look upon a man's face as the expression on my "little Davy's" right then.

It was about to get worse.

"While I'm out there are some things I want you to take care of around the home."

His jaw actually dropped at this and it wasn't too difficult to read his thoughts. Why would it have been after all? His young wife had not only placed a ring around his scrotum and locked his penis in a cage before informing him she was off out to have herself royally fucked by another man. And, to add a bitter icing to an already caustic cake, she was now telling him she wanted some chores done while she was having her pussy filled with the cock of a man who was not her husband.

"I'll make a list and leave it on the counter for you," I told him.

His expression said: "You can leave it where you like," and I used this mini, and unspoken, rebellion to deliver my ultimatum and explain the consequences should he not be here when I returned home.

"Should you choose to pack your things and leave before I return," I told him, "I will take that as your way of telling me our marriage is over and I will inform our families, friends and neighbours of your decision and the reason our marriage ran into problems."

"For fuck's sakes, Becky!" he cried, such language less rare with him these days. "What choice are you leaving me? And how do you think out "families, friends and neighbours" will react when I tell them why I left you?"

I paused a few seconds, determined to maintain the higher ground of control, then:

"I asked you not to interrupt, David, and I won't tell you again. Do so again

and I might just reach the conclusion you're not worth the effort I'm putting in to save this marriage."

His eyes all but bugged out of his head at this outrage, "Effort?"

My own eyes dared him to say anything more and, to my gratification and, yes, I confess, relief, he cut off whatever protest he had been about to make and fell silent.

"I am going out be fucked by a cock actually capable of satisfying me, Davy. If I had a husband capable of doing this for his wife then it wouldn't be necessary. And just so you know, Rufus is a rather large black of my own age."

Knowing David to be in possession of a little racist superiority – more cerebrally challenged UKIP than brain-dead NF – I threw him a warning look should he be on the verge of any disparaging remarks regarding my prospective lover's ethnicity; knowing full well how that "ethnicity" would destroy further his already tattered male pride.

"When you try to threaten me with our friends and neighbours, Davy, you might want to ask yourself who would be most likely to gain their sympathies. The smug husband with the little cock? Or the frustrated wife who could see no other way of saving her marriage to a man she loved other than allowing better equipped men to gives her with the missing sex she could be forgiven for expecting her husband to provide."

I let that sink in, before:

"Believe me, Davy, I've been quite pleased with your willingness to try and change and the way you're ready to use your tongue to give me the pleasure your little cock can't. I was also encouraged when you accepted it was best if I took control of your manhood – for want of a better word - from now on."

This last, I knew, would be particularly galling for him as he in no way "accepted" my control of his manhood and, even more than being compelled to use his tongue on my pussy, hated being locked in such a way.

“But you have to know your place in the scheme of things and, if you are still here when I return tonight, I’ll take that as your willingness to accept me as the head of this household and that we have now entered fully into a female-led relationship. You already have my promise that we can act normally around our friends and loved ones – even if there will be some changes they can’t help but notice – and that will not change; but I tell you now that I have great changes in mind for our marriage and you will either accept them or it’s over between us.”

We both of us knew what I was doing and we both – obviously – had a different take on the process. I was, effectively, slamming every door in his face. Save one. The only alternative and exit route available to him should he not be prepared to live the life I intended him to live was the only one – I prayed – he would be unable to find the strength to countenance.

All I needed to do right then was convince him he had no real alternative.

“If I return to an empty house this evening,” I told him, face as stony and resolute as it was within my power to make it, “you will NEVER return to it again and neither will I so much as look at you if we bump into each other in the street.”

From the look on his face, I could tell he knew I was deadly serious.

“That’s your choice to make when I leave for my date,” I told him. “pack your things and leave this marriage never to return. Or…”

I had not seen a face so pale as he waited for me to finish:

“Or… do your chores like a good boy and be waiting for me when I get home…”

Thirteen

How about your old man?" Rufus had asked. We were snuggled up on his bed, bathing in the afterglow of what had been, for me anyway, some pretty spectacular sex and for the first time the conversation had turned to David. Not that my husband had been far from my thoughts the whole evening.

"What about him?"

"Is he cool with this or… You know?..."

"If you mean: does he know? Then yes. I'm afraid he's anything but cool with it though."

"So, he knows he's a cuckold but doesn't like it?"

"You make it sound as if he should," I'd laughed.

Rufus laughed with me, but more in the way on one person humouring a person who knew less than them, "You'd be surprised at how many men do. Hell, some of them even beg their wives to do it."

Through Joanna and my Internet reading I knew as much myself but if it

pleased Rufus to see me a naïve ingénue I was not about to disappoint him, contenting myself as I allowed him to school me by applying feather-light caresses to a sleek and coal black inner-thigh as he filled the gaps in my education while I hoped he would soon be ready to go at me again, despite efforts that had already left me grasping for superlatives.

“For the life of me I’ll never understand these white guys,” he said, pulling my head into his chest and kissing its crown. “Why any man would allow a beautiful piece of pussy like you to go out and get fucked by anybody, let alone a stranger, is something I can’t get my head around.”

“You sound as though you’re complaining,” I teased.

“Not me lady,” he protested, giving my head another kiss. “Means nothing to me if some loser feels miserable cos he hasn’t the guts to stand up to his wife and lets her out to fuck who she likes, I’m just happy to be doing the fucking. Adds that extra bit of zip to my stride knowing I’m taking what should by rights be another man’s.”

“Yes,” I could only agree, his words echoing my thoughts perfectly. “I was told there’s nothing like the power rush of cuckolding a man who loves you and now I believe it. I’m only sorry I was so concerned about being a good and proper wife all this time that I didn’t do it earlier. Even though I know I’m being unreasonable, I can’t help resenting David for all the crap sex I’ve endured when, all along, there were men like you out there waiting to show me what a real fuck was like.”

He looked pleased, as well he might.
“Don’t beat yourself up, little lady. I reckon 95% of women the world over are in that boat and will *never* get to leave it. Women who get their kicks out of being accepted by the neighbours and the usual vanilla sex and have no idea of what could be theirs if they just made use of all that womanly power resting between their legs. Used right they can get their husbands…” he smiled “…*‘husbands’* who are not like me, at least, to allow them to do anything.”

“I’m sure you’re right,” I told him, “but in our case it has nothing to do with David *‘allowing’* anything.”

“How do you mean?”

For the next few minutes I explained the situation and how it certainly wasn’t a case of it being David giving me permission to see other men.

Nothing of the sort, in fact.

He actually seemed pleased when I told him I was the one who was gradually taking complete control of our marriage.

And as for the cock-cage…

“What a pussy!” Rufus observed with real contempt when I finished telling him of all the changes I’d made and intended to make to my once all-powerful husband. “I’ve more respect for the sad-sacks who actually beg their women to go out and have themselves fucked by real men. He’s a disgrace to the male sex. Bet he’s a scrawny wimp with money who got lucky and married out of his league.”

“Not at all,” I corrected him, loving the compliment just the same. “David was one of the most handsome men I’ve come across. Still is come to that. In fact, and if he wanted to, I reckon he could get just about any woman he wanted”

“Even worse then,” he assured me. “No offence but why would he stick around to be treated like a piece of shit by you when he could leave and have all the pussy he wants?”

“None taken, Rufus. The answer to your question comes in three parts. First, David genuinely loves me and, given that he has a real talent for self-delusion in the face of the most irrefutable evidence, hopes even now that this is some phase I’m going through before things get back to normal.”

His snort of derision came from genuine condescension as he assured me:

“No chance of that now you had a real man’s cock.”

“Not to mention a real man’s ego,” I chided him with a gentle elbow into his rippled abs.

To my first *“Bull’s”* credit, he laughed at himself – always a good sign.

“Second,” I went on, “he is a real stickler for appearances and how people see him. The thought of having people, whether they’re family, friends or strangers, laughing behind his back is a real terror for him. The prospect of it being made public that he has a little cock and his wife is forced to fuck better endowed men fills him with utter dread.”

Rufus thought about it, simian and none too good-looking head mulling over how he would feel and act under the same circumstances while I used the lull to place feather-light kisses on his manly chest.

Then:

“What about the third?” he asked.

My head came up and I gave him a look, having forgotten what I’d said.

“You said the answer comes in three parts,” he reminded me.

“Yes. I did didn’t I,” I agreed, up-to-speed now with what that third part actually was.

In the silence that followed he reached across me and gave my left buttock a playful little slap with one of his massive paws:

“You intending to let me in on the secret any time soon or do I have to guess?”

Playful or not, I had no intention of allowing him to either intimidate or manhandle me and I reached across in turn to cup is massive balls and apply

pressure.

“Slap my arse like that again,” I told him as he tensed up and let out a little yelp, “and you’ll find yourself auditioning as a counter-tenor.

“Okay, okay,” he told me in a mock concerned voice as I continued to apply – gentle – pressure. “You’re the boss.”

I immediately released my grip and we both giggled, growing more and more comfortable – despite having just fucked we were still relative strangers, after all - in each other’s presence.

“Now they’re words any woman likes to hear,” I laughed. “Long as you know your place, Rufus, you can put you beautiful black love-rod inside my hungry white pussy whenever you want.”

“Hmm, you best be careful what you say, white-lady. I’ve a feeling that cock could get quite an appetite for you.”

Sensing *“that cock”* stirring back to life and marvelling at his powers of recuperation, I giggled and placed a soft kiss on the shiny mushroom head before his voice from above interrupted me.

“You still haven’t told me the third part,” he complained.
“Oh, that,” I said, fetching my lips from a rapidly swelling head, impatient to give him the knowledge he wanted before – *again* – making use of his erection.

His cock was still hardening and his balls twitching in my hot little hand as I looked up at him and answered:
“The third reason he *‘sticks around to be treated like a piece of shit’*, as you so eloquently describe it, is that my husband is, at heart, a very, very, very, weak man.”

Rufus gave this last some thought before:

“Well, Becky, my deviant white temptress, from what you’ve told me up to

now I can't see you having any problems with this pussy of a husband of yours from now on. Believe me, I've know a lot about these kinds of relationships. When I tell you I've never known a man submit to the kind of shit your husband has submitted to without going further and further down the ladder to the bucket of shit waiting for him I'm talking from experience."

"That's what Joanna told me," I said to him with a wink, eyes flicking suggestively from successfully reawakened black cock to simian black face.

The smile that cracked across those less than leading-man looks said:

"Help yourself."

As I returned to that massive black lollipop and my lips and mouth readied it to enter my ravenous pussy once again, I sincerely prayed that David was indeed as weak as I insisted him to be and that when I returned home after my fucking he would be…

Fourteen

It's just past midnight on Saturday and I'm returning to this journal after having just inspected his chores and sent Davy to the spare room he hates so much and is now his. Every day since I started him down the road to becoming my cuckold has been a rollercoaster of either sexual anticipation, excitement, and fulfilment and this one has been no exception. In fact, even as I type these words I'm having to break off to thrust feverish fingers in a sopping cunt made ravenous by the latest twist in my growing domination of my husband.

Today, you see, we had my family visiting. My mum and dad and sisters Julie and Terry with their own husbands, Barry and Michael in tow. Not to mention Julie's adorable twins, Tess and Jude. He had already been introduced to Joanna – the first stranger to witness him in his *new* role and I had been impressed with how she had handled him. Firm but not belittling him. At least not yet. In fact, I think he had been quite taken with her and seemed grateful to her for making his reduced circumstances seem somehow natural rather than the result of his being a spineless and self-deluding individual.

Now it was my family's turn to see him in that new role – even if only a tiny part of it could, necessarily, be revealed to them and, with David dressed in adult clothes and doing his best to appear as if nothing had changed between us, I almost found it impossible to believe that what I'd achieved with him up to now had not been anything more substantial than a dream.

At least until my younger sister Julie, who had always had a soft spot for my handsome husband, took me aside to comment:

"What's going on with you and David, sis?"

I stared back at her with well-acted bewilderment as the younger sibling who was a taller and more coltish version of me awaited a reply.

“In what way?”

“Oh, come on, Becks!” she chided me. “He’s like a different man around you. Around all of us. Since when did he pass out sandwiches and refill drinks while you sat around and chatted?”

“Oh, that,” I said, waving an arm as if it were a trifle, having expected such a question at some time and having my answer prepared in advance. “It’s just the new arrangement we agreed between us.”

“New arrangement?”

I nodded and took her aside to whisper in her ear confidingly, knowing that my little sister was notorious for not being able to keep a confidence and our *“new arrangement”* – and exactly as I intended - would soon be common knowledge within the family.
It would, I knew, make what was to come down the line all the more explicable and, far from making me look a heartless bitch, ensure I came across as a truly caring wife who was standing by her husband in his time of mental crisis.

That, however, is something I’ll return to shortly.

“Look, Jules, I don’t want this getting out but David’s been having some problems with stress, both at home and at work, and it’s meant me taking on more responsibility.”

“What kind of responsibility?”

“You know, day-to-day things he used to take care of and now finds a burden, like balancing his checking-accounts and our finances.”

Her eyes went to my handsome husband, the one she had always made a point of flirting with, and she shook her head a tad disbelievingly. A difficulty with which I could sympathise. After all, he was still as handsome as ever and, dressed in his usual casual clothing and apart from his diligence with serving the buffet and refilling drinks, looked the same man’s man he’d

always looked as he chatted with my dad and brother-in-laws on the usual sporting lines that seemed a rite of passage and a membership to the club whenever *certain* men got together.

“Mum told me David had taken early retirement but…”

“Voluntary redundancy,” I corrected her.

“Whatever,” she said, waiving the irrelevancy way with the back of a slender and long-fingered hand. Retirement, redundancy. They’re both the same thing far as I’m concerned. I mean, what’s going to happen with you both when the redundancy money runs out?”

“It won’t,” I assured her. “I’m in charge of our finances now and I’ve invested the money wisely.”

I followed this with a look of reproach that she could have so little faith in her big sister:

“In case you’ve forgotten, I hold down a pretty high-earning executive position myself. The house is paid for and we have no debt so I’m more than capable of taking on the breadwinner’s role.”

“Yes, I know that, but…?”

“What?” I asked, knowing what was coming.

“Well… Slap me down if I’m talking out of turn, sis, but…”

“Go on.”

“Well… Isn’t it a little bit… *unmanly*?”

I gave her a sigh of forbearance despite agreeing with her completely. It was, actually, far more than a *“bit”* unmanly. Though I had no intention of telling her by just how much.

“Marriage is a partnership of equals,” I told her, trying desperately to quell a surge of hilarity threatening to derail my wifely-commitment act. “David is having… *personal*… problems. What would you have me do? Divorce him?”

“No, no,” she came in quickly, following it up with a protest. “Just how shallow do you think I am?”

“I don’t think you’re shallow at all,” I told her truthfully. “Though for someone so young you can toe the bourgeois line on certain subjects.”

She looked about to come back at me when the object of our discussion, as attentive and respectful as I’d warned him to be, broke in with a bottle of Chenin Blanc.

“I thought you both might be needing a refill.”

All in all, the day had gone well after that, though I did catch Julie giving David strange looks from time to time that seemed – unless I’m being fanciful – *wistful.* Her husband Michael was – just as David had been before I rewired him – a man’s man and it struck me that there was something in my *“new arrangement”* that was not entirely displeasing to my younger sister. Quite the opposite, in fact.

It was, however, something to ponder at a later date as watching my husband fetching and carrying for my family in his new role and trying to make it seem natural, all the time with his cock and balls secured and inaccessible without the key dangling unseen on its chain beneath my tee-shirt, had made my pussy somewhat… *anticipatory*… and the idea of my husband servicing me orally after having virtually served my family like a manservant was a definite turn-on.

And, if acting like a flunky wasn’t a turn-on for him, the motivation supplied by my suggestion that if he did a good enough job on me I would allow him out of his cage for the first time in a while certainly improved his already new and improved pussy-worshipping skills.

"You know, sweetie, you truly are turning into a most accomplished pussy-lapper," I told him, basking in the long sweeps of his tongue from anus to clit as trained. Just what I need after an exhausting day with my family. They were most impressed by the way you were so attentive to them and wouldn't allow your wife to lift a finger. Though Julie did think it was a bit… *unmanly*… on your part."

The barb hit home – he was as attracted to my little sister, I knew, as she was attracted to him and had, no doubt, and as men do, pulled his little pecker off to her on many occasions. Or, and worse, pictured her as his little cock again prepared to spurt and leave his wife high and dry.

The possibility he had done just that made me tetchy as her description of him as *"unmanly"* hit home and his tongue became a little less… *diligent*.

"Come on! Stop fantasising over my little sister, you fucking perv, and please your wife's pussy."

Instead of protesting his innocence, David moaned and pushed his tongue deep into my gaping cunt, fully aware that the moist cavern waiting to accept his homage had now been the receptacle for the other, and far larger, cocks of the men allowed to place them inside me when he wasn't. Only last night, the huge black cock of Rufus had fucked that same pussy into submission and, having informed my husband of the fact, I knew just how insignificant – not to mention powerless and controlled – it made David feel to have to perform such a duty for me.

The fact that he did it, and just as Joanna had said he would – was a tribute to the power of the cock-cage and that *carrot* being dangled in front of the penis I had trapped inside it.

"That's my good boy!" I praised him when his tongue began to dart into the shrine denied his cock. "It's not the real thing but you're really improving. "Come on now, fuck your mummy with that tongue and show her how good you want to be for her."

I was bucking against David's head so hard it was difficult for him to maintain a rhythm with his tongue and the knowledge I was dominating him in such a way and virtually using his face as a human-dildo was taking me rapidly towards the edge.

"Yes… Yes… Yeeeeeeeees!!!!" I screamed.

When I finally came down and released him there remained, despite the beaten and humiliated expression he was seldom without these days, a look of expectation aimed my way.

Believe me, if *anyone* ever pooh-poohs to you the power a man's cock has over him and just how much taking control of it can confer upon you, then treat them with the contempt such stupidity deserves.

I closed my eyes and pretended to drift off, knowing the effect this would have upon my poor locked and denied husband as he waited for me to make good on the carrot I'd dangled before him only minutes earlier..

Sure enough, and as I tried to suppress my amusement:

"B-Becky… I… I mean, m-mummy?"

I cocked open an eye.

"Yes, sweetie, what is it?"

"I… Hmmm… You said…? You know?… That we could… Together…?"

My eyes flashed open:

"I said we could do *what* together?"

"I thought…?"

Leaning forward at the waist I cuffed him across the head and felt the power surge through me for being able to do so without fear of his retaliation – so

low had I taken him.

“How dare you?” I raged, so convincing even I thought my fury was real.

The husband who had once actually ruled me quailed before me, beaten head rising above the pussy he had just served to allow his eyes to voice the unspoken question concerning what it was I was actually mad about.

“You have the nerve to think your pathetic little cock will ever feel the inside of my beautiful pussy again!”

“I… I just thought…?”

“That I’d let you try and fuck me with that excuse for a penis?”

“Please, Becky, I…”

“What?”

“I… I mean… Please… mummy.”

The pussy was actually crying real tears and I knew – as I had for a while now – that Rufus had been right to describe him in such a way. How much weaker could a man be? Was my simple denial of his being able to play with his own cock enough on its own to make him backdoor any pride he might have along with any chance – not that there was one – of me ever seeing him as anything approaching a man again?

It’s hardly worth wasting ink to frame an answer.

“Listen very carefully to me, Davy,” I began. “You will *never* feel your cock inside mummy’s pussy again and, if you so much as hint at wanting to do so again I will throw away the key to your cock-cage and put your sorry arse on the street. Understand?”

The eyes peering up at me from below my depilated and smooth cunt were, I could see, near to hysteria and I warned myself not to push *too* far.

One more concession from him, I told myself, and I would allow him the carrot that would keep him in line until the next time.

Even if it would be delivered somewhat differently than it had been up to this point.

“Understand?” I repeated, tone leaving him in no doubt this was his last chance to respond in the way I expected before *any* chance of his cock being released from its cage vanished. Perhaps for good.

“Yes… mummy,” he said finally, no nearer to getting used to addressing his wife in such a humiliating way.

“Very well, then. We’ll say no more about it this time and I’ll try instead to remember how obedient and attentive you were for me around my family and the way you just put your heart and soul into the tongue pleasing mummy’s pussy.

Relief that almost bordered on gratitude greeted this relenting on my part and the prospect of being allowed to do something he took as no more than his natural right as a man not so long ago actually provoked excitement in him

That something being, namely: masturbation.

Up to now on the few times I’d allowed him release I’d unlocked him and allowed my husband ten unsupervised minutes in the guest bathroom, during which he could pull himself off as many times as he could manage in such a short time-frame.

Now, though, I wanted to add a new wrinkle to his fall from grace:

“Get off the bed and kneel on the floor by my side,” I ordered him, pretty much as if I were ordering a dog from the mattress.

The alacrity with which he did as I asked was yet more evidence of how desperately he needed to feel his own hand around his freed cock.

Slipping the chain to which was attached the key to his restrainer from my neck it took no more than a few seconds to release him from his confinement and his cock sprung to attention the moment it was free from its cage.

It remained to me as unimpressive as ever.

More so now that I'd seen and experienced what a real man's cock was truly like.

David began to rise to his feet in order to make his way to the guest bathroom.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"I… I thought I was meant to do it in… You know?"

My head was already shaking as I watched his eyes drinking in my full and unfettered tits and their hardened nipples – no doubt to use as eye candy as he manipulated his cockle into spurting.

"From now on I shall be supervising you whenever I feel you've earned some… *pleasure*.

He looked physically sick.

"You…? You mean…?"

"That's right. From now on you can jerk-off in front of me so I can see just why I have to go out and find real men to fuck me."

The excitement I'd noticed earlier had gone from his eyes now and yet, amazingly, his little cock was about as stiff as I'd ever seen it in our years together.

Something that boded really well for our future together and made me even more confident – had I been in need of such a boost – of maintaining and

increasing my control over him.

“Pick my panties up from the carpet and put them over your face,” I told him.

His face was a picture.

“Make me ask again and the cage gets put back on,” I threatened.

He picked them up.

“Now hold my panties against your face, gusset to your nose, and take deep breaths. I want you to smell the cunt your wife denies your cock as you cum.”

As I had been all the time since starting him down this road, I held my breath and half-expected him to rebel, to finally say enough is enough and tell me to go to hell. Thus ending my dream.

Once again, it didn’t happen.

David did as he was told and pressed the wet and fragrant material against his face.

Then he inhaled.

Despite everything, I was still amazed that I could order my husband into performing in such a way. At the beginning of our union it would have been beyond even my wildest imagination to have pictured him about to jerk-off in front of me. Let alone while inhaling the scent of my pussy-soaked panties.

“Now,” I began, empowered afresh by the opposition in which I had him. “I want to see you pull that useless excuse for a cock off and catch your pitiful little boy’s semen in your hand. Do it now!”

As he began to do just that and the sound of the air containing my pussy-scent whistled through his nostrils, it was all I could do not to thrust a couple of fingers in my own recently tongued pussy.

I fought the urge.

It was *not* the image I wanted the husband I was coming to think of as both a juvenile and a slave to have of me.

“That’s a good boy. You’ve been a good boy for mummy and she wants her little cuckold to enjoy his reward. Go on, don’t hold back. You have mummy’s panties in your hand and they’re close to your nose. You can smell her lovely juices, the same juices still coating your tongue. Doesn’t it feel good to know such a wonderful woman wants to take care of you from now on? Doesn’t that make you want to spurt all that hot little cuckold cream that’s been boiling in your balls this last week or so?”

“Oooooh,” he moaned, oblivious for the moment to the utter shame being heaped upon his head. “Yes. Yes!”

“Yes, of course it does,” I told him in the voice of a mummy soothing a little boy who’d just grazed his knee. “Pretty soon you’re going to be addicted to your mummy’s scent and, know what? That’s just how she wants her little boy to be.”

“Mummy! I'm going to cum!" he screamed.

“Good boy,” I congratulated him before realising that, rather than catch his ejaculate in his hand as I’d instructed, he had removed my panties from his face and wrapped his cock in them to shoot his load into the wet and fragrant material.

Having made such a huge advance with him, however, I determined to let it go and, when he finally caught his breath and recovered he looked up to see me smiling at him.

“What a good little cuckold you’re becoming for mummy,” I told him.

To say that David was embarrassed and humiliated at this moment would have been an understatement and I could see him asking himself how he had he been reduced to such a condition.

“Don’t be ashamed, sweetie,” I reassured him as I re-secured the cock-cage and draped the chain containing the padlock key over my neck. “It’s just who you are now and mummy doesn’t love you any less for it. Just differently.”

Incredibly, this utter rubbish seemed to take the edge from his humiliation and, in order to reinforce the positives he was taking from such negative treatment I held off from telling him how I’d decided – with Joanna’s more than enthusiastic agreement – my friend would be taking a more active part in his life from now on.

“Go to your room like a good little boy now and wake mummy with her breakfast in the morning the way she likes,” I told him, gratified at the instant way he was beginning to obey my more domestic instructions these days.

“Oh,” I stopped him.

He turned to face me, face the usual mixture of shame, disbelief and need, after having been humiliated – albeit humiliation with an orgasm at its end.
“Handwash my panties before you go bye-byes.”

Lowering his eyes, he reached down to retrieve the semen soaked garment from the carpet.

But I wasn’t finished with him yet:

“Actually, if you’re going to do that you may as well rinse my pantyhose for me as well. But make sure you’re in bed in no more than an hour.”

As he made for the door with reddened cheeks I delivered what would have been a Parthian shot had I not been facing him whilst holding the bridle that controlled him in my ever more authoritative hands.

“My good little boy has a long day tomorrow and needs his sleep.

Fifteen

A few weeks had passed since that glorious night when I had made my husband wank in front of me as he sniffed at my soiled panties and I was fair gagging to take our lives together to the next level.

Though I think it’s safe to assume he did not feel quite so upbeat about the

prospect.

Or wouldn't have been had he known what was in store for him.

As I triggered the remote-control his nervous system erupted and pain became his whole world. The body below me, the same body I had sensibly tied securely to the four corners of the cot in the windowless and tiny cellar of our – *my* – house that was now his sleeping-quarters whenever I was angry with him, convulsed from head to foot and went on doing so as my finger continued to depress the button that he may get some idea of the capacity for pain possessed by the hardware embedded in his new cock-ring and restrainer. His entire body it seemed was awash in agony and if he hadn't been fastened so securely I felt sure he would have tried to rip off his own balls rather than endure the agony any longer.

From the blurb accompanying the German made device I knew he would be feeling as if his testicles were being crushed between a vice and fried by a red hot poker at one and the same time. Despite my fingering lingering on the button, I knew his agony had lasted no more than a four seconds, and knew also that if the quivering wreck sobbing pitifully on his narrow cot was any guide then his first experience of his new and more controlling chastity device had left him with a deep and abiding fear of both it and my capacity to hurt him.

And *this* after only a few seconds at a middling setting.

"Please, Becky… *Mummy*," he screamed, correcting his mistake instantly as I hovered a finger over one of the buttons that conferred upon me even more control over the broken and beaten wretch who had once been my husband and was now no better than a thoroughly powerless child expected to be totally obedient to his *'mummy'*.

"No more, mummy, pleeeeeeease," he continued to plead, eyes bugging from his head with fear as they watched for a sign of movement from my hovering finger. "You… You'll kill me."

In this last he could not have been more wrong and I felt an urge to ease his mind on the subject and tell him the pleasure his suffering and my control of him provided for me made losing him the last thing on earth I wanted.

I fought the urge, however, and was unsurprised to find my efforts rewarded with success.

“Pleeeeeeeease, mummy!” he continued to beg me, taking my silence as an intent to torture him again. “I’ll be good, I promise. Anything you want. Anything. But please don’t do it again.”
The sheer satisfaction of having this man under my complete control, a man who had once been my equal and had seen himself as more, was beyond my descriptive powers and I acknowledged both its perversity and the fact that my delight in it was evil.

Was I a monster?

Probably.

And I cared not a jot.

I was a different young woman now, even from the one who had taken, with Joanna’s assistance, those first tentative steps towards a cuckolding relationship and, as my mentor had said, each backward step David had taken in response to my onslaught had fed my desire to take more. There was in him, I now knew, a bottomless pool of weakness from which my equally inexhaustible desire to control and dominate could drink to its heart content and I was convinced that, far from becoming the mindless vegetable with no will of its own Joanna had warned me against creating, David’s equally as inexhaustible instinct for survival – no matter how debasing to him – would prevent any such derogation.

We were, in effect, and as he had always insisted when king of his own castle, *“made for each other”*.

As far as a master could love a man one had enslaved and reduced to the condition of a dependent and obedient child, I loved David.

Given the incredible and irreplaceable pleasure his servitude to me provided it would have been inconceivable were I to feel otherwise.

Ungrateful, in fact.

Calming my breathing I attempted to get a grip on the growing excitement supplied by my new gadget, determined that I not get so carried away with the extra power it conferred upon me I effectively neutered the wreck on the cot below my eager eyes and even hungrier pussy.

Restraint – self-denial went only so far - that did not prevent verbal humiliation, at least.

“Look at you,” I sneered, reacting to him for once as if he were an adult – a miserable example of the status anyway – that his shame may be brought home to him with greater effect. “How could I ever have been so naïve and gullible to have seen you as a man?”

Reddened eyes full of desperation peered up at me but he knew better than to respond, even if the way I was addressing him was not in the childish and motherly – motherliness of the demonic variety, that is – tones and words he was fast growing used to hearing directed at him.

The truth was I just loved playing him and would *never* tire of it.
“There were times,” I lied, having *never* had any such second thoughts, “when I thought I was being unfair to you and that it wasn’t your fault you couldn’t satisfy me as a man could. I even thought that if I allowed you to become my husband again you might have learned enough of a lesson to try and be the man I needed and thought I’d married.”

I could see my fool’s eyes trying to convey to me that he could be that husband if I were to let him and I could only pay compliment to the hope and optimism that was impervious to even the most excruciatingly humiliating of experiences that, even as he hated the one perpetrating them, could never quite stop him from wanting me.

“But how could I ever see the man I once loved as a husband ever again after seeing him forced to watch his wife taken to heaven by cocks twice the size of his own. What *real* man would have allowed such a thing to happen? And happen in the same home and the same bed he once shared with his wife?”

He was biting back the urge to tell me that I had given him no choice and things could be different if I would only give him another chance, my *“once loved”* as ever causing him much pain.

“What man would watch his wife being fucked and then thank her lover for doing so afterwards?” I asked, the reminder of his having been forced to do just that having lost none of its power to mortify and shame him to the core of his being. “And then to actually kneel in front of his wife and beg to clean her soiled pussy with that same tongue he once refused to use for her pleasure?”

My once masculine and authoritative husband actually whimpered and I gloried in his fall and my part in it.

“Look at you! Snivelling before your wife like a little girl. How could I possibly love you in any other way now than as a child who needs his mummy’s guidance? You have shown again and again just how weak you truly are. Because if you weren’t any more than a child in adult’s clothing then I wouldn’t have been able to force you into the position you’re now in. What man worthy of the description would ever consent to having his balls locked away except on those occasions when his wife thinks he deserves to play with his little dicky?”

I waited a few moments, toying with his attention as my finger hovered above the button capable of convulsing him and placing a finger upon my lips as if I were thinking of doing just that.

Then:

“That’s why I decided it wasn’t fair of me to let you pretend to be a man at all any longer. It only confuses you to be the little boy here at home and then

have to act like a grown-up when you take me shopping or when our friends and family visit. And lord only knows how confusing it must be to mix with your golf-buddies and be one of the lads at one of your treats then come home and change into your big-boy jim-jams."

Horror beyond that capable of being supplied by his new restrainer was creeping over his face now and I could tell he was beginning to sense where I was going with this.

Even if it was going to be far worse than he might guess, despite the fact it must seem to him that every single day brought a fresh misery for him to endure.

"That's why I decided – as much as I enjoy having you drive me to the shops or my dates – to send your driving licence back to DVLA with a note from you stating that you are mentally and physically incapable of driving a car safely."

His earlier sniffle turned to an outright sob and a sadistic impulse turned my insides to mush as I let him know that I had effectively ended his ability to drive a car; an activity, I knew, that was one of the few things he now had that gave him anything approaching a sense of personal autonomy.

And worse was to come.

"I've been giving our relationship much thought over the last couple of months and I realised that if I were to be fair to you then there could be no mixed signals."

The look of abject self-pity and absolute misery beaming up at me was delicious and, so broken was he, not a sound escaped his lips to try and deter me from a course of action of which he had heard only a fraction.

"From now on you will live and act exactly like the dependent child you've allowed yourself to become. I've already spoken to a few of our family and friends to tell them of your… *breakdown*."

Beaten eyes became even more demoralised, yet still he listened without interrupting what must have sounded like a death-knell to his, albeit reduced, manhood.

And guess what?

It was.

“I’m sure you’ll agree that this makes more sense than me telling them the real reason you decided to leave your job and hand all decision making over to me,” I told him. “At least this way our family and friends can still retain their fondness for you, even if it is laced heavily with pity for your… *illness*. But that has to be better than contempt, right?”

He didn’t answer and I could see that he was actually crying in that soundless way in which I could remember crying as a child when my emotions and my weakness were simply so great the lending of a voice to my anguish was impossible.

I loved it.

Exulted in it, if I’m totally truthful.

“I’ve found I really enjoy having you around the house like a pre-school-boy. Especially as you’ve become so adept at all those tiresome domestic chores you once thought were my responsibility alone,” I went on. “In fact, I really believe I love you more now than I ever did when you were pretending to be a real man.”

Utter hatred joined the fear staring up at me from the eyes in a handsome face that had once made my legs melt and still did.

If for entirely different reasons than those first experienced.

“It really will be better for both of us,” I told him. “No more will you have to pretend – even for the shortest of times – to be a man. I’ll take *complete* responsibility for you from this moment on and all you’ll have to do is

concentrate on being the best little boy you can be for the mummy who used to be your wife."

If the prospect consoled him at all it was not evident to me.

"And don't worry, you'll still be my special cuckold and get those nice little rewards mummy lets you and your naughty cockle have when you've been a good boy."

Consolation was still impossible to detect.

"You should feel privileged," I told him in a slightly sterner voice. "Not many little boys get to lick between their mummy's legs."

Reaching down to cup his captive balls I thrilled as he flinched, prevented by his restraints from evading my grasp as I continued to outline his future:

"That's why I thought a more secure and… *sophisticated*… cock-cage would help you adjust to the new position I intend for you," I said with affected tenderness to his moist eyes, for all the world a strict mother assuring her little boy the actions she took on his behalf that he so hated were for his benefit and his alone.

I pretended to scrutinise the remote-device capable of activating his new restrainer and the balls in my hand again twitched with fear.

"Your new cock-ring and cage came highly-recommended and I'm assured the top-of-the-range cutting equipment required to remove it would pretty much remove your balls too should you ever find either the money, courage, time or opportunity, to attempt to do so."

I paused a while as he began to hyperventilate, only continuing when his breathing returned to something approaching normal:

"It's German-made, of course, and we all know how efficient our Teutonic cousins are when it comes to such matters. Just the same, I found it pretty hard to believe a few bits of steel and titanium could do the things claimed

them in the promotional blurb and testimonials I found online. But I'm certainly a believer now."

My laughter was mocking:
"In fact, I think it would be fair to say we both are, wouldn't you?"

I laughed some more as a line of watery mucus escaped my husband's left nostril and travelled towards his lip, as if he truly were already the schoolboy I intended him to become on a full-time basis.

"It really is so clever don't you think? You see, with that titanium cage locked in place you can't get an erection."

I laughed, reading his thoughts:

"Yes, mummy knows what you are thinking, sweetie. You couldn't get one with the old device so why change it for another when you were just getting used to it?"

I held up the remote-control with the free hand that was not rolling his testicles between its fingers:

"But this thing allows me to control my little boy so much more thoroughly. If I push this button it sends a surge of power through those rings locked around your balls. Of course, the tiny batteries inside the padlock powering it will need changing on a regular basis – dependent upon how much your behaviour forces me to use its functions – but I can't see that proving a problem. You'll also be interested to learn – if you were planning to be a bad boy for mummy – that I only used a medium setting just now."

The eyes below me widened with terror.

There were *higher* settings?

"But there are so many other things it can do. For instance, I've set it so that you are only allowed to go a specific distance from the house. To a few yards inside of the front gate – not that I expect you'll be wanting he neighbours to

see you in your new clothes – and halfway up the garden so that you can exercise and play."

His face was a picture and I again professed myself amazed at just how many expressions there were of which a human face could be capable.

"Should," I continued, "you stray any further then a surge of power is automatically triggered and you will receive the lowest, but not insignificant, shock until you stop being naughty and come back to where you belong."

I saw he was looking at the device held in my had with foreboding and… *something else*.

Something else I was about to take great pleasure in erasing from his thoughts.

"Just so you know, little Davy," I informed him, lowering my head to his so close he could feel his mummy's warm breath across his cheeks, "even if you managed to get your little hands on mummy's remote-control you will need to punch a code into it at certain intervals when it buzzes.
I saw the hope – pitiful and inconsequential as it was – drain from his face.

"I'll leave it to your imagination to work out just what the frequency of the setting frying your testicles will be if the wrong code is inserted."

Now, as I can't leave my little boy unsupervised when I go out to meet all those real men queuing up do the job that was once my little boys and isn't his any longer, aunty Joanna has agreed to…"

Instantly picking up on my usage of the *"aunty"* eyes that must have been used to being shocked, metaphorically and, now, literally, widened even more, causing me to break off for a second that I might more effectively control the laughter threatening to undermine my air of maternal authority.

Collecting myself, I began again:

"That's right, Davy, *'aunty'* Joanna has agreed to *babysit* you while the nice

men are giving me the pleasure you're incapable of providing me."

Eyes that had gone wide now closed completely as the full implication of my words hit home. Up to now, Joanna's visits to our home had been infrequent and, at her insistence, none too humiliating for him – if being dressed in shorts and an oversized Disney tee-shirt could be said to be *"none too humiliating"* for a grown man. She had, whilst letting him know and being firm with my husband, been understanding about his position and treated the situation waiting to greet her as if it were the most normal in the world – which wasn't too far from the truth with someone of her experience. Consequently, David had come to enjoy her visits and had even gone so far as to confide his feelings to her on a number of occasions, obviously seeing in my friend and mentor something of a confidante; even if she was a confidante with a direct-line to the wife he was confiding his feelings in regard of. I won't bore you with the obvious litany of self-pity, protestations of love and inevitable complaint Joanna related straight back to me but, suffice it to say, it did give us some insight into his mindset and, far from improving his situation, allowed me to lead him more effectively.

Now that the *"confidante"* of his own age was about to become his babysitter and see him in an even more… *childish*… light.

"Of course, this will put your relationship on a far more formal footing with her, sweetie," I told him. "She will no longer be a guest but will be, in fact, a de facto version of me whenever I' not here."

His eyes were still screwed tight shut and I could only imagine the thoughts behind them.

I held up the remote-control, despite him not being in a position to see it.

"It will also require her having possession of this whenever I am out and she is in charge of you."

His eyes flicked open now and they were understandably something less than reassured to see me holding up the device capable of giving him so much

pain.

“Joanna is very fond of you and thinks you’re very handsome – despite the fact you’re a pretty poor excuse for a man in most other respects. But she’s certainly no pushover and you can expect a painful time if you don’t do your chores to her standards or disobey and displease her in any other way.”

Point made and new restrainer in place, I felt it was an opportune moment to deliver the latest of the carrots designed to give his life some *small* forward momentum; carrots that were necessarily, given the *huge* forward momentum of his journey towards utter dependency and subjugation, becoming more demeaning with each one I offered.

“Having said all that,” I told him as he lay tied and helpless below me – his bonds unnecessary at this point in his new life but appealing to my kinky side, “Joanna is a scrupulously fair woman and has my permission, if she finds you deserving of such indulgence, to let your little cockle out of its new cage so you can play with it for a bit.”

I had no idea how far this possible treat went towards lessening his misery – not too far would be my guess – but, if the lurch made by his penis as it lay restrained and cramped in its cage was a guide, the thought of my friend and mentor supervising his little *“cums”* from now on was, and despite the humiliating circumstances under which that supervision would take place, in no way displeasing to him.

Strangely enough, my next words, far from joining the cage encasing his cock to lessen his ardour, seemed only to increase it:

“Between the two of us, Davy, I’m beginning to think your aunty is a bit kinky herself.”

His eyes were on mine now and I could tell I had his attention.

“I mean, why else would she have told me she would like to see you humping her hosed leg as if you were a dog in heat?”

The renewed lurching of his imprisoned cock told me that, together with his undeniable hatred of the position I had forced upon him, my husband was fast developing a kinky streak of his own to go alongside it.

A welcome juxtaposition that would add a perverse satisfaction to his weakness and ensure David would remain *"Davy"* from now on and enable me to enjoy the delights of extramarital sex without guilt or interference.

How much he had changed.

How much *we* had both changed!

Epilogue

As I bring this journal to a close I am seated in the study that was once my husband's before the computer that was once his. It's close to eight o'clock on a Friday evening and I am dressed and ready for the attentions of Bruce, the latest in a long line of black lovers. Lovers selected – with the ever enthusiastic help of Joanna – from a Black-on-White online dating-agency catering to those with… *special*… tastes.

I'm kitted out in a clingy black dress that displays my curves to perfection and defines my breasts to such maximum effect they seem a part of the fabric covering them. Though not indecent – I am a respectable married woman holding down an executive position to which she has recently been promoted, after all – the dress is short enough to show off the legs the husband I now call *"little Davy"* loves so much. Legs that he gets to see close-up quite often now when, for instance, he has been a particularly good boy and I allow him to stay up past his bedtime to watch television with his mummy. Given that he is no longer allowed on the furniture – another sound piece of advice from Joanna who insisted removing his right to do so would get him in the childlike groove and help regress him further – it pleases me to see him in his big-boy jim-jams with his back to the sofa with his cheek nestling against the bare skin of my sleek and tanned legs. Knowing it pleases me, he often asks permission of his mummy to rub her feet and, more often than not, I let him do it. Tonight, however, my *"sleek and tanned"* legs are not bare but are covered in pantyhose of the sheerest black denier I know my former husband would love.

And as for the matching black stiletto heels on the dainty feet my little boy now cares for on a daily basis…?

Well, let's just say, and as you already know, I no longer dress to please my husband.

Even if I do love to torment him with the sight of me clothed in such a way.

No, the attention paid to my looks this evening are for my second-date with Bruce.

A date, moreover that is likely to prove *very* special.

As I type these final words of encouragement to all you women out there who harbour similar desires to mine: less draconian, more draconian; more perverted, less perverted; it strikes me that it really is a lack of female belief in their own power that stops them ruling the world. And yes, I have been reading Female Supremacist tracts again. So what? After reading of my experiences with David, as was, do you seriously doubt the power that lies between our ears and between our legs so many of us allow to go unutilised?

Yes, of course, there will always be those Alpha males who will never bend the neck in such an abject way as my own Beta husband, but even these self-regarding would be Masters are prone – and have been from time immemorial – to our female wiles. They truly are no match for us and remain an open book when it comes our manipulation and – albeit stealthy in the case of Alphas – control of them. Nature equipped us to rule and we refuse to do so to our own cost.
The above as something I had heard many women say throughout my life.

The only difference now being that I believe them.

Completely.

How could I not when the handsome former man's man, the same man's man who had once considered being my husband allowed him to make all decisions regarding both our futures and our everyday lives together, is now in such a predicament?

At this moment my former lord and master is finishing of the last of his childish chores while supervised by his *"aunty"*. That he is dressed in oversized pyjamas while hand-washing my dirty underwear and pantyhose – it seems so much more humiliating for him to be forced to do such a thing and be confronted with my smells whilst knowing I'll shortly be going on a

date with another man – underlines my point. This is man who, while knowing he is not a child, has no option but to behave as one. And simply because his controlling young wife insists this is the future *she* wants for *him*.

For those of you who have dreamed of such a situation and the wielding of such control, allow me to assure you that *nothing* in the daydreams and fantasies you use to power the dildo you are forced to piston in and out of the pussy your husband ignores comes *anywhere* close to the actuality of witnessing your man going about your bidding.

Think of the distance between earth and Saturn and you'd be getting close to the correct scale.

And, if it's the opinion of friends and family concerning you and preventing you from placing your husband under the heel where he belongs, take a leaf from my book and you can not only have your cake *and* eat it but have those close to you feeling admiration and total sympathy for the way you've stuck by your partner in the face of his… *mental*… problems.

Of course, I realise not all of you will be placed financially to act in the same way I was free to act in, but believe me, if you are clever enough, devious enough and, most importantly, serious enough, you will find a way.

Now it's time to close this journal and I do so with a sense of excitement that is not lessened by repetition and my day-to-day handling of a husband I have relegated to no more than a child with domestic and oral responsibilities in the home he once considered his.

You see, although I gave *"Davy"* my word, I think it's time his service to me went to the next level.

When Bruce gets here we will *not* be leaving to go for a meal then back to his place in the way usual with my *dates*.

No. promise or not, Davy is going to watch his wife receive a fucking in the proper manly fashion in the same bed where he once went through the same, if pitiful motions and, to add even more misery and shame to his

predicament, it will be his *aunty* Joanna who leads him up to the bedroom by the hand so he can watch the masterful black man take his *mummy* to paradise.

Not only that, but afterwards it will not be my used pussy alone he cleans with his servile mouth.

Rebecca Sharp
Chislehurst
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END