# Husband to Cuckold… and Worse

Parts-One-&-Two

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# PART-ONE

**Robert & Gilly**

Robert Upson was amazed.

Stunned.

Sickened.

The cause of all these reactions being the behaviour – more pertinently at this stage, words – of his wife and partner, Gilly.

Robert had been Gilly's husband for over fifteen years and, having reached his mid- forties while she was only halfway through her thirties, he considered then a happy couple. The difference in their ages and his natural assertiveness had ensured he had led their relationship and now, though his previous business had foundered, the current one was going well and they were comfortable – though he had not been at all keen to put all assets and the new business itself into Gilly's name; even if the previous bankruptcy would have meant his creditors coming for the assets of the new and more profitable incarnation if he hadn't. But then, he had thought at the time, Gilly was neither interested nor clued-up when it came to such matters and he was still running things anyway. What difference did it make if it were her name and her name alone to whom their assets were assigned?

All the difference in the world, he was about to find out.

"You can't be that surprised, Robert," she told him as they drove home from the office party he had organised to celebrate the third successful year of his new enterprise. "You know you haven't been coming up to scratch in the bedroom for some time now."

She thought about it, then added:

"If ever."

He looked at her, horrified, having known no such thing.

Sex was good between them and always had been.

Hadn't it?

"You might be handsome but you're not exactly built to give a woman pleasure, are you."

It wasn't a question.

Despite the fact she was the one bringing up such an unsavoury subject, not to mention 'course of action', it was Robert who felt wrong-footed:

"I… I've never pretended to be anything other than…"

"Tiny?" she offered, with a giggle full of a malice he had never heard, nor expected to hear, in his years with her.

"I was about to say *'average'*," he corrected her.

"Well, now you know. You're not average. You're fucking small."

It was, he would tell himself later when he was in a condition to think semi-clearly, a night of firsts.

First her *offer* and then this, the first time he had heard her swear since their meeting all those years ago.

But what had brought it on so suddenly?

Or, more to the point, *who*.

She had spent much of the night, drinking and chatting, with his straitlaced office-manager and number-two, Nirupa Devi. A young Indian woman over twenty years his junior he knew couldn't stand him and one he only kept on by virtue of her unfailing efficiency. He had long suspected the young woman was something of a man-hater and if he discovered it was something she said that had triggered this uncharacteristic behaviour in his, admittedly tipsy, wife she would be out of his company on her arse. Being efficient at what she did for him and liked by the rest of the staff while he, deliberately

keeping what he saw as a necessary distance between boss and employees, was, to put it mildly, was not, would not save her.

That, though, was something he would come back to later.

For the moment, the wife who suddenly seemed a stranger to him was speaking again:

“I just think it’s time we spiced things up a bit,” she told him from the passenger seat of their new Audi convertible; yet more evidence of the success he had made of the new company to go along with the new house and the four-wheel drive she had asked for and been given.

“By swinging?” he asked, horrified, never having suspected her to have had any such inclinations – and about to find out he was right. “By having other partners? What’s got into you?”

Thoughtfully, Gilly twisted a lock of her short, page-boy cut, blonde hair between her fingers and allowed herself a wry smile, knowing there were a lot of things that would soon be getting into her – and *none* of them would belong to *him*.

“Actually,” she began, “I wasn’t thinking of you when I mentioned *seeing* other people.”

Alternating his concentration between wife and road, he gave her a quizzical look, a part of him sure this was some elaborate leg-pull she playing on him.

He would not be sure for long.

“As you have said many times,” she went on, “how completely I satisfy you when it comes to sex and how you couldn’t imagine being with anyone else,” there would hardly be any point in you being free to play the field.”

“What on earth are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about having a husband so grateful for the fact his wife rings his

bells in the bedroom he is willing to remain totally loyal while she finds other partners who can do the same for her."

"You're drunk, Gilly," he accused, praying as he did so that this was indeed the case.

With a motion that could not be construed as anything other than sexual and was not lost upon a husband who still adored her shapely legs as much as he obsessed over the rest of her body, she smoothed her hands down pantyhose clad thighs and began to knead the backs of her calves.

"I may have had a couple more than usual, darling, but I'm totally sober so you had better believe I'm serious. For once, I want to be taken, Robert. To have myself filled by a man with a long thick cock who knows how to use it"

With an effort of will, he managed to keep the Audi on the road, still praying that, despite her protestations, that she was not sober and that those *"couple more than usual'*, had indeed affected her sobriety.

It also struck him with some force that there was *in vino veritas.*

"I've emailed some stuff to your computer from my laptop," she went on, as if she had just told him her preferences of holiday destinations and sent him the brochures.

Unable to speak, more shocked than angry – though he knew that emotion would kick in later – it was all he could do to keep himself half-concentrated on the road as she went on:

"I want you to have a good read when we get home," she told him and, somehow, it seemed like an order, "then spend the night in the spare-room to think it over."

"Sp-Spare room?" he managed to gasp.

"I don't want you pestering me with your little cock tonight," she nodded. "That's why the door will be locked."

# Robert

They had arrived back in the affluent suburbs of London not speaking to each other. In fact, she had switched off from him immediately after informing him the bedroom they had shared together would be locked and she expected him to spend the night on his own.

She had been as good as her word and, after he had parked the car in the garage, she had entered the house and made her way straight upstairs without so much as a backward glance at her husband as he, unable to help himself in spite of what had happened and been said on the trip home, gazed at her lovely legs as they peaked out of the slit in her black dress and studied the soft curves of her full breasts as she turned and then disappeared at the head of the stairs.

After everything she had said to him, he *still* lusted after her and the *"tiny"* cock she had referred to was at full-mast with an inexplicable need for the younger wife he had just allowed to belittle him.

He was, as he had been in the car after she had refused to say another word to him and he had likewise fallen silent, in a condition of some unreality, numbed by what his wife had told him she wanted and even now, after she had locked him out of their own bedroom, still trying to convince himself it was some elaborate practical joke on her part or the effect of the drinks she had consumed that evening.

Free of his driving responsibilities and able to indulge in a few, and *very* necessary drinks of his own, Robert poured himself a generous Jim Beam and took himself off to the study where he liked to do most of his thinking of a private kind – computer on or off.

The computer!

Her words came back to him:

*"I've emailed some stuff to your computer from my laptop."*

This evidence of pre-planning on Gilly's part, at least reassured him on the subject of his office-manager *not* being the one behind his wife's behaviour.

He thought.

He was, however, reassured in no other way.

Robert stared at the technology in question with some trepidation, then, taking his courage in his hands and placing his drink on a coaster at its side, he booted up.

It was not and had never been his way to let a problem fester longer than was absolutely necessary and - though a hopeful part of him lent assurance his wife's behaviour, she had never had much of a head for drink, after all, was alcohol related – *this* was certainly one he wanted to confront and overcome as soon as possible.

The email from her he opened began encouragingly:

*"My beloved Robert…"*

It was, however, as good as it was likely to get and went immediately downhill:

*"After what you read here – and I advise you to read everything I've sent you – you might think our marriage is at an end.*

*This is definitely not true.*

*What you will read below will make you think I no longer love you.*

*This also is definitely not true; though it would not be wrong to say I love you now in a far different way than previously and in a way the world as a whole might see as more than a little, well, odd.*

*Our marriage will go on, I am convinced. Partly because you desire me more than I desire you and partly because, well, basically, you're pretty much screwed if you decide to leave. Don't get me wrong on this though, as I'm quite pleased with the way you've run my company up to now with the help of young Nirupa, but I've decided if we're to stay with each other – and I'm sure that's what we both want – then a radical change is required in both our living arrangements and the way we react to each other from now on."*

At this last, he broke off and took a fortifying slug of the Jim beam. Nirupa? Help him? Where the hell had she got that? All the major decisions had been made by him. Sure, Nirupa had been allowed an input, he had even gone along with a couple of her ideas, but that was a long way from helping him in the way Gilly seemed to be insinuating. And what was all that about…

*"My company*?"

He knew also, given what he had read so far and despite her protestations of loving him still, that something fundamental was about to change with their relationship.

Taking another swallow of the bourbon, he returned to her missive with a feeling of growing dread:

*"For this and other reasons, one being that I still have feelings for you, our marriage will go on. You will, though, have to get used to it doing so in a totally different way to before. For too long now I've let you call the shots in this relationship. I'm pretty sure we could have avoided all the heartache of your bankruptcy if I'd taken a firmer hand – and especially if I'd had someone like young Nirupa around to advise me the way she's advised you."*

Nirupa.

Again.

Suspicion of the young Indian girl Gilly had spent so much of the night deep in conversation with fermented in his thoughts.

*"But that's the past and its time to plan what I want for our future. You've had your turn in the driving seat and I've been less than impressed. So now I'll be the one occupying it.*

*And for good.*

*You're probably wondering right now how I can be so confident about all this. Right? But that's only because you're probably too shocked and angry at the moment to have thought it through properly yet.*

*Think about it, Robert. Since the bankruptcy, you have no credit or debit cards and no chance of getting any. In fact, the only account you have is basic banking with a card and number that allows you to tap money from a hole-in-the-wall – assuming you have any money to tap out and I know you don't have much."*

His stomach lurched as nausea joined shock and anger at the events unfolding before him – nausea made all the more potent for the knowledge she was right.

It was not about to be eased by the further accuracy with which he was about to be supplied now:

*"Everything is in my name, Robert. Pretty galling for you, I'm guessing, being that you were the one – admittedly under advice from your accountant – who insisted on it. But then you never did have much faith in either my opinions or my head for business.*

*That, my love, is about to change.*

*Knowing you as I do, I can predict your every move after you've read this and have no doubt you'll be hammering on what used to be our bedroom*

*door and is now mine the moment you finish reading. You should also know that this has been some time in the planning and I would not be going ahead now if I wasn't utterly convinced you'll see sense and knuckle under to your new life."*

"New life?" he muttered to himself, unreality holding him deep in its grip.

*"I have no intention of losing you, you see? We have history and I still have feelings for you. Just because you're not the man I thought you were it doesn't mean you can't be the man I want you to be for me. You just have to get used to the idea of being the type of man I want if you intend for me to keep you in my life.*

*Of course, I fully expect you to pack a bag and leave after you've finished this and you should know that, if you do, I won't speak to you until I'm ready. I also expect you to be back with your tail between your legs very soon.*

*It's pointless to say any more now, so have a read of what I'm going to expect from you from now on and we'll speak, as I say, when I'm ready.*
*As of this moment I consider us to be in a female-led relationship.*

*And led by me in total.*

*This WILL happen because I am determined to accept nothing less.*

*What this means, in effect, is that, you being older than me or not, all decisions are mine to make and from now on I will be taking a totally hands-on approach to your life.*

*You will also – if things went to plan tonight then I will have touched upon this during the car ride home – be my cuckold and, as you are probably unaware of what this involves, I have attached material that will put you in the picture more completely.*

*Don't be too alarmed though, darling. Lots of what you read will seem horrifying, but remember I probably wouldn't go as far as some of the wives in the stories.*

*Probably.*

*Your loving wife*

*Gilly."*

Robert Upson felt numb. Had she gone insane or was he having a particularly disturbing dream? Suddenly she had turned into some kind of control freak who wanted to run both him and their marriage.

The bite of the Jim Beam hitting the back of his throat though, was all the contradiction he needed to know this was not a dream.

But where the fuck had it all come from?

Where he had been concerned by what he had thought was drunken behaviour during the drive home, alarm-bells were now beginning to ring as he realised planning had gone into what he was experiencing. Alarm-bells ringing all the more loudly for his being in such a fragile position after his bankruptcy. Now, with Gilly as sole signatory to *everything,* he was, as she inferred, totally vulnerable in an economic sense.

She was right:

Financially, at least, he was *"screwed"*.

And, incredibly, Gilly intended to use the power *he* had given her to further some... *perverted*… desires he had hadn't suspected her, to this point, of either having or being capable of having.

How, though, had she hit upon such a course of action and, more importantly, what made her so sure he would accept it?

The dispirited smile his unseeing eyes delivered to the computer screen was prompted by the fact that he had already touched upon a part of the answer to his own question.

She had *everything* and he had *nothing*.

He had polished off another glass of bourbon and was halfway through another when he finally plucked up the courage to open the first of the attachments she had sent him.

It was titled:

*"From Male to Female Led – Let us Show You How to Take Control"*

This alone had him reaching yet again for his glass.

Sensing, as he did, that worse was to come.

*"Taking control of your home and the husband who, up to now, you have allowed to rule it, will be the most rewarding and exciting thing you ever do.*

*A successfully demoted husband will be completely obedient and satisfy all your needs, whether they be of a business, domestic or sexual nature. He, as your beta-partner, will manage all the mundane chores of your life and learn not to question your wishes.*

*What's more, and this is the most satisfying part, the man who at one time ruled your world and is now ruled by you will eventually come to see you not just as his superior partner but as his owner."*

"The fuck he will," Robert raged aloud to the unhearing text as it continued on, as if in answer to his scepticism:

*"Sound too good to be true? Wishful thinking? Impossible to imagine the man who once commanded your loyalty and, maybe, obedience, ever bending his neck enough to accept a reduced situation that puts you in total charge, both privately and publicly?*

*Well, ask yourself again what it was that brought you here in the first place. Whether you found us through Google, stumbled upon us by accident, or*

*were directed here by a friend or close colleague, there was, at the back of your mind at least, a desire to experience the joys of a female-led marriage and a suspicion that your husband was weak enough for you to be able to force him to accept it.*

*Trust your womanly instincts in this as, in our experience, they have – except under the rarest of circumstances - yet to be found wanting. We understand that you probably find all the above hard to believe and with some men more alpha in aspect such an end result would be impossible. But the fact you are reading this at all is evidence the male in your life is not alpha and you sense relegating him to a position of subservience and dependence is not only desirable but possible.*

*Once again: be assured your senses are right and trust us: the first time you tell him to kneel between your legs and use his tongue until you're satisfied and ready for him to stop will be the moment any doubts – if you still have any having reached such a point – will vanish.*

*Be warned though, getting your husband to accept you are the dominant partner and he no longer has a say in any part of your life while you have the final say in ALL aspects of his can be challenging and is by no means sure of success.*

*However, if you have read the beta-list, and ticked enough boxes to indicate your husband falls into the category, our experience is that you will only meet initial resistance before he accepts his rightful place at his knees."*

As quizzical as he was appalled, Robert switched windows to Gilly's original email itself and scanned the attachment.

No beta list.

Not that he needed to see one, obviously.

Gilly had set this… *ridiculous*… process in motion so she had obviously read the list and ticked enough boxes to convince herself he was…

*Beta!*

His rage – and he'd been no pussy in the past when it came to conflict of a physical kind – was rising as quickly as the bourbon bottle was emptying.

And was made worse by the awareness he did not, for once, know how to either handle the situation confronting him or vent the anger caused by it.

Left with no other option, he read on:

*"Of course, if you ticked the box indicating your husband's financial dependence on you of some kind the chances of success rise to levels only very rarely – if EVER - resulting in failure, but, so long as the boxes ticked are numerous enough, it is our experience that success will be yours anyway.*

*The less plentiful the ticks the more likely it is that the end result just might take that little longer to achieve.*

*You must trust us in this though:*

*It WILL be achieved and, in the end, it WILL be worth it.*

*You are about to embark on the wonderful journey of female domination over the man you have chosen to rule and, after interacting with us more fully – if, of course, you choose such a course after reading this - it will soon become clear to you that this rewarding and thrilling life-path is not as difficult to implement and maintain as it seems and that accomplishing the feat is more possible than you thought.*
*The most common reason a women doesn't dominate her husband is that she thinks he'll never go for it - that he's not the type.*

*Wrong!*

*If you've ticked enough boxes on the list to satisfy yourself on his true status then be assured:*

*He WILL.*

*Many female-led regimes begin as ordinary relationships and simply evolve as the wife's natural authority ensures they both fall into their rightful roles.*

*This we call: 'Unacknowledged domination'.*

*Your husband may even be as manly as men come, physically brave and seemingly assertive. But you must trust us again when we say that, if the necessary boxes have been ticked, he will eventually bend his will to that of yours – even if, up to now, he has been allowed to take an undeserved place at the head-of-the-household.*

*Take heart in the fact that underneath all his male posturing and pride, there is an obedient lesser half just waiting for you to take control of him and give his life a new meaning and direction – humble as that meaning and direction may be.*

*If you wish to go further with this lifestyle and would like to know what is required to train your husband into the kind of obedient life-partner you have always desired, simply write with a postage pre-paid envelope to the address below and we will send you the details by return.*

*Our service is entirely free and our reward is your satisfaction."*

The attachment ended there and for long moments Robert could only stare at the screen blankly.

In the space of a little under two hours, he had gone from having a wonderful marriage in which he made all the important decisions, to being told his wife wanted to take control.

Worse, he had been told that his equipment was not up to the job and that she was not sexually satisfied by him – not only that, but she had told him she knew how badly he desired her still – and had been, he acknowledged with some bitterness given what he'd just read, quite right.

His thoughts scanned back over the past couple of months and how she had

limited sex between them with any number of excuses in respect of her health he now knew to have been just that; even if she had been to see their doctor.

So she *told* him.

Had she been *"training"* him already?
Given the almost puppy-dog way he had acted around her to get her to consent to some action, he could only note with sourness the success of her approach.

Success that was total, if the increased need he had felt for was a guide.

And even then, when she had finally consented, she had just lay beneath him passively as he got it out of his system and assured himself her lack of interest was the result of her not feeling too well lately.

The age-old excuse.

He couldn't work it out; sex had been, *was*, good between them.

Wasn't it?

She surely couldn't have been acting all these years.

Could she?

Okay, fair enough, she had tried to get him to eat her out on numerous occasions in the early days and been a bit put out when he told her it was not something he did – it being for reasons he had never seen fit to thoroughly evaluate, an act he had always found… *unmanly*.

And the taste!

It had not stopped him accepting oral from her plump and inviting lips and the warm mouth at the back of them, however, and it struck him that this might be the root of her sudden… *discontent*.

But to go *this* far?

Turning his attention back to the screen, he saw there were four attachments in all.

The second was the welcome page of a grouping calling themselves the "Cybelians".

Thirty seconds scanning of the material found there – mostly pictures of naked men with clothed and past their sell-by-date women in the background – was enough to have him switching off.

The next two attachments were fiction Gilly had taken from the web and dealt with women in relationships of exactly the kind she had described to him on the journey home in the car – at least until she had stopped speaking to him entirely.

One of the stories was titled: *"Circle of Cuckolds"* and to say its content was offensive to him, the storyline involving a group of affluent and successful white husbands allowing their wives to visit a club – with them in tow – and be fucked by black men as they waited on like flunkeys, went nowhere near to describing the outrage he felt towards Gilly for having the nerve to…

And there was something else even *more* disconcerting to him.

So disconcerting, in fact, he exited the story, ending not reached, in a condition of rage that was, this time, directed at himself.

Ignoring the disturbing reaction he had neither wanted nor expected - and after another fortifying Jim Beam - he was ready to tackle the final attachment.

With the same results and the same ensuing sense of outrage at himself.

As he leaned back in his chair, unseeing eyes fixed on the Sydney Opera House he had hit upon as his Google welcome-screen, it struck him that no matter what happened from here on in his life had changed.

Even if Gilly came back to him now and told him she hadn't been serious, that it really was a light-hearted attempt on her part to spice things up between them – and he considered this most unlikely – he would still be in possession of the uncomfortable knowledge that she had considered such a possibility so seriously she had gone to the lengths of reading the filth she had then gone on to send him.

And considered it so seriously she had ticked off some *"beta-list"* on some offensive and fanciful website designed to help wives place their husband's in relationships of such a kind.

For the first time it struck him that his erotic, if none too bright, wife might not be the open book to him he had always believed her to be.

Then again, though, if she thought for a second he would actually put up with any of the shit the husbands in her stories had been described putting up with, perhaps his original assessment of her intellectual shortcomings had been correct.

Perhaps.

# Gilly

The wife who had supplied the words and material currently responsible for putting her husband through agonies of mental and physical uncertainty was lost in her excitement as her hand stroked the dildo she had purchased only that afternoon in and out of her wetness. As the solid nine-inches of smooth latex slid in and out of a cunt she was adamant her husband of fifteen-years would *never* experience again – not with his cock, at least - she felt a tingle of pure pleasure surge upwards from her clit to shoot into her nipples. The sheer perversity of her thoughts and the power she exercised over her husband in them made her visualised penetration from the huge and masterful man pleasuring her as that same husband knelt in the corner with his nose to the wall all the more incredible.

So incredible, the pillow under her ass crack was soaked with juices provoked as much by the abject position into which she had placed her own previously masterful husband as a superior cock took his place to finish what that husband was now only allowed to start with his dutiful tongue.

With ever decreasing circles and a wet thumb, she gently teased at her own areola, one by one, imagining her lover's tongue sucking her hard nipples into his mouth to make her squirm with pleasure.

Changing her grip on the dildo, she guided it even deeper into hungry pussy, legs going wider as the hardness slid back and forth with an increased speed that was a match for her increased excitement as her eyes flew to the corner where she pictured her husband kneeling, nose to the corner. She pictured the masterful lover she had invited to supplant the man who had once considered her body his sole province sliding deeply in and out of her to explore depths beyond the physical reach of the man she had married and *still* loved – after her own fashion – and reached beneath herself to insert a finger into her anus. The sensation now was similar to having two obedient cocks in each hole, both intent on nothing more than helping her achieve satisfaction.

Now she was lost in a riptide of pleasure as her orgasm began to build inside her, breathing ragged and rasping, clit tingling in tune with her nipples as her abdomen tightened and her moans increased in volume.

The dildo moved in and out faster and the moaning grew louder and louder.

“Mmm… Yes!... Yes! That’s it. Fill me the way that worthless piece of shit in the corner never has and never will.”

The dildo was rammed home with even greater urgency and need.

She could feel the crisis approaching now and knew it was impossible to delay it any further as…

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!”

In a frenzy of thrashing arms and legs, she screamed for a further thirty seconds, the dildo responsible for her orgasm still gripped tightly between her legs and inside her sopping cunt; then, suddenly fearful her screams might have been heard by the husband she had consigned to the spare-room, her back left the mattress with a jolt to fetch her to an upright position, ears keened.

Until she smiled to herself.

After what she had told him in the car on the way home and what, she assumed, he had read by now, it hardly made any difference whether he heard her screams of self-satisfaction or not.

Her smile became more pronounced and the cruelty contained within it, she knew, did not bode well for Robert’s future with her. She was already, in fact, convinced that it would not be long before the screams of satisfaction just won from in the bedroom they had once shared would be won from her by the long and thick cock of another man. Though, at this stage, and still loving Robert after her own fashion, she wondered if she could summon up the levels of cruelty necessary to insist he kneel in the corner as she and her lover went about it – not to mention the privacy she normally insisted upon when it came to lovemaking.

And, as she pondered excluding him entirely from her bedroom exploits, it

was not only her capacity to humiliate him in such a way that gave her pause.

Despite all she had read and been told, she found it hard to believe she could ever have her handsome older husband so pussy-whipped he would accept such treatment from her hands.

Placing the dildo on the bedside cabinet she threw the pillow soaked with her own juices to the floor and used another to prop herself up on the headboard as she basked in the afterglow of the latest stupendous orgasm delivered to her by the fantasy of her own satisfaction via the cock of another as her cuckold husband was present.

Again experiencing the doubts her internet mentors had assured her were natural and to be expected, she reassured herself by backtracking over the beta-list and the numerous – and surprising – ticks she had delivered in respect of the husband she had once thought of as commanding and dominant.

But not any longer.

If those ticks proved correct – and the well-spoken lady with whom she had established contact via email and Skype assured her it was unheard of for them to not do so; the lady herself almost having an orgasm of her own when Gilly described to her the nature of their financial situation and the fact *everything* was in her name – then she would soon be in possession of not just a cuckold but an utterly obedient and subservient domestic servant.

Strangely though, what troubled Gilly most was the woman's insistence that to reduce him in status in the way required would involve stripping him of his position at the company his own efforts had created and built.
Even to Gilly, who was becoming more and more enamoured by the prospect of subduing and dominating her older husband, this seemed a little unjust.

"This is not optional," the woman, whose name was Stella, a woman of middle-years Gilly had yet to meet or see a likeness of but one who had a commanding and no-nonsense approach to the meeting of the goal Gilly

wished to achieve. “The less responsibility of a meaningful nature he is given from now on the better.”

Connected by Skype, Gilly had sensed the woman mentally correct herself before going on to do so verbally:

“That is not to say his responsibilities to you are not of a *‘meaningful nature’*, my dear. In fact, I would vouch that they will come to seem pretty important to him before long if he becomes – and they *all* do – as terrified of your displeasure as my husband is of mine.”

Gilly had become instantly wet at the prospect of having her husband afraid of her in such a way; it would, she told herself, make things a sight easier.

“This, though, cannot be achieved if he is allowed to retain a position of responsibility at *your* company. In fact,” she went on, “you will be doing him a small kindness.”

“Kindness?” Gilly had scoffed.

“Just think how difficult it would be for the poor lamb to spend a day at the office supervising employees and making decisions, only to come home and find his opinion counts for nothing and he should only speak when spoken to. Even worse if you were to relegate him to some menial role in the same company. Now *that* would be really cruel.”

Gilly’s thoughts concurred on this, though the prospect of doing just that seemed to her a delicious one.

“You would,” Stella went on, “be giving him conflicting messages when he really needs to be in receipt of just one.”

Gilly had waited.

Excitedly.

“That he no longer has a say in *anything* and that his only role in life is to be

of service to you."

A ripple of unnatural pleasure had tingled through Gilly at this and she realised she had just experienced a mini-orgasm.

Well-versed in such conversations with other women she had schooled along the same path and familiar to similar reactions of her own when dealing with her own man at home, Stella had sensed as much:

"Yes, it is a heady sensation, Gilly, and the reason you contacted me in the first place. He might be handsome, older, perhaps even more intelligent, but it makes no difference. You have played second-fiddle to a man who is your inferior in terms of willpower and sexual capacity for far too long. So now, having read of the possibilities for a woman with courage enough to accept the unorthodox and take up the reins of power in her marriage, it has become impossible for you to continue your relationship with this man in the same way."

"But I… I…"

"Go on, Gilly," Stella had urged. "You must be totally truthful with me. Any reservations you have must be answered and overcome if you are to be successful. If that proves not to be the case and the doubts remain then there is no point at all in continuing."

Gilly found herself unable to frame what was troubling her and, sensing her inability, Stella came to the rescue; the older woman's matter-of-fact way when describing acts and situations ninety-percent of the world at large would find debased and, perhaps, unhinged, having a calming and persuasive effect upon the younger woman:

"Let me guess what is troubling you, my dear. Apart from worrying whether what is being described to you is possible, you're anxious that your own self-image will be irreparably harmed and cause you anguish. This rather than the joy we promise should you treat your husband in the seemingly cruel and contemptuous way we insist upon."

Silence greeted the woman's guesswork.

"Am I correct?" Stella asked after a few seconds.

Gilly had found herself nodding at this exact description of her concerns, before realising there was no webcam connection and adding:

"Yes. You're right. I… Well, I wouldn't want to become or have anyone think I was some kind of monster."

"And do you think this man – the same man who refused to please you with his tongue while expecting you to take his cock in your mouth – felt the same anxieties in respect of his own self-image when he was relegating you to an inferior role within your marriage?"

"Well… no. But then he didn't expect me to wait at home while he went out and fucked anything available."

"Then he was a fool who either had no idea of the power he had in your relationship at the time or was not in possession of the necessary strength to simply take what he desired in an up-front and honest way."

Gilly thought it over as her would-be mentor went on:

"And you're quite sure on the subject of his fidelity, are you? You have more than once described this continuing and very *useful* fascination he has with your body. But that does not mean he hasn't allowed himself to find *other* bodies equally as fascinating and not chosen to share his extra-curricular activities with you."

Gilly thought it over, recalling all the late nights Robert had spent at the office - pre-and-post-bankruptcy. Had he felt the desire for another woman and that woman been willing – and he was still, and remained, a handsome man after all, so there would have been no lack of opportunity – he could quite easily have cheated without her knowledge and on many occasions. And, if she was totally honest, there had been times when she had suspected just that.

“Whether he has or not,” she began, “I can’t say. But, if he did, he made sure not to rub my nose in it. What you’re suggesting I should do is to openly fuck other men while…”

“And women, if you choose,” Stella had broken in to remind her.

“…to openly fuck other men *and* women,” Gilly made due correction, “while making sure he knows all about it.”

“Yes,” Stella agreed. “That’s exactly what I’m suggesting. It’s what I and a number of other ladies have done and none of us – I repeat: *none* – have had a moment’s regret for having done so. Simply by asserting our female authority we have changed our lives in ways that would have been unimaginable to us prior to discovering the possibilities the lifestyle has to offer.”

“That’s all very well, Stella,” Gilly had quibbled, “but you’re asking me to actually tell my husband I want to fuck other men.”

“And honesty of such a kind devalues your self-image how?”

The question, being unexpected, had thrown Gilly.

“Well…”

A few seconds of silence greeted her indecision, then:

“All you will be doing is taking over in the same role his weakness has left open,” Stella assured her. “Though with far more authority and strictness.”

Again, Gilly felt a frisson of pure pleasure at hearing her marital situation described in such a way.

For some reason, the merest hint of her controlling Robert set her pulses racing and her pussy on fire.

Twin sensations her husband had been, thus far, unable to provoke by his attempts at lovemaking alone.

“Remember when he once went out,” Stella was continuing, “whether it be to work or elsewhere, and left you at home to take care of all those domestic chores you tell me you hate so much?”

Gilly found herself nodding once again.

“Well, now it will be you who drops in at the office to get a progress report or to meet a friend for coffee or shopping while he cleans and launders and waits anxiously for you to return. Unable to settle until you’ve inspected his work and pronounced yourself pleased with his efforts. Where once he insisted you took his cock in your mouth and sucked him slowly and sensuously until he exploded, now it will be you who demands he kneels between your legs and places himself at the disposal of the pussy he once ignored – at least with his tongue.”

Without realising she had been doing it, Gilly realised her free hand was stroking her pussy through her skin-tight denims.

“Can you truthfully tell me you see this role-reversal as an injustice?” Stella asked.

“You’re asking me to treat him with contempt,” Gilly replied, somewhat breathlessly, trying to gather her thoughts. “To dominate him. That’s not exactly a like-for-like reversal now, is it?”

“No,” Stella agreed, tone becoming a little impatient. “Neither should it be. You have allowed this man to adopt an unnatural role in regard of you and it’s hardly surprising that he was willing to accept *all* of the perks going hand-in-hand with control whilst remaining too weak of character to use that control the way a strong man or woman would and should. You, however, *are* a woman of true power and are not bound by the same limitations of character.”

“Yes, but…?”

“Enough!” Stella snapped, something of her own dominant character surfacing. “You contacted me, remember, and it was not as if you were not fully informed of what we were willing to do for you.”

Gilly fell silent, realising Stella spoke no more than the plain truth; even if the reminder left her feeling like a young girl chastened by an older relative.

“Forgive me if I seem abrupt and intolerant,” Stella offered in a more kindly tone, “but this is not exactly virgin territory for me and I know that all you are looking for is approbation for the course you wish to follow. It’s only because I know first-hand of the joys awaiting you and wish for you to experience them for yourself that I get impatient.”

Chastened or not, Gilly knew she was right; realising also that all she wanted from the older woman was an assurance that she was not a monster – or likely to become one – for acting upon desires she knew already had become too far advanced for her to gainsay.

“All the boxes you ticked,” Stella went on, “and everything you have told me of your husband indicates a weak man who has sought a measure of control in his life to compensate for the lack substance he senses in himself. In our experience this not only makes him ripe but utterly perfect for what you have in mind for him.”

It was a likelihood Gilly remained unsure on still, though she found herself hoping the older woman was right.

“Just because,” Stella went on, “his own weakness prevented him from placing you in exactly the kind of position you are now capable of placing him, it does not mean you must feel guilt for the strength of character enabling you to do so.”

Gilly could see the logic of the woman’s argument but still needed some winning over.

Though not, it must be said, much.

“But you must admit, Stella, that it goes against everything we’re brought up to see as right and wrong. I agree, the fact I’m speaking to you indicates how… *exciting*… I find the prospect of taking control of my husband in the mental and physical way you describe, but…”

“But,” Stella finished for her, “you can’t help letting your sense of decency hold back your natural inclination. Trust me, if you’re to fulfil your potential you have to allow your superior strength of will to take you to a place he was too weak to even countenance when the power in the relationship was his.”

It was a statement of fact and Gilly found herself nodding in the affirmative, even if her agreement wasn’t underpinned with words.

“Your decency does you credit, my dear,” Stella observed, “but I assure you, the moment you recognise the fact you are only taking up a role as the head of the household that has always been rightfully yours and only Robert’s beta-pride has prevented you from taking up to now, will be the moment you begin to shed these feelings of pity and guilt. Think about it, my dear. The man to whom you’re extending these finer feelings of compassion was a man who was perfectly willing for you to – demanded you do so, in fact – perform oral sex upon him while your own needs were left unsatisfied. I am willing to bet, Gilly, that the first time your previously commanding husband backs down before you and that first taste of personal power enters your system, will be the precise moment that all your qualms vanish and you will see him for no more than the servant in waiting he has always been.”

There was a charged pause to their internet conversation, until:

“Everything you describe,” Gilly confessed, “has had me in a state of sexual heat since I first read the stories and case-histories you suggested I read. If I’m completely honest, I’ve been fantasising about having him under my thumb from the moment my friend first showed me your site and the… *possibilities*.”

“Of course you have, sweet girl. Why else would we be speaking?”

“It’s just that…”

“Gilly, dear,” Stella came in, having been here many times in the past, “your love for the man you married is just changing in nature, that’s all. Into something that, while it will no longer be based on any kind of equality or, even, respect, will at least allow him to remain in your life. If under reduced circumstances.”

She laughed before finishing with:

“*Extremely* reduced, circumstances.”

The wannabe ruler of her own marriage found herself laughing along with the older woman.

“I can’t deny it,” Gilly continued with her confessional. “Just thinking of locking that collar of ownership around his neck, the way your website describes, gives me a feeling of satisfaction and power I really adore. We've never been into power games, but I really enjoy the control I have in these fantasies."

“Games and fantasies are all very well, Gilly,” Stella assured her seriously, “but what we offer is real.”

Thinking she had caused offence, the young wife was immediately apologetic:

“I wasn’t trying to belittle what you are…”

“No need to apologise, Gilly,” Stella came in. “I realise that. But - and you must trust me on this - there is nothing that resembles a game in the situation we offer and intend to help you achieve. The intensity you feel when imagining him in a lesser role is only the beginning and is magnified a thousandfold once you actually have him on his knees.”

Again, Gilly all but swooned as Stella’s words and the images they conjured up sent what was becoming an all too familiar frisson of pure lust the length

of her spine and mottled her smooth skin with goose-bumps.

“And it gets worse for him the moment you take your first lover with his knowledge – be it a man or a woman. That’s why it’s so crucial you get his cock into a cage. The sooner he’s dependent upon you and you alone for sex; unable to even satisfy himself with his trusty hand; he will be totally under your spell. And the more desperate he becomes the more willing he will be to please you in all kinds of humiliating ways if he thinks it will get him some sexual attention.”

Overwhelmed by such a prospect, having read of these devices in the stories Stella had suggested but having also regarded them as the purest fantasy – what man would allow his prized possession to be locked away in such a fashion, after all? - Gilly could not prevent a gasp from exiting her lips.

“You like the sound of that?”

“I… I…”

“Don’t be embarrassed, dear, the prospect has had all of us reacting the same way at one time or another and, believe me, it just gets better and better.”

“You mean…? You actually have your husband in a… a…”

“Cock-cage,” the woman finished for her, going on to again read her mind. “They don’t exist only in BDSM fiction. It is, in fact, the best way to take your relationship forward and you should make it non-negotiable. Full control of him includes his dicklet and the key to it you will wear around your neck will always remind him you are the one in possession of it.”

“Amazing!” Gilly breathed.

“Yes. It most certainly is. But to achieve it you have to forget all this equality nonsense we women have spouted at us. Just remember, if life is far better when we have control of our own existence imagine how much more enjoyable it is when we have complete power over the life of someone else – especially if that *someone* is the husband who ruled our roost at one time.”

“You… You’re right, Stella,” Gilly admitted, already arranging a meeting between forefinger and labia, the decision she had been on the verge of making final made at last. “It’s the most exciting thing I’ve ever come across and I’m on-board as of this moment.”

“Totally?”

“Totally,” Gilly echoed back, all doubts vanished, so great was the prospect of the pleasure promised by the dismantling of her husband and the power it conferred upon her. She would be the one making all the decisions and the one with all the economic and sexual clout – though she still had marked reservations on the subject of convincing her handsome older husband to let her place his pride and joy under lock and key while her… *wasn’t.*

It was, she had decided just the same and marked reservations or not, too wonderful to put into words.

“He will be forever on the outside looking in, Gilly, desperate – not to mention growingly grateful – for any crumbs you may allow to fall in his direction. Your world will become the only world in which he exists and he will come to depend on you the way the child you wanted and he never saw fit to let you have depends upon his mother – except that no mother worthy of the description would allow her son to place his worshipful tongue in the places you will insist he place his.”

It struck Gilly that, if the level of her excitement at this anticipatory stage was any guide, Robert’s decision for them not to have children who would *“detract from the life we have together”* would turn out to be a beneficial one.

If not for him, then certainly for her.
“In this special world you are about to enter,” Stella was continuing, “you will become the most important entity in his life.

“You… You really think so?” Gilly gushed, so sold on what Stella was offering she was hanging now on the older woman’s every word.

“I have absolutely no doubt on the subject. Eventually, when he realises he has no other option and what small crumbs of happiness likely to fall his way depend upon you, he will even pretend to be enthusiastic in order to win his way back into what will pass as your good graces.”

“Oh, my!”

"It may seem incredible to you now, but I can almost guarantee it,” said Stella. "If there is anything on this planet I understand fully, it is the pussy-whipped husband. Believe me, Gilly, the moment you assert yourself with him will be the moment you see him for the beta-male he truly is and what remains of your respect for him flies out of the window *never* to return. He will be diminished in your eyes and, the more he realises it, the more eager will he become to please you in any variety of ways. *All* of them of *your* choosing. The balance of power will have shifted to you and will never leave.”

“Too much more of this kind of talk,” Gilly admitted, “and I’ll need to take care of myself.”

Stella laughed:

“Then you won’t be surprised to learn that my trusty dildo has been at work on me from the moment this call commenced.”

Back in the present, an unsurprised Gilly eyed her own trusty dildo on the bedside cabinet where she had just placed it and allowed herself a smile of her own.

Events had been set in motion now and could not be unmade.

# Robert

After an understandably fitful night in the spare bedroom – this after not disappointing her assessment of his reaction to what he had read and banging his fists upon their locked bedroom door and raging at the wife who remained silent and unresponsive inside – Saturday morning found Robert Upson conforming to her expectations even more exactly.

Finally finding the door to *their* bedroom unlocked and entering to find her in another room of a locked kind; showering in the en-suite; he packed a few belongings into a holdall and drove himself to the office that he might have some time alone to think his responses through.

His anger had not cooled during a sleepless night and had not been improved any when he had returned to the computer in the small hours to do some research of his own.

One of the first items on the subject of female-led marriages and cuckolding he had come across had made him almost incendiary with rage:

*"The world of the female-led-marriage and cuckolding is unlike the normal world. It has various rules and customs that are different from everyday life, of which you must be aware. Even if you do not actively include all of these rules and customs in your personal situation with your cuck, you must immerse yourself in this new culture. To begin, start reading erotic stories that deal with cuckolding. Many women before you have cuckolded their husbands and recorded their experiences and men also have written about their descent into female domination.*

*Learn from them.*

*From this moment on you must do everything to reinforce the idea to your husband that his penis is no longer a requirement when it comes to you reaching and receiving the pleasures of the flesh that are yours by right as a superior female. There can be no possibility of your beta-husband's cock ever penetrating you again if you are to become the ruler of your home and the marital life that goes with it. As of now, his pleasures are secondary and must come from the knowledge that he is providing you with the kind of sex you demand from him and that can only be delivered without the involvement of his pitifully unsuitable cock.*

*Of course, as things have always been so they will remain, and it will be through his little penis that you exert control over him.*

*But NOT by allowing him access to the shrine of your glorious womanhood he has for so long taken as his province by right.*

*THAT is reserved for the superior cocks of either your lovers or your dildos; whether it be a man with the real thing or a female lover with a suitably sized strapon.*

*When it comes to your husband, the only bodily part in his possession that should EVER enter you should be his tongue – whether it be to worship the pussy or the equally divine back-passage of his new master.*

*With this denial of him will come ever greater influence and power and it will not be long before you have such control you will be able to place his woefully inadequate equipment into a cock-cage of your choice and add yet another element to you domination of him.*

*Also, do not be deterred by the fact he is aware of your plans and exactly what you intend for him. If he is the beta-man you obviously believe he is, the moment you have placed him on his slippery slope he will find himself – no matter how much he hates himself for doing so – descending it rapidly.*

*Remember: you must deny your husband but not yourself. The more sex you have, either with a partner or of a solitary nature, will make him desire you all the more, even as he hates you for humiliating him in such a way. Masturbate often. Vibrators, and dildos are encouraged.*

*The first submission of your husband is the most challenging phase of the process; especially if he is resistant to the idea – and most are to begin with. Even though a part of him knows his submission to your new-found power is inevitable he will resist in order to save face. In fact, it's another way of cementing your power over him to use the threat of telling those closest to him of your new relationship. You'll be surprised at how obedient you cuck will become if he thinks there's any chance of his lowered and demeaning status being revealed or, worse, shown to parents, children, brothers, sisters, friends or work colleagues. Remember, he will never just give you power over him. You have to TAKE it. His manhood needs to be violated. And YOU are the one who needs to take it from him.*

*It's the only way.*

The web-based crap he had forced himself through in the small hours kept coming back to him on the drive to the office and, for the umpteenth time since his wife had stunned him with the shit, he marvelled that such levels of perversion could exist in the soul of someone he had loved for so many years.

How long had she been harbouring these…

*Desires?*

More to the point, was she *really* serious about them.

It was almost midday when he pulled in to the building housing his company offices and he was surprised, not to mention *"pissed off"*, to see the Volkswagen of his office-manager in the underground car-park.

And parked in *his* space.

"Just what I fucking need," he told himself, his surprise not so much for the

Indian girl's presence at the office on a Saturday – Gilly had been right on the subject of the girl's diligence, at least – but by the fact she'd had the temerity to park in the MD space allocated to him.

It was not to be his only surprise.

Flashing his ID to the security-guard and taking the lift to the fourth-floor offices of Upson Solutions, the black cloud that was his current mood found itself penetrated by a small chink of sunshine as the sign-written company-name on the double-glass-doors greeted him. A reminder of his triumph in starting the software accessory provider from nothing and building it to its current promising position.

A middle-aged guy in overalls with a tool-box exited those same doors to obliterate that small chink of sunlight from his mood and he scowled, having no recall of having authorised any work in the office.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

"Nope, I'm all done," the man answered.

"All done doing what?"

The man continued towards the lift and stepped in before it closed, speaking over his shoulder as he went:

"The door. S'all finished. The MD's already signed for it."

"The MD has what?" Robert called as the doors closed on the man and the lift descended.

Angry, he stepped into the open-plan offices and made for the private office in the corner that was for his own use.

He stopped in his tracks before the door, feeling as if a fist had just sunk itself into his solar plexus.

The name on his office door read:

*“Nirupa Devi” – Managing Director.”*

# Gilly & Stella

As Robert was taking in the removal of his name from the office he had occupied for the past three years and the addition of the young Indian girl he himself had employed to assist him in the more mundane matters of the office, Gilly had driven in to Bromley to take lunch with Stella, her mentor in all things cuckold and female-led.

“Am I being too hard on him?” Gilly asked, the doubts she had experienced previously reasserting themselves now she had taken the first irrevocable steps along the femdom highway. “Can I really expect him to put up with what I want from him?

It was their first meeting in the flesh, so to speak, and the well-spoken Stella had turned out pretty much as Gilly had pictured her. A woman in her mid-fifties, she was fleshy without being corpulent and authoritative without being overpowering – at least to Gilly. The charcoal-grey two-piece costume of bolero jacket and skirt to the knee flattered her shape and the heels of her black courts emphasised the somewhat muscular calf muscles she had clad in the sheerest of black pantyhose. A crisp white-cotton shirt and short but well-coiffed snowy grey hair completed the monochrome effect and gave her the appearance of a somewhat severe school principal or head librarian.

The black-framed spectacles, shielding cobalt blue eyes and resting upon the finely chiselled nose of a face with full and plump lips but only slightly running to fat, not doing anything to contradict the impression of officiousness and authority.

Gilly herself was wearing a pair of figure-hugging denims she could still get away with in her thirties and a baggy Shetland jumper that was not so thick it could hide the conical and still firm twin developments at her chest, her hair page-boy cut blonde hair was as stylish as ever and her face devoid of make-up apart from the merest hint of lip-gloss.

“These are completely normal thoughts,” Stella answered, looking up from

the menu of the little high-street Italian she had suggested as an equidistant meeting place between their respective Kent and Surrey homes.

Her face became serious.

“Just be sure *never* to voice them to your husband. From now on he must only see certainty from you. Think of it as training a dog with habits of which you don’t approve.”

Embarrassed by her words, Gilly gazed around at the tables closest to them and was grateful Stella’s voice was low enough and their fellow diners too engrossed to hear them.

“A dog, I’m sure you will agree, responds best to a firm hand and a strict and unyielding approach from an owner.”

Gilly blushed at the description and Stella laid a reassuring hand over her own.
“In fact, Gilly,” said the older woman, “it is probably a good idea from this point on if you start regarding him in just such a way.”

“You… You’re not serious?” Gilly asked when her mentor failed to accompany such an outrageous proposition with a jokey smile or some other signal telling her she was not serious.

“On the contrary,” Stella refuted her. “The earlier you start to view him as an animal for whom you have responsibility – even though he will be an animal for whom you have feelings and have certain domestic and physical uses - the more natural it will seem to you and the easier it will become on those occasions when it is necessary for you to be… *harsh*… with him.”

Gilly was shaking her head. Their Skype conversations had seemed outrageous and unbelievable enough, but to actually have such things said to one when within eye-contact of the person saying them was…

The word for which she searched proved utterly elusive.

“This is not a dream, Gilly,” the woman told her in the no-nonsense voice the younger woman found so reassuring, reading her thoughts exactly. “And, given that you tell me Robert has never shown any inclination towards such a… *lifestyle*… neither will you be acting out some fantasy for the benefit of your husband. Whether, in fact, he learns to take some kind of satisfaction from the experience or not is academic. From this point on your married life becomes *all* about you and what you want and desire. If he contrives to take some kind of perverse enjoyment from what you ask of him, so be it. This only serves to make your power over him more complete.”

“Seems a bit selfish, Stella,” Gilly observed, “as exciting as I admit to finding the prospect. What I can’t get my head around is why any man would just… well… take it?”

“It is selfish, Gilly,” Stella conceded. “You are, in effect, saying to him that his life is not as important as yours and that to remain in it he must make his own needs and desires secondary to yours at *all* times. As to why certain men accept such treatment from the hands of the woman they married? The answer to that, my dear, is either straightforward in that, subconsciously or otherwise, the man in question has certain *issues* that make him amenable to the female-led cuckold lifestyle. Or…”

“That’s certainly not, Robert, I can tell you,” Gilly huffed, not allowing her mentor to finish.

“Or,” Stella went on in a slightly raised voice, the tone of which told Gilly 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 economic and financial power that is already yours - used to place him in such a position of dependency that, whether he likes his subordinate position in regard of you or not, he remains at your heel no matter how uncomfortable and humiliating he finds it.”

Not for the first time in past month or so, Gilly asked herself why the prospect of humbling the husband she had not only loved but once even looked up to excited her so much.

It was also not for the first time that a more in-depth and satisfying answer eluded her, though the fact its elusiveness barely bothered her was a new development.

“The thing is, Stella,” she began, “is that though I know I ticked enough boxes on the beta-list to make him, as you say, *‘a perfect candidate’*, I just don’t see him as weak and pitiful enough to just fold under my demands. Beta, or not, he’s always been a very proud man and I know for a fact he’s no physical coward. I’m not saying I don’t want the kind of life with him you tell me you have with your own husband, because I do, but it’s just difficult for me to see it happening.”

“Isn’t that what we’re here to discuss?” Stella reminded her with a smile.

The approach of the waiter to take their order prevented further discussion and it was only after they had expressed a similar desire for Fettucine Carbonara and the elderly man had shuffled away to have their wishes seen to that Stella returned to a topic both women were assured was and would not be under discussion at any of the other tables in the filling Trattoria.

“Prior to putting him under,” Stella began in way that instantly puzzled Gilly.

“Putting him under?”

“Under a female-led regime,” Stella smiled knowingly, “amongst other things.”

Gilly mouthed an *“oh!”*, hoping as she did so that her mentor would expand upon those *“other things”*.

“To use my own situation as a template, and prior to that happening, my Vincent had been the perfect example of the chauvinist husband. While I, it is embarrassing to recall, was the worst kind of simpering stay-at-home housewife willing to be rode roughshod over simply because he was the one who went out to work and financed what I laughingly describe as my *‘home-life’* at the time. He made *all* the decisions and if ever I expressed an opinion

or desire of my own I was always told that *he* was the one who made the money and the one who made the money called the shots – most of them made on the golf-course where he was a member and from which I immediately unsubscribed him and forbade him from visiting the moment I got him under."

The memory of her past life with her husband seemed to anger Stella and her face contorted with something akin to rage before she forced it back to normal and gave Gilly a smile:

"But that's all in the past. Now he's the one who has no *say* whatsoever."

She paused to sip at an ice-cold glass of Gavi then went on:

"On Anything."

Reaching for her own glass, Gilly told herself she could become very fond of the woman opposite.

"The point I'm making, Gilly," Stella went on, "is that I felt the same way when I first started down this line. When I read the descriptions of what other wives had achieved with their men and how it had empowered them I knew I had to experience the same thing. But, despite the assurances that I was not reading fiction, I could not bring myself to believe a cock-sure and physically powerful man such as my husband could be turned into little more than a totally obedient manservant simply because I'd ticked a few boxes on a questionnaire."

She smiled:

"Though, of course, it required a little more effort on my part before it happened."

Gilly smiled and nodded confirmation – not that it was necessary - that this was exactly how she herself had felt and, though less so, still did.

“It was only by meeting a woman who had already achieved just such a transformation in her marriage – much as you are meeting me now – that I began to realise the change I wanted was not only possible but totally necessary.”

Her eyes held Gilly’s, probing and deeply serious:

“I see how hooked you are on the prospect already, Gilly,” she said. “And it will become even more marked. Trust me, there is nothing quite so addictive as taking control of the man who once had control over you. And doing so in extreme ways he would never have had the strength of character to see through when the reins of power were at his disposal. Even now, despite your reservations, you have followed through on our first recommendations and told your husband of what you intend.”

“I can’t say I found it easy,” Gilly admitted. She pointed to the Gavi. “Though a few glasses of this helped.”

“You didn’t find it easy, my dear, because *that* is the most difficult step to take of all. From here on out – though I shan’t delude you into thinking it will be a walk in the park - things will not only seem easier to you but will be easier. With every bit of ground you force him to give before you your confidence will grow and, before long, you’ll find you’re taking more and more until you are in a position where you can do pretty much what you like with him. Believe me, it is the most deeply satisfying experience you will ever have and will remain the gift that keeps on giving. Just think how amazing it will feel, knowing that you may do whatever you like and with whoever you like and when you return home there will be a compliant and devoted husband waiting to tend to your every need and be directed by you.”

Once again, the woman’s utter conviction that the outlandish – sick, some would say – proposition they were discussing was going to happen made Gilly squishy between the legs.

“It will be real, Gilly. Totally and *completely* real. If, during the early stages,

he appears to be under the impression it is some game you have concocted to spice up the dullness of marital sex between you, your refusal to treat it in any other way than the new order of things will soon disabuse him."

"But… what does Robert get out of it?"

Stella answered question with question:

"Is that a worry for you then?"

It seemed to catch the younger housewife off-guard and she was compelled to give it some serious thought until, finally:

"Not a worry, no," she said with a shake of the head. "Just a puzzle. Just what is it, after all, that will make him stay and suffer it?"

"If nothing else, in your case," Stella responded instantly, "security. Everything is, you have told us, is in your name and he is a declared bankrupt. The prospect of being kicked from a comfortable home without a penny to his name and the prospect of finding a job while homeless will be quite an inducement for him to stay and... *suffer*."

Gilly nodded; it was no more than the simple truth when it came down to it – the prospect of him being penniless and homeless if he left, anyway.

"The continuing attraction you hold for him, Gilly, is just another factor. Also, and for some time to come, he will harbour the hope – best described as a delusion – that things between you will return to normal the moment you have these desires out of your system."

"Delusion, is right," Gilly agreed.

"As I believe I hinted at earlier, our experience is that the subconscious of beta-men like Robert, even if they are unwilling initially, soon comes to an accommodation with the new regime and finds ways of taking small pieces of satisfaction from it."

“Incredible!” Gilly mused to herself.

“You’ll certainly think so when the strong man you once married begins acting around you the way a pooch behaves around the master ignoring it,” Stella gave assurance. “In fact, so needy around you will he become, it’s possible he may even begin to find pleasure from the disdainful and autocratic way in which you will be treating him from now on. That’s certainly proved the case with my cuck.”

For all Stella’s self-assurance, Gilly was worried now.
Not about the path she had committed herself to take, but whether she could actually convince her husband to follow it in her wake.

The prospect of losing out on the perverse sexual heaven the older woman opposite assured her she herself inhabited with her own *“pussy-whipped”* husband filling her with sense of loss and desolation she would not have believed possible only a short while before.

“Stella, I… I want to believe you – that this is all... possible. But…”

“No more *‘buts’*,” Stella came in, kind but firm. “You have already set the ball to rolling and from here on out he cannot see the slightest hint of wavering or indecision on your part. You've let him know that things will be changing around the house and elsewhere now and it’s imperative you follow through. Remember, he won't just hand you control, you have to take it. To do this, you're going to have to be nasty with him. I’m sure that, along with me, you were raised to treat everyone with the same respect you wish to treated with yourself, so this will be hard for you. I’m also sure that once you see the effects in action and get used to it, it will become natural to you.

The older woman became thoughtful:

“Where is he now, by the way?”

Gilly flicked a glance at her Michel Herbelin:

“Knowing him, he’ll probably have dropped in at the office before getting

himself a room for the night with what little money he has in his basic banking account."

"He has no credit or debit cards then?"

"None, except one of mine for which he has the pin-number."

"Cancelled, I hope?"

Gilly shook her head.

"No." She smiled. "But I did ring this morning to report it lost and have the number changed.

"Clever girl," Stella laughed, just as if they were two schoolgirls playing a prank on a boy who'd annoyed them. "I don't suppose you've had time to have the locks changed yet?"

"No need, Stella."

"But…?"

"I slipped the house keys from his key-ring while he was sleeping this morning and the only spares are in the house itself."

Stella's nod was congratulatory.

"Take my word for it, my security conscious husband won't be getting in in a hurry – especially as he was the one who insisted we have those reinforced glass windows put in place after a few burglaries in the area."

Now it was Gilly's turn to laugh:

"What?" asked a puzzled but amused Stella.

"I was just thinking about the irony of it," Gilly told her.

“I’m not with you.”

“I remember having a good moan about the expense of the things at the time.”

The laughter now was mutual.

“What the fuck’s going on here?” Robert Upson barked at the petite Indian girl with the large and contradictory breasts as he entered his office to find her seated behind his desk. It was not his usual way to use such language but the events of the previous night and entering the offices of his own company to find his name had just been removed from his own office door was not usual either. Right now, in fact, nothing seemed normal to him at all.

Expecting the twenty-something to jump from his chair and give a suitable apology – or at least an excuse – his anger was inflamed further when not only did she not move but seemed totally unconcerned by his presence. He had hired her fresh from a Mumbai business and administrative school after reading her resume and realising she would be a sight cheaper to hire than a Brit with similar accomplishments – especially as she had family already in the country and a visa was not a problem. If she looked grateful, though, it was lost on him.

“Did Mrs Upson not inform you?” she asked, manner strangely authoritative with him, as if she were the one who had built the company from nothing and he the assistant who had taken care of more mundane matters as she did so.

“Inform me of what?” he questioned her back, a sudden feeling of dread clutching at his vitals as he recalled Gilly’s words in the email she had sent him and asked him to read after they had driven home from the office party where she had seemed so friendly with… *Nirupa Devi*.
*“I’m quite pleased with the way you’ve run my company up to now with the help of young Nirupa.”*

“She has appointed me the new Managing-Director,” the girl with the pronounced cheekbones and scimitar-like nose told him, a certain sense of triumph unmistakable. The shiny and jet black hair she had pushed from her face and tied at the back only heightening the look of youthful sincerity provoked by her features and exacerbating his anger in the process. “You are her husband. Surely she must have informed you of her decision?”

“That’s our business,” he told her as the world seemed to disintegrate beneath his feet. First the sickening and perverted revelations of last night and the

disgusting material Gilly had left him on the computer. Now this. “If you must know,” he went on, “Mrs Upson and I are having a few disagreements at the moment but things will soon be back to normal.”

Brilliant brown eyes that were the jewel in the crown of a face that was very little like any crown he had ever seen glittered his way smugly and made him wonder if she knew something of what was going on – other than his wife appointing her MD, that is.

“That is not what Mrs Upson told me, Robert,” she contradicted him, her use of his first name for the first time, this after being adamant her training insisted on addressing her superiors formally, was not lost on him.

“Well, forget what *Mr Upson* told you,” he told her with some irritation, having not liked her much from the beginning, even if he had grudgingly conceded his own foresight in employing one so efficient and, yes, relatively cheap. “*Mr Upson* is telling you to get out of his office and call back the that sign-writer to change the name back.”

She made no attempt to move but continued to hold his stare with eyes, he found himself acknowledging, that were startlingly attractive for a girl who, to put it bluntly, was not.

“I’ll ask once more then…”

“Then what?” the girl asked, drawing her slender form up in her seat, oversized breasts straining beneath the white cotton shirt she wore habitually.

“Look, Nirupa…”

“No!” she cut in with an authority he had yet to see or expect from her – and especially not aimed towards him. “It is you who must look.”

“What?”

“You are not now, nor have you ever been, the owner of this company. It belongs to Mrs Upson and she has appointed me to take over the position you

once held. If that is a problem for you then you must address it with her. All I know is that I now run this company for the owner and will do my utmost to carry out my responsibilities to the best of my abilities."

Far from calming him, the young woman's somewhat prosaic wording and her over formal English usage were stirring his feelings of anger and injustice – but mostly anger - further.

"You wouldn't have had a job with this company in the first place if I hadn't given you a chance," he reminded her.

"And I believe I carried out my responsibilities to you with the utmost efficiency – despite the uncompetitive salary you thought acceptable for a young woman from India. Now it appears I am the one in charge so, if you would not mind, I would like you to leave my office. I have lots to do before it is to my liking and I do not wish to be wasting valuable time doing it during the working week."

Robert Upson stood transfixed.

He was being dismissed.

From his own office.

And by the same young Indian woman *he* had actually employed.

"I suggest you take your problem up with Mrs Upson," that same young Indian woman advised him. "Though I must tell you, she was most insistent that I take the position of Managing-Director."

As she stared up at him, eyes unblinking and unfazed, an image of the two of them from the night before as they drank together at the office-party flashed before his eyes. Up until then he had been aware of them meeting only in passing on two or three occasions. So why had they seemed so close and intimate with each other so suddenly? Given the time-frame, of course, both must have known at the party that he was going to be replaced and he realised he was the victim of a palace coup.

But why had Gilly decided to take such unjust and unnecessary action?

And it certainly didn’t explain the filth she had left on his computer for him to read.

“By taking certain aspects of his life away from him,” Stella said, demolishing the last of her Fettucine Carbonara and leaning back in her seat with the look of someone most satisfied, you reduce what had once been a positive self-image and make him feel even more vulnerable and powerless. This is a very good place in which to have him and appointing his assistant over him in the company he himself created is the perfect way for you start putting him there. I assume you do not intend to allow him to continue working there – even in a reduced or menial capacity.”

Gilly shook her head:

“I took what you said on-board, Stella.”

“You’ll have to remind me,” Stella laughed, refilling their glasses with the Gavi as she did so. “I say so many things.”

“I refer specifically,” Gilly also laughed, “to *‘The less responsibility of a meaningful nature he is given from now on the better.’* Remember?”

“I do.”

“Well, unless he can find a position elsewhere – and without an address and being a certified bankrupt he might find that difficult if not impossible – he won’t be returning to work anytime in the near or distant future.”

“At least nor *‘work’* as he knows it,” Stella smirked.

They clinked and sipped.

“I suggest you start small,” Stella offered.

“Small how?”

“Well, one of the first things you can do is diminish his sense of personal identity.”

Gilly’s eyes crinkled:

“How do I go about doing that?”

“It’s simple, my dear. Instead of *‘Robert’*, start calling him *‘Bobbie’*, or, better still, *‘Robbie’*. By doing so you take him back to a time when he had no say in his own life and decisions were made for him by his mummy. Sit down and have a conversation with him about this. Tell him that you don’t see him as a *‘Robert’* any longer. It’s too manly. The *‘Robert’s’* of this world are men with adult cocks who satisfy their women. Whereas, *‘Robbie’s’* are pre-teens with little willies who are not allowed to put it in their mummy’s any longer and are not to be treated as real men.”

Gilly felt her legs turn to mush at the prospect of demeaning her husband in such a way.
“And… And he’ll actually allow it?”

Stella nodded.

“And in less time than you think. You tell me he has no family to turn to and no single friends either so, unless some of your married friends offer him a home, all he has to look forward to is some time at the tender mercies of the Coalition’s less than welcoming welfare state.”

“You needn’t worry on the score of our friends. We are close with two couples but the women are old friends of mine. Simon gets along okay with them but I’m the one who’s close, not him and he’s often said he can take or leave the husbands.”

“What about your own family?”

“He doesn’t like them either and they certainly can’t stand him. *‘Too up his own arse for his own good’* is the general opinion of him. So he’ll find no joy there either.”

“Perfect!” Stella exclaimed. “A demoralised husband without hope makes for a most… *compliant*…husband.”

“It’s terrible,” Gilly felt compelled to admit, “I still have feelings for him, after all, so I shouldn’t find what you’re describing so…”

“Erotic?” Stella offered. “Empowering? Orgasmic?”

“Yes to all of them,” Gilly conceded guiltily.

“No need to beat yourself up over it, my dear. We’ve all of us had to get over our consciences in order to progress. I promise you, the moment he makes his first real and meaningful capitulation to you is the moment all your reservations and feelings of guilt go out of the window.”

“If I’m honest,” Gilly said, still in confessional mode, “they’re flying out of it now. I don’t think I’ve ever wanted anything so much in my life.”

“And you’ll have it. Just remember: no contact with him for at least a week. If he tries to force his way into the house have the Police come and remove him – tell them he assaulted you if you have to.”

She looked thoughtful.

“A night in the cells would be good for him, actually,” she said, almost to herself. “But that’s out of our hands.”

Gilly looked wistful.

“It would certainly soften him up quicker,” she agreed.

“Whatever,” Stella shrugged. “We must play the hand we are dealt… Anyway, no contact means no contact. Not landline, not cell-phone, not email; and certainly *not* face to face. As of now, the only way he gets to be in your presence is if he shows the due respect he owes to you. That’s why there can be no suggestion of him ever calling you by name anymore. Only equals address each other with such familiarity. There’s no need for all that fetish and scene-based rubbish such as *‘Mistress’* or *‘Goddess’*, or any other such nonsense but, when you ask him a yes or no question, school him to answer with a *‘Ms Gilly’* or a *‘yes, Ma’am’*. There’s no better everyday way to

condition him and to get it fixed into his mind that he is your subordinate."

"I can do that," Gilly agreed with an enthusiasm running now at even higher levels than at the beginning of their lunch.

And, reservations noted, it had been at a high altitude then.

"Play in to the insecurity you've set in motion with him in regard of his penis size also," Stella told her as the elderly waiter put in an appearance to clear their plates and caught the tail end of the older woman's advice, his exit allowing the two women to burst into laughter for the expression he took away with him.

"'Tiny' and 'little one'," are good too, anything, in fact that creates feelings of inferiority in him with regard to his 'dicklet'.

"Do you know," Gilly began, running a tongue over glossed lips as she anticipated the possibilities ahead, "Robert's always been…"

"Robbie," Stella corrected.

"Sorry," laughed Gilly. "As I say: *'Robbie's'* always been smug and superior and even though – if I say so myself – he's always been obsessed with my body, there's always been the unspoken acceptance between us that he's the smart and dominant partner while I'm… *not*. But though he's always let me know he's the one in charge, he's never raised a finger to me or been really mean."

Stella waited.

"And you know what?" Gilly asked. "It makes no difference. I *know* I'm going to have no trouble being mean to him at all. In fact, it's going to be nothing but a pleasure. As you so rightly pointed out; just because he didn't have the strength of character to dominate me when he had all the power it doesn't mean I can't do the same to him now he's dependent upon me."

"Not having your conscience bother you every ten seconds for what you're

reducing him to will certainly make your life easier," Stella agreed. "I'd suggest, when you finally consent to give in to his begging to see him again after you've cut him off for a week – and believe me, he will beg – that you start off in a small but firm way with him. Don't push too hard too soon but make him submit to you in the little things."

"Yes," Gilly agreed, as she agreed with so much of what the woman said. "That makes sense."
"You need him to get used to you as the dominant partner gradually. Then, for every backward step you force him to take force him to take another, and another. Before long his every thought will be concentrated upon you and his every effort will be geared towards securing your approval. Punishment for failing to please you will play a huge part in his enslavement and your pleasure."

"Punishment?" Gilly breathed, bereft of oxygen for a second at Stella's mention of an aspect of the coming change she truly hadn't considered.

"Oh, yes," the older woman assured her. "From now on there will be consequences for his failings."

She seemed about to enlarge upon these *"consequences"* but then appeared to think better of it.

"But we'll come to that once we're further in to his conditioning."

The tingling of Gilly's pussy told her, if she needed telling, just how much such a prospect appealed to her.

"Just one word of warning though, Gilly," said Stella, striking a cautionary tone.

Gilly hauled her thoughts away from between her legs to look at her mentor questioningly:

"I've built up a pretty comprehensive picture of Robert… Sorry. *'Robbie'*, from the beta-list and what I've gleaned from you since, and I do see a

problem."

"I don't like the sound of that," Gilly told her sincerely.

"You needn't be too troubled, as it's something easily remedied. But I would advise you – and in the strongest possible terms – *never* to flaunt your male lovers in front of this particular cuckold. With some cucks it's not a problem – many of them actively get off on the humiliation of seeing the woman who was once solely theirs being fucked by another man, even though they know they themselves will never have the satisfaction again, save for their tongues. Your husband though, like mine, is different. For him it would be a tipping point. No matter how advanced you feel your control of him has become you will lose him if you ever decide to take this route."

"Then there's no problem," Gilly reassured her. "Apart from the fact I like sex to be private between me and the one I'm fucking or being fucked by, I like the idea of Robbie, as he is now known, *never* getting to see any of my lovers up close and being able to torture him with details of what I allow them to do to me and he is denied. "

"And, of course, if you decide to take a female lover," Stella held up a hand; "not me, I hasten to add. Not that I'm judgmental in such matters but it just isn't my thing; then the dynamic changes. Where he would not accept seeing you with a male lover and would be, I'm convinced, tipped into a violent rage that would be likely to ruin things for you, with a female partner you would be able to force him to look on, docile, as you went at it."
She paused, then added:

"If that's to your taste, of course."

The silence across the table from Stella was noncommittal.

"I think we've about covered things for now," Stella said. "Once you have him back home, nicely chastened, we'll discuss other necessities such as punishments and putting his little dicklet in a cock-cage."

It was a prospect that again sent Gilly's attention racing downwards.

# Gilly & Nirupa

"Mmmmm..." managed Nirupa, as she climbed up onto one of Gilly's strong, spread thighs and straddled it, her tight panty-wrapped pussy rubbing needily and insistently on Gilly's firm thigh.

Nirupa took the sides of Gilly's head in her hands and used her hold to angle the face of her boss and lover towards her. Their expectant eyes locked and, on the same bed where she had once made unsatisfactory love with her husband Gilly opened her full mouth in anticipation to show her even white teeth. Nirupa paused for a moment, studying her target's face, the sensuous cheek bones, shapely nose and delicate chin below plump and glossed lips, then drew up from the very back of her throat before pushing her saliva into the front of her boss's mouth.

Gilly whimpered.

Carefully, turning her attentions lower, Nirupa pursed her lips and a watery, crystal line of her oral juice emerged unhurriedly from her mouth, rapidly becoming a thick saliva wad before it dropped into the heart of Gilly's wide and sopping pussy.

Gilly moaned her deep appreciation and lust as she took the spit and then tasted it.

"I love dominating you, Mrs Upson," Nirupa murmured with passion, sliding backwards, magnificent brown breasts against her employers smooth and powerful thighs, to place herself at the shrine she had just lubricated, her formal English usage heightening the excitement for *'Mrs Upson'* as completely as it had annoyed the husband on the previous weekend.

"I am your humble servant, Ms Nirupa," the older white woman played along, the role-playing made all the more satisfying to her by the knowledge that, once it was over, they would resume their normal roles of employee and employer and the upper ground would be hers once again.

Gilly was in sheer lust. And not just from the role playing and the attentions of the young employee she had only days before promoted to the position her husband had once occupied in the company he had created and built and *thought* he ran. Sheer lust that was not diminished by the humiliation she knew her husband would feel if he were aware of what was happening in the home he had once considered as his. Knowing that not only had his facially unprepossessing assistant with the incredible breasts supplanted him at the company but had now taken his former position in his wife's bed.

Knowledge, she promised herself, that she would provide him with later.

As Nirupa's talented tongue turned its attentions to the pussy her saliva had just moistened, Gilly realised her thoughts were as much for the husband she had not seen for the past four days – even if his increasingly frequent messages were threatening to swamp ansaphones of both land and cell varieties.

While Nirupa ate her to a pitch of frenzy, Gilly pictured her husband kneeling in the corner, naked and with his hands on his head the way she had ordered, desperate to be allowed to join in the female-on-female action and terrified to do so lest he incur his wife's displeasure. So powerful was the imagery, it was but a matter of moment, in tandem with the fluttering tongue at her clit, before the housewife was screaming the latest of her releases to the ceiling, its power lessened not a jot by the familiarity of repetition.

"Do you still think you require a cock in your life after that?" the Indian girl asked, expression superior as she slid her way upwards along her employer's torso to place her plain face with the admittedly striking eyes close enough that both could feel the warm breath of the other, breasts mashed together to make a multi-coloured co-mingling of those female appendages that have so fascinated and, in some cases, enslaved men from time immemorial.

Head propped on a pillow, Gilly gazed down at the young girl who, for what seemed like the hundredth time in less than the fortnight since they had come together physically, had taken her to the heights of sexual passion and release.

Running a gentle and affectionate hand through the girl's lustrous black hair that tumbled about her shoulders and took the edge somewhat from her sharp and angular features, Gilly smiled. The girl may have been the one delivering the pleasure but the power was, and remained, all hers. Even if she was of a mind to exercise that power in a more inclusive way in respect of her young employee than she intended would be the case for her errant and increasingly desperate – if the tone and content of his numerous messages were a guide – husband.

"I will always need a cock in my life, Nirupa," she disabused the young girl, continuing to run a hand threw her shiny hair as magnificent and, now, disappointed eyes stared into her own. "Whether it be that of the man who fills me to my core and takes me the way a real man should take a woman or that of my husband."

Nirupa's snort was contemptuous:

"And what would you need that dog's cock for?" she asked.

If Gilly was put out at hearing the man she had married and spent the last fifteen years living with described as a lowly canine by a girl half his age, and his one-time employee into the bargain, there was very little evidence to show it. None, in fact. Her expression upon hearing the description, in truth, was more one of pleasure.

"To tease, Nirupa," she told the girl with complete seriousness, not having chosen up to then to confide in her the plans she had for her husband and the involvement of Stella and the other women helping to guide her. "To torment and exercise power over. To feel the joy I am told other women who treat their husband's in such a fashion feel when their power is complete and the man who once thought he had all the control in the relationship is made to acknowledge he now has none."

The Indian girl's face lit up with a not at all holy joy and Gilly knew she found the prospect of her former boss finding himself in such a powerless

position as appealing as she did herself.

“Does that excite you, little Nirupa,” Gilly asked, lowering her free hand to caress the side of the girl’s breast where it flattened atop her own. “Is the idea of the man who was once your boss and is twice your age being reduced to little more than the servant of his wife – less, in fact – moistening your hungry little Indian twat?”

The tongue that protruded to moisten the hungry and suddenly dry lips of the young girl was an answer in itself.

“Is it that you see yourself in control of him too? Yes. That’s it, isn’t it? You want to have power over the man you once worked for. Perhaps you would like it if I allowed him to continue working at the company but under your supervision and in a more… *menial*… position. Would you like that, little Nirupa?”

The look of pure and, it must be said, evil excitement transforming the girl’s expression was a more eloquent confirmation of the validity of Gilly’s assertion than a thousand well-considered words.

“Yes,” came one of those words anyway, barely audible, so great was the excitement born of a certain sick anticipation. “I would love nothing more than to humiliate this pompous white prick on a daily basis.”

The girl’s positive anticipation played right in to a sick and perverse side of the housewife new to the world of personal power and finding it completely to her taste.

Anticipation she enjoyed disappointing, in one respect anyhow:

“Well, I’m afraid it’s not going to happen.”

The girl’s face dropped with the swiftness of a rock toppling from a cliff-top.

“I want him dependent upon me for *everything*,” Gilly explained. “Which means no job. No matter how menial. Not even as our company cleaner.”

The image of Robert – or *'Robbie'*, as she was schooling herself to think of him – cleaning the offices he had once held sway over was a pleasing one to the wife whose thoughts in regard of the husband she had once professed to love were becoming increasingly more sadistic and her face took on a correspondingly wistful air before:

"A nice thought, but impossible," she told the girl, free hand moving lower to stroke the smooth brown skin at the side of her rib-cage.

"He would never accept it," Nirupa agreed, mistaking Gilly's intent completely.

"But that's just the point, Nirupa. I want him so dependent upon me he will accept whatever I decide for him."

"Hmmph!" scoffed a decidedly cynical Indian girl. "And how, exactly, will you make that happen."

"I am lying here on the bed I once shared with him, making love with a young woman I have just promoted to his position," Gilly reminded her. "Surely, anything is possible after that."

"But…?"

"I was not joking when I said I intend to reduce his status to that of my servant… amongst other things," Gilly cut in. "taking his position at the company from him is just the start."

"You mean…?" Nirupa's head rose, face astounded. "You mean, you're serious. It was not just sex-talk?"

Gilly was already making an emphatic shaking of the head.

"You…? You really want to turn him from your husband into your servant?"

"Is the prospect less appealing to you as reality than it appears to be as

fantasy, then?"

Now it was Nirupa's turn to shake her head.

"No. It is not that. Most definitely not that."

Her expression became confessional:

"If I am truthful, I have had fantasies of such a kind in regard of him before now myself. As a husband I cannot say, but as a boss he has been arrogant and condescending as well as ungrateful for the help and advice I have supplied him. Since he first interviewed me I have suspected he has certain racist opinions in regard of me and to see him reduced to such humble circumstances would please me a great deal."

"Then you must prepare to be very pleased," Gilly assured her.

"But…?"

The girl eyed Gilly hesitantly.

"Go on."

"He may be arrogant," the girl began, "but he also has much pride. I have never liked him at all, but he has never struck me as a weak person. How could you make him accept such… such… *humiliation*?"

"Would it offend your morals if I were to tell you that not only can I make him accept it but that I want to do just that more than anything? Fantasy is one thing, Nirupa; reality, however…"
The girl was as quick as she was emphatic:

"Not at all. In this case, reality would not only prove different to fantasy but…"

Her smile was evil.

“*Delightful*.”

“Then am I to take it you would like to be involved with what I intend for him?”

The soft young lips that attached themselves to her own with such feverish abandon were all the confirmation Gilly required.

# Gilly, Stella & *'Robbie'*

"Where have you arranged to meet him?" asked Stella via the wonders of Skype that connected Kent with Surrey.

And *free* of charge.

Eight days had passed since Gilly had taken the keys from her husband's key ring, effectively locking him out of the house, and after a succession of growingly desperate unanswered messages the two women had decided Robert – or *'Robbie'* – was ripe for the taking.

"In a Café Nero in the middle of Croydon," Gilly told her. "I thought the busier the better."

"Good call," Stella agreed. "Less likelihood of him creating a scene or getting violent with people around.

There was silence at the Surrey end of the connection and Stella quickly added:

"Not that I think there's any chance of him doing that – not with you, anyway."

"Yes, well," said Gilly, sounding unconvinced, "it's a possibility. He's not a complete pussy, you know?"

"I think you mean to say," Stella corrected: "that he's not a complete pussy *yet*."

As ever, the older woman's total and unshakable confidence – not to mention that they had grown close to each other in the few weeks since they had first

made contact with each other – shored up Gilly's resolve and she laughed, breaking the small tension there had been between them.

"How did he sound when you finally picked up on his call?" Stella asked.

"Grateful, desperate… pitiful," Gilly told her.

"The perfect combination," Stella assured her. "Trust me, all the cards are in your favour. Did he say where he'd been staying?"

"I didn't ask. If he'd approached any of my friends they'd have told me and, knowing how little money he has in his account, If I had to guess I'd say he's been sleeping in the Audi."

"Unless he's sold it?"

"I think he might find that a tad problematical, given it's in my name and the log-book's locked away at home."

"Better and better," Stella positively gushed down the line. "Sounds as if he's going to be a pretty demoralised boy by the time you meet him so don't start letting your feelings make you go all soft on him."

"And ruin everything? No danger of that."

"I'm glad to hear it. Now's the time to be absolutely firm with him. Show him sympathy and he'll take it as a sign that your old feelings for him are still in place and see an opportunity to get things back to normal. Believe me, if I know nothing else I know the mindset of the soon-to-be cuckold. Even now, after everything you told him and gave him to read and after kicking him out of the company he started, I guarantee he is still telling himself it's some passing phase you're going through and things will soon be back to normal."

Gilly's laughter was derisive:

"If that's what he's telling himself then he's not as intelligent as I once thought he was."

The contempt at the other end of the line was almost audible:

“You’ll find that the more you travel our strange road the less he will seem to you in a whole lot of ways you would never have believed possible. I’m sure you already know this, but the more control you take and the more he allows it the more the feelings you once had for him will recede. The good news is – at least if my experience with my own husband and that of the other ladies in our circle can be taken as a litmus test – is that you will come to feel a different kind of affection for him. Not too far removed, in fact, to that affection you would have for a well-behaved and obedient pet. Only in this instance the pet in question is a man capable of being useful to you in a whole range of domestic and sexually subordinate ways.”

“God,” Gilly breathed. “I can’t wait to meet him and get the ball – or balls – rolling.”

They giggled together like naughty schoolgirls.

“It’s only been a week since he left but it seems like a lifetime,” Gilly continued. “All I’ve been able to think of is the power I’ll soon be exercising over him.”

“Yes,” Stella agreed. “It’s a heady prospect, the training of a husband to subordinate his pleasure to yours and ensuring his sole reason for existing is to please you. Be sure to be totally firm with him right from the outset. Like my husband, you say Robbie likes his golf. Well, from now on, he can like it as much as he wants, you’ll tell him, but he won’t be playing it again. Let him know this right up front and don’t be backward in mentioning any other activities of his you wish to limit or simply curtail completely.”

“Yet another pleasure to look forward to,” said Gilly who hated the game itself and the fact that her husband loved it so much.

“Take the Audi from him too,” Stella advised. “It’s yours anyway. Sell your own car and get him a no-frills runaround because he’ll be doing the shopping from now on, or at least accompanying you - though you might let

him chauffeur you in the Audi when he does. I'd say to put a stop to the nights out he has with friends, but you say he doesn't see or have any anyway. Start setting him chores and reward him for doing them well by letting him watch golf on television or, if he's been really pleasing, releasing him from his cock-cage once you have him locked in it and allowing him to hump your leg. That, I promise you, is a really satisfying sight for any dominant wife."

As always seemed the case, Stella's descriptions of the delights awaiting her served to moisten the gusset of the panties Gilly had only just put on fresh after her shower.

That she could have Robert – *'Robbie'* – so dependent upon her he would accept her locking away his cock until such a time as she considered him deserving enough to have it released had dominated her thoughts on his coming fall since Stella had first mentioned the possibility in the Bromley Trattoria.

To have him humping her leg like a dog took those thoughts into a whole different orbit.

"When you go out to meet a lover, whether you spend the night or not, make sure to leave him a list of domestic chores you expect him to have done and which you will inspect upon your return. Standard cuckold stuff but wonderfully effective as not only will this degrade him, but it will give you more free time.

I'm known as a good judge of these things and I can tell you are not going to turn out to be one of those wives who adores the idea of treating their husband in such a way and then goes all soft-hearted the moment power is hers. I'll warn you just the same, though, if you decide you'd rather be nice to him it will be to your detriment. Power is maintained and kept in place by application and if that means being cruel, so be it. You Gilly, like me I'd wager money, will not find yourself averse to treating him less… *kindly*… anyway."

“You wouldn’t lose that money, I assure you,” Gilly answered, knowing that if the heights of pleasure to which she was taken simply by picturing her husband’s coming submission to her then the reality would be so delicious and euphoric it was impossible to imagine.

“Sex for him must come to mean something entirely different from his expectation of it with you before now,” Stella continued, sensing her protégé was anxious to get to her meeting with the husband and get what she desired so much under way. “Remember, *never* again can his cock enter your pussy. It’s not up to the task and it is, therefore, not worthy of such an honour being bestowed upon it. You must stress this to him right from the very beginning so that he cannot accuse you later of being underhand with him. Not that any later objections on his part will count for anything but it is the perfect way for you to show him he is now of such little account he is not even worth lying to.”

“That’s sensible,” Gilly agreed.
“So no intercourse from now on. *Ever*. And the same applies with equal pertinence to blowjobs. I know some women say how empowered doing this makes them feel but it sends the cuck the wrong message and he might just see it as a weakening of your resolve on other matters pertaining to his continuing submission to you. Remember: from now on he has no say in either the sex you have or the sex you allow him to have. As a treat, if he has been particularly well-behaved you might allow him to pleasure you with your dildo while he remains locked in his cage as it’s a nice way for him to provide you with pleasure while receiving only the discomfort of a thwarted erection himself.”

“I like the sound of that,” breathed Gilly.

“Though do try to keep up a running commentary along the lines of how much more satisfying it is than his own tiny dicklet and keep the ridicule up throughout the session. From now on, any contact he makes with your pussy will consist of him eating you out. You might also want to squat on his face and have him tongue your anus. As well as being utterly degrading for him it is an absolute delight to know your husband’s tongue – the same tongue that

once refused to lick your pussy – is busy cleaning and adoring your back-passage."

"Anything else?" Gilly asked with no small sarcasm when a somewhat breathy Stella had finished.

Stella laughed and Gilly immediately joined her.

"Sorry, my dear. I know how anxious you are to get started and, remembering my own beginnings in the lifestyle and knowing the joys you have ahead of you, I suppose I'm a little envious."

A frisson of indecision unsettled Gilly for a moment as she replied:

"I just hope you're still envious after I've met him. If he proves that beta-list wrong and tells me where to go I think I'll be devastated."

"I haven't the slightest doubts on that score, Gilly," Stella told her with the unfailing confidence that had not failed thus far in their still fledgling, if perversely intimate, relationship, to shore up any doubts and misgivings the younger woman might be experiencing."

"I hope you're right."

"I haven't been wrong up to now and I'm more confident about your situation – given the financial hold you have over him – turning out to be a winner."

"You mean that, don't you?" asked a Gilly who was by turns both grateful and hopeful.

Stella's expression was an answer in itself, but she supplied verbal confirmation just the same:

"I do. Just don't expect him to cave in right away and simply trail home after you once you've laid it out for him. Male pride, especially the beta-variety, can make them do things totally against their own better interests and you mustn't be surprised if it takes a bit more softening up from the streets and

Cameron and Clegg's welfare system to bring him home to you with his tail between his legs. You have to trust me and be persevering if this, as I fully expect it to be, proves the case."

Impatient to begin as she was, Gilly felt a little deflated at the prospect of his fall taking longer to achieve.

"Now," Stella urged, "you get along to your meeting with him and remember… *Be firm*."

"I will," Gilly gave assurance, resolve undiminished despite the possibility of her aims taking longer to achieve than she had expected.

"And remember," Stella finished; "if his pride does take him back to the streets, make sure to get the keys to *your* Audi from him."

*****

He was waiting with his back to a padded leather seat at a corner table in the Café Nero. The cafe was situated just up from the House of Fraser store in Croydon's Centrale Shopping Centre and, as it was just after the lunchtime rush, there were certainly enough people about for her to feel comfortable. The café itself, though, was relatively empty and he had taken advantage of the fact to select a table as far from the counter and the ears of the two young assistants behind it as possible.

"Haven't you ordered yet?" she asked in a neutral voice that was neither critical or authoritative – though she didn't intend things to stay that way for too long.

In truth, she had never felt as nervous in her thirty-something years as she felt on entering that coffee-shop; a direct result, she told herself, of wanting what Stella already had with her own husband for herself. Nerves that were calmed somewhat when she saw her normally immaculately clothed and groomed husband looking dishevelled and none too hygienic.

“I, hmm, wasn’t sure what you would want.”

“Don’t lie, Robbie,” she scolded him, using the belittling diminutive for the first time and pleased when he didn’t pick up on it.

Or at least not enough to attempt to take her to task on her use of it.

He would, she assured herself, be getting used to hearing it soon enough, reining herself back as she remembered Stella’s advice not to push too hard too soon and warning herself to take things with more thought and calculation.

Just the same, understandable impetuosity or not, her confidence, she realised with much delight, was growing by the second. A confidence aided immensely by his shabby appearance and hangdog features. A look that was in marked contrast to her perfect grooming and the black – *“men always equate women wearing black with authority, for some reason”*, Stella had advised her – two-piece costume of jacket and skirt. Bare legs, tanned, shapely and smooth, tapered down into a pair of spiked Carvela’s from the Kurt Geiger range, also in black. The sensuous and erotic face with its full lips that had lost none of its power to turn him on over the years was, as usual made-up with only a minimum of make-up and the blonde page-boy-cut hair was styled within an inch of its life; even if it did still somehow manage to contrive a look that was both casual and unconsidered.

Gilly Upson, it can be said, knew she was no catwalk model.

But then it can also be said that she knew the chain-smoking and bulimic stick-insects of the boards were no Gilly Upson’s either.

One look at her husband was enough to make it obvious to her he had been sleeping in the car and using public conveniences to wash.

She knew also the real reason he hadn’t ordered for them.

“You know full well I only drink a milky latte when it comes to coffee, so I think we both know why you haven’t ordered.”

For a second, a spark of anger flashed in his eyes and she expected him to unleash the temper that had to have been building over the past week of being ignored and excluded from both the company he had built and his own home.

It didn't happen and his silence bolstered her resolve even further.

With great display, she took a ten-pound note from her handbag and pushed it across the table towards him.

"Go and get them now," she said, her first order of the encounter, but certainly not the last."

Swallowing back what she knew was a great lump of bile formed from indignity, he took the note and rose from his seat – only to hesitate.

"What is it?" she asked in a non-nonsense voice.

"I, hmm, I mean…"

Her pussy gave a lurch.

She had never seen him so indecisive.

It was wonderful.

"I mean," he stumbled on, "are we, er, eating?"

"I already have," she told him, knowing what he wanted and provoking a look that was as bitter as it was crestfallen. "But you have my permission to get yourself a cake or something if you're hungry and haven't enough money to pay for it."

She saw him wince, both at the word *"permission"* and her highlighting of the fragile financial situation in which her actions had placed him, but he said nothing and moved to the counter.

Judging by the way he demolished the slice of carrot-cake he fetched back with the lattes as she sat in silence and watched, amused and highly aroused at seeing him so reduced in station, she assessed it would take another ten slices before he was sated.

Good.

To keep him hungry would be to keep him off-balance.

“Well?” she began when he had finished and was washing down the last morsel with a gulp of coffee.

His eyes went to hers uncomprehendingly, having momentarily forgotten their reason for having met and finding himself transported back to happier times - for him anyway.

“Given the amount of messages you’ve left me and the way you pleaded with me to meet you here,” she began, “I assume you’ve decided to see sense and beg me to let you come home.”

Reverie shattered, his hangdog look reasserted itself.

“Gilly, I…”

“Yes?” she snapped impatiently, knowing she had him wrong-footed and intending to keep him that way, delighting in the adrenalin brought on by even this mild exercising of her power and the way it mingled with her blood to set her veins tingling and her pussy throbbing.

“What…? What’s brought all this on? We’ve always been so happy. And then, out of the blue… *this*. Where has it come from? I would never have believed you could treat me in such a way.”

She waited, feeling all-powerful in just the way Stella had said she would feel and adoring it. For the first time in their marriage she was the driving force and he had been reduced to the position of supplicant. Once again, it struck her that if she felt this energised at such an early stage of the new relationship

she intended for them how much more intense would her response be when they were further along with his… *enslavement*… to her.

"That… That *stuff* you asked me to read was sick, Gilly. At first I thought it had to be some kind of a practical joke on your part but, when I realised you were serious, I knew something was wrong. That you weren't yourself. Why else would you abuse the trust I placed in you by putting the company and all our assets in your name to remove me and have a girl half my age take my place?"

"As to the latter," she said emphatically, finally deigning to answer, "your bankruptcy hardly gave you any choice in the matter, unless you wanted us both homeless and penniless. Without my name you would never have been able to start the new company in the first place."

It was nothing but the plain truth and she could see from his expression that this, at least, was acknowledged by him.

"As to the former," she continued, "that is what I think you will come to see as a shrewd business decision on my part. A decision," she reminded him, "I am, as the owner, fully entitled to make."

"For god sakes, Gilly! You of all people know how hard I worked to make that company a going concern. How can promoting my assistant above me be a shrewd decision?"

"Not *'above'*," she corrected, "but *'instead'*."

She watched as his head found its way into his hands and knew instantly that both Stella and the beta-list she had ticked off were right. The handsome, older and seemingly self-assured, man she had married was, apart from the handsome and older, nothing of the kind. In no more than a week he already looked beaten and it sent her expectations of success rocketing further towards the heavens.

Though even she had to admit there was nothing angelic about the way she intended to treat him once that success had been accomplished.

“Nirupa,” she went on, “will move the company forward in ways of which you are not capable. Full credit to you for having persevered and, with her considerable help and assistance…”

“Is that what she told you?” he came in, head rising from his hands as her words sank in. “And you believed her?”

Falling back against the padded leather of the alcove in which he was sat, he shook his head with weary disgust as Gilly waited for his little outburst to subside before addressing it.

“I’ve always been aware of your low opinion of my intelligence in these matters, but...”

“That’s not true!” he protested.

“…but,” she pressed on, “I am not so stupid I did not take some soundings of my own before appointing Nirupa.”

“Soundings?” he mouthed.

“That’s right. Before I dismissed you,” as she had intended, the word induced a grimace of pain from him, “I spoke confidentially with some of your…” catching herself she supplied correction “…*my* employees and one or two of *my* main suppliers. *All* of them, both employees and customers, sang Nirupa’s praises while you were barely mentioned. Though I’m sure, had they not known we were married and been fearful of upsetting me, they would have had lots to say about you.”

She paused deliberately, then:

“None of it favourable.”

Allowing this to sink in for a few moments and giving him plenty of time to come up with a rebuttal, she went on when nothing appeared forthcoming from her husband:

“As I was saying before you so rudely interrupted me,” she began, rubbing it in, “I give you full credit for having got the company up and running. But foresight, business acumen and a strength of personal character you don’t possess are now required to take us to the next level.”

Something in her non-nonsense and matter of fact stating of the facts as she saw them was – again as Stella had assured her it would – keeping his anger at bay and lowering his already depleted spirits in the process. Neither his reasoning nor his appeals were making so much as a dent in her resolve and she could tell he knew it. Already demoralised after tasting a week of what life would be like without her, he was looking increasingly like a beaten man and Gilly, for the first time knew what it felt like to feel totally certain of success.

“When did you stop loving me, Gilly?” he asked, weakening his position still further with such a whiny appeal and not knowing it. “And how could I have missed it?”

“I didn’t and still do,” she told him, the absence of either warmth or affection in the assertion not filling him with any great optimism – even if watery eyes did find hers. “Love isn’t always a journey into Mills & Boon and a slow descent into domesticity and the deadening onset of marital familiarity, Robbie. It can come to mean different things.”

“What?” he snapped with something like a return of his old spirit. “A husband who lets you fuck other men?... And what the shit’s with all this *‘Robbie’* crap?”

Strangely, he was the one who looked around nervously to see if anyone had overheard his outburst and was relieved to note that the one old couple seated by the window didn’t seem to have the necessary hearing capacity while the teenaged boy and girl behind the counter were so absorbed in comparing their shoulder tattoos a laws rocket detonating in the near vicinity wouldn’t have made an impact.

“Firstly, *Robbie’*,” she began in even but utterly firm tones, “you will not be *letting* me do anything. In case the full import of what is happening to you has somehow flown below your radar, you, my love, have nothing and I have everything. To anyone with the slightest capacity for reason, that makes you – if you wish to stay in my life and have the security only I’m willing to provide you – a subordinate.”

Pure shock, despite everything that had already happened and he had already been told, stared back at her from the other side of the table.

“Su… Subordinate?” he managed to mouth, only getting the full word out on the second attempt.

Gilly nodded.

“That’s how I see you now,” she told him. “Not *‘Robert*’ any longer but *‘Robbie’*. More a child than a man, but not a child either. Something in between I haven’t gotten around to giving a name.”

She fixed him with a look that contained no hint of humour as she added:

“Yet.”

His cheeks flushed red and she felt sure he would come back at her.

He said nothing.

She was sure, though, that she could see the downward pressure of his teeth against inner lip as he strove to restrain himself.

Yet another tacit acknowledgement, she told herself, of him recognising she held all the cards as Stella had said.

“The love I had for you formerly has gone, Robbie.” She shook her head emphatically while keeping contact with his eyes – at least until, in a way that delighted her, he lowered them. “You’ve never satisfied me with your cock and never will.”

The eyes he had only just lowered flew up at this and again he scanned the near vicinity to ensure they weren't overheard.

"Don't worry," she assured him. "It's not something I intend to make common knowledge. Do you really think I want my friends knowing I have a husband with a cock so tiny I can barely feel it enter me, let alone give me some small pleasure."

She paused a moment, then:

"Especially when they have husband's capable of doing exactly that for them."

"For god's sakes, Gilly, why are you doing this to me?"

"Because I want us to stay as a couple," she told him instantly, fetching an equally instant look of hope to his eyes that only heightened the contempt for him she could feel growing.

She had not been lying when she had said he'd never satisfied her but she had at least consoled herself that he was an older man - a *real* man - of substance and purpose for whom the overlooking of such a defect was worth it.

Now she felt differently.

"But, Gilly, he began, reaching across to take one of her slender hands and relieved when she allowed him to do so without removing it from his grasp, "that's all I've ever wanted. I just want us to…"

"I want *complete* control," she cut him off.

"Complete…? I don't unde…"

"Not just of the company and our assets," she told him. "I control them already."

He was at a loss and she loved it.

“I’m not with you, Gilly. What else can…?”

“You,” she answered, eyes holding his unblinkingly that he might see her steely resolve in the matter.

“Me?”

She nodded, still boring into his moist and baffled blue eyes.

“I want our relationship to go on. But, if it does, I will have complete authority over you.”

For the first time, she could tell from the way he looked at her that he was asking himself if she had gone insane and knew the kind of hope this would supply him:

“I’m afraid it wouldn’t work,” she told him.

“Wh-What wouldn’t?” he asked, his startled tone telling her she had divined his thoughts correctly.

“Your wife is totally sane and no doctor and no court would find her otherwise. So if you’re thinking of going that route in the vain hope of having me committed and being given power-of-attorney over my affairs you should save yourself the effort.”

“I wasn’t thinking any such thing,” he said, hand going to his neck to scratch it in the telltale way it always did whenever he was lying and just as it had done during the years they had spent with each other.

“Be convenient for you though, wouldn’t it?”

His cheeks reddened – yet another telltale sign.

“Just think, you’d be back in charge of the company and Nirupa would be out on her brown arse. You’d have the house to yourself and access to all our accounts. You might even find a bit on the side who will overlook your shortcomings in the cock department.”

“That’s unfair, Gilly,” he protested, still attempting to have a normal

conversation with her when the boat containing *'normal'* had already sailed into the iceberg consigning it to the bottom of the ocean; not to know that *nothing* would ever be *'normal'* between them again. "I've never cheated on you in all the years we've been together."

The hand that went to his shirt collar to scratch at his Adam's Apple gave the game away and, having never pressed him on the subject and being convinced he was so obsessed with her body it could never happen, Gilly was surprised to have what Stella had hinted at confirmed.

Somewhere down the line the small-dicked bastard had cheated on her!

Her!

All along – even though she intended to take lovers of her own now – she had been the faithful one while he used the opportunities and the umbrella provided by work to meet and fuck other women.

The anger she strove manfully to conceal from him was almost molten in its searing intensity and made what she had in mind for him all the sweeter.

"Then we're on the same page," she told him, proud of the way she kept herself under control. "because I've never cheated on you and do not intend to start now."

The look he threw her only confirmed her growing suspicion he had never been as intelligent as she believed him to be; that look being a mixture of relief, delight, hope and gratitude.

She did not intend for it to remain in place long.

# PART-TWO

# Gilly & Super Max

It was two days after her meeting with Robert – or *'Robbie'*, as she kept correcting herself – that Gilly had a visitor.

As Stella had told her she would be, the lady who called on her was friendly, attractive in a matronly kind of way, and entirely absent of any attitude or innuendo.

Not a hint of anything that might have been construed as *"judgemental"* on view.

But then, Gilly had told herself, given the woman whose name was Estelle had a cuckold of her own at home it was hardly surprising.

Especially when that cuckold was kitted out in one of the fiendish looking contraptions the woman had laid out on the kitchen table that she may run the younger housewife through the positive and negative aspects of each.

"They're not as draconian as they look," Estelle had laughed, like Stella, another middle-aged and middle-classed woman; if perhaps a year or two younger. A woman who looked – again like Stella – like the principal of a well-heeled private school rather than a cheerleader for a group of dominant women whose aim it was to show young wives like herself the joys of controlling their husbands. Looking, in fact, like the last woman on the planet one would imagine calling on a complete stranger to run her through the benefits and beauties of a range of male chastity devices.

"Though some are certainly more… *forgiving*… than others," she had finished.

Gilly laughed:

"Forgiving, I have to say, isn't the word they bring to mind."

Estelle laughed with her at this and then became more serious as she drew Gilly's attention to the matter at hand and ran her through the plus and minus values of the devices currently running the length of the oak table's surface.

There were five models arrayed on the surface and Estelle gave a running commentary on each of them.

"Many of our ladies swear by the plastic restrainer," she said, pointing to a model she called the *'CB300'*.

"For some reason," Gilly observed, referring to some of the other contraptions on her kitchen table and having given the prospect of having her husband's cock in just such a device much thought recently, though not having gotten around to researching the different makes and models, "I had it in my mind that they were all made of metal like the one at the end there. Now *that* looks really secure."

"That's the Super Max," Estelle told her in the kind of voice one reserves for the entrance of royalty into a room. For my money, it's the best device of its kind available. But you might want to bear it in mind for later if you're thinking to *ease* your cuck into his chastity."

Gilly gave it some thought; not at all sure that she wanted to *"ease"* her husband into it anyway.

Stella's friend was holding up the CB300 now.

"As you so rightly point out," Estelle agreed, the plastic version isn't as secure and can be cut off if the cuck gets it into his head to do so – though even the plastic variety takes some removing. The upside of having a plastic restrainer, however, and lots of wives swear by them, is that the keyholder can actually see her cuck's little cock trying to get erect when she decides to tease it."

*"Keyholder,"* Gilly repeated to herself. Was that what she would be? Robert's – *"Robbie's"* – keyholder? In complete control of his manhood and any release he might be allowed to make?

Just when she thought the situation into which she had thrust them both

couldn't get any… *hotter*… the temperature soared higher.

"There's a lot to be said for that, I suppose," Estelle was continuing, almost as if she was persuading herself.

"Which one do you use on your own husband?" Gilly asked, before adding quickly: "If you don't mind me asking, that is, Estelle?"

Estelle's school ma'am smiled assured her no boundaries had been crossed.

"Not at all, Gilly. I was very angry with my Jonathon when I decided to adopt the lifestyle, so easing him into his chastity was not an option for me. You see, it wasn't just the control I wanted. Not that it wasn't absolutely wonderful, you understand? But control alone went nowhere near enough to compensating me after having suffered his bullshit for so long."

Gilly was taken aback by both the woman's unexpected candour and the depth of her displeasure with the man she had belted. In the space of a couple of seconds she had gone from matron to Valkyrie. The switch all the more marked for not being remotely seamless.

"Controlling him was marvellous, but knowing he was in discomfort as I did so made it so much more special. He was always a horny bastard and I used to hate it when I would see him getting aroused by young women in the street or in shops, or anywhere he came across one. But putting the belt on him changed me as much as him. The moment I had him in it and knew he wouldn't be getting out of it in a hurry was when I started insisted he accompany me to places where I was sure temptation would be put his way."

The smile provoked by her thoughts as unseeing eyes gazed into the distance via the kitchen window was both evil and self-satisfied.

"The pain of his thwarted erections was almost enough on its own to make up for all the year I had taken his rubbish," she finished, again as if speaking to herself.

Gilly waited for her to return to planet earth patiently, fully understanding her sudden self-absorption.

“Sorry, my love. You asked me something?”

Gilly gave her a little indulgent laugh and the woman smiled in return.

“I was asking which model you started your husband out in.”

“Why, the very same one he’s still in today, of course,” Estelle answered as if it were self-explanatory. “The same Super Max you seem so taken with.”

“No half-measures with you then, Estelle,” Gilly observed.

“Not where *he* is concerned… The Super Max, Gilly, is the best on the market. It absolutely prevents the man achieving sexual release and gives us wives total control over our cucks.”

More and more, Gilly was coming to like the sound of this power devolving device.

“Once you have it locked on him – if the Super Max is the model for you – every single one of his waking thoughts will eventually find themselves focused upon you in their entirety – and not in a charitable way, I have to tell you. I know Jonathon hates me for taking this freedom of his away; even if he hasn’t the… balls…” she giggled, “to show it.”

The smile she bestowed upon Gilly as she continued on the subject of *“Jonathon”* was one of the most contented and self-satisfied the young wife could recall seeing on another woman’s face.

“Somehow,” she said, “knowing he hates me and is powerless to show it – is required to act towards me in a quite different way, in fact, takes the my retribution – not to mention pleasure – to a whole new altitude.”

“I can imagine,” Gilly concurred with a wistful sigh.

“And that’s why I’m here,” Estelle told her, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder. “So you won’t have to *‘imagine’* for much longer.”

“Bring it on,” Gilly laughed.

“Anyway, once a man is belted in one of these, everything else but pleasing

you, that you might decide to let him out of it for a while – or even for good…"

"Some chance!" Gilly snorted, winning a laugh from her new friend.

"…As I say, everything, and I do mean *everything*, will be secondary to him but pleasing you and he will begin to do all manner of menial, humble and ingratiating things he would once have never even considered, simply to ensure you are look favourably upon him."

"It's too wonderful!" Gilly breathed, sincere in her enthusiasm.

"An understatement, my dear," Estelle assured her. "If my experience is a guide – and I am assured by ladies of a similar mindset that it is – then the Super Max is the ultimate device for those wives wanting 24/7 control over the husband who is now their cuckold and manservant – or at least about to become one."

As Gilly squirmed in her chair and prayed the copious arousal she could feel between her legs was not running down her smooth tanned skin to puddle on the ceramic floor tiles, Estelle pulled the contraption in question from its case.

"Let me show you how unique it is in comparison to other models, my love," she began as Gilly attempted to focus her thoughts.

And not *without* difficulty.

"There are several types of finishes to the Max but the mainstay of them all is a non-corrosive steel tube connected to a locking ring."

Gilly eyed the device the way a galley-slave must have eyed the keys to his chains as they hung from his overseer's belt.

What the woman held was nothing less than freedom.

Total and complete.

At least for her.

“This,” Estelle said, pointing to the locking ring, “circles the penis and the ball sack. As you can see, the tube itself is about the size of a small sized flaccid cock and vented at the end.”

As directed, Gilly ran interested eyes over the contraption.

“It also has three - somewhat impregnable to anyone other than the keyholder herself - locking mechanisms. A lock on top, where the sack ring and the tube connect, and two underneath the tube at either end of where the penis is enclosed. These locking mechanisms require a very special round key and, believe me, no locksmith could pick them. They’re fixed mounted to the device and can’t be cut off like a simple padlock and, anyway, the metal is so advanced the tools and the heat necessary to do so would probably leave a gaping hole where once was a working, if restricted, set of cock and balls.”

Both women laughed at this, Estelle as amused as ever despite having spouted the same spiel on many occasions before this.

“Once you have the penis in the tube,” Estelle went on, still giggling along with Gilly, “and the connecting locking ring is around the sack, then it’s a case of turning the locking mechanism until sufficient tightness is achieved and the penis finds itself securely locked in.”

From her holdall, Estelle brought out a small flaccid replica of a penis and proceeded to use it to demonstrate the efficiency of the Super Max.

“If your husband is circumcised,” she said, sliding the flaccid model into the tube, “the lower internal tip band will grip him behind the glans while the upper tube band restrains him at the penis base. The sack ring when locked, like so, will restrict the balls and hold everything in place against his body.”

“And how will he… You know?”

“Urinate? Piss? Pee?” Estelle joshed.

Gilly nodded, kicking herself for sounding like an ingénue in front of this knowledgeable and powerful lady who was already enjoying the benefits of having her man in just such a contraption.

“The venting at the bottom I pointed out earlier will allow normal urination. But only in the seated position. This is because of the severe downward curve of the tube and the unavoidable fact that the vent would lead to some sideways urine spraying.”

The older woman looked at her expectantly, before asking:

“I trust it wouldn’t be a problem for you to have with him sitting down to make pee-pee like a good little boy should from now on?”

Gilly could not help but be amused and won over by the woman’s warm and inclusive approach and, although she conceded she was a novice when it came to male chastity, she could see that the Super Max would work perfectly.

She was, in fact, already picturing, *‘Robbie’* standing nude before.

Nude, that is, apart from the belt itself.

“At over three-hundred-pounds it can hardly be said to be cheap,” Estelle told her but it really does deliver and, for my money, it’s been worth every penny.”

“Forget the cost, Estelle. I’ll take it. Your recommendation is good enough for me and if it’s half as effective as you say it is I’m going to be a very happy bunny.”

“Good choice,” her new friend told her. “As you’ve probably gathered, I’m not a big believer in the softly, softly, approach with the creatures. Not to sound like a cliché, but start as you mean to continue is my motto. No point in them thinking they’re in for an easy ride.”

“I shouldn’t have thought there’s the slightest danger of that with you,” Gilly chuckled.

“And you’d be right,” an amused Estelle chuckled right back at her before returning to the more prosaic details of payment. “How would you like to pay?”

“Do you take cheques?”

“Only after the necessary credit and security checks and some digging into your background to ensure you will be a suitably *cruel* owner,” the woman laughed.

“You have my promise on that,” Gilly laughed along with her. “Who shall I make it out to?”

Estelle told her, then:

“Now, my love as you know, I’m not making any money from this, so if I make a suggestion I want you to know it’s made solely with the ongoing control of your cuck and your best interests and future satisfaction in mind.”

“I understand that, Estelle. What is this suggestion?”

“Well, we’ve both agreed that the plastic devices are nowhere near as secure or visually exciting in terms of control as the Super Max and other metal varieties. But it is nice to make the cuck wear one from time to time just to see the full effect of his poor little willy trying to attain full-mast.”

“I can believe it, Gilly agreed.

“That’s why I suggest you buy one to go with the Super Max. The CB300 is also more comfortable and allows you to tell your cuck you are letting him wear it as a treat for good behaviour rather than letting him know you’re doing so for your own pleasure.”

When Estelle left, a bottle of Chilean Merlot later, Gilly was the proud owner of not one but *two* male chastity devices.

“Now all she had to do was to get her husband to agree she had the right to lock him into one of them.

# Gilly & Stella

The atmosphere between the two women in the little Bromley Trattoria was somewhat different from the last time they had met there some three weeks and more before.

Back then there had been the anticipation and excitement on both their parts for the events they were about to put in motion. Now, having done just that and *not* received the results they had convinced themselves would follow the sense of disappointment was palpable. Even if it was more marked on Gilly's part than on Stella's.

"It's still too early for you to be acting like this," Stella assured her young protégé in the arts of all things female-led and cuckold, looking on as Gilly pushed a salad with dolcelate dressing around her plate, to dejected to actually eat it.

"By this time tomorrow it will have been a month since I laid it on the line for him," Gilly answered before going on, somewhat sourly: "Perhaps he's not the pussy your beta-list made him out to be."

In truth, Stella was more than a little concerned herself. Answered correctly, the list Gilly referred to had yet to be proved wrong and men with more going for them than Robert Upson had given in to the inevitable in much less time. So why, given he had neither money, friends nor family, was it taking him so long to realise the only option open to him was to return?

Stella's next words were an answer to her own questions and concerns and not just those of the young wife she could sense was ready to turn her sense of frustration upon her mentor.

"Simply because the manly pride he allows to persuade him is strength is taking a little longer than, I confess, is usual in these cases before it moves aside to let his natural weakness rush in and dictate his actions, it doesn't mean the list is wrong. And, if it is, it will be for the very first time in the seventeen years or so since my sisters – your sisters now – devised it."

A look of remorse crossed Gilly's unmade and, for once, tired looking features. She had invested so much of her dreams – perverse, even sick, dreams – with the promise of the future Stella offered that her disappointment was making her unreasonable. Even her trusty dildo and Nirupa's trusty tongue and games of dominance and control were of no interest to her right now. All she could think of was the glorious and missed opportunity to have what Stella had with her own cuckold husband should Robert – or *'Robbie'*, as she so preferred to think of him – prove stronger than suspected and forge a life for himself away from her.

No matter how low-grade and miserable that life turned out.

"Forgive me, Stella," she began, laying a hand over that of the older woman's. "I'm taking my concerns out on you. It's just… just…"

"Just that it's the most exciting thing you've ever done and the thought of it not coming to pass seems impossible to bear," the well-spoken Stella finished for her.

Gilly nodded.

"Since I first contacted you and we started going down this route," she began, "I've never felt so alive. Barely a moment passes when I'm not picturing my husband in all kinds of humiliating positions and situations. The prospect that it might not happen fills me with a despair so great it's almost physically painful."

Stella added a free hand of her own to the one of Gilly's laying atop hers by way of reassurance.

“I mean, it’s either him or nobody. You of all people know, Stella, that it’s the fifteen years of history Robert – *‘Robbie’* - and I share that makes the possibilty of… of *owning* him so delicious.”

“I can’t deny it, Gilly. You are completely right. A massive part of the pleasure I felt when I finally brought my own husband Vincent to heel came from the turnabout in our positions. Even giving him the most simple and mundane of orders and having him carry it out was enough on its own to make me orgasmic. What else but our past history together could have been responsible for that?”

“Exactly,” Gilly agreed with no small bitterness. “Not as if I can just put an ad in the locals and advertise for a replacement should he confound our low expectations of him, is it? It’s the fifteen years we’ve had with each other and the nature of those years that make the changes I want so desirable and I wouldn’t go down that route with someone else again even if it were possible.”

She shook her head emphatically.

“As I said: it’s either him or nobody.”

Stella tutted dismissively, though she was not immune herself to the younger woman’s concerns.

“Really, Gilly,” she began, “I understand your frustrations, but I also think you’re allowing yourself to become despondent over nothing. Trust me, he’ll be wearing your belt and deferring to you before you know it.”

“It’s been almost a month,” Gilly reminded her curtly. “Which is three weeks longer than *either* of us thought it would take to have him grovelling before me and begging me to allow him back.”

“Yes. I admit it’s surprised me too. After you took the keys to the Audi from him at your last meeting I truly thought it would be only a matter of a day or two before the reality of his new situation got the better of his pride and had him hightailing it back to you.”

“Make that two of us,” Gilly agreed. “It was obvious he was unable to afford

a room anywhere and had been sleeping in the car, so, like you, I naturally thought taking it from him would narrow his options even further and be the last straw for him."

"It still might - will," Stella corrected herself. "It is, as those moronic football people say: *'early doors'*, after all…"

Despite her dejection, a contented smile transformed Gilly's features as she recalled the moment in the Café Nero when she had demanded he hand her back the keys…….

*……."You… You're not serious?" he had half asked, half expostulated.*

*"Totally serious," she assured him.*

*"But… But that's the car I bought with my own money. Money I earned."*

*"And money that came from the company I own and went into an account in my name. Which explains why, along with everything else you say belongs to you, the car is in my name."*

*"For Christ's sakes, Gilly," he exploded. "You know I have no money. I've been sleeping in that car. Would you rather see your husband of fifteen years living rough?"*

*Cool, calm and thoroughly self-assured in her two-piece and somewhat severely cut black jacket and skirt, one shapely leg crossed over the other and a spiked shoe dangling from her foot in a classic and authoritative pose, Gilly delighted in the power she was already exercising over that husband of fifteen years, his desperation as evident to her as his anger with her for having placed him in his current position. She was convinced she heard a whiny note entering his speech.*

*It was, she had told herself, a most satisfying development.*

*"That's not my intention and you know it," she told him, voice carrying for the first time a hint of the whip. "I've given you a perfectly reasonable alternative and…"*

*“Reasonable!” he exploded, half jumping from his seat in his outrage and only lowering himself back to it when the two assistants behind the counter interrupted their absorbing inspection of each other’s shoulder tattoos to turn a quizzical eye in his direction before deciding he was no match for the growing fad of body-ink and returning to their scrutiny of each other.*

*“Just because I grant it’s a little out of the ordinary,” Gilly went on, “that doesn’t make what I expect from you impossible or…”*

*“How about sick and perverted?” he asked with a lowered voice. “Or is that a ‘little out of the ordinary’ too?”*

*“Whether you becoming my cuckold and me taking over as head-of-the-household is sick and perverted or not,” she told him, eyes holding his unblinkingly and quite unfazed by his anger and displeasure, “is neither here nor there. It is though, what I expect from you if you’re ever to return home and be a part of my life.”*

*A thoughtful look crossed his handsome features and she could tell a new approach had occurred to him.*

*Amused, she waited, before, sure enough:*

*“And how about your family?” he asked.*

*She raised a mildly inquisitive eyebrow, more for effect than anything else, knowing already what this “new approach” was going to be.*

*“What about them?”*

*“How do you think your parents and sisters – not to mention those beloved nieces and nephews you dote on so much – are going to react when they find out their precious Gilly is not so precious after all and wants to have sex behind her husband’s back while treating him like shit?”*

*Gilly had waited, knowing he was about to tell her and no answer on her part was required.*

*“Him being the same husband who worked his socks off to provide their darling with a lovely home and a lifestyle to go with it; the same husband*

*who built a company from nothing and was thanked by his wife by being removed from it in favour of some scrawny little Indian bitch who knows less about business than he'd already forgotten."*

*"That husband, being the same man who took his first company into bankruptcy with his recklessness and faulty decision making and put everything we had at risk, I take it?" she asked, taking up where he had left off and amused at his disparaging reference to young Nirupa; wondering how he would react if she were to tell him the Indian girl had become his replacement in her bed as well as at his company.*

*"As for my family," she continued, sure she had his attention now, "they've never liked your superior attitude towards them and know I've been unhappy with you for some time now."*

*His expression was horrified and what she knew was behind it supplied yet another means by which she could torment him*

*"Don't worry," she told him, suppressing a laugh. "I haven't told them about your little cock and the fact you always leave me unsatisfied in bed."*

*He looked relieved at even this small mercy.*

*"But then," she went on, "I don't have to now you're going to do the job for me."*

*He looked uncomfortable.*

*"That is what you meant, I take it? Though I do have to say, it would be very difficult to just go up to them and tell them their daughter wants to have sex with other men because you have neither the equipment nor the necessary expertise and staying power required."*

*The instant redness of his cheeks told her she had already won this latest round in her battle to subdue him and a telltale wetness between her legs gave testimony to her own response at having done so.*

*Her voice hardened to become almost… intimidating:*

*"So please don't try to frighten me with silly threats. You'll say nothing to*

*them – or anyone else, for that matter – and, even if you did somehow find the balls to do so, I doubt very much that they would believe you once I had put them straight as to your real… shortcomings."*

*He opened his mouth to interject into the conversation one more and she took the opportunity to pounce, whip once again evident in her tone:*

*"And if you interrupt me once more I shall leave."*

*Stunned, she could tell, by a… nastiness… in her tone he couldn't recall having heard from her before – not even on that fateful night when she was belittling his penis size – Robert Upson had fallen silent.*

*"And this time," she went on, "it will be a sight more than a week before I consent to take one of your phone-calls again."*

*For the first time – an indicator, perhaps, of the wishful thinking brought about by their previous history with each other and his male pride – she got the impression he was taking her serious. That this was more than just an attempt on her part to spice up a sex-life she considered stale with some nasty and off-the-wall physical encounters in which he would not be involved. Though her expression remained firm and unyielding on the outside, her inner-self was exultant.*

*"Now," she had said, holding out her hand, palm-up, expectantly. "Keys".....*

…….Ending her recall of their last meeting and coming back to the hubbub of the bistro, Gilly realised Stella was still speaking.

"…A ridiculous saying invented by trivial and ridiculous people who spend their time waxing lyrical – or what passes for lyrical with such numbskulls – on the subject of a group of adult males kicking around a piece of leather."

Back in the present and picking up on the football analogy Stella had been in the middle of when she had drifted off, Gilly nodded her agreement:

"I agree. Even more than golf – which is pretty bloody ridiculous when you

think about it – football irritates me. From what I can tell, whenever I've had to suffer watching it with… *'Robbie*… these are people with nothing interesting to say and have even less upstairs with which to say it. Tells you something about our society that they're so highly paid and looked up to."

"Hmmm," Stella agreed, glad to have supplied Gilly with a small diversion from her anxieties on behalf of her would-be cuckold. "With morons there is *never* a recession. I think it's safe to say that they will *always* be with us. One of life's *less* attractive certainties."

The diversion was short-lived as a look of utter dejection again transformed the younger woman's sensuous and erotic features.

"I think I've lost him, Stella," she said. "It's been too long. We've both misjudged him. He has more balls than we both thought."

"Perhaps," Stella part agreed. "Though I'm more inclined to think *'perhaps not'*."

"I wish I shared your optimism," Gilly replied with a sigh.

"You know," the older woman began, "thinking back I had pretty much the same worries about my Vincent."

"Really," Gilly said, too dispirited to be interested, though if Stella picked up on the lack she could hardly be described as perturbed by it.

"Of course," the older woman continued, "it was a lot less than a month before he bit the bullet and came back with his tale between his legs, but I was concerned enough to be pretty frantic that he might not come back at all."

There was a pause as a waitress cleared their plates, Gilly's plate barely touched but prompting no interrogation from the serving girl as to why.

"The thing is," Stella went on when the girl had left, "that though I didn't have the same financial and economic hold over my husband you have over yours, I did know where the bodies were buried in his business life and he knew full well that if I went to the authorities with this knowledge of some of

his less than ethical, not to mention the out-and-out unlawful – deals then he could be serving a lengthy prison stretch while I, the wife whose conscience could not let such illegality go unpunished, husband or not, remained pretty much with her life and possessions intact. Trust me, the moment he knew I was serious it was a massive inducement to him and, I'm convinced, the main one persuading him to give in to my demands."

Gilly gave her a cursory glance of interest when her real interest was in her own problems and not those of a woman whose own problems had proved unfounded and was now in possession of exactly what she herself wanted for her own marriage. What she wanted to hear was a solution. Not a reminiscence.

What the young housewife wanted was of no matter however as, either oblivious or unconcerned by what her protégé wanted, her mentor prepared to take them both down memory lane…

## Stella & Vincent

*"'By coming back,' I told him, 'I take it you understand what I expect from you from now on?'*

*Vincent looked tired and dispirited from his week or so on a friend's sofa – a friend I knew just as well and who I also knew was just selfish enough not to want his personal space invaded for longer than necessary. Meaning my husband, whose parsimony and stubbornness in the handing over of a pound coin was well known in our circle and had long been a point of conflict in our*

*marriage, would be compelled to shell out what he saw as his hard-won money on a hotel-room or – god forbid – a pricy apartment rather than another eighteen-holes of golf. Along with the fear inspired by my threat to take his business illegalities to the relevant authorities should he defy me for too long, it explained his presence on our – now my – doorstep.*

*Though I had actually allowed him through to the front-room before hitting him with the above question?*

*'For fuck's sakes, Stella," he snapped in the foul-mouthed way that had originally made my family and friends wonder why a well-spoken Home-Counties girl from a good family such as myself had married him in the first place, masculine good looks notwithstanding. "Not this again. You're not fucking serious?'*

*The look of utter disdain I gave him should have been an answer in itself but, never having had much faith in his grasp of subtlety, I decided to add some words that he be in no doubt of my intent:*

*'We've been through all this. I've told you what I want and you've read the literature.'*

*'Literature! Fucking literature, you pervert bitch? Putting my dick in some cage while you run around and have your pussy filled by strangers? What kind of literature's that?'*

*'Cuckold literature of the female-led variety," I told him, remaining completely calm and not rising – or lowering - myself to either his decibel or outrage level. But then I already knew my knowledge of his misdealing's and tax avoidance, and the sentence he would be sure to receive for them, gave me the whip hand. My collar was already around his neck and all that remained was for him to realise he had no other choice and ask me to lock it in place. "The reality of which you are going to become very familiar with and very soon.'*

*He sneered, as if to say there was not a chance in hell.*

*Bravado that did not last longer than it took me to utter my next words:*

*‘Unless, that is, you wish me to take the evidence I have of your tax avoidance and insider dealing to the fraud squad.’*

*The deflation was instant.*

*‘You wouldn’t do that… Would you?’*

*‘Like a shot,’ I assured him, loving his indecision and the fact I had Mr Macho on the backfoot.*

*“But… why?’*

*‘I should have thought from what I’ve told you up to now and what I’ve had you read, that you would know the answer without having to ask.’*

*‘I don’t fucking know you,’ he said, more to himself. ‘You’re a fucking stranger to me. All these years I’ve been living with a fucking sicko and didn’t know it.’*

*I allowed my tone to become stern.*

*‘For someone,’ I held up thumb and forefinger with a small gap between both, deciding to descend to his level of crudity that the message might get across to him quicker, ‘this close to getting his next taste of sex up the arse from a cellmate, you’re not very respectful.’*

*The reminder of what could be lying in wait for him if – when – he received a custodial sentence brought him up short.*

*He had long been a homophobe and could barely bring himself to speak about them, let alone…*

*Being an attractive man still, despite his middle-years, he could be guaranteed a steady supply of prison suitors who would be both younger and physically more powerful – not to mention mean.*

*Prison hardened suitors who would, if he took their fancy, go on to take him.*

*Brutally, if they were so inclined.*

*“You’d do that to me?’ he asked, voice softer now, almost as if he were*

*looking for my sympathy.*

*Some chance.*

*'And what about our children?' he went on after I had delivered an emphatic nod. 'How do you think they'll feel to know you've had your father banged away?"*

*I tutted:*

*'You truly can be very stupid, Vincent,' I told him as his hands clenched at his sides, anger rising as it did whenever I disparaged his intelligence in what he saw as my superior "Roedean" way.*

*'In case it passed you by, Beverley is now twenty-seven and Gordon twenty-three. They've long known what I've known, that you're a self-obsessed arse with no thought for anyone other than himself. Surely you don't think it was a coincidence that your daughter married an Australian and settle in Perth or that Gordon went straight from university to work for Oxfam in the Sudan? Anything rather than stay on the continent with their controlling and dishonest boor of a father.'*

*'Two more ingrates,' he sneered, impervious as ever to anything likely to provoke self-criticism. 'I've given you and those fucking kids everything. A beautiful home, holidays, clothes, education. Look at you! You've never had to lift a fucking finger. And this is the thanks I get.'*

*"Please, Vincent, don't be any more of a complete prick than is genetically avoidable. Anything you do – ever – is done for yourself. The children and I have always been nothing more than window-dressing that you can use to convince people of your success. The man with everything. Successful businessman. Loving husband. Doting father.'*

*I allowed myself a derisive laugh as his fists clenched tighter at his sides. In fairness to him, he had never raised a hand to either me or the children. Though there was, I told myself, a first time for everything.*

*A fact he would soon discover for himself when I had his cock under lock and key.*

*‘The only thing I can’t quite get my head around,” I went on, ‘is how you have somehow managed to convince yourself these things are true. It is, I have to admit, a massive tribute to your talent for self-delusion.’*

*‘Really? Then what’s this house you’re standing in and the Jag you drive? Scotch mist? Or could they be the trappings of this success you say I’m kidding myself about?’*

*‘The fruits of dishonesty, Vincent,’ I reminded him, not that he was likely to ever have acknowledged the possibility, ‘can hardly be described as success. Something you’ll gain more insight into if you decide to walk out of this house again without my collar around your neck and that little cock of yours you are so proud of in a cage.”*

*It was too much for him and he raised a fist above his head and took a step towards me.*

*To my credit, if I say so myself – and I was much pleased with myself – I did not flinch; knowing as I did that if he hit me it would only strengthen my hand and assuring myself a little pain was a small price to pay for getting him under control.*

*There would, I knew, be plenty of time to pay him back for such treatment down the line.*

*Time and opportunity.*

*‘You disgusting bitch!’ he cried, fist clenched and poised above him but lacking either the necessary anger or character to strike the wife who had just told him she wanted to lock away his manhood. ‘I ought to fucking kill you.’*

*My answer to this?*

*I laughed in his face.*

*Then I slapped it.*

*Good and hard.*

*His face was an absolute picture and, as he seemed about to say something, I slapped him again.*

*Even harder this time.*

*Realising the crisis had been reached and he had to be shown just how serious I was – even if I really had no intention of going to the authorities and triggering off a nasty trial during which my dirty washing as well as his would be on view – I allowed myself, willed myself in point of fact, to become incendiary with rage myself. I knew he had never seen this side of my character and was sure it would have a cowing effect upon him.*

*'It's decision time, you stupid bastard,' I informed him, eyes blazing into his. 'I'm not playing around with you anymore.'*

*The slaps and the temper seemed to have wrought a miracle and Mr Macho was staring at me as if I were a madwoman who had just been beamed down into his presence, a strange look I hadn't seen before transfiguring his features.*

*With a thrill I realised what that look was.*

*Fear.*

*Emboldened, I leaned down to the coffee table between us and delved into the handbag resting upon it.*

*'This,' I told him, holding up a slip of paper with a telephone number, 'is a direct line to the Fraud Squad. If you're not on your knees asking to become my cuckold husband and to lock your cock away by the time I've dialled it, we're finished… Or, should I say, you are."*

*To cut a long story short, he folded like a paper tepee in a hurricane. I hadn't got past the first few numbers of the totally fictitious number I'd written down before Mr Macho was kneeling at my feet.*

*Then I told him to kiss them…*

# Gilly & Stella

As Stella finished a part of her story describing her husband's fall, Gilly acknowledged to herself that hearing it – even if she had been none too willing to listen in the beginning – had perked her up a little.

What they were doing here wasn't, as anything involving the thoughts, emotions and reactions of a living being weren't, a precise science after all. Okay, so it was taking longer for *"Robbie"* to capitulate than both she and Stella had anticipated. So what? When he finally did just that – and the prospect of him not doing so was too much for her raised anticipation of what she had in wait for him – it would just make his grudging submission to her all the sweeter.

"…That very night," Stella was still talking, "after I'd had my coarse and macho husband kneel at my feet and told him what life had in store for him from now on if he didn't want to spend the next few years in a cell, I took him into the bedroom and showed him what I intended to lock on his cock."

Having been somewhat surprised to hear the well-spoken and well-heeled Stella describe the husband of her children as one of Mrs Thatcher's low-bred and self-interested barrow boys, with a foul tongue into the bargain, Gilly was surprised also that such a man would not have put up more of a fight.

"And he just gave in?" she asked. "Doesn't sound very macho to me."

“He isn’t anymore, that’s for sure,” Stella snorted. “Though I let him off the leash – not the chastity leash, you understand? – from time to time when we have family gatherings and friends who either aren’t a part or aware of the *lifestyle*. I think he enjoys playing the big company boss man again on these occasions, though he’s very careful to treat me with respect.”

“What about his company?”

“What about it, Gilly?”

“One of the first things you insisted I do was promote Robert’s – *‘Robbie’s’* – assistant over him and remove him from the company completely. You said it was better if he had no responsibility or income of any kind, if possible.”

“I remember. Go on.”

“Well, from what you just said, it sounds as if he’s still running his company.”

Stella laughed.

“You misunderstand, Gilly. Just because I allow him to *act* like the big company boss man, it doesn’t mean he still is. The first thing I insisted upon when I had him under was that he move aside – leave the company completely, I should say – for a good friend of mine who *is* a part of the lifestyle and happens to be a talented businesswoman into the bargain. As this young Indian woman of whom you speak so highly will, I’m sure, do the same, my friend has taken the company to new heights.”

For some reason, Gilly found the knowledge she was taking a similar route to her mentor reassuring.

It had, after all, proved most successful.

“However, he does remain the titular head of the company still.”

Gilly looked surprised.

“Given the incontrovertible evidence I have secreted away concerning his illegal trading activities and tax avoidance,” Stella told her, noting her

protégé's wonder, "it makes sense that he remains the company owner if, as they say, the shit ever hits the fan."

Her scarlet lips curled derisively:

"Even if he has no say whatsoever in the company's running."

She thought about it, the thoughts coming to mind, if her smug expression was any guide, giving her much pleasure.

"Actually, these days he has no say in anything."

"Plastic or metal?" Gilly asked, interrupting the woman's reverie.

"Sorry?"

"Is your husband's belt made of plastic or metal?"

"Excuse me, Gilly, I was preoccupied, I thought you were asking if his company – his *former* company – was into one or the other. It's Marine Insurance if you're interested, by the way."

Gilly wasn't, but nodded anyway.

"I started Vinnie in plastic and it's still plastic. Though I did show him the Super Max Estelle has locked on her Jonathon and he looked absolutely terrified. It made his plastic prison look almost homely by comparison and all I need do these days is threaten him with it for his obedience levels to soar off the scale."

"I can understand that," Gilly laughed, "that's why I let Estelle persuade me into it."

"She told me you also took a plastic model so you could *'reward'* your cuck from time to time if his behaviour has been particularly pleasing."

Again, Gilly nodded.

"Good idea. Actually, I'm thinking of doing the same. Only in my case I shall reverse the carrot and stick."

When they had finished laughing, the banter and the wine from the second bottle of Gavi putting Gilly in a nicer place than when she entered, the younger woman asked:

“Tell me, Stella, those belts Estelle showed me look really effective – even the plastic ones. But putting one on a latex replica of a penis and fixing one to the flesh and blood variety are two different things. Did you have a lot of trouble getting it onto *‘Vinnie’*?”

“Persuading him to drop his pants on command and accept it was the easy part after he realised – or thought he realised - I fully intended to call the bogus Fraud Squad number and I was getting more confident in my control of him by the second.”

She became reflective:

“They say most men – even the most masculine of them – respond to authority in a woman; hardly surprising given we supervise them from the moment they’re born until they leave home – and after that, even; and I was amazed to see evidence of this in the pig of a husband who had controlled our whole marriage and the lives of our children up to then. I could also tell that he hated reacting in such a way and this made the fruit now in my possession seem all the juicier.”

The older woman’s eyes seemed to go off-world at this as she contemplated her husband’s demotion at her hands.

“It really is amazing how quickly and easily certain men can be brought to our heel. In no more than a few days under the new regime I’d put in place I could see in Vinnie a certain… *helplessness*.”

She considered this:

“Although, perhaps *‘resignation’* would be a more apt description. A bit of each perhaps. All I know is that it wasn’t long before my previously masterful lord and master was jumping through hoops when I told him to and prostrating himself at my feet if I decided I preferred him in such a position.

Stella again went off-world at her pleasurable recollection of the early days

spent enslaving and training her cuckold and it took a cough from an impatient Gilly to bring her back from orbit.

“Sorry, my dear, where were we?... Oh, yes!... Actually, when I attempted to lock it on him, and being completely unversed in such a technique – I was really clumsy and, god forbid, actually caused the poor mite some pain.”

Gilly tutted, mock sympathetically.

“First, the penis I had told him was tiny, even though it was average, seemed too large for the tube and I had a real problem securing the sack completely into the ring. Amazingly, this man who had ignored me sexually for so many years while bedding any number of a willing or paid variety, was getting hard as I handled him. A development, I know you understand, that made my task next to impossible while he was in such a condition. Nothing seemed to work until I remembered some advice Estelle had given me when I’d purchased his restrainer.”

“Ice,” Gilly said, ahead of her mentor for once and winning a nod from her.

“Precisely. I had him wait on his knees while I went downstairs to fetch a bowl. Believe me, once I had him lay on his back in the bathroom and tipped the contents of the bowl over cock and balls he wasn’t about to get hard again anytime soon. After that, getting the belt on him was simple.”

At this, and as of one mind, the women raised glasses and clinked before sipping at Stella’s success.

There was a long period of silence between them then, until it was broken by a suddenly downbeat Gilly:

“Now all I have to do is get *Robbie* into his.”

Stella waited, knowing what was to follow.

“If he ever comes back to me, that is.”

“Don’t worry,” Stella told her with her usual conviction, “He will.”

Again she laid a hand over that of the slightly dispirited housewife.

“And, when he does, you can leave getting him into that cage to me.”

## Robert

Robert Upson was in hell.

If his wife was aware and concerned by the length of time he had spent away from the comfort of the home she had told him he could return to only under certain… *conditions*… then he was, for totally different reasons, equally as anxious or, to be more factual, terrified that he may have experienced its comfort and security for the last time.

But how could he possibly return?

What she was demanding of him was so far beyond the limits of acceptable behaviour it would be impossible for him to give in to what she wanted – even if, as he suspected, it was just some perverted passing fad that had taken command of her senses with such suddenness and would pass just as swiftly once she had indulged it and come to realise what it was making her.

A bitch.

An ingrate.

A sadistic, treacherous…

He had been over what it made her so many times in his head, to no appreciable lessening of his anguish, that the necessary energy to do so again just couldn't be summoned.

And yet…

He missed her.

*Missed her!*

This, as much as anything, shocked him. He had read, heard from her own lips even, what she wanted from him. And still the lack of her presence in his life pained him; the mere thought of her sinuous and full womanly curves with the erotic face above he had lusted after from the moment he had first laid eyes upon it still brought the cock she had described as *"tiny"* to full attention whenever his thoughts dwelt upon her.

And he dwelt upon her often.

As he waited in line at the counter of the food shelter with the other unfortunates the government of the day felt were less deserving of sympathy than bankers, corporations or snout-in-trough entrepreneurs, he was dwelling upon her again. This time her long, shapely and surprisingly strong legs were at the forefront of his thoughts. The effect of visualising them was instant and not for the first time he wondered how and why he had ever bothered to cheat on her on the four or five occasions he had done so since the knot between them had been tied and he had allowed the opportunity of business trips away

and the flattery of having women, mostly younger women, want him to lead him astray.

They were powerful legs – perhaps *too* powerful. The tastes of the day in women, he knew, ran to the more slender and flesh free and the role-models of the days young women nearly all looked as if a puff of wind would have them soaring heaven ward.

Role-models or otherwise, they were *not* to his tastes.

A tear formed at the corner of an eye and he realised that, for a man who hadn't cried since the early years of Secondary School, that he was becoming lachrymose on a regular basis since Gilly had dropped her bombshell on him.

"Mash or boiled, love?" a female voice with a South London accent asked and he looked up to see a girl with short purple hair and a nose-ring taking him in. He had seen her before and knew she was a voluntary worker, her exposure to the world's needy in such a capacity having soon, it appeared, cured her of any sympathy towards them if the brusque and offhand way she dealt with them spoke true.

"Boiled," he told her, making off with his minced beef and carrots to which she'd added the potatoes without dallying to find an unoccupied table – if such a thing were possible in the crowded shelter. He wanted neither her sympathy nor her brusqueness and just wanted to eat the food he would have once found inedible and was now grateful to get and lick his wounds free of scrutiny.

That unoccupied table not being forthcoming, he decided upon the next best alternative and seated himself near the entrance to the shelter at a table with only one fellow diner, an elderly gent who was dressed respectably but, understandably, shabbily and seemed as if he could prove to be a quiet soul.

The last thing Robert Upson wanted at that moment in time was conversation.

Fortunately, the man proved to be as quiet as he had hoped and he found himself able to eat his food in a silence that allowed him, once again, to consider his options.

A consideration that almost made him long for conversation.

Almost.

For the umpteenth time since his wife had forced him into his current situation – though it had not occurred to him to consider it for a moment before that - it struck him that the line between security and affluence was a decidedly thin one. Not a month before, he had been a handsome and well-dressed man running his own company and driving a new soft-top Audi. Golf, his sporting love, was played three-to-four times a week with business associates who could not be said to be friends but were at least, and as indicated, *associates* and, when he returned to his beautiful home it was to a wife who, though not beautiful and his past infidelities aside, remained as erotic and desirable to him as she had on the day of their first meeting.

What puzzled him though, was why she *still* did.

How could he – how could any man – continue to have feelings of a sexual nature for a woman expected from him?

Asking – no, demanding – it and then having the nerve to actually tell him she loved him still!

Albeit, she had told him, in a different way from previously.

Too fucking right it was different!

Tired of asking himself the same question and again unable to prevent what was becoming a wearisome piece of self-interrogation, he asked where it could possibly have come from? This desire for a relationship based on what he could hardly help seeing as right up there with the sickest and depraved of those he had heard of apart from child sex and bestiality? What had triggered it in her?

Apart from having asked him to go down on her on a number of occasions and having sulked a little when he told her it just wasn't his thing, this before giving up trying to persuade him completely, she had seemed as everyday and vanilla in her sexual preferences as him – even if she did consent to take him in her mouth despite his refusal to do the same for her.

Now this!

Suddenly, with a fork carrying minced beef and carrot to his waiting mouth, his hand stopped its upward journey.

Self-recrimination for having cheated on Gilly in the past and his recall of past adventures with women other than his wife in climes of a more northern location triggered other thoughts.

Other… *possibilities*.

He had, of course, always convinced himself she hadn't known of his indiscretions.

How could she have?

All of them had taken place in hotels in the North of England where his company had found the bulk of its business and it wasn't as if he had a secretary with him to relay his unfaithfulness back to Gilly.

And there was *no* way he would even have considered having the little Indian bitch his wife had just moved into his office and position as head of the company tag along with him.

But what if, recently, she had managed to find out somehow?

What if she wanted to pay him back for his faithlessness?

What if…?

A whole host of thoughts swirled in his head as what would normally have seemed a less than promising basis – a wife's discovery of her husband's trysts with other women – upon which to revive a relationship proved curiously uplifting to his dejected spirit.

Despite the innate eroticism she displayed without appearing to know she did so, the same *"eroticism'* he had seen other men respond to so often and attention that had caused friction between Gilly's friends and their husbands on a couple of occasions, he was as certain as he could be that she had not returned his compliment that was not a compliment and cheated on him with

another man.

Ergo:

Would it not be only natural that, if she had discovered his northern based unfaithfulness, that she would want a little revenge?

And what better way to take that revenge by doing to him as he hadn't done to her and had done to someone else?

Fork still poised, he found himself instantly, and inconceivably, hopeful.

Was that what it was all about?

Retribution for his past indiscretions she had somehow discovered?

If it was, it put her recent behaviour into complete perspective.

And, in the so doing, extended him some much needed hope that things between them would return to normal once she extracted what she saw as the necessary pound-of-flesh.

It was this thought, as he placed the minced beef and carrots into his mouth and realised one more night with the Salvation Army might not be necessary, that would, more than any other, ensure his downfall.

The cuckold's collar was waiting.

And into it Robert Upson was about to willingly place his neck.

# Gilly & Nirupa

Nirupa was falling in love with Gilly and the housewife knew it. Her young Indian employee adored nothing more than hearing the older woman beg her to lower her head to her shaven slit and eat her. To Nirupa there was nothing quite so exquisite as hearing an older white-woman who, to all intents and purposes, was an authority figure plead with her to supply oral release; games of dominance and control they had played, however, that had soon fizzled out when Gilly had told her Nirupa role reversal wasn't cutting it for her anymore and it was the thought of exercising control of her own that really got her juices flowing.

For Nirupa, this was worrying.

Especially as her tastes wen the same way.

"That is not good is it?" she had offered in her precise and heavily accented Anglo-Indian, English vocabulary far more impressive than her articulation of it. "I was brought up to believe that the best relationships and, therefore, the best sex, is a direct result of ying and yang."

"And we both like to be the dominant partner," Gilly added.

"But… I thought…"

"Nirupa," the housewife had cut in assertively, "I'm very fond of you and I adore what you can do with your tongue, but playing the slave to your mistress has run its course for me."

They were sat opposite each other in what had once been Robert Upson's front-room and would not, in any real sense, be again, Gilly on the sofa, casual in jeans, tee-shirt and open toed sandals while the girl from

Ahmedabad, having just arrived from the office, was in a chair opposite in her usual working attire of white shirt, black skirt with low, spike-heeled black courts, the somewhat heavy fabric of the shirt doing nothing to conceal the magnificent breasts that seemed so out of place on such a slender girl.

The face above those breasts was crestfallen – not to mention concerned for her livelihood. If the English woman no longer wanted her in her bed would she still want her in her company? Small wonder her concerns were transparent.

“I know what you’re thinking,” Gilly told her, “and you’re wrong. I’m absolutely delighted with the job you’re doing for me. You’ve repaid the faith I showed in you by proving yourself far more able than my husband. And I also noticed when I visited the office that the rest of the staff seem happier working for you than they ever did for him.”

Nirupa could not conceal her delight at the compliment to her people skills, despite her disappointment that she was about to lose the older woman employing her as a lover.

“He always acted in such a superior way around them,” she nodded. “Around me also. Just so that they would never forget he was the boss.”

Now her head was shaking, the movement setting in train a certain degree of oscillation at her magnificent chest, her expression frankly dismissive as she added:

“I am not so insecure that I need to behave in such a fashion in order to get the best from people and maintain discipline.”

Gilly smiled, in truth she had feelings for Nirupa of her own, if not as strongly held, and had reached the conclusion during their short time together that, apart from one crucial and artificially remedied difference, she was certainly more manly than *‘Robbie’*.

Nirupa was, in fact, a tiger between the sheets, belying that slender body – if not her wondrous tits. So unlike her husband, Gilly thought, who, though he

went through the motions of acting the dominant male spouse in his preferred and deadly dull missionary position, had neither the force of character nor the staying power to be effective in such a role. A part of his psychological make-up that, given what she now realised had always been her own latent need for control, that had not bothered her over much - even if she had not been lying to him when she had told him he had *never* satisfied her.

Now, though, she wanted it all: an obedient and attentive cuckold servant at home and a succession of well-endowed lovers outside of it capable of mastering her – if only temporarily; and very temporarily at that.

But where did that leave Nirupa?

As before, Gilly was reading the girl's thoughts, aware of the feelings she had developed for the employer with whom she had been acting out the role of youthful sub-continent dominatrix over the last few weeks.

"Your situation at the company does not change," Nirupa. "I can tell you're thinking along those lines. As I said: I'm delighted with the job you're doing and can't wait to ram it down my husband's throat when he finally swallows his pride and begs to come home."

Being fully apprised by now of Gilly's plans for her husband and, after the initial shock of hearing them, captivated by the possibility her former boss would be taking on a more… *servile*… position in the home of his wife, a home he had once considered his alone by dint of his efforts at the company from which that same wife had decided to exclude him, the young Indian girl's chest heaved with the same aroused anticipation any mention of his coming fall induced.

"I know how much the prospect of seeing him in such… reduced circumstances… appeals to you, Nirupa, and I assure you that once I'm convinced of his…"

She searched for the right word, search not helped by the usual reaction from her netheregions whenever she thought or spoke about the intentions she had

for her husband.

“Compliance?” Nirupa offered.

Gilly nodded, adding:

“That and utter, total and unconditional, obedience.”

The tongue moistening the Indian girl’s lips was yet more evidence of the growing investment her fantasies were making in the situation Gilly was in the process of engineering – even if the slightly trouble look on the face above it resemble that to be seen on Gilly’s face on numerous occasions since she had set the ball in motion.

“I know that look,” Gilly laughed, having decided to have taken Stella’s advice of the day before on board and stay upbeat in the face of her husband’s longer than anticipated capitulation.

“Which look?”

Gilly shook her head and tutted at the girl’s ineffectual attempt at evasion.

“The look that is even more obvious than the pleasure you take from imagining my husband as he is honoured by being allowed to give a guest, and the feet that are tired from a stressful but productive day at the office, a massage the way an obedient cuckold husband should.”

Nirupa’s breath caught in her throat. *That*, and any number of other images, all of them equally demeaning to the older man who had once been her boss, were suggesting themselves to her dreams with more regularity these days. Though how Gilly had divined as much she could not say.

“You’re asking yourself how I can be so sure he’ll give in to my demands,” Gilly said, matter-of-factly.

“It is hard, I must confess, to imagine that any man with at least a gram of self-respect and masculinity would, Gilly,” Nirupa could do no more than

admit. “Please, I do not wish to be pessimistic or do anything to make you feel less optimism for his return, but…”

“Go on,” Gilly urged when the girl hesitated, having a pretty good idea of from whence her concerns stemmed anyway.

Sure enough:

“It has been a month now, Gilly.”

Having been prepared for the reminder, Gilly nodded.

“Well, it will be tomorrow,” she agreed, doing her best to remain upbeat, even if it was increasingly hard for her to keep her worries from surfacing and taking over completely. “A lot can happen in a day though.”

“And will you be disappointed if he does not prove to be as weak as you say he is?” Nirupa asked, knowing the answer even as she framed what she immediately told herself was a stupid question and applying a mental scold to her thought processes.

“Disappointed would go nowhere near to describing my desolation,” Gilly told her, features suddenly tight with emotion. “And *‘desolation’* goes nowhere near to approaching hyperbole, if that’s what you’re thinking.”

Nirupa had not.

“In fact,” the housewife and company owner who just happened to be a domme and a cuckoldress in waiting went on, “I’m not sure the word that could be described as hyperbole has been devised yet… in *any* language.”

Despite her own arousal, which was still evident, the young girl managed to look puzzled also:

“I am not sure I understand, Gilly.”

“That’s not the impression I’m getting,” the older woman scoffed. “If the

way your tongue keeps wetting your lips and the way you keep squeezing your legs together so tightly are anything to go by I'd say you understand why I want to do this to my husband very well."

"No, Gilly," the girl protested." You misunderstand. Treating your husband like the animal I know him to be at heart excites me almost as much as you. To see you take your rightful place as the authority figure in his life and, if I am fortunate enough that you allow me to witness you exercise it, is becoming something of an obsession with me also."

Now it was Gilly's turn to be puzzled:

"Then what is it you don't understand?"

Nirupa spread her arms wide, genuinely, it seemed, baffled:

"Only that it could have taken you so long to realise these… *feelings*."

Gilly mouthed a silent *"Oh!"*.

"You have told me on many separate occasions over these past few," her look became coquettish – well, as close to coquettish as a face of such sharp angularity could look, "*delightful* weeks, of how boring and predictable you have found the bedroom performances of your, admittedly handsome, husband. Can it really be that it is only in the last few months or so that desires of such a kind for him on your behalf have taken root?"
Gilly shook her head and giggled to herself. The young girl really was an anachronism from an earlier period. Her serious outlook on life and the somewhat prosaic and Anglo-Victorian quality of her speech giving no clue as to the sensuous, sexually curious and, indeed, perverted being existing beneath the shadows cast by demeanour and utterance.

"You really are a strange little morsel, Nirupa," she said, still giggling.

Nirupa waited, not sure if this was a good development or if she should be worried – despite the *"giggling"* she saw as at least affectionate.

“You dress act and speak like a founding matron of the Salvation Army and fuck like a Houri on speed.”

It was not an observation in respect of her the young Indian woman was unused to hearing; even if the phrase ending it was a new one on her.

“The fact I am a young woman does not prevent me from enjoying correctness of behaviour and a certain… *discipline*,” the girl responded, something in her expression telling the older woman she had not found the description displeasing.

Gilly laughed:

“Discipline that is applied to others, of course?”

Severe and angular young features contorted as Nirupa snorted, distinctly unimpressed by such a prospect.

“There are those who are in need of it and those who are not. It is, or should be, the responsibility of those in receipt of the gift to apply it to those in whom it is most lacking.”

“In heaven’s name, Nirupa!” Gilly laughed, “What Victorian pot-boiler did you learn your English from anyway? You sound like a Baptist accountant.”

“If I knew what a *‘pot-boiler’* was I might be able to answer you,” the girl told her, effecting mock indignation, knowing that between the serious, clipped and precise, English of the former sepoy grandfather who had taught her and the works of the Bronte’s and Trollope he had given her to read, she was very much on the right track.

“Anyhow,” Gilly resumed, “to get back to where we were when we took this delightful little diversion, you need have no worries on the score of it affecting us too much.”

The girl, Gilly noted, looked relieved but also a little concerned by the *‘too much’*.

“We will remain friends-with-benefits,” she went on, “but…”

“But…?” prompted an anxious Nirupa.

“But I’m afraid the little game of young Indian mistress and submissive English housewife has run its course.”

The girl’s face fell but resignation was also present, as if she had known such a thing would come to pass all along.

“It was exciting while it lasted and I enjoyed giving up… *control*,” Gilly explained. “And, if it had done only this one thing, it at least proved to me that it was control and not a lack of it that worked my juices best.”

Nirupa’s smile was fatalistic:

“I did tell myself it would be so eventually,” she said. “All the more so when you explained what you intended for Mr Upson when…”

“*‘Robbie’,*” Gilly corrected her, going on when she received a mild look of incomprehension, the girl up to now having not been apprised of the new form of address for her one-time boss. “I have decided – under advice – that his new status should come with a new and less… *manly*… name. *‘Robbie’* has just the right sound for the husband who, though he will remain a man, of sorts, will to all effects and purposes be ruled by me as if he were a child.”

Allowing a few beats of time to pass, she added:

“A very *useful* child.”

Again, the housewife paused, this time staring at the girl as if expecting an acknowledgement of some kind.

Sensing this, though unsure as to quite why she needed her to do so, Nirupa nodded.

Content that the girl was on the same page, at least in respect of her husband's new domestic appellation, Gilly proceeded to address her lover's uncertainties on the subject:

"When you visit the house in future," Gilly continued, "I would prefer it if you addressed him that way." She smiled. "That is why I need to make sure you understand how important it is to address him in such a way."

Smile turned to a laugh:

"We wouldn't want him thinking he was a man and trying to revert to his old ways, after all, would we?"

A rush of adrenalin, prompted by pure excitement, had the Indian girl's eyes widening, brown orbs even shinier and more compelling than usual. A rush *not* prompted by the prospect of addressing her former employer in such a familiar and childish way – though that was appealing enough; but by the knowledge that not only was she to be invited to the house in future but that she was to be invited when *he* was also present in it.
"I… I won't let you down," Gilly, she answered, breath that was suddenly hard to come by ensuring her words came out less than seamlessly and gave away – were it in need of being given away – her enthusiasm for such a prospect and the anticipation it triggered. "But…?" she began.

"But, what?" Gilly prompted as the girl faltered.

"What I mean to say is," Nirupa tried again, "is that… that…?"

Amused by the recognition in another of the excitement she herself felt in the anticipation of her husband's coming demotion as her lover again failed to finish her thought process, Gilly could only smile and put the girl out of her misery:

"Yes, Nirupa?"

"Yes?" the girl repeated. "But you do not know what I am about to…"

“I can sing *‘Onward Christian Soldiers’* without having to open a hymn book to read the words,” Gilly laughed.

“You are saying I am an open book?” Nirupa half-stated, half-asked, suddenly miffed, in the way most people of her age with an ego requiring they see themselves as complex and different are miffed under such circumstances, not enjoying being on the wrong end of what she saw as a patronising attitude from the older woman.

“Now you’re annoyed,” that older woman told her, observation provoking more of the same if the clouds gathering about the prominent cheeks and angular features of the girl spoke truly.

“I am not fond of being spoken down to,” Nirupa told her employer and lover, not willing to be patronised by anyone – even if they offered something she truly desired.

A true desire, Gilly was about to touch upon; but not until she had supplied the girl a little... *wisdom*:

“You’re young, Nirupa, and it’s time you learned to differentiate between being patronised and being teased in an affectionate way. The one, I agree, is nearly always annoying; while the other is almost always intended as no more than a little fun.”

“And what if one does not enjoy either?” the girl replied with a sullenness that suddenly annoyed the older woman.

“Then it’s high-time *‘one’* learned,” Gilly snapped, adding ominously: “especially when one has so much to lose.”

She had meant this as no more than a simple reminder that she could be less amenable to having Nirupa at the house if she thought the girl was about to take offence at even the most mild of banter; but realised from the girl’s crestfallen expression that she had taken her words as a threat to have her removed from the company.

“And,” Gilly added quickly, “I’m not talking about you running my company.”

Unable to help herself, a look of massive relief softened the Indian girl’s features – well, as much as they could be softened.

“I’ve already told you how happy and impressed I’ve been since you took over from Robert, so…”

“*Robbie*,” the girl reminded her with a smile, as if determined to let her older lover know she could banter and tease too.

“Yes, *‘Robbie’*. Thank you,” said Gilly, correcting herself with a self-deprecating smile before going on. “Anyhow, you should know that whatever happens between us on a personal level, you’re position is safe so long as I continue to be pleased with you. I want you to be sure of this.

“Also,” she continued, I only meant to say that you are an open-book to me in so far as my husband is concerned. The desire you have to see him become my obedient cuckold, and the excitement you feel at the prospect of not only witnessing this but being able to play a part of some kind, is as obvious as my own. So, when I tell you that I intend to involve you in his humiliation and not only that but give you some control of your own over him, you can be sure of this too. ”

Nirupa nodded, suddenly feeling a great sense of gratitude and, yes, loyalty towards this woman who had, without overstating, turned her life around. From being a pretty unacknowledged assistant to the man running it, she had now taken his place and was receiving a commensurate salary far in advance of the one the man himself had paid her. Already she had swapped her shared room at the house of an Indian family from Hyderabad in Elmer’s End for a new build and two-bedroom apartment in Croydon and was, already, putting together a deposit that she might be in a position to purchase a property she would eventually own.

And she owed all of this, and more, to the woman opposite.

“Gilly, I wish you to know also that I am indebted to you for your faith in me and the chance you have given me. I would still be making his coffee and filling his diary for the pittance he paid me. Now I have a rented flat in which to live instead of a shared room own and will soon be in a position to place a deposit to secure a mortgage on a property of my own. None of this would have been possible without you.”

Despite the obvious truth of them, Gilly found herself much touched by the girl’s words, earlier irritation forgotten at the sincerity of the girl’s gratitude.

“Oooh, come and give me a cuddle you,” she demanded.

After Nirupa joined her on the sofa, the *“cuddle’* that followed was all about reciprocal fondness rather than anything sexual but, as the intent to do or show one thing leads into something quite different, the women, one a housewife the other a girl, soon found their lips meeting and the temperature rising as reciprocal fondness turned into a mutual and animal lust for what the other offered.
Within seconds, the frenzy of their sudden need had seen their clothes shed and each exploring the other’s body before, without either words or any signs between them, they gravitated into the soixante-neuf position and eager lips of European and sub-continent provenance found first the inner thighs and then the waiting and hairless labia’s of the other.

Gilly felt the young girl’s lips teasing at her clit and making delicate little rings around it with her tongue and returned the compliment by hoovering the girl’s own clit into her mouth in a vacuuming process.

Different approaches to the same task that had the same result.

Frenzy.

Which was when, just as Gilly hardened her tongue and plunged it into her employees moist and earthy interior, the front-room telephone chirruped into life and the head of each rose, surprised by the alien noise, from their oral preoccupation.

It took three rings for the ansaphone to kick in:

*"Hello. Gilly is unable to take your call at the moment, but if you leave a message after the tone she will get back to you."*

For a few moments after the tone there was silence, the two women, with Gilly atop and Nirupa with her back to the carpet, waiting for the interruption to be over that they might resume.

Then:

*"Gilly…? It's me. Please pick up if you're there…"*

With Nirupa's hot breath still on her pussy lips, Gilly tensed at the sound of her husband's voice – a beaten sounding voice - and triggered a similar reaction from her lover.

The voice of her husband… *'Robbie'* sounded small and pitiful. Desperate, in fact and just as she had imagined hearing it throughout the interminable month since their last meeting at the Croydon coffee-shop when she had taken the Audi from him.

But, she asked herself, did it mean…?

*"Gilly…?"*

The voice was as small as Gilly had ever heard it. Beaten. Her hopes soared.

*"I… I can't go on like this… I…"*

Was that a sob she thought she heard him cutting off?

Breath refused to either enter or leave her lungs as she waited for him to recover and speak again, the knowledge he might be on the verge of capitulating temporarily making the need for oxygen superfluous.

And then:

*“You… You’ve won. Okay? I… I can’t live like this. I’ll… I’ll do what you want… You’re obviously not at home now but I… Look, I hardly have any credit left on my phone and I don’t have enough to… I’ll call again later, but… please, pick-up.”*

For a second, Gilly was tempted to rush to the phone and pick-up then but even as she thought about it he ended the call and inadvertently forestalled her intention.

It did not, however, have any diminishing effect on the sense of pure and undiluted triumph coursing through veins that appeared to be on fire.

She had, after all, taken him on and won.

Fair enough, she thought, it might be only the first of many rounds to come but it had, undeniably, been one of the most important.

And *she* had been the one who had come out on top.

A position she fully intended to occupy in regard of him from now on.

Which was when she came back to earth and realised her husband was not the only person of whom she was on top and the hot breath against her pussy was proof of it.

“It’s started, Nirupa. The way I told you it would. Did you hear how desperate he sounded?”

“The bastard sounded like a beaten child,” Nirupa agreed from beneath her, another layer of excitement adding itself to that already put in place by encounter the call had interrupted.

“Not yet he isn’t,” Gilly corrected her, placing a kiss on the smooth brown skin of her inner thigh before adding: “But he soon will be.”

It was obviously a prospect that found favour with the Indian girl and the lips

planting kisses of her own on the housewife's buttocks underlined the fact.

"Yes," that housewife acknowledged. "Exciting times are ahead, Nirupa."

Then, as the kisses upon her buttocks quickened and intensified:

"And I would like them to start by feeling your wonderful Indian tongue on my juicy English pussy."

Not two seconds later, that was exactly what she did feel.

## Gilly & *'Robbie'*

Stella's words rang in her ears as she sat opposite her husband in the seat and front-room he had once taken for granted and to which now he so desperately wished to return – even under the conditions Gilly attached to that return. He looked grubby and dishevelled and she felt a little – only a *"little"* – mean for the pleasure it gave her to see him in such a way and to know she was responsible.

"Be extremely careful not to rub his nose in his capitulation at this point," Stella had told her, the thrilled to bursting point housewife having called her immediately after allowing Nirupa to put the seal on her husband's admission of defeat - and the beginnings of an even greater triumph - with her tongue; the phone in her hand almost before the front-door had closed on young Indian lover. "He has just taken the biggest of the steps required for you to gain total control of him and he will be hoping at this point that the lifestyle you want to adopt will not be as bad as has pictured it.

"Nothing like a spell of homelessness, not to mention hopelessness, to make a man more… *rational*," she finished.

"He sounded absolutely demoralised on the ansaphone," Gilly had agreed.

"Understandable really, I suppose," said Stella with a sympathetic tone that was not, Gilly knew, vast in scope. "Must be pretty depressing for a man of his age to find himself homeless, jobless and penniless."

“Yes,” Gilly concurred once again, “it must be a terrible feeling.”

She paused for a moment before adding:

“For him.”

Anyone listening to the two women’s carefree and self-satisfied laughter would have taken them for two well-heeled housefrau’s making fun of neighbour’s taste in soft furnishings.

That they were celebrating the first and most important surrender of the younger wife’s husband that would eventually see his pride and self-respect as a man destroyed at the hands of the woman he loved and he had thought loved him would simply not have occurred to the casual eavesdropper.

“Remember, Gilly, slowly but firmly. He is already – how could he not? – coming to realise the power you have to either make his life comfortable or a living hell of handouts and welfare, but you still need to exercise it with care.”

“Hmmm,” Gilly had grudgingly assented, patience having never been one of her virtues and the amount she had displayed thus far coming as something of a surprise to her; though she knew Stella’s guidance had played a large part in helping her do so.

The older and more experienced wife and cuckoldress had instantly picked up on her protégé’s small discontent:
“Trust me,” said Stella, uttering the two words the younger woman had most come to associate with her since their initial contact had blossomed into friendship, “watching him as he gradually succumbs to your authority and begins to things he – and you – would never have believed him capable will give you pleasure you can only imagine. But, at this stage, he has to be led and *not* driven, I know how much you have invested in his return and his taking up the role you wish for him, so I can only hope you understand this Gilly.”

“Yes. Of course I do, Stella. Take no notice of me if I seem irritable or ungrateful, it’s just that I want him under me so badly I can almost smell his submission.”

“Then trust me on this,” her mentor offered. “You are almost there. And, as I’ve already mentioned, there are considerable pleasures to be had from watching him gradually succumb to your new… *power*.”

A sigh that was more pleasure than frustration escaped Gilly’s lips to travel the line now.

“Put like that, the wait doesn’t seem so bad,” she agreed. “Besides, and to coin a cliché, nothing worth having comes easily, heh?”

“Exactly. Platitudes are only platitudes because of the truth contained within them. We seldom value that which has been won at no cost to us.”

Stella laughed:

“Though, in this case, the only cost I can see is the one being met by your patience levels – or lack of.”

To her credit, Gilly laughed along with her mentor and the well-meaning and mild criticism.

Her mentor was already in serious mode once again:

“He will attempt to bargain, of course,” she assured her protégé, having done the same on a number of occasions now but not willing to leave anything to chance. They *all* do. He will tell you how he knows he hasn’t been attentive enough in the past and that he will be from now on if you just let him prove it. You need, he will tell you, and appear genuine as he does so, to experience your own independence and he will go on to say he is willing to accept that. Then he’ll ask if really have to do so in a way that is so demeaning to someone you say you love.”

There was short silence before Stella finished:

“But you know all this already.”

“Considering as how you haven’t stopped mentioning it, I would say so,” Gilly agreed in a lighthearted voice.

“Well, something I haven’t mentioned is giving him some space and – *limited* – independence of his own when you feel he’s earned it.”

“I don’t like the sound of that.”

Again the older woman laughed at her protégé.

“Believe me,” she went on, “it is a delightfully cruel way of both motivating and punishing him at one and the same time; especially as he will remain unaware of the intended punishment element – though you shouldn’t set it in motion until you have his cock securely under lock and key.”

“I’m not with you.”

“Think about it, my dear. By telling him that if he has been respectful enough and if you are pleased with his efforts about the house and, more importantly, with his head between your legs, you will allow him a night out at the pub or maybe – if he has been exceptionally… *servile*, that is – a game of golf, you not only motivate him but add another mild form of torture to his day-to-day.”

Gilly was still lost and there was a long pause as she considered this until, finally:

“I’m trying to work out how allowing him to do something he likes to do could possibly be a torture to him.”

Now the sigh coming down the line belonged to Stella:

“Gilly, he will be doing something he was once free to do and can only do now with *your* permission and *your* money.”

“Yes. I’m aware of that.”

“So,” Stella went on, a little impatient herself now, “though he will take *some* enjoyment from the experience, it will soon occur to him that he can only do it if you feel his behaviour merits it. Ying and Yang, my dear. He will wish to continue enjoying these hard-earned pleasures, but he will also hate the fact they are dependent upon the level of respect and servility he now has to show you to earn them.”

At the other end of the line, Gilly smiled to herself, the sun finally beginning to rise.

“Not only that, but, if he comes into contact with former associates at either golf course or club – associates whose equipment, shall we say, remains at their own disposal – it will only serve to highlight to him that he can hardly consider himself a real man in any sense. The menial position he occupies in your life will underline this and will add still more torture. Torture that will detract from these small pleasures you allow him without eradicating them completely.”

“Stella, you are as wise as you are devious and I really don’t know where I would be without you?” Gilly gave due praise. “I feel as if I’m Grasshopper to your… your…”

“The blind master from Kung Fu with the bug-eyes, I think you mean,” Stella laughed. “I can’t remember his name either – though I like to kid myself I’m a little more attractive.”

Again, both women had laughed.

On this note, the phone call had ended, as most of their chats with each other ended, with laughter and much mutual affection and, now, with her mentor’s advice to the fore, Gilly instigated a somewhat muted opening salvo in her assault on her husband’s dignity and self-esteem.

His very freedom goes without saying.

“You look a mess, Robbie,” she told him, starting with his new name in the way she intended to carry on the use.

Robert *“Robbie”* Upson cradled the hot mug of tea in his hands and searched her face for signs of the hoped for sympathy he hoped his condition would trigger in the woman with whom he had shared his life these past fifteen years.

Her unblinking eyes and fixed expression came across to him as dispassionate and yet more raised hopes withered on the vine. Though she could see he was grateful to be back. This after she had taken his second call the previous evening and considered him ripe enough to be allowed an audience the following day.

“Still, at least you finally had the good sense to swallow your stupid pride and finally come home,” she added.

“Home to what, though?” he asked, unable to prevent his natural bitterness towards her from surfacing.

It did not remain surfaced.

“I hope that’s not *attitude* I detect?” she asked warningly, the eyes in whose warm embrace he had once swam cold enough and inflexible now to actually instil fear in him.

Fear of his own wife!

“For God’s sakes, Gilly!” he began, looking near to tears so great was the outrage that was, just the same, no match at all for the levels of his desperation. “I’ve been sleeping in Salvation Army Hostels with down and outs and dependent on food kitchens this last month. How can you expect me not to have an *‘attitude’*?”

Deciding not to answer, Gilly simply fixed him with a look and remained silent, delighted when he couldn’t match either her stare or her strength of

will and averted his eyes; covering his retreat by sipping at the tea she had made him – the last she ever would.

"Well," she began when she considered him suitably cowed, reminding herself of Stella's injunction to go slowly but firmly with him, "for someone who wants me to take him back you haven't made the best of starts, have you Robbie?"

His eyes came up at the childish diminutive and for the first time she got the sense he was genuinely pleading with her:

"Do you have to call me… *that*… Gilly?" he asked. "It… It makes me sound like an infant, not your husband."

She was on it in a flash:

"But you're not my husband anymore, are you?"

"But…?"

"And if you are, it's only on paper," she spoke over him. "Which is a small matter that can easily be remedied if you wish?"

"You…? You'd divorce me?" he asked aghast, as if the prospect of her doing so had only just occurred to him.

She clicked her fingers.

"Like that," she told him. "I told you before that this is not a game I'm playing with you and if you want to have any kind of a life with me you'll do so from now on under my terms. It is, I've come to see, the best way forward for our relationship if I take control of both it and you from now on."

A great wave of desperation and tiredness seemed to wash over him then and his shoulders slumped, unable to find words to refute her, let alone of a kind that would make a dent in her new and self-assured certainty where he was concerned.

“Face it, Robbie, you’ve spent years acting the alpha-male when all along you’ve been nothing but a beta. Just because I *am* an alpha-woman and have recognised your status and the best use to be made of it does not mean I haven’t any feelings for you still, feelings of love even.”

“You love me but you want to see other men and… and… *humiliate*… me?” he offered, finding a voice that was weak and beaten.

She was now gathering the short hair at the nape of her neck to twirl it around her finger and, dressed as she was in another severely cut black two-piece costume of shirt and jacket, knew he was feeling a little cowed by her new businesswoman type look. Supremely self-assured and altogether in control. As she kept her eyes fixed upon his, features inexpressive, she realised she was making him more and more uneasy and, from the advanced starting position he was already in upon entering, this was very pleasing.

“I won’t lie, Robbie,” she told him. “The humiliation you will feel for knowing you’re no longer the man of the house and are dependent upon your young wife for… well… *everything*… makes me feel very horny for some reason.”

His cheeks reddened and she could see his anger beneath his dishevelled appearance, but still he remained in place.

Inaction on his part that emboldened her further:

“Remember how jealous you used to get when you saw some powerful man flirting with me? You’ve even had stand-up fights over me and, for what it’s worth I know you’re no physical coward. But the anger spurred by your sexual inadequacy…”

“Sexual inadequacy?” he blurted out, something that *almost* resembled his former spirit surfacing.

The look she fixed him with was not one a husband should ever receive from the woman he had married and, amazed to do so, he felt so fazed he

immediately fell silent, hardly recognising the woman with whom he had spent the last fifteen years sharing a bed.

“That’s what I said,” she told him when she was certain she had his full attention. “And do *not* interrupt me again unless you have a hankering for Sally Army hospitality.”

Sick at heart, he averted his eyes once again and swallowed the humiliation she was serving him.

“As I was saying,” she went on, feeling more empowered by the second and finding it harder and harder to adhere to Stella’s advice; especially as he was proving so… *easy*; “the anger spurred by your sexual inadequacy may have been understandable, even admirable on a level, but it did not and could not make you an alpha. And do know something else?”

She waited for his eyes to find hers.

“I could tell at those times that, though you were angry, you were also excited, that you felt stirred by the possibility I might actually be unfaithful to you? I bet you’ve even wanked your little dicklet to the idea?”

“That’s not true!” he cried. “The thought of you with another man’s never done anything for me and never will.”

“Really? Well that’s a shame. Because if I decide to take you back it’s something you’ll have to get used to.”

His face, if such a further descent was possible, fell further south.

“You…? You’re serious about…? About…?”

“Fucking other men with larger cocks than yours?” She nodded. “And let’s face it, I shouldn’t have much trouble finding them.”

She shook her head as if amazed he could even have asked.

“What on earth makes you think I wouldn’t be serious?”

“Please, Gilly,” he began and, forewarned by her earlier discussion with Stella, she knew what was coming. “Let’s start over. I’ve taken you for granted, I know, but I’ll try harder. I can be the lover you want if you’ll just give me a…”

“Have you spent the last month on the street deluding yourself into thinking this is all some practical joke on my part, Robbie?” she cut him off, allowing a degree of heat into her voice and bearing.

He couldn’t answer and she knew that, though he obviously didn’t believe it was a joke of some kind, he had believed she wasn’t totally serious about seeing other men.

Stella’s advice or not, she decided, knowing the man she had married better than her friend and mentor, it was high time she left in in no doubt that she was.

“I want cock, Robbie. *Real* cock. Not that facsimile of one you’ve been pushing into me in the same boring and ineffectual way since we first met.”

The pain written across his face, she told herself, looked almost physical.

The power she felt for knowing she was the one who had put it there felt incredible.

“Oooh, don’t look so sad, sweetie. It’s not going to be all bad for you. You’re going to be taught how to please your masterful young wife in other ways from now on that will have nothing to do with that little shrimp between your legs.”

Was that a tear she had spotted running down his cheek?

Looking closer before he averted his eyes, shamefaced, she decided that it was and her empowerment levels went off the scale; the whole experience, even at this still early stage, was exactly as Stella and Estelle had assured her

it would be and if she felt so... *alive*… already she could only imagine how she wold feel further down the line.

She gloried in his misery for a few seconds then decided to apply some of Stella's softly, softly – or what passed for it in her case – to the abject man opposite her.

"I don't intend to rub your nose in it by fucking them here, Robbie," she told him. "In fact, you have my solemn promise that none of the men who I choose to fuck me in future will ever see the inside of this house. I've never lied to you and I will not start now, so you know I mean what I say."

He didn't respond to this small bone she had thrown him and she found herself growing annoyed with him and her attitude hardening:
Not to mention her voice.

"But they will be fucking me and you, to put it bluntly, so you won't be under any illusions, will not."

So much for *"softly, softly,"* she chided herself as those beaten eyes again found hers and she realised how anguished they looked; and even more so when she added, and with great finality:

"Ever."

She let this sink in to him and then decided to plough on:

"It won't happen here but it will happen elsewhere and you're just going to have to get used to imagine me naked somewhere as I sit astride some muscular stud and swivel upon the long, thick, penis he has thrust up inside me, slowly rotating my pelvis so I can feel how he fills me in ways you never could and never will, reveling in the unfamiliarity of a man capable of satisfying me after the pathetic sex I've come to expect from you."

He was looking down at the carpet now and she was sure he was shaking, so disturbed did she have him.

But still he didn’t move and a suspicion that a part of him, for all his protests and, perhaps, independently of his conscious will, was reacting in a way resembling the positive.

Acting on her suspicion she pushed forward:

“Imagine this powerful man with the huge cock, Robbie, as he thrusts himself in deep again and again and again, capturing my hips with his strong hands and lifting me up and then placing me down on that magnificent tool, plunging it in deeper with every stroke with a commanding forcefulness that deprives me of not only my breath but my senses. My only thought is the pistoning of his manhood in my cunt and even the thought of you waiting obediently at home while he does it is lost to the moment. But then, love you as I do in my own special way, he's superior to you in every sense.”

“P-Please, Gilly,” he began, unable to meet her eyes, voice a pitiful replication of the voice she was used to hear coming from him, “no more. I… I can’t bear it.”

It was, Gilly realised with a rush, the first time he had truly begged her for anything and she knew it was but the plea of many she would be hearing from his lips in the time they would have together from now on.

Sensing she had him whipped to a point where he felt unable to fight her, she knew it was time to show him some affection; remembering from her days as a child how she would refuse to cry when scolded or punished, until that is an adult would show her compassion and warmth.

Rising and moving across to perch on the arm of his chair, she placed a hand around his shoulder and pulled his unresisting head into her bosom, rewarded for her largesse towards the man she was taking to bits and upon whom she could smell the damp and mildew scent of the streets by a heaving of his own shoulders and a muffled sob.

“That’s it, sweetie,” she cooed. “Just let it all out. Show me who you are now. No more pretending to be something you’re not. No need to act like a

strong dominant man anymore when you have a strong dominant wife who can do the job so much better."

Incredibly, to her surprise and satisfaction, having expected at least some small reaction to words she had used to belittle as well as weaken, he nuzzled his head into her breasts and she swore she heard a sob bubble up into his throat.

Suddenly, holding his head to her breast with one hand and reaching down with the other, her hand placed itself over the fly of his trousers and realising her intention he tried to remove her hand with his own.

Too late.

As she expected, voluntary or not, he was hard.

Resisting his attempt to remove it, she ran her hand the, in truth, average length of his aroused cock and then gave it a squeeze between her fingers that elicited a gasp of lust to accompany her husbands muffled sobs and the shame inspiring them.

"Robbie," she said, trying hard not to be *too* condescending; knowing this was the time to consolidate the progress she had made rather than take his pride past the tipping point. "You're as hard as I've ever known you."

"I… I…" he tried to protest as the hand investigating his reaction supplied a familiarity that had been lacking for the last few months and deprived him of the ability to think with any real cogency – not that he had been capable of much of that recently anyhow.

Without releasing her grip on his cock she took a handful of his hair in her free hand and gently turned his gratifyingly tear-stained cheeks towards her before kissing him softly on the lips for what she had already decided would be the last time. From now on, she told herself, in accordance with Stella's advice - this as eyes that were made suddenly hopeful again by her show of affection came up to meet her own - the only kisses he would be allowed would be below her waist while he received none in return.

But this was for later.

“It’s alright, sweetie," she said in a voice full of re-assurance and *motherly* authority. “There’s no shame in wanting the wife you love to be happy – even if you’re not capable of making her happy in the way she desires.”

“But…?”
“No, buts,” she came in, keeping up her insidiously slow and deliberate stroking of his hardened cock. “This is how it has to be from now on. I lead and you follow – *wherever* I tell you to go. I know how humiliating you’re going to find it and because of that we’ll keep up a normal type appearance in front of my friends and family; though they are bound to notice the new and respectful attitude I’m going to expect from you from now on. But that won’t be so bad. In fact, once my sisters and my friends see how attentive around me you are they might even come to like you themselves – whether you like them or not.”

She gave him some time for her words to sink in – if such was possible given the pleasure he appeared to be taking from her manipulation of his erection – then went on:

“But you have to know this is no game. I told you a month ago that I no longer considered you my husband and that remains the case. We can remain married but, from now on, you are going to be my helper and cuckold.”

His penis twitched in her hand and she knew she had him.

“Just think of all the pleasures in store for you, sweetie. No more time spent trying to be a big man at the office. Young Nirupa’s doing an amazing job and that means your loving wife will have all the money she needs to maintain herself and take care of her cuckold husband. You’ll be my obedient stay-at-home husband who takes care of all the chores and helps his wife get dressed to meet the dates she is going to let fuck her.”

She allowed the pace of her stroking to gradually quicken as she felt what she thought was a little twitch of rebellion from him and, whether it had been or

not, it quickly subsided.

“You’ll like bathing me and then towelling me dry before fetching the clothes I’ve decided to wear for my lover, won’t you.”

His answer was a groan.

“You’ll get to slide my pantyhose up the legs you love so much and, if you’ve been really good and kissed my toes respectfully in the way I shall expect from now on, I’ll let you spend a minute or so stroking them.”

Knowing him as well as she did she recognised the telltale giveaways heralding a forthcoming gush and raised the ante:

“You mustn’t be ashamed, sweetie – well, not *too* much. It's just the way things are going to be between us. In fact, I want you to come to take pride in the level of your service to me and I’m sure you will if you just forget all this manly nonsense and allow yourself to… *submit*.”

His cock lurched and her grip tightened as she realised explosion was imminent.

“Of course, it will be difficult for you. I expect it to. But simply knowing your jealousy and humiliation are pleasing to me should give you pleasure too. I want to be fucked by a superior man, knowing that my obedient cuckold husband is at home working on his chores and fantasising about me being in bed having sex with other men and knowing there is absolutely *nothing* he can do about it.”

Another lurch greeted her assertion.

“All my cuckold husband can do, in fact, is wait at home like a good boy until his freshly-fucked mummy comes home and lets him…”

She got no further as all the months of pent-up desire for contact with her that had not been palliated by the attentions of his own hand detonated from the attentions of hers and he jacknifed in the chair as his cum filled his pants.

Without another word, Gilly moved away from him and left the room, obedient to Stella's advice to do just that:

"Leave him to his thoughts afterwards, Gilly," her mentor had told her. "Go upstairs and take a shower that, when he seeks you out afterwards – and he will, believe me – it's the naked body of his wife that is no longer his to touch without her express permission that greets him."

"There's no danger his humiliation will be so great he just leaves then?"

"Absolutely none," Stella had assured her with complete and utter conviction. "He has only just begged to be allowed to come home and his recent experience of what awaits him on the outside if he should leave will be fresh in his mind. Leaving – no matter how low and humiliated he feels, and especially if you have gone about things in the right way – will be the last thing he wants to do."

"I hope you're right, Stella."

"Have I been wrong up to now? Even once?"

"I'm sure you wouldn't sound so smug if you had?" Gilly had teased.

"Exactly," Stella had laughed in response. "Anyway, when he comes upstairs to find you – and after he has drank in the naked body you have been denying him these past months – he will try to justify his reaction downstairs in some pitiful way or other."

"How will he try to do that?" Gilly snorted derisively.

"How he tries to do it is not important. But he will try. You must talk over him as if what he has to say is of no account – which, of course it isn't any longer. Then you need to tell him, manner brusque and commanding, to do something for you – though not anything of an intimate nature."

"Such as?"

“Anything, from fetching you a drink from downstairs to tidying up the bathroom after you and placing your dirty underwear in the laundry-basket. Just so long as it is a direct order and he complies with it.”

Gilly had waited, sensing two familiar words would not be long in arriving.

“Trust me, from that moment on your new life as obedient cuckold husband and dominant and sexually satisfied wife will have commenced.”

Twenty minutes later, luxuriating in the en-suite tub with an invigorating and most acceptable glass of ice cold and Chilean Sauvignon Blanc, a timid knock on the bathroom door told Gilly that, once again, Stella had been right.

Already viewing the husband asking permission to enter what he had once regarded as *their* bathroom as less than a man, Gilly allowed herself a last smile then arranged her features into the mask of authority she wanted to greet him and said, imperiously:

“Come.”

## Stella & *Robbie*

"Women, Robbie, approach sex from a totally different angle to men."

It was a week on from the abject husbands complete and utter capitulation to the demands of his younger wife and the change in the older and once self-contained man had been profound.

Not the least of those changes being the fact he was, at present, kneeling on the carpet in front of a matronly looking woman in her fifties he had met for the first time less than an hour before…….

*……."Stella is a close and highly valued friend of mine, Robbie," his wife and now master had told him, this a few hours earlier as he slid sheer tan pantyhose up her legs from his position at her feet after having bathed and dried her before applying a soothing skin lotion to the flawless skin he was allowed to serve but not service. "She is going to help you understand your role in my life more fully and I expect to hear only good things about you from her lips. Understand?"*

*He had nodded, not looking up, finding it, she knew, more and more difficult to meet her eyes these days as she gained more and more power over him.*

*"You know better than to nod at your betters like a dumb animal, Robbie," she snapped. "Look at me when I speak to you."*

*His eyes, moist and beaten as they always seemed to be these days came up unwillingly – and more than a little disbelievingly - to meet hers.*

*She had not been in his – Gilly's – home for thirty minutes yet and already he felt… unmanned… by her.*

*"I will hear only good things from her about you, won't I?" she asked, amazed herself if the truth were known that she had managed to place him in the position he currently occupied with her above him; literally and symbolically.*

*"Yes," came his answer, just short of inaudible as he attempted to come to terms with yet more off-the-wall developments that, he admitted nonetheless, were becoming more and more commonplace of late.*

*She let out a big exasperated sigh and shook her head with disappointment as if he had failed her in some crucial way.*

*"Robbie, tonight will be the first time I've had a cock inside me - other than that imitation one of yours I've had to lay back and suffer – since I met you."*

*He "literally" winced.*

*"I want my head clear to enjoy being filled by a real man and I don't want to have to worry that you're not behaving in the correct way for a close friend who has graciously consented to drop by and help you with your attitude."*
*"My attitude?" she could almost hear his thoughts asking.*

*Deciding direct action was required, she took hold of his hair and tilted his head further back so that she could bring her eyes down closer to his own.*

*"Remember how you told me, in this very room after I allowed you back, that you knew you had let me down and wanted to make it up to me from now on?"*

*She went on before he could answer, knowing what it was he would say anyway:*

*“Now I know this isn’t the way you would choose to please me, but then you don’t get to have choices anymore, do you? From now on it’s up to me how I get pleased and that’s how it’s going to stay.”*

*Pausing, she gazed deep into his eyes, searing his soul with the intensity and deep seriousness of her assertion.*

*“You do want me to be pleased, don’t you, Robbie?” she asked, knowing he wanted nothing on this earth less if he was not to be the one doing the pleasing.*

*“Yes,” he answered, barely believing he was saying it, she knew and both of them knowing he didn’t mean it - knowing also that the fact he consented to actually saying it was an indicator of just how low she had taken him in so short a space of time.*

*“Then, if that’s the case, why aren’t you addressing me properly?”*

*The mental cringe beneath the expression intended to hide it was as visible as if she could actually see it and the pain it caused him to be forced to address his own wife – even if it was only in the privacy of their own home – was a delight she was feeling less and less guilty for inspiring in him.*

*“I… I…” He swallowed. “I’m sorry… Ms Gilly.”*

*Releasing her grip on the still thick and only slightly greying black hair he had always been so proud of and she was now toying with shaving off – completely – Gilly stroked it, much in the way one would show affection to a pet-dog that had just mastered a new trick highlighting the degree of obedience exerted over it by its master.*

*“That’s better. And how will you address your visitor when she arrives later?”*

*Another swallow had resulted, before:*

*“Ms Stella,” he had assured her in a voice he would once have believed impossible to have emanated from him.*

*“Make sure you do,” she warned him.*
*Then, all business:*

*“Now, stop lingering over my hose. I know how you love to feel my legs through the sheer nylon but they’re not for you anymore other than as a treat for good behaviour. Fetch the shoes I chose from my wardrobe then help me into my skirt and jacket…….”*

…….Now, two hours after he had finished dressing her and the list of chores completed, Robert Upson was kneeling on the carpet of what had once been his own home between the strong and bare matronly legs of a woman who had been a complete stranger to him not much over thirty minutes before and whose first words to him had been an order to finish the tasks on Gilly’s lists before *reporting* to her in his own front-room.

That he gave her a *“Yes, Ms Stella”*, without quibbling was as much a tribute to the woman’s undeniable authority and confidence as it was to the fear he had of his wife discovering he had been less than… *pleasing*.

Hence his humbling position below her now those *“tasks”* had been completed.

“Allow me to try and explain the difference between the sexes, little Robbie,” she offered, bringing a flush of embarrassment to his already considerably embarrassed cheeks as he took her word to be a comment on his size – or lack of.

Keeping his eyes fixed upon a point at her *mature* midriff, he listened but did not listen, just wanting the woman to say what she had to say and leave.

She did not, however, appear to have any intention of leaving him to lick his wounds and wait for the return of his faithless wife just yet.

Not by a longshot, if the hands drawing a charcoal grey skirt up over a surprisingly shapely pair of thighs spoke true.

"While I explain," she told him, "I want you to plant little kisses on my thighs so I know I have your attention."

"I… I don't think, Gilly would like that," he told her, not looking best pleased by the prospect, even if the woman was in pretty decent shape for her age.

"I think *Ms* Gilly would like it even less," she said with a little reminder she knew of his status – but then how could she not given his current position in regard of her? – if I were to wait for her to return and tell her you were less than… *respectful*… to her guest."

She waited, drawing out his discomfort, having seen the phenomenon in any number of cucks on the verge and knowing exactly how to deal with it.

"Tell Ms Stella she's right."

As their eyes engaged in an unequal battle of wills, she could see it all; the anger, the self-disgust and humiliation and the sheer un-bloody-believable awareness that he, an adult male of middle-years – and handsome into the bargain – could allow himself to be treated in such a way and, worse, go along with it.

"I'm waiting," she snapped, experience telling her it was time to inject a little more… *authority*… into her voice.

As she expected, he caved in instantly, telling her that his unsuspected durability in lasting a month on the streets before he consented to bend his neck was no more than self-denying pride rather than the strength of character Gilly had been – for a while – willing to take it for.

"You… You're right, Ms Stella."

Her smile was actually warm and kindly, her own experience telling her that

much obedience was to be won from the creatures in return for a smidgen of approval.

Again, she was not wrong.

The red flush suffusing his cheeks was, she was certain, compelled as much by pleasure for having pleased her as it was by the humiliation of being treated so abjectly.

“I’m pleased with you, Robbie,” she told him. “You may start kissing my thighs while you concentrate on what I have to tell you.”

Again, before he lowered his head to do her bidding, she caught the same look she had seen so many times from others before him.

The desire to do *exactly* as she had ordered.

And the surprise the desire provoked.

**“**For most beta-men,” she began, voice deliberately warm and unthreatening as she felt his moist lips plant soft kisses on the top of her smooth and bare thighs, “sex is simply about conquest and the delivery of their own orgasm. It can take as little as a meal the beta has paid for with his own money and a few kisses before he is demanding the woman in question takes off her clothes and he places his tiny and woefully insufficient cock in her vastly superior cunt.”

A slight gap between kisses told the older woman who thoroughly enjoyed these encounters that he had immediately associated himself with her observation – even though Gilly had assured that, though he wasn’t large, he was at least average.

“The one thing that absolutely defines the beta-male as a beta-male, however,” she prepared to lie, knowing it not to be true but, given the ignorance on the subject of the man on his knees, useful anyway, “is his distaste and utter refusal to place his tongue at the service of her pussy after having gotten her juices flowing with a prolonged oral teasing of the

perineum and, perhaps, if the wife in question desires it, the arse itself."
Again there was that slight pause before his kisses resumed and she knew, as she had intended, that he had made the association between beta behaviour and that of his own.

"Amazingly," she went on, "all of the betas I have come across, including my own husband, have expected their wives to accept no oral worship from them while insisting their insignificant pee-pees receive attention from the warm mouth of their more significant and better half."

Below her, though he continued placing soft and reverential kisses upon her thighs as instructed, she saw the imperceptible side-to-side shake of his head and knew he was asking himself how he could possibly find himself in such a position; on his knees at the feet of a stranger with his lips upon her thighs as she told him of his sexual shortcomings.

She smiled to herself as she second-guessed his thoughts when she insisted those kisses - and his tongue itself – be placed upon her pussy in order to teach him how best to please his wife in such a way from now on.

But that would come soon.

In the meantime there was the small matter of a piece of vital equipment with which he needed to be made familiar.

She began the lead in:

"When it comes to the beta-male," she told the top of his head, "foreplay is at best a chore and at worst a no-no. While for 99.5 percent of women foreplay is an absolute essential for a meaningful and satisfying experience. Intercourse itself being regarded as the final dish of a prolonged and magnificent French dining experience."

She stared at the handsome head still planting kisses on her thighs and added:

"You, little Robbie Upson, are a final course and nothing else man who pays no attention whatsoever to the more refined tastes of his wonderful and sexy

wife and simply does what is required to set his little cock to spurting."

The kisses stopped at this and she was gratified by the cessation as it proved he was listening.

"Resume your attentions to my thighs, little Robbie," she ordered, deciding to always pre-empt the *'Robbie'* with the demeaning diminutive from now on.

Service was resumed.

"Your sex-life as you knew it is over now," she told him, stroking his thick hair both soothingly and proprietorially. "After we have had our little discussion I have a present for you that is going to help you focus more fully on Gilly's…"

She corrected herself:
"*Ms* Gilly's needs."

Stella delved into a holdall at her side and saw his ears prick as he heard the jangling of metal, even as he continued to place those soft and reverent kisses upon her thighs as she had commanded him.

"You will be a far more obedient beta for Ms Gilly once this is on you, believe me."

The eyes that rose up finally to see what she was referring to were at first puzzled, then surprised and then utterly appalled as they saw what she was holding up for him.

It was, of course, the Super Max, and, though he had no idea it went under such a name, he did not have to be a genius to understand its use.

Enjoying his reaction and allowing him a few seconds more to take in the metal contraption that, more than anything, was going to change the nature of his existence from man to flunky, she decided it was time.

"Follow me upstairs to the bathroom and we'll get this on you."

# Gilly & Byron

“Raise your skirt,” he told her.

“You remember what I told you?” she asked, certain he wouldn’t, knowing he was of the type that would agree to anything if it meant a supply of fresh pussy.

His face was one of mild puzzlement and she was required to nudge his

memory:

“This is a one-time thing,” she reminded him. “There will be no further meetings between us.”

Gilly waited, looking down at the powerful black man with the hairless and shiny dome that almost gave him the look of a harem castrato.

Almost, that is.

The rampant cock that speared straight up at the hotel ceiling and gave the impression it might actually reach it if its owner got any more excited, dispelled the impression instantly and Gilly hoped she could maintain the air of authority with the beast she had promised herself she would adopt towards him.

“So you say now,” he replied, the face that was not that of a handsome man like, say, her husband, looking pretty confident. “You might feel differently once you’re cheating white pussy’s had a taste of ol’ Byron’s love-wand here.”

From her position at the side of the bed, still fully dressed while the huge and highly toned body she had first seen at the gym and was proving no less impressive for reclining naked on a hotel room mattress, she gazed down at him with a firm expression. His attempts to act out some dominant black master role with her were neither amusing nor pleasing her. She had tried – even enjoyed for a while – the reversal with Nirupa but, having experienced it, knew it was control she wanted and nothing but control.

“This is the first and last time you’ll have me,” she insisted once again, “so, if you want to use that time pretending to be the stereotype black domme, feel free. I’ll even play along – if I’m of a mind. Just remember though, you’re the one with most to lose and I’m the one who’s really calling the shots.”

She gave him a smile intended to show Byron and his *“love-stick”* she meant business, noting as she did so that her assertive attitude had inspired no lessening of urgency in the breathtaking black cock throbbing below her that

was as different to her husband's as granite to marshmallow.

And making her all the more eager to experience it for being so.

"Tell me if I'm wrong," he began, propping himself up on his elbows and giving her a stare of equal intent, "but I seem to remember you telling me you've got a husband at home."

Gilly nodded, the reminder of Robbie and the fact he was busy taking care of the list of domestic chores she had left for him while she prepared to enjoy the first cock – and a *real* cock at that – other than his in fifteen years, upped the ante to the sensations swirling through mind and body.

Though, if the wall-clock was correct and all had gone to plan, he had probably finished the tasks she had set him and was in the capable of Stella as they spoke.

It struck her that, if the fact he was humiliated to be performing domestic chores while his wife was having herself fucked by her black physical fitness trainer wasn't enough, then waiting for the promised arrival of Stella and what she had in store for him would certainly take that humiliation to new levels.

A mental image of the cage that would contain his now surplus to requirement cock when she returned home and Stella had been about her work, raised the bar of her arousal even higher.

Not to mention the other things her friend and mentor had been adamant she could achieve with him in even so short a space of time.

"Seems to me, you've just as much to lose," her fitness trainer told her, "so don't pull that crap with me."

"My husband knows I'm here," Gilly educated him with much smugness, knowing all the cards were hers and that, if he did get to act dominant with her, it would only be with her permission and be just that – an *act*.

The man's laugh was deep, contemptuous and completely devoid of humour; not a laugh at all really.

"One of those pussies, is he? Gets off on another man ploughing his wife. Can't believe how many of these jesters there are who want to see their lily-white wives impaled on a big black dick."

"Quite the opposite," Gilly contradicted with a shake of the head and winning a look of puzzlement from the facially unappealing, if physical impressive, possessor of the *'love-wand'* below.

"What you saying?"

"I'm saying," Gilly began, enjoying his confusion, "that he knows I'm meeting a man for a good fucking…"

Her eyes held his, seriously:

"At least for what I *hope* will prove a good fucking, anyway."

"No danger you're gonna be disappointed on that score, lady," he assured her, the *'lady'* sounding strange coming from him given he was some ten years her senior.

"Let's hope I'm not," she told him, careful to add a hint of threat she knew would be exacerbated by her next words. "Anyway, my husband knows I'm seeing other men and, though he hates the idea, he has no other choice but to accept it."

This appeared to be a new twist for Byron – the woman actually forcing the scene on the husband.

"That sort of frees me, wouldn't you say?" she finished with a smile grown even more smug.

Below her, his expression had grown wary and she decided to get the *"who's in charge"* preliminaries out of the way before the wonderful cock she was so

anxious to have filling her lost any more of its urgency.

“From what your wife told me when she visited the gym,” she went on, “she’s the one who owns it and not you. Strikes me things wouldn’t be too good for *‘Ol’ Byron’* if she found out you were using her *‘love wand’* to screw around with her clients, would they?”

The wariness that had turned to fear and the instant – and disappointing – wilting of the wand itself told her it might be an idea to send the wife some literature – anonymously, of course - on the subject and perhaps set another woman on the road to sexual and domestic liberation.

She would give it some thought later; perhaps ask Stella’s advice when she called her to give her an update on her first time cheating on her husband with another man.

For now though, it was her own sexual liberation she was most concerned with and, for it to progress, she was going to need to spark some renewed interest in Byron’s deflating equipment if it was to prove up to the task.

“There’s no need for it ever to come to that though,” she assured him and reached out a hand to caress the still impressive length of his semi-erect black cock.

The responding twitch was an encouragement.

“Now,” she began, “I believe you said something about me raising my skirt?”

He nodded, thoroughly put in his place in no more than a few moments with only a few well-selected words on her part and she laughed before taking the hem of her skirt between her fingers and slowly raising it.

“Would you like to see my panties?” she asked, delighted with how swiftly she had turned the situation in hand and turned it to her favour – not to mention the life returning to the *‘love wand’* inspired by her smooth and strong thighs as they came into view followed by the underwear in question..
“I see a dark spot, Gilly,” he told her, confidence returning with his

excitement. “You’re wet?”

“Do you like a pussy that’s already wet, Byron? Or do you prefer to make it that way with your love-wand or, perhaps, your tongue?”

“That’s *not* something I do,” he said, instantly and forcefully, expression telling her that he fully expected to be challenged by her on the no-no. “Men satisfy women with their cocks, not their mouths.”

His look was genuinely distasteful as he finished:

“It’s not… *manly*.”

“My husband said exactly the same thing once,” she told him, not intending to force the issue, smirking as she added: “But he’s undergoing a change of heart,” she flicked another glance at the wall-clock, “perhaps even as we speak, so you’ll be pleased to hear I expect to be well-taken care of in that respect in the *very* near future.”

Byron looked as if he could not care less. If she had her husband so pussy-whipped he’d put his tongue where she pissed that was his lookout. Wild horses – or even threats to let his wife know of their *“one-off”* affair; his look seemed designed to tell her; would not get him to change his mind.

Accepting this, Gilly decided once again not to pursue the subject and changed tack:

“I want you to take one hand and run it over my covered pussy for me. You can do that, can’t you Byron?”

Byron raised his eyes to her.

“Then, as you’re stroking me, I want you to tell me just how you intend to fuck me. And, if I like what I hear, I might just let you do it.”

On more familiar territory, even if this latest of his assignations with one of his wife’s clients wasn’t going the way of the others, Byron smiled and

reached out a large and coal black hand to cup her fabric covered mound.

“First,” he told her, liking the pussies of his women hairless and delighted to encounter no evidence of such through the panties as he applied pressure to the pale blue cotton, “I am going to take off all the clothes from that so-superior lily-white body and lay you out on this bed.”

“Go on,” she urged when he paused, the gentle caresses of his powerful black hand already threatening to spill her over the edge. There was, despite – perhaps *because* – of his less than cerebral approach to both life and sex in general, a quality of pure animal sexuality exuding from him that made her weak at the legs in ways Robert – *Robbie* – never had. An animal sexuality she was at pains to keep her impatience to experience from the brute himself.
“Then,” he went on, continuing to stroke, “I am going to crawl between those strong tanned thighs of yours and place my love-wand at the entrance to that gorgeous bald cunt I can feel beneath your panties. I’m gonna run it up and down the length of your slit until you think you’ll go mad if you don’t get to feel it inside filling you in the next few seconds. And then, I’m gonna stop and slide up your chest so you can take it in your mouth and…”

The slap she delivered and the stunned look it elicited from him cut off these particular words forever – at least in respect of him to her.

“What the fuck, lady!” he snarled once over his shock that she had actually laid hands on him. Where the fuck do you get off laying hands on me.”

Just for a second, Gilly felt a rush of fear. It was the first time, other than the playground, that she had laid hands on another human being and, cards in her possession or not, she was alone in a room with a brute of a man she barely knew, let alone trusted. If he decided to get violent himself there would not be much, apart from screaming and pressing charges later, that she would be able to do about it.

And *“pressing charges’* and having her family made aware she had been in a hotel room with a monstrously hung black man did not make much of an appeal – despite her insistence the man himself had the most to lose.

That *"rush of fear"* though, strangely enough, only heightening her excitement as she told him:

"No tongue for me, no mouth for you."

"But…?"

"Try again – and if you want to get fucked before I leave this room you had better say something I want to hear," Gilly added, gratified to see that, despite his shock at having been slapped by her, he had reached full-mast and remained there.

After a few second of thought, he tried again:

"After I've teased your slit and clit with my big black cock, I'm going to flip you over, spread your legs and slam it deep inside your cunt and fill and fuck you like you've never been fucked before and never will again, unless it's me doing the fucking. Then, once you've cum like the cock-hungry slut you really are, I'm going to pull out of your gaping and freshly fucked cunt, spread your buttocks wide and fuck your arse until I cum."

Gilly stared at him hungrily and he knew he had hit the spot.

"You're sure that cock's up to the job?" she asked provocatively, knowing from the evidence of her eyes it would be a miracle if it wasn't after having already correctly assessed the dimensions of the contents filling his jogging-bottoms when he had been guiding her efforts to workout at the gym.

"Wait until you feel it filling that pussy of yours to bursting the way your sissy husband could never fill it, then ask me again," he advised her. "I'm gonna ram you so hard and for so long you'll be screaming like a pig on a spit. Then, when you beg me to stop, I'm gonna fuck you some more."

The cock-sure confidence had returned to his smile, the slap she had delivered him forgotten now that he felt himself on surer ground.

He went on:

“By the time you leave this room that superior attitude of yours might have just changed.”

“That’s more like it,” she told him. “Much better… But before I let you start backing up your big claims, I want you to play with your cock for me and show me how badly it wants my pussy. Just make sure to keep looking into my eyes as you do it. I want to see how badly you want me.”

Gilly wasn’t sure he’d go for this. He was, she told herself, and by quite some distance, the most powerful physical specimen she had seen at such close quarters, let alone been with sexually. *Not* being in control was a new experience for him and, at that moment, she wasn’t sure if he’d be able to handle it.

Or, more pertinently, her him.

The next moment, however, eased her worries on the subject as he lowered his head to the pillow and wrapped his free hand around his pulsating manhood.

So excited was she at watching him stroke the massive black rod, a rod that still looked impressive even with one of his huge hands wrapped around it, she lowered her panties and slid her long middle finger over smooth pussy lips that were already coated with her juices and had been since she entered the room. So turned on was she already that she knew it would take very little for her to come as she watched her first black man manipulating himself to her command. Using her left-hand, she spread her lips wide and used the thumb of the right to massage her swollen clit.

“That's it baby, rub your clit for me. Stick that finger deep inside,” Byron encouraged her in a breathless voice that betrayed the growing excitement he himself was taking from the scene she had devised for them both; even enjoying the *temporary* loss of control she had taken from him in a way that was effortless.

If *not* nerveless.

In control or not though, Gilly followed his instruction and eased a long manicured finger deep inside her pussy. It slid in easily and made a squishing sound when she pulled it out, continuing to rub her clit and finger fuck herself as Byron watched, his heavy breathing and the more rapid pumping of his cock adding to her arousal.

“Are you ready to cum, girl?” he asked, voice a deep croak.

“Yes!” she hissed, fucking herself with more urgency.

“Do it!” he commanded and, in this instance, she was more than willing to obey, her eyes locking with his as she pistoned her finger in and out of a pussy that was as wet as she had ever known it.

As each held the other in an unshakable visual embrace, she began to use her thumb on herself and, sure enough, it was only seconds later that she felt the telltale tightening in her stomach and was compelled to wiggle a finger deep inside herself to hitting her g-spot.

Her orgasm was a screaming and thrashing explosion that delighted and surprised her in equal measure. The surprising element being that the image filling her mind as she came had been one of her husband. A husband she pictured on hands and knees as he scrubbed the bathroom floors the way she had instructed him.

Below her was the most impressive cock she had yet to see, with the man attached to it pumping away as per her instructions.

And her thoughts as she had cum had been dominated by a picture of her soon-to-be caged and cowed husband doing the chores she had left him before leaving to get fucked with his full knowledge.

Stella had told her that cuckolding her husband and taking complete control of him would be the most exhilarating thing she would ever do in her life but, though she adored the idea, she thought it would be the illicit fucking itself

that would be the truly amazing aspect of the deal.

Now, for the first time, she had some idea of what her older and wiser friend had been trying to tell her.

Fucking a man with a cock the size of the one Byron was still pumping was, she knew, going to be incredible.

But what made it truly sensational was the knowledge that, while doing so, her spouse and one-time lord and master - and, hopefully, freshly trained and belted pussy-slave - was waiting obediently at home for her return in the *full knowledge* that he was being cuckolded.

She had, she decided, as she shed her skirt and placed herself astride that magnificent piece of black manhood, *never* felt so alive.

“Now, Byron,” she told him, pussy lips hovering just above the shiny great helmet she hoped, despite her own bravado, her pussy was up to taking, “I want you to do exactly what you said you were going to do. Those lips you can feel on the tip of your cock are the pussy-lips of a hungry white-pussy and it wants the obliging black meat of *‘ol’ Byron’s love-wand*.”

“Fuck, you are so wet,” he answered as her moistness covered the mushroom she was in the process of sliding her slit over.
“No more talking now,” she commanded. “Just fuck.”.

With that, and a gasp that was a mixture of pure delight and amazement that her pussy could take in such a monster, she sat down on his cock and, for the first time, felt what it was like to be *truly* filled.

His cock slid in gradually, allowing her pussy walls to widen as he slowly but deliberately eased in deeper.

The breath caught in her throat.

“I'm going to resize your pussy to where small dicks won't matter anymore,” he said, heedless now of her command to stop talking, face a picture of

concentration as he went about giving her the fucking she deserved and he so badly wanted to be the one doing the giving.

Gilly's head snapped backwards and she screamed at the ceiling as his massive prick drilled her with yet more penetration and forcefulness, a black finger – not that it was necessary – reaching between her legs and above his pistoning cock to stimulate the bare lips of her labia.

She was decidedly unsurprised when it took only a few strokes more before she reached her second orgasm in a matter of minutes and she again came so violently the evidence of her euphoria soaked his still rampant cock and balls.

A cock that remained rampant for what seemed to her like an orgasmic eternity until, with a roar that was primal in its intensity, Byron threw his head back and screamed to the ceiling himself as load after load of black cream pumped into the pussy enveloping his pulsating cock.

A pussy she had not bothered to clean.

After placing a goodbye kiss on her the forehead of her, now ex, lover, before replacing her panties and her skirt, she left the room to make the drive back to her toiling and, hopefully, caged and trained, husband.

A husband who would not, she told herself with a smile of the deepest satisfaction, be thrilled to find her cunt in such a condition.

And a husband who, again, had been the one occupying her thoughts as the massive black cock of her once and once only lover fetched her as close to paradise as she had ever expected to come this side of the mortal coil.

# Gilly & Nirupa

“I can’t believe it,” young Nirupa Devi told her employer and sometime lover as they sat in the office of the woman’s company that had once been the office of her husband when he had been in charge.

“Do you think I’m evil?” Gilly asked the girl.

Slowly, the girl, dressed as ever in skirt above the knee and crisp cotton shirt, had shook her head to one side and then back.

“You look too sexy to me at this moment for me to find you totally evil,” she grinned, eyes drinking in the long legs and voluptuous chest that were shown off so well by the tight white leggings and the beige shirt over it, the whole edifice perched on brown Jimmy Choo’s with a short but dagger heel.

“Why, thank you, gracious Nirupa,” Gilly smiled. “What a very diplomatic way of telling me that you *do* think I’m evil.”

“No more than me,” the girl said in her defence. “I find what you’re doing to him just about the most erotic thing I can imagine.”

Her expression became serious and inquisitive, hopeful even:

“Do you really have his… *cock and balls*… in a… in a… *cage*?”

Seated with legs crossed on the opposite side of the desk from Nirupa, Gilly smiled and reached inside her shirt where it was open at the neck to take hold of a silver chain and present it to the girl.

Dangling from it was a likewise silver key.

“This Nirupa, is the key to the city – *his* city, anyway. From being something likely to give him pleasure, his erections are now guaranteed to fetch him pain and, at the very least, discomfort should he be unwise enough or unable to prevent arousal unauthorised by his dominant wife.”

“I cannot believe it,” Nirupa muttered, breathing shallow as the imagery of her former boss in such a contraption dominated her own thoughts.

Gilly’s expression seemed to express doubts of her own that had once been held:

“When Stella told me she could have him wearing it in no more time than it took for me to meet and be fucked by the first man other than my husband in years, I myself had my doubts. Despite everything she had said prior to this having come to pass I could not believe we had my man’s man of a husband so pussy-whipped he could assent to having his equipment locked away by a stranger and the key given to his wife.”

Nirupa herself was marveling at such a development too, surprise more of the delighted kind than bearing any relation to moral outrage.

“I never liked him, as you know,” she reminded Gilly. “He was always at pains to let everyone know he was the boss here and acted in a very superior way to both me and the rest of the female staff. But if someone had suggested he was weak enough to allow himself to be treated in the way…”

She broke off, flinging her arms wide to indicate the levels of her incredulity.

“He did refuse Stella’s request at first,” Gilly told her. She smiled. “But not for long. Stella can be very persuasive and when she was through explaining that the month of misery he had recently endured at the mercy of the welfare state would be what he could expect for the rest of his life if I kicked him out, he soon had a change of heart.”

“And let her put the belt on him,” nodded Nirupa, jumping ahead.

Gilly shook her head:

“Not before she made him ask her politely, that she might be convinced of his sincerity to be an obedient cuckold husband to me.”

It was Nirupa now who was experiencing the same rush of wetness at her

crotch that Gilly had experience in the early days of listening to such talk – the older woman wet now simply from being the one doing the talking.

“She made him tell her that?” the girl asked in a tremulous voice.

“Yes,” Gilly nodded, eyes glittering with excitement for what she was about to tell the girl. “Then she told him that she needed to see more sincerity from him and if he really wanted to remain in his wife’s home at her side he would drop his trousers and pants and accept a spanking over her lap.”

The young Indian girl’s intake of breath had to have been, the older housewife thought, audible to the office outside and the reception beyond.

She went on:

“Only then would she consent to lock his cock and balls in the cage and give a glowing report of his behaviour to me when I returned from having experienced my first black cock.”

“And…? And he let her do this?”

Again, Gilly nodded:

“By the time she had finished with him he was bawling his eyes out as if he really was a chastised infant. Which is when Stella rolled him off her thighs and made him kiss the toes of her shoes as a thank you before locking the device around his manhood.”

The shudder Gilly saw pass through the young girl opposite she had appointed to head the company she owned in her husband’s place was not unfamiliar to her and she allowed her a few moments to recover.

Until, finally:

“Exciting, isn’t?” she asked the flushed girl.

Nirupa snorted dismissively:

“Only if you are heavily into understatement.”

Gilly laughed, seeing the girl’s puzzlement even as she did so.

“What?”

“I just wonder, Gilly – not that it makes a difference and I am grateful for it having brought us together, you understand? – but why and what made you decide to… *demote*… him in such a fashion?”

“Pure chance, to begin with, my dear. The more frustrated I became with his performance in the bedroom, the more I looked elsewhere for diversions of such a kind that would not involve my lying and being unfaithful to him. Of all the human vices I think I hate lying the most. That’s why, when I came across the cuckold material on the computer, I believe I responded so favourably to it. If what I read could be believed, I told myself – and I think I have our answer to that question now – then it was possible I could have the fulfilling sex I was missing so badly without having to lie to get it and be in receipt of a whole raft of other benefits into the bargain.”

“You did risk losing him, though?” Nirupa reminded her. “You have reminded me on many occasions, after all, that you still have feelings for him. Would you not have been devastated had he proved stronger and simply left you?”

“Only for not having those *new* and exciting feelings you mention satisfied by him, my love.”

After a few moments reflection, Gilly continued:

“My husband is a cuckold, because that is what I want him to be and because he has no defence; either physically, mentally or economically; against me taking to a place of deep submission to me. I make my husband a cuckold because it frees me to be the strong independent person I truly am and because I enjoy having my former husband in my life as no more than a creature whose sole obligation is to please his new female master. Me.”

A sigh escaped Nirupa's lips as the whole arousing process she had just gone through was prompted again by the words of her friend, lover and employer.

"I adore being fucked by a real man," Gilly went on, "and I love that my husband hasn't the same privileges to be able to do the same with either me or another woman as I have. I love the whole process, from being bathed and dressed by my cuck to meet my latest lover, to the beginning of the meeting and its conclusion. But what I love most of all is coming home to my husband after he has spent the evening doing the chores I left him, this with his cock and balls securely locked, and give him a description of the fucking I've just received as he kneels on the carpet and eases my sore pussy with his devoted cuckold tongue… Something else I have Stella to thank for, given she is the one forced him to overcome his distaste for the act and trained him to provide oral service in a way she knew I would find… *sensational*."

At this, the perverted housewife's gaze had seemed to drift into space and Nirupa had taken advantage to slip a hand below the desk and rub a pussy that, while not being sore, was certainly in need of attention.

"That," Gilly said, almost to herself, "is what I meant about having feelings for him."

After a few seconds of more contemplation, Gilly's eyes and thoughts returned to earth and the increasingly flushed features of the young Indian girl.

"The sex with well-hung men I will never see, or at least use, again is wonderful, Nirupa," she assured the girl. "But it would be nowhere near as wonderful without the presence in my life of the husband I have managed to reduce into a servile flunky whose life is slowly coming to revolve in its entirety around mine."

The girl's eyes gave the game away to Gilly and she smiled at the arousal to which she knew her words had given birth, asking provocatively:

"Does that answer your question, Nirupa, my deviant little Indian love?"

Fresh from the second of her mini… *detonations*… Nirupa agreed:

“It is almost enough to make me wish I had a man of my own.”

“But not *quite* enough,” Gilly stated.

“How can it be, Gilly? It has taken you fifteen years and a special set of circumstances to make what you have achieved with him possible. It you are truthful you would admit that it is this history you have together that makes the grovelling and abject nature of his growing submission to you so special.”

“I thought I’d already done just that,” Gilly reminded her.

“Yes,” Nirupa agreed, “but I am not willing to go through what you went through with a man in order to achieve the same – even assuming I could bring off such a feat and as glorious as I would no doubt find it.”

At this, Gilly could only concede, not entirely sure how she had managed to last such a distance before that *“special set of circumstances”* and the intervention of Stella and her group had set her on the road to ascendancy.
“It’s a good point, Nirupa. I was around your age – a year or two younger, perhaps – when I allowed this handsome older man to sweep me off my feet and sentence me to years of sexual dissatisfaction – even if there were less exciting compensations. I wouldn’t want that for you.”

Nirupa shrugged, fatalistically:

“It is, I am afraid, a reality and a disappointment I am just going to have to live with.”

It was Gilly’s turn to shrug now:

“Maybe not.”

“I do not understand?” said the Indian girl, sharp features softened somewhat by mystification.

The smile Gilly bestowed upon her was a mixture of the evil, benevolent and cunning as she prepared to let the girl into her thoughts.

“What if…….?”

# Prologue

“Lick me clean, Cucky. Suck that cum from my pussy like the cunt licking little wimp you are.”

Gilly was sprawled on the single bed in the spare-room she now thought of as the *"Servant's Quarters"*, having just returned with the latest load of freshly ejaculated cum for her once-proud husband to clean from her well-used pussy. Save for bathing and dressing her along with maintaining its upkeep, *'Robbie'* was proscribed from being in her bedroom unsupervised and was certainly not about to be allowed on the clean and crisp sheets of what was now *her* bed. She had been true to her word, and intended to remain so, on the subject of not having her men step foot inside the house, but that did not – nor could it – prevent her from humiliating him in any variety of other ways.

"I want my pussy totally clean then, if I'm really pleased with you, I might unlock your little dicklet and let you wank over my arse."

She him gasp into her gaping and cream-filled slit, so great was his anticipation of release after having been locked in the cage for almost a month.

"Would you like that?" she asked unnecessarily, forcing him to speak and underline his own shame when it was the last thing he wanted to do.

"Y-Yes," came a croak from below, before he remembered his slip and added: "Yes, Ms Gilly."

"That's my good cucky," she praised him. "And if I let your little dicky put its pitiful cum over my arse you'll lick it clean for me afterwards, won't you."

"Yes, Ms Gilly."

He hadn't hesitated and she found herself basking in a tide of self-congratulation for how far she had lowered him in these first few months.

"And to think how you once refused to even lick my lovely fresh pussy," she observed, knowing it heightened his sense of disgrace. "Now you're cleaning up my cunt after my lovers *and* begging to lick your own cum off my arse."

Laughing, she stroked the smooth head between her thighs - the same head

she had recently shaved to copious and unmanly tears – and tickled his ear as if he were no more than a dog deserving a little attention.

“Who would have thought it?” she finished as his tongue continued to seek out evidence of her lovers in the hope she would be pleased enough with his efforts to follow through on what she had promised.

She had, after all, disappointed him on a number of occasions; even if she had made up her mind not to do so now.

Though *he* was not in a position to know that, of course.

Familiar sensations began to coarse through her as she reached her fourth and less explosive – if equally pleasing in other ways – orgasm and she waited for them to subside before tapping his now denuded pate.

“You’re done,” she told him without a hint of affection or gratitude for having cleaned the spunk of a strange man from her faithless and hungry pussy. “Kneel down at the side of the bed.”

Pathetically excited – enthusiastic even – he scampered off the bed to do as she asked and she swung her legs over the side to gaze down at him, his head lowered submissively in the way Stella had advised her to insist upon on such occasions.

She fiddled with the chain upon which the key to his freedom hung and saw his ears twitch at the sound.

The power and complete control she now had over this man she had once called husband was just so incredibly satisfying.

Ignoring the gasp of discomfort and, yes, relief as his cock sprang free of the Super Max and immediately jutted towards her as if it had just become magnetised and she was the North Pole, she took it in her hand and gave it a few sharp tugs, wanting to torment him a little more before allowing him his release.

“And to think,” she told him, tutting, “this was all I got for fifteen-years. The man who fucked me tonight was almost as thick as you are long.”

She let him consider this impossibility, knowing he was too far gone for it to make too much of an impression, then:

“Still, those days are over and at least you’re now in your rightful place.”

Turning around and placing herself on the bed upon all-fours, she barked the command over her shoulder:

“Do it!”

The alacrity with which he leapt to his feet surprised even her and it took a few seconds before she began adding the demeaning commentary she always ensured accompanied his irregular releases.

“That’s it, wanker. Pull that little cock off until all that useless sissy seed is on mummy’s arse. It’s all you’re good for now. All you were *ever* good for.”

She could hear the rasp of his breath from behind her and knew that, though he hated her treatment of him, he was becoming – again as Stella had said he would – accustomed to her treatment of it and, like one of Pavlov’s famous canines, was unable to do anything but respond in the way she demanded.
The domination was intoxicating.

More than *‘intoxicating’*, in fact.

It was utterly and completely… *liberating*.

Suddenly, after what seemed to her like no time at all after the restraint and staying power of her most recent lover – albeit a lover who had not been denied sex for a month through the presence of a cage securing his cock and balls – she heard a louder than usual gasp from him and felt the first of his emissions coating the smooth and unblemished skin of her buttock.

“Good boy,” she applauded demeaningly. “That’s it. Get all that useless stuff

out over mummy's arse."

Another gasp was elicited from him and then a deep sigh of contentment mixed with remorse for the knowledge of what was to come.

"See how nice I can be to you when I'm pleased," she said, rising from the bed and indicating the mattress with the palm of her hand. "Now lie down on your back and get nice and comfy."

Five minutes later, after he had cleaned her buttocks and used his tongue to tantalise her anus in the way she insisted, she had moved back so his tongue could massage her pussy once again and ridden his face to complete exhaustion.

After five minutes more she had pronounced herself satisfied with his efforts and had him kneel below her so she could re-attach the cage which did so much to reinforce her control over him.

Again, she reached out a hand to stroke the shiny dome of his head.

A head she now insisted he keep shaved that, when he looked in a mirror, there would be yet another constant reminder of his shame and her power.

As if the metal imprisonment between his legs was not enough.

"You've been a good cuck and mummy's pleased with you," she told him, still amazed after everything that he could find it in himself to actually lean in to her caress as if he actually believed she meant it.

"Now," she said when all was status-quo once again and he remained below her with head still lowered and awaiting her instructions, just about as abject and miserable as any man in a supposedly free society could be, "I'm going to my room to take a nice refreshing shower."

She waited to see if there was a response and, when there wasn't one, added:

"Then I shall sleep the sleep of the truly righteous and do *not* want to be

disturbed."

"Yes, Ms Gilly," came the barely recognisable voice of the older man she had married and now tamed.

"I want you to clean yourself up and put some clothes on then carry on with the rest of your chores."

She was out the door and making her way upstairs when the second, resigned, bitter and somewhat ironic, "Yes, *Ms* Gilly", forced itself past his lips.

*****

It was an hour later that Robert – *'Robbie'* – Upson made his way along the upstairs landing. The home he had once considered to be his – at least in part – and in which he was now only allowed to remain as his wife's cuckold and domestic servant, was quiet as he stopped outside the room at the landing's end. Dressed now in sober black trousers and a collarless white shirt that Gilly had chosen and described as his *"Cuckold uniform"*, he swallowed back another huge lump of his self-esteem and rapped gently upon the shiny white gloss covering of the door's surface.

There was movement inside and he lowered his head to his chest respectfully in the way required as a shuffling sound indicated someone approaching before the door was flung back.

"Yes? What is it?" asked an autocratic voice.

An autocratic *young* voice.

Autocratic *and* Indian.

Soul cringing, Robert – *'Robbie'* – Upson steeled himself and rushed through it with as much haste as was possible without inviting a complaint for his lack of… *servility*.

“Ms Gilly asked me to inquire if there was any laundry of yours requiring cleaning and to ask if there was anything I could do to make the first day of your stay in Ms Gilly’s home a pleasant one, hmm…” he felt the colour drain from his face and felt – hoped – the sheer humiliation of having to address her in such a way would cause his heart to give out, “…Ms, er, Devi.”

There was a pause as his wife and master’s new houseguest thought about it and his eyes were still lowered when she told him:

“My shoes need taking from my cases and, while you’re unpacking them, you may as well give them a shine too.”

# END