Into My Web

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One

I spotted him at Rita's party and knew she had been right when she had suggested he would be perfect for what I had in mind.

Though I doubted very much that it would be perfect for him.

And certainly *not* for my husband.

My name is Helen Trask and I've been married to Ray Trask for five years.

We have no children and have no plans for there to be any. Or at least *I* have no plans in that direction.

I also have a radar for male weakness that seldom proves faulty.

The party was being held at married friends of mine who were, in private at least, in the same kind of relationship as the one I had with Ray. Not that either of our husbands were entirely willing participants. But then neither Rita nor myself would have been interested in staying with them if they had been.

It is, after all, so much more satisfying to the kind of female sadist both Rita and myself unquestionably are to have a male victim who does *not* enjoy seeing his wife fucked by other men as well as having his life directed by her.

Anyway, I sat across the room watching him, learning his moves and his expressions. I knew I wanted him. I would do anything to have him. The woman he was with did not enter my mind and certainly did not impress me. In fact, they looked mismatched and totally uncomfortable with each other. I knew he needed more than she was giving him and could see in his eyes that – whether he knew it or not - he was hiding a part of himself from the world.

He was completely miserable and had no idea how to get out of his misery.

In fact, I wasn't at all convinced he knew even the cause of his general dissatisfaction and gloom – though I was totally convinced he was fighting a number of inner demons.

All of which made him perfect for me as I watched his party-date leave the room and saw the relief on his face.

Not hesitating, I walked up to him and introduced myself.

He was taken aback for a moment and, despite the fact that at twenty-seven I was younger than him by at least a decade, I gave him a big reassuring smile that seemed to put him at his ease.

His name was Howard.

“What a nice name,” I lied, about to utilise the element of surprise for my own ends. “I’m Helen.”

He smiled and I laid the first bombshell on him:

“So how long have you been hiding from your own sexual needs?”

“Wh-What?” he said nervously looking about him to see if we’d been overheard or, more likely, for the return of his woman or someone to save her from the conversation.

I asked him the same question again.

"Look, I have no idea what you are talking about. You’re young and you’ve obviously had too much to drink, so I suggest you leave before my date comes back.”

I shook my head to let him know that the small amount of alcohol I’d taken was not responsible for my behaviour towards him.

“You’re right,” I told him. “I am young and that makes it harder for you. But you’re wrong about the drink. I’m not much of a drinker and, anyhow, I’m completely sober.”

I could see my prey asking himself *“what”* my young age made harder for him and pressed on:

“I also *know* I’m completely right about you. You need to be led by a strong woman but can’t bring yourself to admit it.”

“You’re insane,” he said, though I noticed he was unable to meet my eye; advantage in years or not.

I simply smiled and stuffed a piece of paper upon which I’d written my name and home and cell phone numbers into his jacket pocket.

“This is just in case, you decide to face up to what you really need,” I told him and walked off.

Feeling his eyes on my powerful young body and strong and shapely legs in opaque pantyhose, I laughed to myself.

I felt sure Rita had been right and that I had found the man I’d been searching for to *really* compliment my marriage.

Later, as I was leaving the party, I notice Howard was staring at the piece of paper I had given him.

My eyes caught his when he finally looked up and I smiled and signed and mouthed a *“phone me”* to him.

With that I’d turned and left the party to walk the short distance to my own home. It was a beautiful night and the stars were in accord with my mood. It was indeed possible for a woman who knew her mind to have it all and I intended to have just that.; you could see every star in the sky.

Of course, the hostess of the party, Rita knew me as well as I knew her and was in tune with the progression I wanted from my married life with Ray.

Respectability that went hand in hand with total female control and the opportunity to be as deviant and downright evil in private as I wished.

In fact, as I’ve indicated above, it had been Rita who’d made sure I would be at her gathering that I could meet someone she thought I would… *enjoy*.

And, as I’ve also indicated, she was right.

Howard, I sensed, was going to prove absolutely perfect.

As I said, apart from sharing the same kind of marriages, Rita and I also know each other *very* well and, on the subject of Howard, I found it hard to disagree with her.

Impossible, in fact.

Despite being in his late thirties to my mid-twenties, he was stunning – though not in that banal and homogenous way of the male model and his fat-free female counterpart.

At 5'11", he was slightly heavy but carried it well and had those handsome and unaffected features that always floored me.

He also carried with him – though he had no idea he did – the added x-factor women like Rita and myself valued so highly.

He was… *controllable*.

"Just like my Ray," I had thought to myself, almost upon first sight of him as he listened to the woman he was with in the attentive way only a man with a sympathetic nature but no real interest in a woman ever did.

That *"first sight"* of him, of course, told me exactly why Rita had wanted me to meet him.

You see, she knew I was looking for someone to… *compliment*… my marriage to Ray on a permanent basis.

It was, I confess, one of the few areas where we differed.

Rita, you see, preferred to keep her control of Kyle, her husband, to herself and had no intention of extending it to another man on a regular basis.

She also guessed – correctly, as you will see, and despite her own lack of interest in the scenario that so enthralled me - that I would find what I was seeking in Howard.

Anyway, knowing he had been staring at both me and the number I had slipped him as I'd left the party I decided to walk a bit further to a late-night coffee shop and savour the evening before going home to see if he had rang

me at home rather than on my cell.

Not that I intended answering his call on whatever mode of telephonic communication he chose to use.

I knew from the way the way Howard had been looking at my telephone number as I left that I'd struck a chord in him – perhaps a chord he had been unaware existed inside him – and, knowledge being power, I wanted him to allow his new-found need to lead him to call me and panic when I didn't answer the phone.

Not right away, at least.

Two

I had barely made it through the door when Ray had confronted me – well, as much as he's capable of such an act in my regard – and said a *"man"* had called.

My spirits soared and I'd grabbed my barefooted husband's shirt-front and pulled him towards me, reaching behind him to deliver a slap on to his ass for good measure when he was in close enough.

I started kissing him as my husband tried to tell me about the man who had just made the call that, unbeknownst to him at this point, would set his life on a different track.

"Rita's done her bit", I told myself with a reminder to take my friend for a nice lunch to say thank you, *"what happens from now on is down to you."*

Of course, I knew without being told that it had been Howard who had called. Rita had read him well and so had I during my short time observing him at the party. Despite the gap in years separating us and his relative seniority over me, he was no more than a piece of property waiting for the right woman to own him and, whether he thought this was a game or not and had no idea of his own weakness. Just from watching him and his interaction with the other guests, male and female, at the party, I'd been certain he would respond to my straightforward but mysterious approach and call.

But he would have to wait until I was ready before he heard back from me. For I wanted to make sure that Howard would play his unwitting part as my script required. I would not speak to him until he had worked for the honour by calling and calling and…

Excited, I had put my hand on Ray's mouth and told him:

"Enough with the questions."

My husband's handsome features expressed disappointment and no small alarm at what was obviously an order and, not for the first time since I had used cuckolding to show him his lack of power over me and I my complete control of him, I could almost hear him question the lack of masculinity that allowed him to let me dominate him.

Talking *"back"* to me by this time was a no-no and my thirty-year-old husband knew the situation would only be made worse if he did.

"It's play time," I told him.

Without having to be told, Ray backed up and started undressing; knowing the drill all too well.

So well, in fact, there was something almost automaton like in his obedience that, far from taking the sexiness from the situation, enhanced it ten-fold.

My handsome husband was obeying his younger and smaller wife and it felt good.

Very good.

I sat down on the couch and crossed my hosed legs nonchalantly to watch Ray undress himself and watched as, first, he removed his jeans, running his hands down his legs sensuously – if still in a condition of automaton like obedience – the way I had taught him. As ever he was in a condition of some shame and mortification as he obeyed my unspoken directions and I hoped he always would be as I so loved inducing the redness of humiliation to his cheeks that was a tribute to my power.

Trousers discarded, he then moved to his shirt and carefully started unbuttoning it.

His eyes were barely able to hold mine as I watched his deference to me with an absorbed fascination that did not – and never would I hoped – wane.

No matter how often it was given and taken.

With my hungry and controlling eyes upon him, he was soon down to nothing but a pair of *my* panties.

Panties he was not allowed to wear until I had finished wearing them myself.

And the same panties he was now compelled to handwash along with the rest of my pantyhose and other garments needing the very best of care from a husband recently made servile to his wife.

Posing for me shamefaced in his/mine panties, he knew not to take them off and I could tell simply from his guilty posture that he had been pleasuring himself while I had been away at the party.

Against my wishes.

There was something sheepish – *more* sheepish – in his behaviour towards me and looking more closely I could see my used panties had been soiled further by a wet spot.

A *"wet spot"* that could only be the residue of recent masturbation.

His hands were moving up and down his body now in the sensuous and enticing ways of the male-stripper he knew I expected from him.

Hands that were, I could not help but notice with relish, trembling.

He was nervous and his breathing was heavy.

It was, and still is, one of the most thrilling aspects of my dominion over him and I absolutely adored the fact that I, Helen Trask ("Morton" as was) could have control of such a complete kind over another human being – and especially a man.

It was, I state without exaggeration, about as erotic and empowering as anything I could imagine and I gave thanks to the day Rita had opened up her own lifestyle of dominant wife and cuckold husband for me. An opening up that had shown me the path to female-led empowerment and control of one's own life. Not to mention marriage.

A path I was extending to take in sounds and sights Rita either had no interest in seeing or hearing or was simply too happy with the marriage she had fashioned for herself to bother with.

The above variation of approach, and as already stated, being one of the few differences between myself and my oldest friend.

Anyhow, my husband was looking at me now and I nodded my head to tell him he could start.

Ray peeled his panties off and threw them to the floor behind him and lay on the living-room carpet, hoping no doubt that I hadn't noticed the evidence betraying his unauthorised masturbation.

Bringing his knees up he spread them open so I could have an unimpeded view of his flaccid cock and the scrotum I insisted he keep free of *"manly"* hair.

The fact he was not excited – even involuntarily – by my humiliating usage of him was yet further evidence of his disobedience.

Disobedience for which, this time, there would be consequences *guaranteed* to prevent him getting-off without my permission *ever* again.

I re-crossed my shapely legs in their navy opaque hose, legs that never failed to gain his attention, and dangled a heel from the end of my toes.

Despite the unauthorised action of earlier, a gratifying twitch responded to my movement and again I exulted in the power I could wield over him so simply.

Knowing he was allowed now – and hoping, no doubt, that his disobedience had not been picked up on - he brought his hand down and started playing with the smooth and hairless balls that seemed more than anything to emphasise my refusal to allow him to act in any way that resembled the behaviour of a real man.

Soon, as I continued to dangle the shoe from my toes and held his eyes with my own, his cock gradually came to full attention - all *five* throbbing inches of it – and I gave thanks for the unimpressive equipment between his legs that so contradicted his handsome looks and provided me with the perfect means of control.

I allowed him to massage his tiny cock to full extension before reaching sideways to the table at my side and taking up the dildo I had expressly asked him to have waiting there for me when I returned from the party.

The anticipation of the use to which I would put it might not have made his evening at home alone any more joyous but it had certainly added a frisson or two to mine.

What was to come, I knew, was about as humiliating as it had gotten so far for him and I knew he hated what was about to happen.

Even if he was too afraid of my anger to risk moving.

Sliding from the couch with the dildo that was, as ordered, washed and lightly oiled I held it up before his eyes before smiling and bringing it up to his lips.

He immediately opened his mouth and started sucking, hating every second of the act and resentment beaming out at me, the one forcing him to perform it.

I watched as, obedient to instructions, he spread his knees further to present me with the hairless buttocks and waiting anus that were completely hairless and kept depilated along with the rest of his body. My husband is a hairy man

and keeping himself free of body hair is no small task; which is probably yet another reason I insist upon it. Power is absolutely wonderful!

He was ready now – as ready as he could be - for the dildo to fuck him now and I pulled it from his mouth to an almost audible sigh of relief, even though he knew its next destination.

“I might make you perform for a real one soon,” I told horrified eyes as I dangled the fake cock his mouth had only just performed for in front of him. “You suck cock so beautifully now it would be a shame to keep wasting it on one that was plastic.”

Knowing he was not to speak, his expression implored me.

“For now though,” I went on, ignoring his unspoken pleas, “I think my obedient cuckold husband would prefer some cock in his little sissy shit-chute.”

Speech of such a kind from my lips never failed to take his shame to deeper levels and he closed his eyes as a single tear rolled down his cheek. He knew I loved him – in my own *strange* way – but he also knew I totally serious about the lifestyle I wanted with him. I had left him in no doubt that I would have no hesitation providing the pictures and film footage of him sucking a dildo and being taken up the ass with it for the divorce courts for his family, friends and employer to see if he didn’t go along with the female-led and cuckolding based relationship I wanted for us.

I moved the dildo down his body and stopped to tease the cock that was still erect despite hi fear and distaste for what was to come.

Ray placed his feet on the carpet and spread his legs even wider as I took his scrotum in my free hand and jiggled his nuts like the property they were.

My property.

Ray’s legs were trembling now, wanting and *not* wanting the dildo inside of him and knowing it was a decision over which he had no power and that his

controlling wife was the sole arbiter of whether he got fucked or not.

It was, I confess, seldom *not*.

His cry of anguish, violation and sheer helplessness as I thrust the dildo into his waiting ass was enough to provide me with a mini-crisis of my own and, as I began to thrust in and out of his reluctant passage, I contented myself with the knowledge that his tongue would once be in another place it refused to go.

And, given my arousal at the prospect of Howard, he could expect it to be servicing my pussy for some good long time.

Three

After he had been well fucked, I'd ordered Ray up and moved us into the bedroom so that he might undress me before using his, by now, well-trained and obedient tongue to ease my own need.

As usual, and despite his earlier and unauthorised ejaculation – I would tackle him about that in my own sweet time and he would not be happy with what I had come up with to prevent future acts of disobedience – his tiny cock had spurted after repeated hammerings of his prostate by the dildo and it made the fact he was about to be forced to service my hungry and aromatic cunt while un-aroused all the more difficult for him.

And magnificent for me!

Forcing a man to perform such an act for one when knowing it was one of the very last things he wished to do for one at a particular point was, for me, about as hot as it got and I've reached some pretty impressive explosions courtesy of my pussy-whipped husband's subjugated tongue.

This particular night, images of Howard in a similar and servile position with his tongue press-ganged into the service of my demanding cunt lending my husband's efforts an extra… *effectiveness*, the series of culminations to which Ray brought me were more impressive and satisfying than ever.

When I was thoroughly sated I told Ray he could curl up in the basket at the foot of the bed I insisted he sleep in.

Another humiliation he had, of course, fought at first but accepted when he knew I was totally serious and realised I was serious about the consequences that would follow if he refused.

It was something I *insisted* upon that I might get my rest *and* be able to keep an eye or ear on his nocturnal… *activities*.

After he was settled and I'd draped a nice warm blanket over him – something I enjoyed doing as it seemed to convey even more power over him to me - I went to the bathroom to clean myself up and heard the phone ringing from the front-room. Knowing Ray wouldn't answer and would have dropped off immediately into an exhausted sleep that would not last too long given the cramped nature of his new bed, I finished washing myself. Only then did I wander through to listen to the message I was certain would have been left.

It was Howard.

He wanted me to call him, saying: *"You'll know what it is in regard of."*

I wrote the number he left down and, with Ray tucked away for the night, went to the
kitchen to fix myself a late snack.
When the phone rang again I answered it, sure it wouldn't be *him*.

Sure enough, it was Rita, wanting to give me the word on Howard.

"I don't what you said to him, Helen, but all he spoke about was you," she told me with laughter in her voice. "He wanted to know where you lived and what you did as a profession. He also asked if you made a habit of going up to complete strangers and quizzing them on their sexual feelings."

I chuckled.

Rita had told him that I was a good friend and that he would have to call me to find out the details for himself.

I asked Rita if she had enjoyed the party and she said she had, apart from Howard following her around and asking a lot of questions.

Questions that were *all* about me.

I told her not to worry and that I would soon be taking care of Howard.

When I hung up the phone, I thought I would finish my sandwich, then give Howard a call and, at about 2:00a.m, I did just that.

He answered the phone immediately.

“Howard?” I said.

“Yes this is Howard.”

“Hi, this is Helen.”

Silence came over the phone.

“Are you still there?” I asked.

“Y-Yes. I am,” he said.

“You left a message on my service. What did you want?” I asked, taking instant control of the conversation, pretty much as I was about to take instant control of him.

"You, hmm, told me to call,” he began, immediately on the wrong foot.

I didn’t answer.

“You know,” he filled the silence, “when I… when I came to terms with my, hmm, demons.”

“That’s right,” I said. “I did, didn’t I?”

This time *he* was the one who didn’t answer.

“Well, I’m glad to hear you finally managed it but it’s late, so I’ll let you go”

“NO!” he all but screamed down the line.

“Are you giving me an order?” I asked in a stern voice.

“Heh?... I mean… No, of course I’m not. I just thought that you… you wanted to talk.”

“Are you saying you want to see me, Howard?”

“No… I mean: y-yes… I mean…”

“I’m free this Friday. Meet me at Pannucci’s in town at 7.00 and be on time.”

I hung up, knowing both date and time would already be etched in his memory as if carved into granite.

I was smiling to myself at his reaction and could tell my peremptory treatment of him had thrown his ego.

Howard, I was certain, was used to having people – and especially women - chase him and having his way.

My smile grew broader as I told myself:

“Make the most of it. Because after Friday you won’t be having your own way for much longer.”

I could not wait until Friday night, when I set in motion the mixture of seduction and discipline that would eventually bring him, bound and helpless, into my web.

As I switched off the lights and made my way to bed after stepping over my once macho husband as he slumbered in the dog basket to which my dominance and control had consigned him, I could hardly help but be

confident in regard of my intention to fetch what would be the latest and the last addition to my mini harem of cuckolded and obedient males to his knees.

My husband's snores were reverberating into the room and I considered giving him a jab in the ribs with a foot but, knowing the uncomfortable basket in which I forced him to sleep would soon wake him and prevent anything but fitful slumber until morning, I allowed my compassionate side an airing and simply smiled down at him.

Affectionately.

That's right. I had taken control of my handsome husband's life completely and allowed him no male pride in front of me. He was sleeping in a dog-basket at the foot of *my* bed.
Yet still I could feel affection for him.

But then, you must ask yourselves, is it so surprising for a woman to have such warm feelings towards a husband who makes her feel so… *womanly?*

As I slid into bed my final waking thoughts before Morpheus led me… who knows where?... were of how nice my husband would look in his basket with a collar around his neck to emphasise his lowly position in respect of me further.

It would be, I remember telling myself, something I *would* give further thought.

Four

I'd woken up, refreshed and ready for the new day.

Friday, so great was my excitement, seemed a long way off but I knew the wait would be worth it. At least if Howard proved to be as weak and submissive as I sensed him to be underneath the ego his good looks assured would be in good working order. I was moving faster than I had moved with Ray and would take chances with this one I would never have dreamed of taking with my husband, but the rewards, should he respond in the way I expected, would be great.

For me.

As if summoned by my thoughts considering him, Ray entered the kitchen, looking tired from another uncomfortable night in his basket.

“Sleep well, Cucky?” I asked in an even and friendly tone.

His face, as always, coloured at this and avoided my eyes, knowing I knew how much he hated this demeaning way of addressing him and that I also knew he was too pussy-whipped to complain to me about it.

“Not really,” he said gruffly, still wearing the same jeans and tee-shirt from last night when I’d arrived home.

A meaningful look and a cough was all it took, so well-trained was my once masterful spouse becoming.

“I mean, hmmm, no, I didn’t, Ms Helen.”

“Don’t forget again,” I warned him. “I’ve been reasonably pleased at the way you’ve come to terms with the fact I’m the boss of this household and our life together but I’ll have no hesitation dragging your ass through the divorce courts so people can see the dildo sucking pervert I married if I don’t get exactly what I want from you.”

It was no idle threat – if one trumpets oneself as a disciplinarian its sometimes necessary to behave like one – and the fact I had been the one who’d seduced him with drink and sex into both sucking that dildo and allowing himself to be fucked by it as I filmed the whole event was neither here nor there.

His shame, coercion or not, would be there for all to see.

“There’s no shortage of weak bastards out there – better looking bastards too,” I assured him, “I could get to take your place.

“I’m sorry, Ms Helen,” he said, unable to meet my eye and equally unable to keep a low burning form of sullen anger and resentment from underlying what he knew should have been an obsequious apology.

Accepting it anyway, I told him to get started on breakfast and marvelled at the way the act of giving him a simple order could get my juices flowing – no matter how much they had flowed recently.

Ray had done as he’d been told and then sat down with me – uninvited - as I ate my toasts and scrambled egg washed down with some chilled grapefruit-juice.

I decided to let it pass as he obviously had something on his mind and I wanted to hear it.

“I…” he began hesitantly. “I was wondering who that man was who called last night while you were out. “He, hmmm, seemed pretty… *disappointed*… when I told him you weren’t home. I asked him if I could take a message and he said tell you that his name was Howard and he’s met you at Rita’s party. I got the impression he thought I was your brother or something.”

“Nothing to worry your pretty little head about,” I assured him. “He’s just a man mummy wants to fuck and make obedient.”

I stroked the cheeks of a face that never failed to react badly when I stated an intention to let another man penetrate me in a way I denied him.

“Just like her good little boy has been made all nice and obedient,” I added as his cheeks reddened at both the prospect of me being fucked in a way in which he was not permitted and the fact I was talking to him as if he truly were no more than a child for whom I had responsibility.

There were also tears in his eyes.

A far cry from those days when the tears had been mine and the affairs his.

“I love the relationship we have now,” I told him, “and I want you to know

that you'll always be my number-one now your silly days of trying to be a man and seeing all those women behind mummy's back are out of the way."

"Helen… *'Ms'* Helen," he began, "I'm not sure how much more of this I can take. You're my wife and I'm a man for god's sakes. Being treated like this is killing me. I made mistakes and I'm sorry and I… I know now that you'll always be my boss, but…"

"Go on," I urged.

"But… Look can't we just go back to the way we used to be? You know, before I fucked up? You'll still be the boss and we can still have this… *female-led*… marriage you're so keen on. But we'll be more… *normal*. I could go back to work the way a man should and…"

The impact of the back of my hand across his cheek supplied him with an answer to his suggestion with more speed and clarity than any words.

Though I decided to use some anyway:

"How many times have I told you?" I snapped, leaning across the table to snatch the neck of his tee-shirt and pull his head and tearful eyes close to mine. "You work for *me* now. I'm the one with the job that pays for everything and it's your duty to make sure my home is perfect for me whenever I return to it."

I'm not sure what was strongest: his misery or his fear as he stared into my implacable eyes and read his future in them.
"Stop trying to be a man and accept it," I told him. "We both know what a weak-willed little mummy's boy you are now and, if you don't want your *real* mummy and the rest of your family and friends to know just how weak-willed their son and brother is, you better start showing me more respect and obedience. I don't *ever* want to hear the words *'go back to work'* pass your lips again."

Our eyes held each other's in what surely must have seemed to him the unequal battle that it was before, finally, he could no longer meet the

intensity he saw in mine and dropped his gaze to the table.

It was submission.

Pure and simple.

And I revelled in the fact I was the one compelling it.

“And I don’t recall giving you permission to sit at the table with me either.”

His head shook from side-to-side as he continued to struggle with the wreck I had made of his life and the absence from it of golf-club, drinking-buddies, work and floozies.

“Did I?” I barked, releasing his shirt-front.

Reluctantly, he shook his head.

I poured it on, thrilling to my domination of him.

“Don’t nod your head at me like some dumb animal! Answer your wife when she asks you a question.”

My pussy buzzed as a sweet, lone and delicious, tear dropped from his lowered eyes to land upon the highly polished wooden surface of the table separating us.

The polishing of that table, I announce with pride, having been performed, along with every other chore in *my* household, by my pussy-whipped and demoralised husband.

“N-No, Ms Helen,” he began in a beaten voice. “You didn’t give me… permission.”

“Good! I’m glad we’ve solved that mystery… So, seeing as we are agreed you didn’t have permission to sit with me, where should you have been while I ate my breakfast?”

I could see he hated what he was about to do with every fibre of the manhood remaining to him and knew it made no difference whether he felt that way or not.

He *would* do as he was told.

So great was my sense of triumph and the animation at that part of my anatomy to which it was transmitted that, as he slid from the chair and lowered himself to hi haunches at my bare feet, I was tempted to order another oral session from him.
I restrained the impulse.

What most women knew, and very few men seemed to, was that restraint made pleasure, when it finally came, all the sweeter and more potent.

"Now," I told him when he was settled into his *'position of respect'*, "before I get dressed for the office there's the serious matter of your unauthorised masturbation from last night to address."

If it's possible for the spirits of a man on his haunches, at the feet of a wife who had already reduced him to no more than her cuckold and housekeeper, to descend further then the slumping of his shoulders indicated just that.

"As taking him over my knee and applying my hairbrush to my little boy's naughty behind hasn't stopped him from playing with his little cockle," I began, heightening his despair and humiliation by reverting to baby-talk, "mummy is going to have to adopt… *stricter*… measures."

Were his shoulders to slump any further I told myself as he took in my words they would be resting upon the kitchen's ceramic floor-tiles.

It was utterly beautiful and, as I ruffled his thick hair consolingly, I knew my sadism was now fully-fledged and that I would *never* be able to give up treating him in such a way.

"The good news for my baby-boy," I went on, "is that what mummy has in

mind to stop him playing with his tiny wee-wee will make sure he will *never* get a spanking for doing so again.”

Part Two

Four

My exercise of the power I now wielded in my marriage to Ray during breakfast had set me up for the day ahead and put me behind the wheel of the Alfa Romeo soft-top – a soft-top he was no longer allowed to drive - with a smile on my face. From having nothing – not even the wherewithal to go shopping without permission from my lord and master, and even then with strict budgetary limitations – I was now running my own small but thriving temp agency while *he* stayed at home doing *my* housework; had full control of *all* our money and, more excitingly, the freedom to fuck whoever and whomever I liked with the confidence he knew and would be unable to challenge me on the subject.

Or at least be unlikely to find any joy from doing so should he somehow find balls enough to try.

Not for the first time, I gave thanks to Rita for having read my husband's weakness so well and how easily it would be to put him under. To Ray his manly appearance in front of other men and, especially, women was everything. Throw the prospect of a video being shown to his revered and blue-collar judgmental family – a video showing him sucking a dildo and then taking a strap-on up his tight and, once, virgin ass – into the mix and, exactly as Rita had promised, compliance was guaranteed.

And became more marked with each passing day and every fresh indignity I forced upon him.

Life was indeed a banquet.

Though *not* for him.

With each tick of the clock, it seemed to me, he became more synonymous with some medieval and powerless serf one would expecting to see waiting-on at such a feast.

Obsequiously at that.

After years of being in the backseat while he directed their path from the driver's side in the front, I was determined to take more and more of the freedoms he left to him away.

His money and property had already been transferred into my name and I was toying with the idea of having him sign a power-of-attorney.

Also, had it not been for the fact I liked him to chauffeur me around from time to time – the backseat not seeming so degrading to me now I took it from choice – I would have forced him to surrender his driving licence and forego another pleasure he loved. I was, in fact, still toying with the idea.

I wanted him to have nothing that did not come directly from me; whether it was the food he ate, the clothes he wore, or the cum that leaked into his servile mouth after I'd returned from a fuck-fest and insist he use his tongue to… *soothe*… me.
It was a decision I made not because I'm greedy – though I do like nice things - but because it kept him completely powerless and I so adored having him dependent upon me for *everything*.

I also wanted to make the prospect of his ever leaving me and taking his chances with nothing so daunting he might consider it but never have the guts to go through with a course of action so devastating for his life.

This, along with the odd carrots such as TV privileges and, if he was really obedient and submissive, a day at the golf-course, ensured he would never

leave and bore out Rita's assertion that my husband was a truly weak man. Given his mindset and the terror of his family discovering the power his young wife wielded over him via the videos showing his escapades with a fake cock and other perversities, this dependency gave him no possible way out unless he was willing to suffer. Or, should I say, suffer *more*.

In short, he had no escape from his wife and no future without.

I loved knowing this.

And do you know what? The more control I took from him the more I wanted. It was a drug and I would never be weaned from it. His physical and financial servitude was wonderful to me and so was the sexual control. But it wasn't enough. I wanted *everything* he had to give, even as he hated the fact he had no choice but to give it to me and the fact he was and probably never would be a genuine submissive – quite the opposite, in fact – made me want to strip him of every last piece of self-governance more badly.

The kind of extreme and absolute control I wanted would inhabit every cell in his body so that fear of his wife would be with him every single second of his life for as long as he continued to breathe. I wanted his entire life – knowing he hated it – to revolve around me and words like worship, control, obedience, and slavery would take on a whole new meaning in his... *our*… relationship.
But especially the word: *"service"*.

"Humiliation" not being far behind either.

Was I not ashamed of myself for behaving towards a human being in such a way, I hear you ask.

No.

And emphatically no at that.

I had found my own true nature as much as I was intent on showing Howard his. Why would I be ashamed of the truth. If my husband's truth ensured he

was too weak to prevent me exerting my own then that was simply natural and *not* shameful.

With these thoughts in mind after I'd forced him to kneel at my feet in the kitchen as I took the breakfast he now prepared for me every morning, it was no great shock that my mood as I entered the offices I leased was high and bright.

In fact, as Melanie, my secretary, greeted me with a decaf and what seemed like genuine warmth – I'm a believer in paying my staff well, after all – I felt utterly buoyant and excited by the prospect of what my life had become and what it would be from now on.

Five

My mood improved even further - though I was careful not to show it – when, halfway through the morning, Melanie put a call through to me from someone whose surname I hadn't recognised.

A surname belonging, as I picked it up and found him on the other end of the line, Howard.

My surprise that he had my number lasting only until I remembered I'd added my work number to that of home on the scrap of paper I'd handed him at the party.

"What do you want?" I asked, manner cold and putting him on the back foot from the get-go.

"I, er, was just wondering if there was any way we could get together before Friday?" he asked, anxiety delighting me – though not so much as the need I detected behind the request I'd read him equally as well as Rita and it was obvious that the rare experience of having a woman assert herself with him had struck a chord within him. Even if he had experienced *nothing* yet.

Just the same, I knew that if I acquiesced to his desire I would be giving up the higher ground – no matter my own excitement was a match for his.

To give way now would be to cede the upper hand I had gained so far.

My handsome and older would-be victim needed to be made to work for the pleasure of my company and be forced to realise that only by being ready for anything I suggested would have any chance of gaining it.

“You did not strike me as a stupid man, Howard, and it’s rare that my first impressions are wrong. But it does happen.”

I could almost feel his unease from wherever it was he was making the call from. His own home, probably. Rita had said he was a web-designer so it made sense to use his own home as an office rather than get into leasing.

Knowing my first words had placed the older man on the back foot, I went on to ensure he remained in reverse:

“I told you Friday and I meant Friday.”

“I… I just thought…” his voice tailed off, so unmanned did I have him already; my forthright and authoritative approach to him – again exactly as Rita had suggested it would – having put him on the backfoot.

“He’s used to having women fawn over him,” Rita’s words came back to me.

Having now seen the looks he got from the party and embarrassing way his date fussed around him, I could only agree with my friend and mentor’s assessment.
“Be different,” she had continued. *“It took me a while to work it out, but the cause of his dissatisfaction was obvious when I saw how women were around him. Just because he’s handsome with a good physique – and a sizable cock if my neighbour Jenny’s sense of dimension is to be trusted – it doesn’t mean he’s strong. Muscle ain’t balls, baby; least not in the metaphysical sense. This is a guy who needs female supervision and plenty of it, and the vanilla good girl who tries to rule over him through her own willingness to do exactly as he wants ain’t going to cut it with him.”*

It was an assessment I had come to concur with not minutes after having first observed him at Rita's party and I could do no more than agree with her closing thoughts on the subject:

"Trust me, the woman who gets her hooks into him in the right way will have a slave for life."

As I drove over my potential slave's hesitancy with words of my own, I realised the pussy that always seemed to be moist these days was gushing once again from recall of my friends words and the presence of my prospective flunky – his disembodied presence, at least, as he awaited my response from the other end of the line.

"I'll say this just once, Howard, and if you fuck up again you'll never see or speak to me again. Do you understand me?"

There was silence and for a second – just a second, mind, I thought I might have pressed too quickly and the next sound to reach my ears would be that of the dial-tone.

Then, joyously, and in a small voice that seemed as puzzled as it was anxious:

"Yes… I, hmm, understand."

"I'm glad to hear it, Howard, because this is no game I'm playing with you here and if you want me to show you the joys in store for you that will come from an acknowledgment of your true nature then you had better get used to the idea that I lead and you follow."

I allowed him a few seconds that it might sink in, more confident by the second that he was exactly what Rita had described him as and that I would soon have a collar about his neck.

And not just a collar of the metaphysical kind.

"It's that simple. I don't care what you've been used to with other women or

that you're older than me. If having your own way is more important to you than being shown the sexual satisfaction that comes from being shown who you really are then all you have to do is contact me again before Friday."

Again, I paused for a few beats, until:

"Either that or end this phone-call without a sincere apology for having disregarded my wishes."

I waited, unable to miss the rapidity of his breathing at the other end of the line and delighted to have instilled such unease in him. I was though, I knew, risking a lot at such an early stage in my dealings with him and, despite my confident assessment of his true nature, wondered if I had pressed to hard too fast. Hence my own unease.

Unease, it turned out that was misplaced:

"I'm sorry to have bothered you," his voice, hushed and, if I assessed correctly, *shamed*, came down the line.

Exalted and empowered I simply hung up.

Six

"Let's see if you can select the appropriate blouse and lingerie for me," I told Ray when he finished drying me head-to-foot in a huge and fluffy towel after I'd bathed.

Friday evening had finally rolled around and I was feeling electric.

Soon, I would be meeting a handsome older man I intended to become my submissive lover.

And my *husband* was helping me prepare myself for him.

What woman with more than a pint of haemoglobin in her veins would *not* feel energised by such a prospect?

A husband to take care of all the menial tasks normally expected to fall to a wife – and one, moreover, who was becoming more obedient by the minute and with a tongue growing with an expertise that had once been sorely lacking – and a handsome and well-endowed lover who, while obedient and taking the lead of his young and authoritative mistress, would get to place his

cock in her love-box and take her to places her husband would *never* again be given permission to be allowed a visit.

Tonight was also something of a first for us – myself and Ray, I mean. For though previously I had allowed him to choose my outfits on the four dates I'd had with other men since putting him under – the knowledgeable Rita again calling it right when she said how much it would embarrass him to have to perform such a task – this was different. Tonight he would be compelled to not only choose my outfit but to actually dress me in it.

The suit he had picked was beige and Ray – becoming more adept with my clothing by the day - had chosen tan pantyhose as opposed to the obvious black or navy most men would have gone for. The jacket was a snug fit so he selected a long line bra and a semi-transparent blouse in dark brown.

"Good choice, cucky," I praised him, reddening his cheeks with the demeaning term rather than enthusing him with any pride for his choices. "Nice tonal contrasts."

I opened my robe and handed it to him, totally unfazed at being naked in front of my fully clothed husband as the bullet-hard nipples of my full and conical breasts were revealed in full accusation of the lust the power of his subservience provoked in me.

Especially as I knew my *gift* to him of the previous day prevented any enjoyment he might feel tempted to take from the sight.

"Bet you're glad I put that tiny excuse for a penis in that cock-cage now, aren't you?"

His cheeks flushed a deeper red, almost vermillion, at my reference to his chastity, thoughts scarred by the humiliation of having me fit him into the device previous evening.
This after having made him lower his cock and balls into a mixing bowl full of ice and water and going on to encircling his wilted scrotum with a titanium ring before locking it to the equally sturdy metal restrainer containing his

penis. An action that would ensure he would have no more erections and indulge in no unauthorised masturbation. Not with the combination to one of the *two* tiny padlocks securing it anyway – the other a more traditional key type that allowed me some neck ornamentation and a reminder to him of just how much he was now under my control.

“Is it uncomfortable?”

“Yes,” he answered instantly and impolitely; though the flashing of my eyes soon brought him to heel.

“I mean, yes it is, Ms Helen.”

“Well, you only have yourself to blame,” I reminded him. “You were warned not to play with your little cockette and you disobeyed mummy.”

He looked absolutely desolate at my reminder that even this lowly piece of self-autonomy had been stripped from him.

So desperate, in fact, that even my description of myself as his *“mummy”* – something that had not failed to make him cringe since my recent adoption of it – went unnoticed.

“Now you’ll just have to concentrate on pleasing mummy harder so that she’s pleased enough with your efforts to give you a milking now and then. I know how hard you find it with me in charge of you but the sooner you realise the freedom and power you were allowed to exercise during the first years of our marriage are over the better. You’re finally becoming the kind of husband I always wanted and I’d hate for you to push me so far I’d have to make your sissy exploits with a fake cock up your ass and in your mouth known to your family and all those macho friends you’re no longer allowed to see.”

My reminder of the drunken sex I’d coerced from him and filmed – not to mention those subsequent and debasing scenes I’d insisted on from him without the help of alcohol – might not have carried the physical lash of the whip but it seared the flesh of his mind with equal facility.

“And as long as you show me you’re committed to being a good boy for me,” I went on, “there’s no need for anybody save strangers to ever know that your little cockette is kept locked up by your wife while she allows real men to please her.”

I was simply covering old ground, the turf of which I’d laid and re-laid many times before since taking control of him, but doing so remained no less… *delicious*.

And the pain it caused him was, if the look on his poor face was any guide, totally undiminished.

“You’re my cuckold now so get used to it. You’ve read the stories online I attached to you so you can’t say you don’t know what to expect. Or how much more humiliating things could be for you if I chose to make them that way. I’ve been true to my word so far and showed nobody either the footage of you taking and enjoying cock and other nasty things. Nobody save Rita knows you’re now my cuckold who sleeps at the foot of my bed when I come home after a fucking either. You’ve read of some of the things less… *loving*… wives make their cucks do, so you know how well I’m treating you in comparison and what to do if you want it to continue.”

My description of myself as *“loving”* had seemed likely to make him throw up and he had on many occasions during the early days of my new power over him suggested that, as I didn’t love him, we might as well divorce.

Some chance.

And who cared about love?

I’d tried that and look how far it had taken me.

A useless emotion where men are concerned that gives them a green-light to treat women like absolute shit and one I would not be extending to any of their number again.

Control and domination though?

Well, they were two entirely different prospects.

“This is how it is and how it will remain,” I told him. “You as my cuckold and obedient servant and me as your master. If you were going to do anything about it you’d have done it by now, but we both know you’re not man enough to have your sainted family know just how unmanly you really are. Get used to it and be the best servant and pussy licker you can be and you can still have a life worth living with me. Piss me off too much and I’ll wreck what remains of your pitiful life and you’ll never hold your head up with your friends and loved ones again.”

With his job and independent income gone and his bank accounts and credit cards closed my threat was no idle one and he knew it. Aside from becoming a non-person with his judgmental, homophobic and semi-racist blue-collar family and the golf-club bore friends who were no better in a more upmarket way, he would be starting again without home, income or employment. He was, in fact, unless he suddenly grew a pair, completely fucked.

“Now,” I went on, all business now I had once again outlined the dire nature of his situation to him, “hang that robe up and fetch me a bra. In case you’ve forgotten, I have a man with a real, unlocked, cock to meet and I don’t want to be late.”

Shamefaced as he was, Ray quickly hung up my robe as ordered and watching the way he obeyed so readily made me proud of just how far I had brought my overbearing husband since the days when he considered himself my king – even if my position back then was somewhat lower than his queen. He handed me a brown bra to match the shirt he had already chosen for me.

“Another good choice,” I applauded him. “Keep this up and mummy will let you out to hump her leg sooner than you think. Of course, you’ll have to show her how committed you are to this marriage. Sleeping at the foot of my bed like the obedient dog you’re becoming…”

I had to pause as a rush of arousal prompted by being able to speak to my

once all-powerful husband in such a way threatened to overwhelm me but soon came back on line.

"…and using your tongue to please mummy is good, but I need for you to show me you know your place now and accept that I'm your master."

He flinched at the description.

"There's no other way to put it, I'm afraid," I told him, as if I were actually concerned about his feeling. "That's how you saw yourself when you had me barefoot and in the kitchen so why should I regard you any differently now I own you lock, stock and barrel?"

Looking sick at heart he continued to hold out the bra.

I made no attempt to accept it; deciding instead to let him work out what was required.

And found myself surprised at how quickly he worked it out as I went on demeaning him.

"You need to revere me," I told him. "Your every waking thought – well, most of them – must be fixed upon your mummy and how best you can please her. Because that's how I see myself now. As your mummy. Oh, I know little boys don't get to do the things with their mummies I allow you to do but that's because your special to me and we both know I'm not your biological parent. But that doesn't mean I won't be a strict mummy and punish you and give corner-time when you're bad."

I had gradually been introducing the *"mummy"* aspect into our day-to-day and was surprised at how aroused doing so made me. Ray's own mother, of course, was no more than a doormat for his ex-line-foreman father and his ante-diluvian ideas when it came to the way a man and a woman should be with each other. She doted on her boys in the way only the truly unambitious and, sometimes, unintelligent female could and had, consequently, been taken for granted by the slobs. In fact, she was the only member of his family I had any time for, though I knew he would hardly have any gremlins in his psyche

arising from her authority over him.

Though I would be adding many of my own to his subconscious from now on.

Anyhow, suffice it to say that treating him like a little boy really floated my boat and all but capsized his. A realisation that put in train any number of future possibilities. None of them likely to make my once macho husband feel any more masculine.
As I had my thoughts, he moved behind me and lowered the bra over my head so that it was in front of me.

And, wonder of wonders, he did it as if he were no less than a courteous Southern gentleman rather than a pussy-whipped and emasculated husband without any say in their relationship.

When the bra was in front of me, he waited, unable to see my amused and aroused eyes.

With a smile of pleasure and dominion he was also unable to see, I slipped both arms through the straps and leaned forward, my bare ass pressing against the front of his trousers and the restrainer they hid. I could tell he was trying not to take any notice but the gasp that escaped his lips not a few seconds later told me that an enlarging cock had just met unyielding metal.

“Stop thinking of your own pleasure and concentrate on making mummy look sexy for her new man,” I scolded him as I scooped my breasts into the cups then waited for him to do up the catches at the back.

I adjusted myself and… *voila!*... my husband had completed his first task as my new body-servant.

Without being told, he reached for a matching pair of beige panties and again went behind me – obviously preferring to perform the demeaning task of placing them on me while out of my vision.

Something I was not about to let happen.

What point, after all, was there to his humiliation if I could not witness it in full?

“From the front,” I commanded him. “Kneel down before me and hold them open for me to step into. If you’re going to be my body-servant from now on I need to see you’re doing things correctly and, more importantly, with the right attitude.

My description of him as my body-servant did not thrill him exactly but, despite the thoughts of disbelief I sensed him thinking - something along the lines of how he could possibly have been brought to such a pass - he came around in front of me and lowered himself to his knees with a groan.

I gave the back of his head a clout with my hand.

“Don’t groan like some geriatric bumpkin asked to pick turnips when you kneel down,” I scolded. “I need to see that you respect me and want to ensure I look my best for the man I’m going to let fuck me.”

Not for the first time – and not, I fervently prayed, the last – he began to sob; so far had I lowered his self-respect. Begging would, I knew, come next and, though I never tired of hearing it from his lips, I was also pressed for time. And, besides, there would be other occasions on which to hear it from him.
“Stop your whining and get on with it, or I’ll put your balls in that humbler I purchased with the cock-cage,” I snapped at him, recalling with relish the look of horror that went beyond the facial expression inspired by his first sight of the device that would ensure his cock was no longer his to command.

The appearance of the humbler shortly after, and the misery he would have to endure if he annoyed me enough to put him in it – something I was determined would happen soon anyway – draining all blood from his face and, for once, not sending it to his once faithless cock.

Knowing I was serious, my cowed husband tried to quell his unmanly sobs.

In this he was not entirely successful and the breath was still catching in his

throat when, like some genuflecting courtier seeking alms, he knelt before me and offered up the panties, stretching them open that I might step daintily into each leg as he pulled them up until they were snug against my pussy.

Sobbing and desolate at the loss of what he had once had he might be, but my husband was definitely learning how to make himself useful in a whole variety of new and wonderful ways.

For me.

Ways, as I have explained, I intended to expand and be made more demeaning until the creature that was once my husband saw his service to me as no more than my inalienable right and his duty to provide.

When it came to the pantyhose I had him hand it to me and told him to kneel in front of me and watch, this as I sat on the edge of the bed to slide the nylon up the legs he had so loved in our early days.

Before, that is, he felt a need to experience those of other women.

Not to mention other parts of their anatomy.

My inner laughter was joyous.

In the position to which I had reduced him, the anatomy of other women was of no use to him anymore.

“Watch closely as you’ll be doing this for me from now on,” I told him, adding yet another level to his torture as a chore he might have pulled himself off to – at least when recalling it while on his own - would now become no more than another torment unable to be relieved by his caged cock. “I’ll expect you to be perfect when it comes to my grooming and you'll need to practice.”

Though his eyes were still averted from mine as I pulled and smoothed the nylon over the silky tanned skin of my legs, I could read his thoughts.
The question he was asking himself was a familiar one as, yet again, he tried

to work out where this ultra-dominant and authoritative woman who had once been his biddable and walked-upon wife had come from.

It was, in truth, a question I had asked myself and had no joy in the answering.

A lack of success that bothered me not a jot and, as Rita had said, *"wasn't worth worrying over when the pleasure my new perverse and deviant persona gave was so… awesome."*

Not for the first time, I found myself concurring with my wise and equally dominant – well, *almost* as dominant – friend.

I returned to the tasks he was being trained to take in hand and I fully expected him to be serious in their accomplishing.

Menial as they were.

"The lingerie I wore to work today is on the chair in the corner. Be sure to rinse them out by hand and hang them to dry before I get home – whenever that might be. I shall expect them to folded and put away tidily when I return."

The eyes that now met mine were utterly pitiful as he girded his loins to ask the million-dollar question:

"Will…? Will you be…? Will… *he*… be coming back with you?"

For a moment, sheer and persistent disbelief for where he now was and the cowed person I had made him ensured my answer to his impertinent question was not as instant as it might have been.

Though it was not that long in coming and began with a stinging slap across tear-stained cheeks.

"How dare you! What have I told you about questioning me when I go out to get fucked?"

“Helen, please, I…”

Forgetting to add the *“Ms”,* he got no further as I rose to stand above him and slapped him again; continuing to do so and, with each resounding slap of palm against cheek, punctuating my rebuke as it was delivered:

“It’s none…”

Slap!

“…of your business…”

“Slap!”
“…where I decide…”

Slap!

“…to fuck *real* men.”

I took a handful of his hair to hold him in place and continued to slap him as I drove home the message; assured I had him so intimidated there could be no question of his using superior male physical power to prevent me.

It was utterly exhilarating.

Between slaps I told him that I *never* wanted to hear my name on his lips when we were alone if it wasn’t prefixed with a *“Ms”.*

Not if he wanted to get out of his cock-cage anytime soon.

I also told him that I expected him to be waiting in his usual position of respect when I returned home.

This last, I knew, would not only provide him with the problem of having to watch for my arrival and interrupt any leisure time in front of the TV and any golf coverage he might find – a privilege I had been toying with making

dependent upon good behaviour anyway – but would have him terrified that I might, for the first time, actually bring my latest lover home with me.

He was not to know it, of course, but I had already decided that would not be happening on this particular night. Nor would he know that I had decided *not* to fuck the handsome man I would be seeing.

Carrots were only effective when backed with a stick and I was not about to let Howard munch on mine before he was suitably desperate for a taste.
Releasing his hair and completing the task of straightening my hose, I took myself to my make-up table and sat down to study the range of eye-shadows; still speaking to him from over my shoulder.

“From now on, you'll dress me seven days a week, so get familiar enough with my wardrobe so if I ask for a particular item you'll know where it is and can fetch it for me instantly. I want my baby-boy to be proud of my appearance whenever I leave the house and the looks she gets from all the big powerful men.”

It was an amazing sensation and one that would have been unthinkable not so long ago, I told myself with that same feeling of disbelief. Not seconds ago I had just bitch-slapped my once macho husband and now I was telling him he was, in effect, little more than my very own ladies’ maid. And his only response was to snivel, as if he were, for all the world, the little boy I insisted he was and was intent upon making him.

“Understand?” I barked when no response other than the aforementioned snivels were forthcoming.
There was no reply for a second or two and I had partly swiveled on my stool to correct the absence when:

“Y-Yes… M-Ms Helen.”

The fresh panties he had only just slid up my legs that were now covered by my pantyhose were, I realised, fresh no longer as his submission to me did what it always did and turned my innards to mush.

Not that I allowed him to see it.

“That’s better,” I told him. “Don’t make me have to remind you again or you’ll find out what it’s like to spend a week in that humbler.

In the make-up table’s mirror I saw his head shaking with his own disbelief at the situation and the fact I could so easily have turned the life he once loved into the proverbial pile of shit.

“Maybe,” I went on, piling on the shame, “when I think you’re obedient and efficient enough, I’ll let you help me with my make-up too. Who knows? Perhaps I’ll enrol you in one of those beauty courses they offer at the Community College.”

Knowing how much he would hate such a prospect and the fact people he knew might discover him learning such a… *sissy*… subject, I decided to let him chew it over on his own as – for this time only – I finished dressing myself.

“This once I’m going to finish dressing for myself while you go away and think about how best you can make yourself useful to me,” I told him. “I suggest you make yourself a quick sandwich because I’ve left you a list of chores, along with hand-washing my smalls, that I want finished by the time I get home.”

It was, as I’m sure all of you who are reading this realise, a beaten, abject and thoroughly humiliated former king of his castle who slunk from his wife’s bedroom as she prepared herself to meet another man.

Another man I fully intended to enslave.

Part Three

Seven

The shock of having me invite a man to actually visit our home and fuck me there was almost as much of a shock for Howard as it was for Ray.

Though it was certainly Ray I intended to take the brunt of the evening's humiliation; knowing as I did that, having told the increasingly obsessed Howard of my intention to make use of a more impressive cock than his own, he would be utterly demoralised by the prospect. Not to mention having me send him back to his own home with the instruction to masturbate as much as he liked to the image of his mistress being fucked by another.

This was totally in line with the form of shame and degradation I intended to put Howard through was quite different and entirely in keeping with the pecking order I'd instigated in the past few months after having overcome – even more easily than I had imagined – Howard's reservations about becoming a second-class citizen in order to play a part in my life.

You see, I envisaged Howard as my sex slave. A handsome older man all of my own who was ready to place his own needs behind mine and be on tap for sex whenever, and *however*, I required it. *But*, he would not be my *only* lover and his submission to me would be different to Ray's. How could it not be, given it would be given voluntarily while my husband's was coerced from him by dint of his own weakness and the fear of my revealing the footage detailing his shame.

Submission it would be, though, just the same.

Now I had Ray tucked away in his cock-cage and even more footage that revealed him for the dildo-sucking sissy pervert he now was, I'd decided that only my pussy, my arse and my feet would be available to him – and only the latter on a regular and demeaning basis. Any experience he had of pussy or ass from now on – and from now on it would be mine exclusively – would be had only after the cock of Howard or another lover had placed an offering in one or both of his dominant wife's orifices. A new experience for him that was about to happen sooner than he thought.

The young man I'd chosen to be the first to fuck me in my own home as my husband looked on had been suggested by Rita and was, she assured me, an absolute beast of a lover who liked nothing better than to please white wives and humiliate their ineffectual husbands.

His name was Dion and he was also, my friend and mentor gave further assurance, in a long-term relationship to a girl he truly loved and, though he loved the sex coming his way from the many willing white wives in the area, with wanted to keep it that way.

This I found comforting as it made it unlikely he would want news of our hook-up to get out.

And, with my business taking off and my stature in the neighbourhood and outlying area growing, I certainly didn't want any bad gossip harming my burgeoning rep.

After having dismissed Howard earlier and having received the call from his home number that assured me the older man had done as I told him and not hung around to spy out my new fuck partner, I'd forced a highly agitated Ray to answer the door in the pocket-less black slacks and crisp white shirt that made him look like the servile retainer I was training him to be.

The look of pure anguish was an absolute delight to me and he looked totally intimidated as the huge and shaven-headed black man stepped into what he

had once seen as his home.

A huge and shaven-headed black man who was not only much younger but said nothing and waited expectantly.

This had been agreed between Dion and myself beforehand and, knowing what I expected of him, the mortified and semi-racist Ray was now struggling to form the words required of him; terrified of what the response of his once downtrodden wife would be and the consequences that would follow.

Dion's eyes were boring into my husband's and I was thrilled when Ray couldn't meet his gaze and ecstatic when he lowered his shamed head and the words of greeting I had insisted upon left his, no doubt, dry as a bone mouth:

"Welcome to Ms Helen's home, hmm..."

He hesitated exactly where I'd expected him to hesitate and I could see it took a huge effort on his part to force himself through it.

"…M-Master Dion," he finished, flaming cheeks visible from my position across the room as the ever hungry pussy residing beneath my figure-hugging red dress threatened to become a faucet.

Not deigning him with a look, Dion had simply strode across the room as my husband closed the door and crushed me into his powerful arms.

The kiss that followed was like no kiss I'd ever experienced before and I knew this had more to do with Ray witnessing it than Dion's, admittedly considerable, expertise.

To cut to the chase, and after having Ray serve us both drinks and some minimal small-talk between the two of us, I ordered Ray to our bedroom to take up the position I expected from him, knowing he would be grateful to be away from us – even if it was only for a few minutes – and away from the mocking scrutiny and interrogation of the young black man who was about to have his wife in ways he, her husband, was no longer permitted. I also knew he would be marveling how someone no more than a year or so out of high

school could have such presence and natural authority. And a young and *black* man at that.

Having set the webcam up in the bedroom to record the coming activities, it would be yet another sword to hold over his head if he ever – and this I now found unlikely – rebelled against my domination and control of him.

If his moronic blue-collar family with their ante-diluvian moral outlook and social attitudes would disown him for sucking a dildo before taking it up his ass, imagine how persona non gratis he would be if they saw him kneeling naked in a corner, cock and balls secured in a chastity-device, as his wife was fucked by a black buck?

Which was exactly where he was when I led Dion into our bedroom – naked and on his knees, shamed head lowered to the carpet and ordered not to make eye-contact or sneak looks until granted permission, penis snug and unthreatening in its be-ringed and sheathed confinement.

The utter disgrace of the situation was killing him and I loved it!

Before stripping himself and taking up his position, however, he had lit a number of candles in various parts of the room to create the mood I was looking for. The bed covers had been peeled back to reveal the sleek satin sheets where my young black lover and I would soon be performing and he had placed refreshments on a table to the side of the bed should our exertions make us thirsty. Refreshments consisting of an ice-bucket and a bottle of Laurent Perrier.

“You really got this pussy trained good,” Dion said upon entering.

“Oh, he’s a long way to go yet,” I assured him. “We’ve only scratched the surface of the ways he’s going to serve me from now on.”

“Not as a man, that’s for sure,” said Dion derisively. “Bitch like him only fit to take orders from a woman.”

In his corner, I saw a quiver go through Ray. He had been known as

something of a street-fighter when younger, before knowing some success as a seller of used cars and having his edge dulled by the golf-club pussies and the bland world in which they existed. Now, not only had his status as a hotshot care salesman been stripped of him but his manhood too.

And guess *who* had done the stripping?

Any concern I had that my husband might re-discover his taste for street-fighting and do Dion some harm before I got to experience the cock Rita had assured me was *"wondrous!"* was quelled by the knowledge that my lover was not only twice my husband's size and some fourteen years younger but was, again according to Rita, something of an animal himself when it came to mano e mano.

Had Ray been about man up he would have put an end to it as soon as Dion arrived.

But he hadn't and I now knew beyond any doubt that my husband was enslaved to me and would accept any treatment I dished out.
Men, I'd once read – some of them anyway – were simple beasts and easily conditioned by a master who knew what he or she was doing.

And, unfortunately for Ray, not only did I know exactly what I was doing but, more importantly, I knew exactly what I wanted.

He was already a cuck, but now, tonight, he was going to hear himself being cuckolded in the bedroom and bed he had once considered his and not be able to do anything about it.

"Ray?"

"Yes, Ms Helen," he responded without looking up, just as he had been schooled.

"While Dion's cock is taking care of those matters you can't, I want your eyes on the carpet the whole time. If I once look up and catch you watching without my permission I'll have my big strong black lover here take you over

his thighs and spank you until your cries can be heard in Alaska.

Ray's shoulders sagged at this as yet another piece of his spirit and self-respect was stripped from him, not to know that I fully intended for Dion to spank him in just such a way whether he peeked or not.

"Understand?" I pressed, knowing how much more soul destroying it was for him to have to make verbal responses to questions debasing him in such a way.

His voice was so low I almost didn't hear it:

"Y-Yes… Ms Helen."

I was about to make him repeat himself when Dion came in.

"Wow! I've seen some cuckolded wimps in the last year or so but none of them had anything on this piece of shit. He must really get off on this crap."

"Not at all actually," I told him, gliding a hand over the front of his jeans and the substantial bulge that told me that, *"cuckolded wimp"* or not, the situation aroused him. "In fact, he hates it."

"Then why…?"

"Let's just say," I cut in over him, "that he knows the shit-heap his life is now is as nothing to what it would be if I were to go public with certain… *things*."

Dion was silent for a moment and I knew this was novel to him. Almost all the cuckolds he would have come across were likely to have started out willingly in most cases. In fact, they would most likely have introduced both the fantasy and the possibility of making it a reality to their wives. It had, after all, been the case with Rita and her husband. Even if Rita had soon made the reality a sight less exciting than the fantasy itself.
At least for Kyle, though certainly *not* for her.

"My husband is not naked on his knees with his cock in a cage," I went on,

“because he’s a pervert who gets off on being dominated and seeing better endowed men fuck his wife. So don’t go thinking we’re performing for his pleasure. He’s in the position he’s in because that’s where I want him and he’s too frightened of making me angry to do anything else.”

Dion gave this some careful thought before the face below that smooth and shaven scalp broke out in a huge smile:

“Then that’s going to make this all the more enjoyable.”

His smile became even broader when I put my lips to his ear and whispered that my husband might not hear:

“And I’m going to have you take him over your knees and spank him when we’ve finished… Whether he peeks or not.”

*****

I’d positioned myself astride Dion that Ray might rarely be out of my sight and my enjoyment intensified. Even when I finally took the head of Dion's awesome cock in my mouth and began swirling it with my tongue, my eyes never left the abject and broken form of my husband in his corner.

“Oh, baby, you got a great mouth,” said Dion. “You should never waste it on pussy-boys like your husband.”

I saw Ray flinch at a description of his person that would once have had him tearing into the man foolish enough to have made it and the way he seemed to shrink into himself only heightened my arousal.

Reaching behind my new man and placing both hands on his taut ass cheeks, I pressed forward until almost half of his engorged pole was inside my mouth. Already my lips were stretched to the limit and now my eyes did close. In that moment, Ray – nor Howard – existed and the wonderful black cock in my mouth was my entire world. Spurred on by a new wave of lust and I began to bob my head and suck my powerful young lover’s pole in and out of my mouth.

“Do my balls,” he ordered and I, lover of the dominant role or not, acquiesced.

Removing my lips from that powerful black cock I saw it was shiny with my own saliva and looked even more impressive and menacing than before. Leaning down I placed my lips on the swollen balls and began taking long and leisurely licks of the black skin containing them.

“Tell me, Helen, baby,” do you make pussy-boy over there lick your lovers balls for you?”

“I haven’t yet,” I said, begrudgingly allowing a ball to slide from my warm mouth in order to answer. “Would you like that?”

He laughed:

“Not me, but I knows plenty o’ bros who like nothing better than to have a wimpy white husband lick their superior balls before they puts their cock to his wife.”

“I’ll give it some thought,” I told him. “But for now it’s time you put that big black cock to work inside the pussy of the wimps mummy.”

“Mummy?”

He thought about it.

“Yeah. I like that. He sure ain’t no man. He behave like a little boy his strict wife should make sure she treat him like one.”

Dion was only tapping in to thoughts I’d been having along the same lines myself. The thought of treating and dressing Ray like a schoolboy around the home had been floating my boat for some time now. Perhaps it was time to make those thoughts a reality.

For now though I simply wanted to take a superior black cock in the pussy

that had once been reserved for the husband who was on his knees, naked and caged, in the corner of what had once been *our* bedroom.

My prayer was answered as Dion got in position between the legs I'd just spread for him and moved his cock to my moist – to use understatement – pussy and I pushed up against him. Half-tempted to give Ray permission to look that he could take in the huge cock with the swollen bulbous head poised at the entry to his wife's womanhood. But, though I knew how it would increase his humiliation, I also knew how much more shaming it would be for him to simply hear my cries of fulfilment and know his dominant wife forbade him from taking a look for himself.

Dion pushed forward gently.

My first scream was a whisper when compared with what was to come.

He pressed on until half of his staff was buried inside me then, once I'd gotten used to the invasion, fully penetrated me and began pummelling me with ever greater force and rhythm. The bed almost seemed alive as it moved with our rhythm and I was soon screaming at the top of my lungs as that magnificent cock touched places within me that still remained virgin. I was crying out with every powerful stroke as our sweaty bodies slapped against each other and was soon on the verge of coming.

Then I did.

Eight

"Crawl over here, Ray," I'd said after Dion had excused himself to use the bathroom to use the facilities and freshen up, though not in quite so genteel a way.

This after I had asked him to take my husband over his powerful black thighs and deliver him a spanking that had him screaming the house down as the

pain of that relentless black hand making contact with his lily-white buttocks overcame his humiliation.

For a moment, I had thought it was an ask too far and that something of the former Ray was about to surface.

But Dion took care of that for me.

With remarkable ease he manhandled my husband up from his knees and, before he even had time to struggle, had his stomach flat against his thick cock and the unyielding muscles of his thighs before delivering the first of the slaps intended to humiliate and break.

Trust me, it was an utterly cowed and beaten Ray Trask – an unrecognisable Ray Trask – who crawled back to his corner after Dion had finished with him.

An excited Dion who needed my willing mouth to calm him down afterwards.

A *calming* I went about as the former Ray Trask sobbed like a little girl in his corner.

“What a pussy,” Dion had smirked after I’d swallowed his last load of the evening. “You just give me the word if he needs correcting in future and I’ll come over and take my belt to his behind. Then he’ll really know some pain.” Understandably, after Dion left for the bathroom and I’d ordered him over to me, Ray hesitated, his manhood – what was left of it at least – in tatters after having seen his wife used and pleased in ways of which he was totally incapable himself and then having had her witness him being spanked like a disobedient schoolboy by her lover.

But it wasn’t the only cause of his hesitation.

You see, he knew I knew – as preoccupied with Dion’s glorious cock as I had been – there had been something in the tableaux – the same one he could only hear being performed on what had once been his own bed - that had caused

him to attempt to become erect in his cage.

The gasps of pain he tried to supress as hardening white dick came into contact with unyielding restrainer not missed by me and heightening the wonderful experience Dion was extending to me.

Dropping to all fours and, I could see, fighting back fresh tears, he did as I asked and approached the edge of the bed where I sat waiting with legs spread… *expectantly*.
"Closer," I said when he came to a halt, eyes just above the lilac toenails of my well-tended feet.

When he was next to the bed, I extended my arm and took a handful of Ray's cage in my little hand.

He winced and I could tell his balls were as full as the cock that would like to be and found itself denied.

"What's this?" I asked with mock surprise. "My husband kneels in the corner and listens to the big powerful man fucking his wife, before getting spanked like a disobedient infant, and it makes him excited?"

Below me, Ray was shaking his head with a mixture of wonder and pure shame.

"Did you want to play with yourself as you listened to mummy being fucked? O was it lying across the big powerful man's thighs that did it?"

The sob of sheer demoralisation he had been trying to supress the whole time Dion had been taking me to paradise, the same sob that had been turned to crying and begging as that black hand descended upon his unprotected buttocks, could no longer be held back and my beaten, broken and demoralised husband added words to his humiliation.

"P-Please, Helen, I…"

I gave his balls a squeeze by way of a reminder and he began again.

“Please… M-Ms Helen,” he began, voice catching in the way of the little boy I was intent on him becoming. “I… I don’t know how much more of this I can take.”

“Yes, Dion’s an impressive young man, isn’t he.”

“That… That’s not what I meant.”

“I know it’s not, but what you mean or want is of no interest to me anymore and the sooner you get it through your head and realise your life’s all about pleasing mummy the better it will get for you.”

This won another sob from him.

“So,” I went on, driving home the point to better emphasize his impotence and shame, “were you impressed with how her lover pleased mummy?”

The head was shaking from side-to-side below me and I thought he would need prodding when:

“I... I’ve never seen anything like it,” he admitted in a small and humble voice.”

Adding, now the floodgates had opened:
“You… You seemed totally out of control.”

“If you had a cock that size inside you it would come as no surprise,” I told him, hammering home the fact that he was not in possession of such a tool and would be unable to gain such a response from me – even if I ever saw fit to let him try.

Ray was still on all-fours below me when Dion came out of the shower with a towel around his waist and I saw my husband’s body tense at the young man’s approach.

“Be a good boy and fetch Dion's clothes for him,” I told.

Surprisingly, Ray probably wanting to get the whole thing over with and the powerful black man out of the house as soon as possible, my husband obeyed instantly, rising to his feet while making sure to keep his eyes on the floor as he walked past Dion to the chair where my lover had folded his clothes.

Without looking him in the face, out of shame and fear, Ray began handing the amused young black beast his clothes, one garment by one.

“My shoes and socks are in your living room, boy,” prompted Dion, winking to me as he added the humiliating diminutive.

Ray, I could tell was grateful for the chance to escape the gaze of his wife as he performed his humiliating role of valet and manservant to her black lover but he did as he had been told just the same and moved quickly to retrieve the powerful teenager's footwear.

When Dion had dressed he walked over to where I was still sat and leaned down to give me a deep kiss.

No words were necessary and we both knew there would come a time in the future when we would repeat what we had just done.

“See Dion to the door, Ray,” I ordered.

“Hey, he’s your servant, Helen. Why you calling him by his first name?”

“Good point,” I could only agree with a malicious little smile before I turned basilisk eyes on my cringing husband. “See Dion out… *cucky*.”

Dion kissed me again.

“He might be a pathetic excuse for a man but he sure is lucky to have found a lady like you to put him in his place. You, Helen, are one classy lady.”

I smiled my thanks and allowed my naked and restrained husband to show my black lover to the door.

“Over here, cucky,” I said, pointing to the spot on the carpet he had only just vacated once he returned from showing Dion out.
When he had dropped to his knees and crawled to me as he had been taught, I stroked my husband’s hair in a way that was almost as affectionate as it was patronising.

Almost.

“I think tonight has been very instructive,” I told his lowered head as I withdrew my hand, amused and empowered at the way he’d leaned in to my caresses so low had I brought him. “For me as well as you. No doubt about who we are to each other and how things will be from now on.”

“I... I...”

“No interrupting when mummy’s speaking, little boy,” I warned him. “I knew you weren’t much of a man before tonight but seeing you in that corner with your cock in a cage, all obedient as a young black man fucked your wife, put the final piece in place. You really are a little boy and, from now on, that’s exactly how your loving mummy is going to treat you. In fact, from this moment on, I want you to answer to me as mummy, whether people are present or not.”

His head was shaking with disbelief again, despite all that had happened already and what he had just witnessed.

“If I don’t hear you say, *‘yes, mummy’*, and mean it, I’m going to call Dion and ask him to come back with his belt.”

Too much had happened for him not to believe I was serious and the fear I saw etched on his features as they came up to take in mine was *very* real.

I waited, knowing there would be but one outcome.

Then, finally, and in a voice I barely recognised:

“Y-Yes… M-Mummy.”

Again I ruffled his hair and, this time, added a kiss to the top of his head, all magnanimity now he had submitted yet again.

“You poor boy,” I said sympathetically. “Since mummy put you in your cage to stop you misbehaving you haven’t had any sex, have you?”

Ray looked anguished, not knowing what to expect so wrong-footed did I have him.

“Have you?” I repeated with a harder edge to my tone.

“N-No, Ms Hele… I mean, no… m-mummy.”

“Well, I think you need a treat. Not fucking, of course. That’s not for my little boy any longer. Besides, that would disrespectful to Master Dion.”

My reference to the young man who had just belittled him so effortlessly as his *‘Master’* was not, as you can imagine, pleasing to him.

“Just the same,” I went on, “I don’t see any harm in allowing my little boy some pleasure if it allows him to show his respect for his mummy’s black lover and let his mummy see how obedient he wants to be for her at the same time.”

I could tell he wasn’t sure where I was going with this and could also tell that he suspected, rightly, that it would not be entirely good for him.

“Wouldn't you like to demonstrate your respect for Dion and your obedience to mummy?” I pressed, injecting just a hint of the scourge into my tone.

With the desired result.

“Y-Yes… m-mummy,” said an entirely uncertain Ray.

“What a good boy you are,” I praised him. “For that you can give mummy a

nice big sloppy kiss."

Scooting up to his knees, Ray moved his head towards mine.

"Not like that, silly boy!"

I pointed to my only just fucked and still oozing pussy.

"Kiss mummy here," I told him.

His face was a picture, amazed and appalled that, despite everything, I could expect such a thing from him.

Again, and again understandably, he hesitated.

"Of course," I told him, stretching back to reach for my cell-phone on the beside cabinet, "if you don't want to I can always ask Dion to come back and…"

Ray was terrified at the thought of Dion returning and I played on it to hit the first numbers of my young and masterful black lover's number.

To instant effect.

"No! Please… M-Mummy. Let me do it!!" cried Ray as he buried his face between my legs, tongue going ten to the dozen as he made the decision to get the task over as quickly as possible.

"Gently," I warned him. "Show mummy how much you respect her."

Against his will, he slowed down and began taking the long and leisurely licks of my labia he knew I preferred.
"That's it, sweetie," I cooed, pulled his head in closer. "Surrender to mummy. Show her how much you want to be a good little boy for her."

As he did as I asked and the sensations that were different to those provided by Dion, but no less potent for all that, seemed to invoke in me a sense of

euphoric meditation as my eyes found the ceiling and I congratulated myself at how far I'd travelled in so short a space of time, both socially, sexually and personally.

"That's it, cucky," I spoke down to him. "Slurp up Dion's cum and give thanks to that beautiful black cock of his and the pleasure it gave mummy."

He was doing it anyway but it was so much more pleasurable to add dialogue to his shame.

As Ray sucked the gooey cum into his mouth I couldn't help but remember the awesome power of the young man's enormous cock as it pounded in and out of the pussy he was now worshipping.

His wife's pussy.

Correction:

His *mummy's* pussy.

I forced a stream of cum into his wide open mouth and added to the soundtrack shaming him:.

"That's it, little boy. "Show mummy who you are and make sure her cunt's all nice and clean the way you intend doing in future."

Not even bothering to hesitate now, Ray's tongue probed deeper and, as it did so, my thoughts went to another man I was in the process of enslaving and our first date together.

My level of arousal took another great leap skywards as I pictured my other chattel as he masturbated at home to the imagery of another man pleasuring the pussy of the woman who kept insisting to him that she was his owner.

An eventuality that was coming to pass with great rapidity.

The handsome and older Howard, in fact, had been even easier to put under

than I had suspected.

Nine

Our first *"date"*, if something so one-sided as our evening together could be described as such, was mostly me speaking and him listening.

From the moment we had taken our seats in the atmospheric Italian restaurant – chosen purposely by me as I knew the tables were not too close together and gave on at least a little privacy – I knew I had him hooked.

I was also certain he had been out with wealthier, more intelligent, and better looking women and could do again whenever he wished.

But it made no difference.

I was the first – and I fully intended to be the *only* – woman to act on the repressed desires I'd seen in him along with Rita, desires he himself appeared unaware existed, and use them to bring him to his knees.

Though in a different, though no less iron-clad, way to the submission I expected from my husband.

I started as I meant to continue and told him that I did not want to hear him speak unless I indicated he had my permission to do so.

That was his first shock and no sooner had he digested it – and, encouragingly, made no objection – than I had delivered the next.

I would choose the wine, order the food, *and* pay.

By doing this I would have taken a huge step towards implanting it in his head that all decisions where our possible relationship was concerned would be made by me.

After the wine, a nice Sangiovese, had arrived and been poured, I went straight for the jugular.

His.

“I’m some fifteen years younger than you and I know you will have had your share of better looking women than me,” I’d told him, warning eyes preventing him from making an insincere disavowal and reminding him of my injunction that he not speak until given permission.

“It will do you no good. As I can tell I’m mentally stronger than you and fully intend to take advantage of that fact.”

His cheeks coloured but he remained silent – not to mention hesitant and wrong-footed.

In fact, so sure was I of his coming capitulation that, had I taken a peek below the tablecloth, I’m certain I would have discovered a hard cock.
Dressed in Boss jeans and a stylish black jacket with three-buttons and a collarless white shirt beneath it, Howard looked the epitome of the successful and commanding older man to the diners surrounding us.

Yet all I could see was a neck awaiting a yoke.

My yoke.

“Why else would you be here under such humiliating circumstances?” I asked rhetorically. “I may be younger but I know you better than yourself. Pretending to be a commanding man when, all along, you’ve wanted nothing more than to have a strong and authoritative woman take you under her wing has left you dissatisfied – even if you needed to meet me to know the reasons for your dissatisfaction.”

And so our conversation had gone. Over wine. Over the main-course I had ordered for us both. And over dessert. On a few occasions I had given him permission to voice his thoughts. And shot them down instantly. If he wanted the honour of serving me – for it would be nothing else – I would not tolerate either denial or self-delusion. At least not a denial of his situation in regard of me.

"I don't want a partner and I don't want a soul-mate," I assured him over our Cointreau frappes. "You come into my life as… as… Sorry, but there's no other way of saying this. But you will only be permitted to be a part of my life as a slave."

The word hit him with the power of a piledriver to the solar plexus and the jaw below those handsome features dropped.

"It will not be a game and I will try to make your… *indenture*… to me as real as it can possibly be in these times. So think carefully before you commit because I will take steps right from the beginning of our time together to make sure life will be made difficult – intolerable perhaps – if you were to somehow get cold feet and try to back out of your obligations to me."

I could read his thoughts and knew he was still thinking that, despite the strength of his reaction to my dominance, he was still in charge of his own destiny and would remain so even if he did make a commitment I insisted would be no game.

I knew also that he would be in for a short and very sharp shock from the get-go.

"Don't delude yourself you're not going to go along with what I want because even now, sitting here with that erection beneath the table you think I'm unaware of, you feel more alive than at any time in your life and the prospect of passing up this opportunity to give your weakness an airing and prove yourself useful to a superior female – no matter how much younger than you she is – is not even a consideration."

I produced a photo-copy and a website address from my handbag, unfolded it and slid across the table towards him.

This shiny metal male chastity device that was the CB-6000 stared up at him and the breath caught in his throat as he hurriedly turned it face down to the table as the waitress arrived to ask if everything was to our liking.

It was certainly going to mine.

I had decided not to go with the plastic of my husband's device and, instead, had chosen a device made of cold hard steel in a modern design. A design that would, it promised, endure. The promise being that, crafted from black plastic and stainless steel, this would be a device that promised a lifetime of genital imprisonment.

In Ray's case, there was no need for one of the more expensive models as I could easily check if he had cut himself from it and give him hell.

But this was different – at least for the time being.

Howard did not live with me – yet – and I did not want to take the risk of him simply tiring of having no access to his own sex and having his restrainer cut from him.

If he could.

The nature of the CB-6000 made such a prospect highly problematical.

And could, even, involve harm to the genitals of the wearer.

An extra insurance I found highly desirable.

"You… You're not serious," he said, speaking without permission for the first time but gaining only a flashing of the eyes from me as his shock was pretty understandable.

Though I would not be so forgiving in future.

“It’s designed to be worn for extended periods of time and the cock cage integrates vent holes as well as an opening for urination,” I told him by way of an answer.

“But…”

I was stern.

“I’ve allowed you one interruption,” I told him, voice for one so many years his junior colder than the steel of the cock-cage staring up at him from the photo-copy. “Make just one more and I’ll find a more worthy flunky.”

My eyes blazed into his and, advanced years or not, I could see he was totally rattled.

“Try me if you think I’m joking.”

The bobbing of his Adam’s Apple as he attempted to swallow non-existent saliva and the fact he made no move to either speak or leave heightened my certainty of having hooked him and sent my elation – elation I was careful not to show him – into orbit.

“You’ll notice,” went on as he gazed at the photo-copy rather than see the knowledge of his capitulation in my eyes, that it comes with multiple sizing rings, spacers, and locking pins. You’ll only see one padlock but I’ll be adding another with a combination lock for greater security.”

My prospective slave and sometimes lover could not tear his eyes from the device and I knew he was asking himself if what he was experiencing was real and, if it was, why he was so… *turned on*… by the prospect of submitting to a younger woman he was only meeting for the second time.

Could he really go through with this?

Could he allow what was, in effect, a complete stranger to take command of his own cock?

“I’ll retain the key, of course,” I went on. Then, tapping my head with a forefinger, “and the combination.”

He was aghast.

But he was still there.

I pressed on, knowing I had him, whatever he might be telling himself at that point.

“I’ll be what’s known as your *‘Keyholder’*,” I educated him.

Going on quickly to sweeten the pill of what would be his submission and subsequent humiliation:

“You’re probably asking yourself how long I’ll make you go before unlocking your cock,” I said. “Well, to be truthful, it will probably be a lot less often than you'll really like...”

The look on his face was a joy to me and, not for the first time, I had to kick myself to ensure I wasn’t dreaming and it was actually me, the formerly downtrodden Helen Trask, who was taking such a dominant stance with a man so many years my senior who just happened to be incredibly handsome.

“Don’t worry,” I told him. “I intend to get a lot of use out of that cock of yours so you’ll be regularly unlocked. But, in the main, it will down to your behaviour and just how obedient you intend yo become for me.”

Despite the anger I could see simmering beneath his all too visible curiosity and – perhaps unwilling – positive response to what I was suggesting, I knew instantly that I had made him an offer his heretofore unsuspected inherent weakness and need would be unable to refuse.
I had him.

I was sure of it.

Why else would he still be sat across from a young woman he barely knew as she told him of her intention to lock away his cock and turn him into her servile and utterly obedient chattel?

No. He was lost. And I knew it. No matter what I had in mind for him. He had run headlong into his nemesis and his fate at a local party and now there was no escaping it.

I wouldn't let him.

"The address of the website where you can purchase the CB-6000 is at the top of the photo-copy. My business address is beneath it and, if I don't receive a parcel in my office before the end of the week, I will consider you dead to me."

The colour draining from his handsome face fortuitously coincided with the passing of our waitress to whom I gave the sweetest of smiles:

"Could I have the bill, please?"

Epilogue

"That's my good boy," said Rita. "No more silly tantrums now. I know it's only eight but that's the time mummy said she wanted your aunty Rita to put you to bed. She let you have an extra half an hour because it's the weekend to don't be ungrateful."

As she tucked the grown man she had formerly known – and fancied fucking – as Ray Trask into the bed in the tiny box-room Helen had decorated in a fashion more befitting the bedroom of a seven-year-old, Rita was surprised at just how much treating the former macho man about the golfing town like a child got her juices flowing.

And knowing what a womaniser he had been in the past did *not* detract from her enjoyment.

In truth, everything about the situation Helen had engineered and the total makeover she had applied to her life and the people within it commanded her admiration. And not just on… *cuckolding*… level. She had not only turned her social situation around but developed a small temp agency into a thriving chain and the secluded house in the hills above town in which she was currently tucking the former Ray Trask into bed was just one of the side benefits.

Yet another being her own full-time and live-in manservant.

An obsessed and chastised manservant who had morphed seamlessly into the role after Helen had found a more… *apt*… use for the previously dominant husband she had manipulated into that position.

So much did Helen command her admiration, in fact, that – even if she would not want it for herself on a 24/7 basis – she had jumped at the chance of babysitting the man who had once considered himself her friend's husband and lord and master. The power rush of having this man in his pyjamas at such a time and brushing his teeth ready for bed, knowing he hated it, was

simply incredible.

And this after he had worshipped the pussy of his *"aunty"* in just the way she liked *after* she had taken advantage of Helen's permission to do so and used the key to what was now the one padlock on his restrainer to unlock him.

The image of him as he lay on his back with pyjamas lowered worked himself against the sole of her hosed foot was still amusing her now and she couldn't wait to move on to the next part of the evening that was a reward for her while Helen took off for a nice evening of fucking and sucking.

"Aunty Rita is going to make sure she tells little Raymond's mummy just how good her boy's been while she was out with her boyfriend," she told him, hourglass figure and large maternal breasts in a thin and figure hugging sweater doing nothing to alter the fact that she was talking down to a grown man she was putting to bed while it was still light and who, into the bargain, was some four or five years her senior.

"Mummy will be really pleased when she hears how you licked all your nasty cum off aunty Rita's foot before she put you back in your cage."

Below her, the eyes of the former womaniser and macho man closed and she knew that no matter how much he was humiliated he would *never* get used to it.

Hence the source of Helen's pleasure.

And, to a lesser extent, her own.

With his eyes still closed, Rita produced the pacifier Helen insisted he sleep with in his mouth – and woe betide him if she checked in on him and found it absent.

His eyes popped open as it slid into his mouth and his *"aunty"* could almost hear his thoughts asking how he could have allowed himself to be engineered into such a position.

A tear trickled down his cheek.

“Ah,” she cooed with mock empathy. “Is our little boy letting all those silly memories of when he was a man upset him?”

She placed a big maternal and wet kiss on his forehead and allowed impressive breasts and naturally aroused nipples to press against his chest.

“You know you’re not meant to be thinking those thoughts, little Raymond. They only cause you pain. You’re mummy’s little boy now and all you have to do is be nice and obedient for her and she’ll take care of everything. You’ll never have to worry about grown up stuff again.”

A sniffle escaped him and, to her utter joy and amazement, he actually began to suck on the pacifier. So great was her excitement at this that she actually pictured her own husband in such a position. Dismissing the though instantly as totally impractical when it came to her own circumstances.

Which did not prevent her enjoying those temporarily on loan to her from Helen.

“That’s a good boy,” she whispered, stroking his cheek as if he were, for all the world, the child they were making of him. “Suck on your dummy and go to sleep and aunty will check on you later. She has to go and see if Howard is doing all the chores your mummy expects him to have done when she gets home.”

The prospect of sampling the cock of the handsome Howard for the first time – and in the obsessed and pussy-whipped older man’s role of manservant to her friend – was a heady one and she couldn’t help but add:

“Little Raymond mustn’t forget that he’s not the only one with a little dicky that’s all locked up and needing aunty Rita’s attention. Even if mummy’s servant Howard’s is all grown-up and needs to feel the inside of aunty’s pussy rather than the sole of her foot.”
Another tear slid down the former man’s face as he, just the same, continued to suck on the pacifier as instructed.

His humiliation and, by extension, servant Howard's about to be made a whole lot worse:

"You be a good boy and sleep. Mummy wants you all rested when she gets back from her date with Dion."

The former Ray Trask's eyes flashed open at the mention of the young black man's name.

To his knowledge, his wife – now mummy – had not seen him since that fateful night he had fucked her while he had knelt head down in the corner prior to being draped over the young brute's thighs and spanked as if he was an infant.

Now his *"aunty"* was telling him he was back on the scene.

"Between the two of us, and not wanting to spoil the surprise, but mummy really like Dion and she thinks he'll make Howard an ideal master…"

She paused and her smile was utter evil as she knew the effect her next words would have on the beaten, emasculated and pacified, creature below her would have:

"That's right, sweetheart. Little Raymond's going to have a new daddy."

END