My Husband is My Servant

The Complete Novel

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Introduction

How strange the world and how wonderful the avenues life can lead us down when we certainly don’t expect them to open up to us

and, if we did, would likely as not find ourselves disappointed for the withholding.

Not a day passes now when I don't ponder this joy and I often ask myself – despite the purportedly *"True"* stories that inundate the Internet and relate to situations such as my own – if the length and breadth of our island contains any more than a handful of women who actually *live* the life described in, what seems to me, these examples of cathartic wish-fulfilment.

A *"handful"* of which I am *very* much a member.

At this very moment, for instance, my handsome husband is in the utility-room to the side of the house where he is hand-washing my underwear before going on to tackle the other chores I've set for him. This while I relax and take my ease prior to the arrival later of my friend and neighbour from across the road who will…

More of this later.

Suffice it to say that, though it is obvious to friends and family who know us, most people would not take my husband for the pussy-whipped shadow of the man he once felt he was and, on this score, I am at pains not to let friends and family know the *true* extent of my domination.

I much prefer them to think that, because of the recently changed nature of our circumstances, my husband and I have simply switched the roles we once occupied in relation of each other.

At worst, the more *"in touch"* of those close to us consider us to be in a *"female-led"* marriage and, though this in itself is mortifying to my once macho husband, such a consideration in regard of us

suits me fine.

It is a man, after all, over whom I wish to exercise – and be seen exercising – dominion and not some cross-dressed laughing stock in a tutu. To go that route is to shut oneself off from the normal and everyday social commerce which, believe it or not, I value and enjoy. What I insist he wear *under* his everyday clothing is another matter and one we will touch upon at greater length further in to my narrative.

For now though, allow me to say that it seems only in the past year or so that my life – my sexual life most importantly – has taken on a real purpose. At the age of thirty-four I have finally taken over control of the reins directing my own sexuality and eschewed the guilt that had prevented my even acknowledging my real needs - let alone allowing me to express them. My frustration – nay, self-disgust - at having allowed myself to remain sexually unfulfilled from my teens and into my marriage at twenty-two to a man some eleven years my senior does, I can assure you, run very deep indeed.

A frustration and self-disgust for which my husband, albeit unwillingly, provides the most wonderful and, now, docile outlet.

Though this was not, as my opening paragraph indicates, always the case.

For those of you not turned off by these few introductory words of scene-setting and intending to read on, allow me to state here and now that, contrary to what you will find in the story that follows, I do not hate my husband. Though I accept this will seem barely believable given the content of that story. It has taken me a while (though probably less time than I had expected it to take) to realise

that love does not always follow routine and… *vanilla*… paths and to accept that what I want from my relationship with my husband is right for both of us – even if, were he to be asked, he would be certain to protest at this.

It is my opinion, call it certainty, that women (and especially this one) are as obsessed with sex as men and that in the past only the want of opportunity and a need to portray themselves in a certain way to men has hidden this fact from the male world at large.

Excepting from the above, of course, those more courageous examples of liberated womanhood who have dared express their sexuality and been ostracised and vilified as a consequence.

Now, at least in the privacy of my own home and with certain… *acquaintances*… I feel I deserve to be included in the number of those women who have not just taken their own sexuality under control but that of their partner's also.

To do so, I assure you, and if you are a woman of a more… *controlling*… mindset, is the most heady and life affirming experience I can imagine.

For my husband, of course, it is different – for one to be in control another has to be *controlled*, after all – but I have learned with the male that, for all their greater physical strength and whatever intelligence and learning they may possess, it is impossible to under-estimate their ability to withstand the conditioning supplied by a determined woman with sense enough – and, yes, perversity enough in my case – to utilise the inherent weaknesses of the male sex for her own ends.

When stating the above, however, and that you may approach my

story without a need on my part to state at length what, I feel, should be obvious from its reading; you should know that despite his constant affairs, socially and at the workplace, not once in twelve-year marriage have I cheated on my husband.

To *"cheat"*, after all, one necessarily has to lie or hide the evidence of one's affairs.

This, you will come to learn, is something I neither care, nor need, to do and, with the help of my neighbour (I shall call her *"Rajani Kapadia"*) I now hold such a position of absolute authority and control within my own home that a questioning of my needs is no longer something my husband (he will be known as *"Melvyn"*) would dare venture.

Of course, in writing this I accept I am putting myself forward to be judged and I fully expect that to be the case – even with the more hypocritical reader who reads through with guilty pleasure before allowing that guilt to transform pleasure into criticism and vilification.

So be it.

For that precise reason I have supplied a name that, while not a million miles from my own, is different enough to ensure those who know us as a *"normal"* couple will not connect the dots.

My name is Judith Stirling and this is my story.

One

I had started surfing the net as a means of satisfying a sexual itch the growing neglect of me by my husband had ensured would result in a rash if it were not satisfied – even if it was to be temporarily satisfied in the third-person of a computer screen.

Fed-up with his protestations of fatigue brought on by pressure of work and the stress related to it, I had taken the very same route of countless needy men since the introduction of the world-wide-web and taken what pleasure I could from the profusion of material available.

Of course, to begin with I had allowed the guilt I had always felt for desires regarded as alien to the nature of a loving wife – though not yet, and not about to be, mother – to lead me to those more vanilla sites of *"adult romance"*.

As those of you reading who share a similar sexual… *mindset*… might appreciate, it was not long before the pictures and stories of wilful women finally succumbing to unanswerable masculinity and virility soon paled. My best guess being that, in common with reality, these *"heroines"* went on to enjoy just such a sexually joyless marriage as myself. Even if I couldn't place my hand upon my heart and say I'd lost the attraction I felt for my, sexually, at least, neglectful husband.

Soon, my willpower had crumbled and I had typed in the search-engine keyword that would play a part - along with certain fortuitous developments in the day-to-day of my husband - in changing my life.

"Femdom"

It was a revelation to me. I'm not unworldly and I knew of its existence on the net. But the scope of it took me by surprise and explained why I had to surf through a great deal of dross to find the kind of sites that appealed to me and save as favourites on the password protected laptop I hadn't known my husband to ever use

anyway. From female supremacy and female-led marriages, it wasn't long before I was searching out the more cerebral and believable cuckolding sites as well as those dealing with adult-babies and sissies and, though I did – despite having yet to feel the urge to have a live and kicking infant of my own - feel a certain frisson at the prospect of treating a man as an infant, the prospect of having a partner about the house dressed in a pinafore or ball-gown did nothing for me.

What struck me also, the more I read, was that I responded most strongly to those stories, real-life and fictional, where the man was not willing and had not sought out the treatment he received from his wife or partner.

This to me was just about the sexiest thing imaginable and the prospect of being in such a position with my neglectful and – I know now – unfaithful husband filled my days while he was at his office with the most decadent and delightful thoughts.

My earliest and most deep-seated and repressed desires had reasserted themselves with a vengeance and what had started as an itch gained strength with my husband's continuing loss of interest in me.

Of course, when I realised the faithless bastard was…

Later.

Anyhow, having given up my own work in Market Research upon our marriage and at *his* insistence – Melvyn's quite old-fashioned in some respects – my only outlet apart from the boring round of mundane household chores, together with trips to either shopping-mall or supermarket or both, were daily coffees with our Sri

Lankan neighbour, Rajani. These daily breaks from the monotony of being a housewife – and an unappreciated one at that – took place either at her home across the road or at ours. Though I was careful to keep her visits from Melvyn, who not only disliked the young twenty-something woman on a personal level but was, especially when it came to colour, something of a xenophobe – if not of the extreme Klu Klux Klan variety.

It was this mixture of boredom and neglect that led me to the Internet and, for that, all I can say is:

"Thank the Lord for boredom and neglect."

At least when it triggers one to seek the joy and fulfilment I now have.

We hadn't been married a year – easy enough now for hindsight to reveal this to me, of course, when I was oblivious to it at the start – when things began to change.

Of course, given his overbearing nature and the gap in years between us, Melvyn could never have been said to be the perfect husband. But he did seem committed to me and he was attentive to my needs between the sheets. I, fool that I had been, was grateful for the fact this handsome older man had chosen me and, so besotted with him had I been, anything he wanted from me he got.

This included leaving my job after Uni to look after the house in wide and leafy road in the affluent part of Beckenham, home of the famous tennis tournament visible from out back windows, we had bought together. A deposit for the mortgage upon it given to me by my late and much missed mother. My father having passed away before I was old enough to have a clear memory of him.

Looking after the house also, as you would expect, included looking after *him*.

As I say, Melvyn is a handsome man and even now, in his mid-forties, he is striking enough to take the interest of women of all ages – though it would be amusing to see how they reacted to him these days if they saw him out of his trousers and…

Again, later.

Anyhow, when our eyes met in a Covent Garden bar I instantly dismissed his advanced years in respect of mine.
I'd always had a thing for older men, anyway.

The rest, as it is often said when cutting a long and predictable story short before getting to the nitty-gritty, is history.

If Melvyn didn't worship the ground his new and far younger wife walked on exactly, then at least he gave the impression he was happy with her and she was everything he wanted and I was on cloud-nine to have landed such a handsome and intelligent husband. Men – well, boys really – of my own age seldom interested me and I had often found myself to those amongst their number who were many years my senior. And now I had a distinguished and successful husband and lover of my very own.

I was, not to overstate, thrilled.

I can almost picture the thoughts of any of my sisters who happen to be reading this and they might find themselves surprised to learn that I am in complete accord with them.

"What a drip!"

As I say, though, he was/is handsome and with the years he had on me I suppose I allowed him to become a kind of father figure to me to make up for the one I hadn't known.

A father figure *with* the added bonus of sex.

At least for a while.

Melvyn stood around five foot eleven and weighed a well-toned one hundred and eighty pounds. He jogged, he swam, and he worked out – even if he wasn't into weights or body-building. He had large and oval green-brown eyes with hair so black it gave the impression, Superman-like, of being blue. All in all, what with his golf and old pals he still met up with on a Friday night – despite the fact they were all married and were, no doubt, cheating as frequently as they could – he was a man's man who cut a popular and handsome figure.

And I fell for it hook, line and…

He had been raised as an only child by a widowed grandfather who had a farm close to the coastline of Norfolk and the bracing North Sea. Given the grandfather's strict patrician views on how men and women should relate to each other, it was hardly surprising the grandson would take these outdated notions into adult life with him. For though he always spoke in almost idolising terms of this ante-diluvian old man who had raised him, I quickly gained the impression of a young boy being raised by a misogynistic and taciturn old farmer with what I quickly came to regard as an inferiority complex deeper than the North Sea itself.

Melvyn, though, offered no clue as to what the old man might have

been bitter about in regard of women and, now, I really haven't the interest to ask.
This bitterness and the upbringing of my husband running in tandem with it, however, did explain, and continues to do so, a great deal about our marriage and the fact that, without the influence of one thwarted old farmer, our life together would be a sight different than the one my husband's adoption of that old man's views and his subsequent treatment of me had conspired to bring about.

Here and now, I give thanks to the memory of one misogynous and deluded old Norfolk tenant-farmer and grandfather,

Before we get to the meat of my story which is, after all, what you want to read about, let me describe myself – and *without* hyperbole and a lack of self-awareness.

I am *not* beautiful.

There.

I've said it and I hope you are not disappointed.

I aim this, of course, more at the men who will be reading my story in the hope of satisfying their own masochism at the expense of Melvyn's lack of such than those sisters who wish no more than to glory in the triumph of one of their own against the brute oppressor and those students of human nature interested in such oddities.

For where my husband is undoubtedly handsome my features are, though not ugly, undoubtedly *plain*; though, it must be said – and Melvyn professed as much himself in our early days together – there is a certain… *interesting*… quirkiness to my looks.

Big of him, wasn't it?

He told me after our first meeting that it had been my fiery red hair that had first caught his attention, together with my pale, almost ethereal, complexion; redheads with pale complexions, he also told me, being a particular weakness of his.

An assertion, you'll understand later, that was more than a simple attempt to get himself into the knickers of a just graduated young woman some eleven years his junior.

Anyhow, I made a decent Business and Marketing 2-1 from Canterbury and found myself a decent job straight out of college – a job he persuaded me to leave the moment we were married - and Melvyn seemed to take great pleasure in my company at the time. Genuinely, I believe, as knowing what I know now there surely had to be another reason for marrying me other than the aforementioned red-hair and ethereal complexion.

He also told me – before the interest waned – that I had succulent and perfect pear shaped breasts and that my *"sweet little vagina"* was a joy; even if it was my tight and virgin little anal cave that really made his engine motor at the time.

Until, that is, he decided it was worth turning the ignition only in order to give others a ride.
Which brings us nicely to that point in my story where I decided enough was enough and, armed with my internet knowledge and bolstered by a welcome and unexpected ally, I started my smug, macho and faithless husband on the road to self-realisation and the knowledge that it wasn't real men who ruled submissive women but *real* women who ruled over-confident dinosaurs such as

himself.

And *“ruled”* them with a rod of iron.

Thank you for your patience.

The sex will follow shortly.

Two

The changes I kicked into gear started one evening a few months or so after his computer software company had bitten the recessional dust and he had been forced to seek bankruptcy that we might at least hang on to our home and a car.

Unable to start a new business and owners of failed businesses not being in much demand for employment, he had found himself, along with countless others of his own age in a miserable position. Unable to find positions of any kind and in that miserable trap of being too experienced and over-skilled for more menial positions and not experienced or skilled enough for those vacancies that would have provided a halfway decent salary.

He was, to say the least, demoralised.

And was even more out of countenance when I told him I had landed a job as marketing director for a company selling advertising space in nearby Bromley.

The fact that company now belonged to the Sri Lankan neighbour across the road from us with whom I had grown friendly and he… *hadn't*… making the fact he was at home while his wife was out bringing home the proverbial bacon even more of a bitter pill.

As I mentioned in my introduction, the recently widowed young woman's name was *"Rajani Kapadia"* and we'll get to her shortly.

Suffice it to say that, with money tight and him unable to afford his Friday's with the married juveniles masquerading both as his friends and as men, his extra-curricular sex-life had nosedived dramatically.

Even if the drive propelling that sex-life had not.

No surprise then, after a month or so of going without, when his previously marginalised and taken for granted young wife began to look a sight more… *interesting*… to him.

A knowledge and a lever I used to my advantage the first time he showed an interest in us being together in such a way again; though the truth was I actively missed the sex between us – even if it had been on his own selfish terms and it was all I could do not to allow him to lead me upstairs and perform his business upon me.

Much to the conceited pig's amazement, I resisted the temptation; much the same way as I had resisted the temptation to cheat on him myself in order that I could at least command the moral high-ground.

"Why?" I asked him when he made his suggestion, question creasing his handsome features with instant puzzlement.

"What do you mean: *'Why?'*, he supplied a question of his own, as if the fact I could possibly refuse such an offer from the sex god – albeit a jobless, penniless and middle-aged one – that was he. "You're my wife."

"Wasn't I your wife when sex with me was of no interest?" I reminded him, careful to keep my tone controlled and even that he

might not describe me as *'hysterical'*, as he was wont to do on those few occasions when I had dared argue back at him. "What's changed?"

Hardly able to tell me he hadn't the funds to accompany his *"pals"* to those places and establishments where he was likely find someone more… *fresh*… to deputise for his wife, my husband had no choice but to content himself with a sulky silence.

It was the first time in my marriage – whether sense was on my side rather than his, or not – that I had bested him in an argument and the feeling that my power, both morally and economically was a bit of a turn-on.

What am I saying!

If the busy and frequent use of my fingers when I was alone in the bathroom spoke true then the realisation I was beginning to call the shots in my marriage for the first time was a turn-on of stratospheric dimensions.

Yet despite my euphoria, it was another month after his first request when I felt my growingly dispirited and demoralised husband was ready for the first gentle lowering of the boom.

Of course, the friends he had been so tight with when his company had been thriving and money had been plentiful were nowhere in sight and, given I had always seen through them for the shallow and one-dimensional souls they were at base, this had simply saved me the job of cutting them from his life entirely the moment I had enough control to do so anyway. Hardly surprising then that their own self-imposed absence from his life and refusal to either take or return Melvyn's calls was not displeasing to me – even if it

devastated my poor husband. Pretty much the only people he saw and had seen, in fact, were those few friends of mine who dropped by on a regular basis and a couple of his cousins and partners who were visiting London from Norfolk and had dropped in to say hello. He no longer exercised and he seldom went out – not even for a walk. His closest friend had become Satellite TV and he would spend his days before the sports channels his new pal offered.

For the first time I began to realise that my husband's macho attitudes and commanding aura were no more than fronts for a weak – a *very* weak – character and, not only was he becoming more demoralised and self-pitying, he was also becoming vegetable-like and television addicted.

It would not be long, I remember telling myself, that he took to watching soaps!

Which was the very point where I took action.

"You need to ring Sky," he told me after I'd returned from a day at the Bromley office, standing above him in a smart two-piece business costume as he remained flopped in his armchair in jeans and tee-shirt and bitched about the lack of anything to watch on terrestrial television.

"Any particular reason?" I asked.

"The Sky connection's playing up," he told me, managing to tear his eyes from some home-makeover programme to give me a cursory glance.

"No," I informed him, my tone fetching his eyes back to me. "It's

not playing up, it's cancelled."

I swear that all of the locusts called up by Moses to plague a recalcitrant Pharaoh could have made passage between his open jaws as he tried to make sense of what he thought he had just heard.

It took an effort, so confident was I becoming with him, for me to fight back my laughter.

"You…? You did what?" he thundered, galvanised by this outrage to his leisure activities so much he almost made it to his feet from the armchair he had been in – apart from necessary toilet and refreshment breaks, no doubt - since I had left for the office that morning.

"It costs too much," I told him. "The salary I earn with Rajani's company is very generous – especially when you consider how long I took away from the job-market to look after the house and you. But it needs to be managed carefully if we're to make our commitments and have enough to live on. The Sky connection is expensive and unnecessary."

A few months ago an assertion of the kind from my lips would have had him at my throat in a rage of masculine indignation, but now, though rage and indignation were both present, I could see him biting his lip to keep such a response bottled up.

He *had* to say something just the same and I was glad that he did; was counting on it, in fact, given it would provide me with the opening I wanted.

"When the hell did you start making decisions like that without consulting me?" he snarled.

“As of now,” I told him.

It had not been the response he was expecting and I hurried on over his look of bafflement that I could be acting so assertively – even if my refusal of his sexual advances must surely have provided him with *something* in the way of an advance warning.

“It might have slipped your memory,” I continued, “but your company is bankrupt and prospective employers are not exactly beating a path to your door.”
An anguished look had crossed his face at the reminder and he looked hurt that I could actually say such a thing to him.

“Good!” I remember thinking.

“If it wasn’t for my salary from Rajani’s company we’d have lost the house the deposit my mother gave us made it possible to buy. I’m not about to waste what’s left of it so you can sit around all day staring at golf and cricket.”

The very mention of Rajani had raised his hackles but what I said next managed to take his mind from our neighbour for a while.

“Look at this place!”

Taken aback by the authoritative way in which I was speaking to him, he took a look around him, not seeing anything worth my feisty attitude.

And, in truth, he was right.

The place was hardly a tip, even if it wasn’t the pristine show-home it had been when I been the one responsible for its up keep and

around the clock care.

Though it wasn't difficult to find something.

Running my hand over our drinks cabinet I held it up to display the dust coating my palm.

"Do you do anything but sit there all day watching… *rubbish*?" I asked accusingly.

As intended, my failure to back down in the face of his displeasure for my taking unilateral action nonplussed him and I used his inability to frame a response to utilise my advantage.

"When you had a job and a company and I was at home," I blazed on, empowered to be taking such an attitude with him for the first time, "did you ever once come home to a filthy house and your wife flopped out in front of the TV in jeans and a tee-shirt?"

I had moved to stand between him and the television screen now and my depriving him of seeing it seemed symbolic somehow of my taking over the reins of power.

Planting my feet on the rug, legs slightly apart and hands-on-hips to reinforce the image of competent – *and* employed – businesswoman making a haughty appraisal of a man who was neither employed nor a businessman any longer, I allowed my eyes to reflect the full intensity of my displeasure with him.

Though, in doing so, I hoped my excited nipples were not as obvious to him as they thrust against the bra covered by my white cotton working shirt.

The last thing I wanted at this point was for him to get the

impression I was enjoying his fall from grace.
A feat I managed to achieve but, you'll understand, not without calling upon some hitherto unsuspected acting skills.

"You've been at home while I've gone out to work for almost three months now," I spat. "And not *once* have I returned from a tiring day at the office to find either a spotless home or a meal waiting for me."

His face was a picture and I suspected that performing those tasks for his gainfully employed wife had not crossed his mind.

My husband's reply confirmed my suspicion:

"You…? You expect *me*… to cook and clean."

I shook my head and his relief was almost pitiful.

Relief that did not survive my next words:

"No. I don't expect you to cook and clean."

I paused to lend what I was about to add more effect.

"I expect you to do exactly what I used to do when you were working and I was at home."

Relief had turned to puzzlement.

At least until I finished my thought process:

"I expect you to cook and clean *and* do the laundry and shopping."

Had I been a pterodactyl metamorphosing in front of him I'm not

sure his handsome features could have arranged themselves into a look of greater shock. The timid young wife whose obedience and malleability he once taken for granted was actually *asserting* herself. Worse, she seemed to be – Lord forbid! – *dictating* to him.

"I'm going upstairs to take a shower now," I told him, "and, when I come back down, I expect to see either a meal on the dining-room table or you in the kitchen preparing one.

Having detonated semtex beneath his self-pitying couch-potato world, and not waiting for him to gain his wits enough to form a response, I turned on my heel and made my way upstairs; free now that my face was out of his vision to smile the huge smile that had been waiting to form from the moment I had returned home.

A start had been made.

Three

The night I had conceded his efforts in the home deserved a… *reward*… he had attempted to be ferocious and masterful and was, given he had known only his own hand for nearing three months, highly aroused and aggressive.

To begin with.

It had taken only a few weeks from our fateful discussion on the removal of his Sky privileges – I've come to love describing any favours I allow him in such a way – for Melvyn to buckle and consent to what I expected – nay, *demanded* – of him.

Of course, he had tried to fall back on the usual at first. Manly bluster disguised as a concession of sorts. *"It's only fair that I lend a hand about the house now that you're working,"* and *"Until I find a position it shouldn't be left to you,"* that type of thing.

As contemptuous of my once… *lordly*… husband as I was becoming, this had enraged me. The fact he had not lifted a finger when his company had been solvent was neither here nor there. He fully expected, it seemed, the household duties to be on a shared basis now the Prada, so to speak, was on the other foot.

In a rage he could not miss and which, I was pleased to note, seemed to surprise and discomfit the husband I now had very much on the wrong foot, I had soon disabused him and my refusal of his… *compromise*… had - once he recovered from seeing my anger for the first time in our marriage - sent him into a predictable and, I noted with the aforementioned contempt, schoolboy rage of his own.

Another week of cooking, cleaning, doing laundry and shopping for *myself* , together with, at best, monosyllabic responses to his attempts to instigate conversation, saw a marked change in his willingness to… *compromise*.

His growing need for sex with a real live woman and a commensurate disenchantment with the expertise of his own hand didn't hurt my cause either.

A *cause*, I confess, that was not harmed any by an attempt on his part to pull himself together to try and find gainful employment.

It was Rajani who told me he had taken to leaving the house after me of a morning dressed in suit and tie for the walk – I had use of

the car now – into Beckenham High-Street and the Temp Agencies before, presumably, catching a bus into nearby Croydon to do the same.

And not only Croydon.

Our neighbour - and my friend and employer – had actually seen him exiting a *"Recruitment Solutions"* branch not a million miles from my office and her company in Bromley itself.

From her description of his face and general demeanor as he had exited, a *solution* to his lack of employment had *no*t been forthcoming and explained his even more beaten demeanor as he tried his best to placate and win me round without having to accept what we both knew by now were my demands.

I suppose his misery – it could be described no other way – should have struck some kind of compassionate chord in me.

It didn't, however, and explains my lack of surprise when I returned home after work one evening to find my husband cooking me a – basic I have to confess, but groundbreaking nonetheless – spaghetti carbonara.

I say I wasn't surprised but I was certainly delighted – even if I had schooled myself for the eventuality of him bending his neck beforehand by warning myself to be neither enthusiastic or critical.

In fact, I treated this first of his real climbdowns and defeats as if it were totally unremarkable and not worthy of any comment apart from a *"Thank you"*. This after his less than inspiring first cooking attempt. Not offering him the facesaver of appreciation, even though I could tell he was waiting for some gratitude for his out-of-

character efforts. Feeling, in fact, his eyes blazing into my back as I left him to the dishes to relax in front of the evening news on *terrestrial* TV.

Unlike the meal, the sense of achievement I felt for having brought about this first climbdown and concession to my new role as head-of-the-household *was* delicious.

And, from there, it simply got better and better.

For me.

A week later he was, though by no means perfect and with a long way to go, beginning to pick up around the house after me in exactly the same way as I had once picked up after him.

His acceptance of defeat, even if I knew the delusional so-and-so was telling himself it would be only temporary, delighted me so much – I was as horny as hell myself if the truth be told – that I considered a reward was at stake and, for the very first time in our marriage actually instigated sex with him.

I leave it to your imaginations to picture the alacrity with which he accepted my offer.

After we had taken our business to the bedroom and I had calmed his first ferocious assault upon me - gently manipulating the foreskin of a cock that had never failed to impress me and, in its urgency, was not in any hurry to do so now - I told him I wanted to try something different and for him to let me take the lead. His body seemed to tense at this – his cock, as I've explained, was already in such a condition and I blew on the mushroom head of his penis before placing a light kiss on its tip to reassure him. My

reward of a submissive – that's how I chose to regard it at the time, anyway – sigh told me I had him and I grew bolder.

Releasing his cock and sliding up his torso, I soon had his arms pinned under my legs and set about grinding my pussy into his face.

Forcefully.

This was another triumph over my husband and yet more evidence of the demoralisation I was intent on training to become docility. Not *once* had my husband returned the favour of the blow-jobs he had insisted upon from me, you see? Yet here we were, with me astride his face and his tongue – albeit reluctantly, I sensed – stabbing itself into my pussy as I rode him. His technique was, as you'd expect, clumsy and, despite his obvious need to get to the main course of cock in pussy, without great passion. But that, I told myself with a smug smile, head raised to the ceiling and away from the eyes staring up past my breasts at me that he might not see it, would certainly change.

Reaching down, I took his hair in one hand and used it to guide his efforts in eating me, reaching behind me with my other hand to again begin a sensuous massage of his rampant penis and thus keep him on the boil and to the task as I added words to the mix I was using to both dominate and condition him – even if I knew he would take those words as no more than foreplay from his *"strangely different"* wife.

"Oh, yes," I lied, excitement from the sheer rush of imposing my will upon him in such a way giving my voice a breathy sibilance rather than the act he was finally performing for me. "You really are a natural with that tongue."

I could tell he wanted nothing more than to have that tongue free of my leaking pussy and to experience penetration for the first time in months since his money ran out and the supply of willing sluts that went with it, but I kept him to his task by mirroring the intensity of his tongue with the efforts of my hand upon the engorged cock he kept thrusting into it to gain more friction and speed.

"And to think you've been denying it to your lovely young wife all this time," I breathed, managing to infuse my voice with both disappointment and criticism. "I always thought you wouldn't do it for me because you considered I'd think you less of a man for wanting to please me in such a way, but now I know I was wrong."

His tongue slowed to a halt and, with it my hand; at least until he got the message and returned to his duty that I might return to mine.

"Lovely," I sighed by way of encouragement. I know now the only reason you wouldn't… *worship*… me in such a way was because you knew I'd love your talented tongue so much I might not want your little cock inside me ever again and have to go in search of cocks that were… *bigger*."

I felt his penis jump in my hand and realised – and just as the experiences of other women on the net had insisted – that I had stumbled upon something lurking inside him of which probably even he had been unaware.

"Oooh, does my sweetheart like the thought of that?" I asked him, scarcely believing the way I was speaking to him in such a… *patronising*… way.
As he groaned and answered my question by trying to hump my

hand with more urgency I marvelled at how I seemed able to keep myself under control in the face of what I took – and dearly wanted to take – as his submission to me.

"You do don't you?" I went on, pressing home the advantage given me by my manipulation of his cock. "You really want to see your young wife writhing in ecstasy as a man nearer her own age pumps his seed into her."

I offered mock outrage:

"But that's so disgusting," I told my confused but highly aroused husband, too turned on myself by the verbal byway onto which I had sidetracked to react to the fact his tongue at stopped lathing at my pussy. "All this time you've been pretending to be a man's man – a *real* man. When what you really wanted was for someone else to fuck your wife while you watched."

Knowing this wasn't true but not wanting to hear him say as much, I speeded up my manipulation of his, by now, frantically humping prick and put all thoughts other than getting-off from his head.

At least until he got-off, that is.

My next words, cribbed from stories and experiences I'd read online I confess and, no doubt, as much to my surprise as his, achieving just that:

"Is that what you want, sweetheart?" I mocked, tone towards him becoming, despite the gap in years and experience between us, more that of mother to child than younger wife to older husband. "To wait in the corner while the big strong man puts his long and thick wee-wee in mummy and then be a good little boy and clean

her up with your tongue afterwar…?”

He went off as if his cock was a scud-missile and I had just hit the hot-button, rope upon rope of thick and creamy semen jetting towards the ceiling as I watched, fascinated from over my shoulder; the pussy I had settled onto his mouth preventing anything but muffled groans of satisfaction and, unless I was mistaken, *shame* from escaping him.

The look in his eyes as I slid my pussy back to reveal a face glistening with my juices, all but overwhelmed me, so incredible was the expression waiting to greet me.

An expression full of conflicting feelings; the most powerful of which, I sensed, was the knowledge he had just experienced – at least in our relations with each other - the most incredible eruption.

And achieved it with his wife atop his face as she manipulated his cock and described her own ravishment by another man as he watched.

And then…

What I had just achieved thrilled me so much I barely gave a thought to the first orgasm I had been expecting to receive from his once – and still, no doubt – reluctant tongue. Instead of demanding he take care of me right then I simply stared down at him until redness added itself to the sheen of my arousal glistening on the cheeks below it. Which was when, and to my utter delight, he averted his eyes rather than see my knowledge and contempt reflected back at him.

Still not bothering to insist he return the complement and get me

off as well, I'd climbed from the bed and headed for the en-suite to vent my jubilation in relative privacy.

Something very profound, I sensed, had just passed between us.

Whether my growingly pussy-whipped husband realised it or not.

Four

"I think I am probably more excited than you," Rajani told me as we grabbed a lunchtime sandwich and a coffee in an outlet on the first floor of The Glades shopping mall, the hubbub supplied by others making the most of their break allowing us to speak in voices we could both hear without too much fear of being eavesdropped – should anyone prove either interested or sad enough.

It was the night after Melvyn's… *explosion*… and I had asked her to meet me away from the office – an office she seldom visited anyway, preferring to leave its running to her late-husband's second-in-charge and, increasingly, to her good friend and neighbour.

Not to mention a partner in bringing about a female-led marriage.

"I doubt that very much," I contradicted my plump neighbour, friend and, now, boss whose girlish features belied her age of thirty-five, despite being a little on the fleshy side. At just one year older than me, Rajani Kapadia was a financially and socially independent woman. A condition I envied and one brought about by the early death of a husband from an arranged marriage who, she assured me, was not a loss but had at least possessed the virtue of being shrewd and industrious in money matters and had come minus the drawback of an extended family, either back home in Trincomalee or here in the UK.

"Anticipation, my dear Judith, can sometimes be as… *arousing*… as its fulfilment."

Her perfect but heavily accented English - the same English that had maddened my husband on the few occasions he had sat for long enough to listen to it and enchanted me - came across crystal clear above the to-and-throes and snatches of conversation surrounding us and I knew instantly to what she referred.

It had been Rajani who had been my support over the past year or more after I had helped her with the arrangements for her husband's funeral and listened without judgment as she had told me of his prowess as a businessman and his failings as a man. The similarities between our own marital situations had been quite marked – even if her husband had been more successful then Melvyn – and I think it was this that allowed me to gradually open up to her about my own dissatisfaction. The fact the late *"Mr Kapadia"* – I had not once heard her refer to him in any other way, though I knew his name to have been *"Musheer"* – had expected her to remain at home in the traditional way of the Indian housewife and had used the fact he controlled their finances to, effectively, control her, rang bells with me and ensured I had been as forthcoming with her as she had with me.

Though I was still surprised at the way she had greeted my admission of viewing *certain* Internet… *erotica*.

Greeting supplied with an admission of her own that mirrored mine.

Believing myself to have been rare enough amongst my sisters in gratifying my need for sex in the same way as men all over the worldwide-web, Rajani's admission of similar behaviour – and with similar material – led me to believe our living across the road from each other and indulging ourselves in the same way was

either an amazing *and* fortuitous coincidence or I wasn't that perverse rarity amongst women I considered myself to be.

As Rajani caught the eye of a waitress and waited for her arrival to order us more coffee, I recalled the conversation that had placed me on the road I now travelled…

"…I would have loved nothing better than to be in such a position of strength with Mr Kapadia," she told me, look as wistful as mine was puzzled.

"And what position would that be?"

We were taking coffee in the kitchen of Rajani's "Asiatic" and extremely tasteful home – revamped to her own tastes in the ten months or so since her husband had passed – and I had just finished the latest rant on the subject of Melvyn and the financial woes brought about by the failure of his business and subsequent bankruptcy.

"Think about it, Judith," Rajani had urged me.

I tried and came up with nothing likely to provide me with succour.

Her sigh was loud but at least it was indulgent.

"It has been two months since your husband's business failed and he petitioned for bankruptcy. Yes?"

"You know this?" I said accusingly, intrigued just the same to hear what she had on her mind.

"The credit-cards he is using to boost the paltry amount he is paid by the government by way of…"

She struggled for the correct term.

"Jobseeker's Allowance," I told her.

"Yes. The Jobseeker's Allowance," she nodded. "These credit-cards are, so you tell me, reaching the end of their limit and he has been drawing money from them also to pay the monthly interest they accrue. Am I correct?"

I nodded and her contempt for my husband was evident as she spoke, for once, positively in regard of her own deceased partner.

"Mr Kapadia, as you know, was a disappointment to me in many… areas… but he would never have considered such a foolhardy and stupid course."

I shrugged, unable to disagree and having suggested such a thing to Melvyn myself.

With a result all too predictable.

"These cards are in his name only, I take it?"

Again I nodded, the tone of our conversation dispiriting me as it seemed to bring home the dire nature of our financial situation still more.

Though it would not remain dispiriting for long.

"Tell me, Judith," my friend began. "How would you feel about returning to the workforce?"

"You know how I feel about it, Rajani. The same way I've felt

about it for a long time now. Why ask questions to which you already know the answer? I'd like nothing better than to get back into the work-market."

"But your husband has always been against this and prevented you from doing so, right?"

"You're doing it again."

Her laughter, this as she held her palms up in a plea for my forbearance, was affectionate.

"My point, if you will forgive my around the houses way of making it, Judith, is that he is no longer in a position to 'prevent' you from doing anything."

"Well… no," I conceded. "And it is something I've been considering. I just thought that with him at such a low-ebb and employers not interested in even interviewing him, let alone offering a position, it might be rubbing salt in his wounds if I were to suddenly find something."

"And this bothers you why, exactly?"

I nodded, beginning to see where she was going with this. I was acting still as my older husband had conditioned me to act. My own needs and feelings secondary to his.

"What if I were to tell you that my husband's comp…?"

She left the sentence incomplete and gave me a self-critical smile before going on to re-phrase it:

"What if I were to tell you MY company wished to institute a

marketing section of its own and was looking for the right person to direct and control it?"

I felt myself become alert, senses heightened as tiny bursts of adrenalin greeted what I took to be her intent.
"You…? You mean…?"

Now it was Rajani's turn to nod, fleshy features quivering with the motion before they were stretched by a broad smile.

"I want you to become our new Marketing Director," she told me, going on to address what she knew would be my only concern before I did so myself. "I realise you have been away from what you do best for some time now but I have absolutely no doubt you will soon be up to speed enough to feel you have never been absent."

I was too excited to speak and, though I did have exactly the reservations she mentioned, was already allowing my thoughts to race ahead to the benefits – and power – her offer of a position could provide me.

Sensing, wrongly, that I was about to refuse, Rajani went on:

"This is not a charitable exercise on my part, Judith – though helping a close friend is not unpleasant to me. You have made suggestions to me in regard of marketing Mr Kapadia's... MY... company in the past and they have proved highly successful, so I have no doubt you will help take us to…"

She allowed some air to separate the main body of her assertion from its conclusion:

"…the next level."

The smile with which she followed this was a mixture of the teasing, the conspiratorial and the downright evil:

"Also, I sense that with your new… economic clout… there will be a regime change in your home shortly after it comes into being."

My smile matched hers now as I sensed her real motivation.

"It would please me a great deal if I could be allowed to play a part in your husband's…"

She searched for the most accurate description at this point in time and finally came up with one that satisfied her:

"…demotion"…

…As she finished ordering, I could not but help staring at my neighbour, friend and employer, with gratitude and admiration.

Not only was she responsible for giving me a new position and a new purpose – a position, as she had been sure I would, I was making into a great success – but she had put the reins of financial power in the Stirling household into my hands and set in motion the process that would enable me to take more.

Much, much, more.

"So," she began, "now that you have financial control over your husband for the first time and it is now either you or nobody for him when it comes to sex, what will be your next steps and how long do you think it will be before he is sufficiently… *obedient*…

for me to begin to play a part?"

She referred, of course, to the fact he now had only the money I allowed him from the extremely generous salary with benefits Rajani paid me. An *"allowance"* that did *not* run to the golf-course and Friday nights with the boys followed by extra-curricular sex.

More importantly for Rajani, though her involvement excited me too, was the prospect of exerting some… *authority*… of her own over my husband in the ways of which we had spoken and were, even now, still finalising.

As I clenched my pantyhose covered thighs together beneath the skirt of the smart two-piece business outfit – an outfit Rajani assured me showed off my legs to best effect and gave me a look of *"authoritative"* female efficiency – I realised just how much I was looking forward to having my once overbearing and faithless husband in such a position of dependency he could have no other option but to accept a woman whose race and colour he looked down upon having a measure of control over him.

And a *large* measure at that.

As for my next steps in the plan to subjugate Melvyn to me?

His reaction of the previous evening, when I had finally consented for him to have sex with me – and on *my* terms, had already set my foot upon the first of them.

Five

“I think you like giving up control.”

It was a week on from the revelatory evening when he had exploded in my hand as I described him watching me having sex with another man and I had deliberately waited until his need for the warm flesh of another rather than that of his own hand had led him to conquer his embarrassment and try to convince me to have sex with him again. The following morning he had looked sheepish and had avoided making eye-contact with me as I came down for the tea and toast he now prepared for me, not wanting to trigger a conversation of the events between us. Events I had been, for the moment, content to let lie.

Until, that is, I again had him in a position where he would feel… *compelled*… to listen and could take him yet further down the road to his planned emasculation and life of service.

To me.

“It does make a nice change,” he said, staring up at me from the

mattress, naked and still well-kept body below me as my knees pinned his arms and the pussy that was visible beneath the black basque I had worn to enthral him – and had succeeded in doing so spectacularly – readied itself to make landfall on his face. “Nothing like some games to keep the spark going.”

As he seemed to try and sneak sniffs of the over excited cunt he had once orally ignored, I realised what he was trying to do and would have none of it.

There was no way he could be allowed to think this was a… *“game”*.

“Is that what you think this is then, Melvyn?” I asked, reaching a hand behind me to cup a scrotum that was both full and taut, the erection above it as urgent and pylon hard as it had been just over a week ago when I had first placed him in a similar position. “A game?”

“Is…? Isn’t it?” he asked, thought processes – and as intended – mildly scrambled.

“Not for me,” I told him, nipples feeling as if they would blast through the fabric of the black basque containing them to put two bullet-holes in my husband’s skull, so great was my excitement, rolling his testicles around in my hand in a way I knew he would find thrilling but could not mistake as proprietorial.

A gasp from between the lips beneath my ever encroaching bush told me my approach was the correct one.
“In fact,” I breathed teasingly, just as if this were a game but allowing my words to supply the lie to the impression, “I think it’s something that would make our lives together… *better*.”

I gave myself a mental rebuke. The pause had been necessary. I had been about to finish with a *"for me"*.

"I'm… I'm not… f-following you, Judith?" he asked as I allowed two fingers to encircle the base of his engorged manhood to apply tiny squeezes with a slight up and down motion.

"Sorry, Melvyn," I said, voice almost a whisper in keeping with the mood of seduction I was creating with the intent of using it to control him. "I don't buy that. How can I when I can feel how hard your cock is from having your wife sitting astride you and in command of it while you wait for her to lower her beautiful sweet cunt onto your willing face?"

Were barometers as accurate in the gauging of the weather as men's cocks were as pinpoint and indisputable in revealing their sexual responses – feelings and responses they were sometimes unaware of themselves – then hordes of bitter meteorological undergrads would be kicking themselves for the wrong choice of degree course.

"All these years trying to be my big strong man," I told him, "when all along you wanted me to look after you."

He shook his head in denial and I placed a finger upon his lips and shushed him to prevent the verbal avoidance that was sure to follow.

"Too late to deny it now, my little sweetheart," I told him, following up on his positive reaction to the use of such childish language with him on our last bedroom outing. "Mummy saw how her little sweetheart pumped all his stuff into the air and over her

hand the last time she took control."

Finger still upon his lips, the fingers of my other hand snaked around his twitching cock and it literally throbbed in my hand so strong was his reaction, subliminal or otherwise, to my words.

"Yes. Mummy knows you like it and wants you to have it on a regular basis."

I speeded up my manipulation of his cock and, through it, of him, and the look I saw in his eyes before he closed them told me I had him.

"Tell me you like mummy taking care of your cock for you," I ordered, voice still teasing rather than authoritative – but then I had ways other than the voice with which to control him.

The eyes that flickered open to meet mine when I removed my hand from his erection – completely - were, and this is not hyperbole, *devastated*.

"Or is mummy wrong?" I asked, and this time there was, if not authority, threat in my voice.

He stared back up at me, conflicted and somewhat disbelieving that the woman above him could be the young wife he had ruled and dominated since their wedding.
Of course, though he could be forgiven for not knowing it as well as knew it at this point, we had reached a pivotal moment and I knew, if he bent the neck to me now and allowed my manipulation of him to continue. My breathing stopped and I hoped the nerves I felt for his response did not show in the eyes I kept fixed upon his own.

Somehow though, I sensed it would take the merest nudge on my part to tip him into acquiescence – even if he did kid himself afterwards that we were still playing a game – and I edged my sopping pussy back from his head.

"Perhaps I got it wrong," I told him in an everyday voice that I knew he would take as a signal the *'playtime'* was over. "Shame. I was enjoying it."

I hadn't lifted one knee from his shoulder before my intent to do just that galvanised him into exactly the response I had been hoping for.

"Wait!"

I stared down at him, eyes questioning, expression one of deliberate disinterest as if he had disappointed me and I was no longer in the mood.

"You… You weren't wrong?" he said softly.

"What do you mean?" I asked, still in disinterest mode and not wanting to make it easy for him. If he wanted… *it*… he was going to have to ask. Begging, of course, could come later.

"I mean… I mean it is sort of… fun… to… You know?"

"Not if you don't tell me, I don't. What's fun? Your wife giving you a wank?" For my next question I allowed my voice to lower and return to seduction mode so that even he could not mistake my intent. "Or *'mummy'*?"

I could see that he knew what I was asking and didn't like it one

little bit. The desires he was experiencing were new and utterly unexpected by him and, consequently, hard to come to terms with.

Especially given their humiliating nature and the fact it was his wife intent on making him confess to them.

A wife who now had no doubt she could lead her husband by the cock until she owned both it and the balls to which it was attached.

And the man above?

Well, ownership of him would *surely* follow.

"I…" he began, finding it difficult to swallow unless I was mistaken. "I… I mean, I like… mummy… to… You know?"

I put him out of his misery and took over, voice more low, breathy and seductive than ever as I edged my needy cunt back towards him:

"Are you saying you want mummy to take care of her little boy's cockle?"

His eyes widened, not thrilled to hear his pride and joy referred to in such a demeaning way.

"You better tell mummy," I warned him, tone that of the mother to the child he had never wanted from me and, in truth, I hadn't wanted either – with *him* or anybody else. "She has a busy day at work tomorrow and needs her sleep. Tell me what you want baby, or mummy will have to say night-night."

I could almost see the gears of his mind turning: say to hell with it and lose the chance of getting off but keep his dignity; or give in

and drop yet another notch in the estimation of the young wife who would then have added sexual clout to that of the financial she already wielded over him.

There would be, I was convinced, and knowing my husband better in the months on from our reaching this point than I ever had in the years we had spent with each other before.

I knew with certainty now just what he was.

He was *weak*.

Then, to underpin my certainty:

“I… I want… mummy… to touch me,” he said finally, voice so low I almost missed it.

“Now, now,” I chided him, piling on his misery. “My little boy has to ask properly if he wants mummy to be nice to him.

His groan was internal but no less loud and anguished for all that.

“What does my little boy want mummy to touch then?” I pressed, allowing him to see me reach behind me in preparation of being… *“nice”*… to him if he did as mummy asked.

He closed his eyes to the shame he could see being reflected back at him from my own.

“I want…”

“No!” I said sharply, exactly the way a strict mother would reprimand an errant infant and causing his eyes to flash open with alarm. “Keep your eyes on mummy’s when you ask her. Rude little

boys are punished, not rewarded."

I sensed no telltale answering twitch from the barometer that was his groin behind me and felt pleased my inference in regard of punishment had not instigated such a positive response.

Though I was sure, human nature being what it is, that he would find *something* to take pleasure in down the line, I liked the thought that he was not one of those men who actually enjoyed the prospect of a woman…

What?

Whipping him? Spanking him? Making him kneel for hours with his nose pressed to the corner of whichever room his strict *"/mummy"* had decided upon?

When I came back down from Planet Euphoria, he had made his decision and uncomfortable eyes were fixed upon my own:

"I… I…"

Unable to get it out at first, he swallowed and decided to rush through it:

"I want mummy to touch my… *cockle*."

My eyes, delighted as were my thoughts behind them, flashed out a warning *"and what else?"*

My little boy was proving a fast learner'

"Please," he finished.

“That’s my good boy,” I praised him before reaching back to give the erection that still raged a couple of motivational tugs before releasing it and giving him a smile.

I could see him thinking: *“What now?”*

He wasn’t thinking it for long.

“Before she pleases her little boy,” I told him, edging the bush I intended to shave off the following day forward so it brushed his chin, “mummy wants him to lick her first.”

Six

“How did he respond?” Rajani asked, fleshy features overheated with anticipation and excitement as I recounted to her the latest developments in my… our… ongoing project to turn my older and handsome husband from the former womaniser and head of his own household into a dependent and a flunky.

I smiled across my desk at her, gave a little tinkling laugh, and swivelled the 360 degrees in my chair to take in the less than Manhattan skyline of Bromley South before returning to my starting point and giving her the answer she wanted.

“Badly and… *not* so badly,” I told her, taking enjoyment from the cryptic

and knowing it would only exacerbate her desire and impatience to know more.

Rajani's frown was not entirely unexpected and my teasing laugh did not prevent it becoming an outright glare.

"Sorry," I apologised. "I'm getting to be a real tease these days."

"Yes. You are," she agreed, and without any apparent amusement for my admission. "But how terrible would it be if your *boss* were to lose patience with being teased and find another Head of Marketing?"

The threat, had it been a threat, did not worry me unduly and in this I was correct as, not a few seconds later we both burst out laughing with each other.

"Seriously though," she asked when a certain gravity re-asserted itself, "how did he respond to being treated in such a way and your demanding that he pleasure you with his tongue before you would consent to touch him again?"

"Surprisingly," I told her, going on quickly before she could again accuse me of teasing her and knowing of her eagerness to know the lie of the land at this point. That she had been unable to wait until our usual Monday lunchtime sandwich and a coffee to hear those developments, and had dropped into my office beforehand, spoke volumes for the levels of her own personal investment in the situation being engineered between Melvyn and myself. Aware of the excitement and anticipation that was constant in me, how could I fail to understand her own?

"He looked threatened," I went on. "Even if his erection did not as it twitched impatiently for the return of his young wife's manipulative and controlling little hand."

Again, the hiss of Rajani's hose upon short, though not unshapely, legs as she squirmed in her seat upon hearing of my husband's latest demotion betrayed her.

The levels of both her arousal and investment in my marital situation were already at a high level and, thus encouraged, I went on to take those

levels to an even loftier altitude.

The thought that I might need to be quick about it, given my friend and employer seemed about ready to allow her sexual inquisitiveness to implode, won itself an internal smile.

“I’d just told him,” I continued. “No, *ordered* him, to lick my pussy before I would grant him his own pleasure.”

Rajani’s heavy and dark eyes were all but lidded now and I felt sure my words and the humiliations of my husband they described would ensure she soon reached a crisis point.

“I could see it was only his need preventing him from showing me his anger. I also knew a part of him was still trying to pretend that this was no more than a sex-game we were playing and that things would soon return to normal between us.

“More interestingly, though, I also saw – even if it was unwilling on his part – a response to my growing assertiveness that was not… *negative*. ”

My friend’s eyes flashed open at this and the expression plastered across flushed brown cheeks was eager as I continued:

“I could have been wrong, but it seemed to he was beginning to react to my being in the driver’s seat, so to speak, with… *resignation*.”

With a visible effort of will, Rajani collected her senses and forced her plump features into a wry grin as her dark eyes glittered with an excitement that was no less powerful than my own for being once removed.

For now anyway.

“You feel he is becoming more… *docile?*” she asked, playful tone undermined by a somewhat… *breathless*… diction and the serious way her eyes fixed upon my mouth as they awaited its reply.

Her impatience, as already stated, to hear more of the situation developing between her friend and employee and that friend’s husband

underpinned the investment she herself was placing upon my success and I for one was grateful to have her in my camp.

Had I been a lesbian, I thought to myself, and despite the plumpness that was not fat exactly but could not be described as svelte either, I could easily have been attracted to my friend, employer and neighbour.

It was a reaction I sensed was returned in its entirety from Rajani to me.

That success of mine in which she was so obviously invested, given what I now knew of the way she would like to have treated the late Mr Kapadia and had been prevented by the economic control *he* wielded and *she* could not, was dear to her heart.

Even more especially when the ways in which we had discussed her possible involvement in my husband's emasculation were taken into account.

Ways involving her active supervision of an older and handsome white male subjugated by his wife and ripe for the control of a younger and superior Sri Lankan female.

"Every day sees him become more so," I told her. "I make sure to take small steps, but you may be sure that each one I take demands a capitulation of some kind from him."

"That is sensible, Judith," my co-conspirator agreed.

"I thought you would agree," I said, nodding. "Whether it is forcing him to apologise for some mistake or faux pas of an utterly trivial variety that would normally be to negligible to mention, or simply adding another chore to the growing list he is coming to accept as his responsibility- at least for as long as I am the one bringing home the wage upon which he lives - I try to make sure that no day passes without my shoring up the foundations of what I intend to become my *total* control of him."

Rajani, I noticed, was again squirming somewhat uncomfortably in her seat and, given the urgency my words inspired between my own legs, I could well understand the cause of her… *delicious*… discomfort.

“By doing this,” I continued, “I condition him to obey me. “And by escalating my demands upon his time, effort and obedience, in small increments I will soon have him behaving towards me …”

I gave her an inclusive look:

“…and to you… in ways he would once have found unimaginable and from which he will soon discover there is *no* return.”

Dressed in the businesslike way that was, colour and brand aside, a replica of my own two-piece outfit with skirt above the knee and short, bolero cut, jacket above black court shoes with a low spiked heel, I could see my friend, neighbour and boss, again pressing her legs together to try and ease the sensations threatening to become unmanageable as my description of events between my husband and I continued.

My words, I knew, chimed in with those dominant desires of her own in regard of men. Dominant desires my Sri Lankan friend, neighbour and boss, had long since been forced to keep dormant.

I knew exactly how she felt as I pictured the events of the previous evening…

Seven

…"This is how it will be from now on," I'd told him as he waited for my hand to return itself to his expectant cock, not sure if I were serious in regard of my demand that he lick me first.

Unsure, was good, I had told myself. I liked him more when he was on the wrong-foot. My only quibble being with myself and the fact I hadn't been… worldly… enough to place him in such a position sooner in our marriage.

"If you say so, my exalted one," he said, trying to make a game of it and hoping I'd go along with it.

Some hope!

"I'm serious, Melvyn. This is not a game. When you start acting like a man again and provide for me the way a man should, then you can start calling the shots in the bedroom again."

As if! I had told myself in the face of the outraged look he turned towards me. Up to then I had yet to be quite so… bald… in my descriptions of our current situation vis-à-vis each other and thought there was no better time to get the ball rolling than when his balls themselves and the cock above them were so full of need for his newly assertive young wife.

In fact, and despite my assertion that he needed to show my pussy some oral attention before I would do so again, I leaned back and gave his shaft a feather-light caress to let him know that there would be benefits to his… reduced… circumstances.

"Judith, I've admitted that you taking the driving seat when it comes to… you know?... the bedroom… is a nice change and adds some spice, but I wouldn't want you to think…"

"Wouldn't want me to think what?" I asked, maintaining the caresses to his cock that helped to scramble his thoughts so successfully.

A gasp escaped him as I eased his foreskin to the base of his penis and applied pressure to keep it there.

“That my big masculine husband loves having his younger and smaller wife taking control of him?

Before he had a chance to answer my gifted hand won another gasp from him and used his inability to speak at that moment to continue:

“Is that what you’re telling me Melvyn? That you like having your strong young wife make all the decisions for you? That you actually enjoy being her dutiful and obedient housekeeper and having things all nice for her when she returns from a hard day at the office in just the same way she used to do for you?”

“Judith, that’s not what I’m…”

“Shush, now baby. You mustn’t interrupt mummy when she’s trying to make you feel all nice.”

“Judith, I…”

“I told baby not to interrupt,” I interrupted him with more severity. “Children should be seen and not heard if they expect treats from their mummy’s.”

I halted my caresses to underpin my threat and his eyes came up to mine.

“You’re joking… Right?” he asked me as I savoured the uncertainty in both his voice and expression – not to mention the sense of loss for the presence of my loving hand upon his rampant cock. “This is all part of the role-playing… Isn’t it?”

The shaking of my head was emphatic.

“No, Melvyn, it’s not ‘role-playing’, as you call it.”

“But…?”

It was a finger placed upon lips that appeared ready to become querulous that silence my husband this time and I used the silence to push on.

A little, anyway.

“If your memory hasn’t gone the same way as your company and fair-weather friends at the golf-club and pub, you’ll recall that I was more than willing to play second-fiddle to you when it was your business and your efforts bringing the money home. I kept the home immaculate for you and myself into the bargain.”

My eyes sought out his and blazed into them that he could be under no illusions in regard of my intent.

“I also allowed you to call the shots sexually. What you said went and I put up with what you wanted. Even though I got nothing out of it myself.”

This was too much for him and a hand came up to remove my restraining finger from his lips.

“Nothing?” he almost spat, recalling, no doubt, the screams I had allowed to escape me after one of his prosaic poundings to herald an orgasm I hadn’t experienced; knowing even then that my older husband’s fragile ego required such validation.

I nodded, knowing what I was about to drop on him in the next few seconds would – despite what he had been seeing as “role-play” be little short of a bombshell.

“I suppose you screamed the house down simply to give your lungs some exercise as we fucked then?” he asked with a sarcasm that did not survive my reply.

“My baby has it in a nutshell,” I told him, continuing with the demeaning term of reference even if my tone was more that of strict sixth-form tutor. “Mummy couldn’t hurt her little boy’s fragile ego by letting him think he hadn’t pleased her.”

“I don’t believe you, Judith,” he sneered. “And for heaven’s sakes stop with all the baby talk. This is our marriage we’re speaking about, not some juvenile game.”

To his surprise, I agreed – much good would it do him.

“That’s right, it is. A marriage whose direction has been dictated by one

of the partners up to now and will continue to be run along those lines. Excepting that, this time, it will be me and not you calling the shots."

Despite his position, this assertion brought a derisive snort from my husband – he was, as well as weak, I was beginning to realise, highly delusional.

"Get real, Judith," he told me, condescension high for a man who had spent the day cleaning the house and was now on his back upon the bed with his wife's pussy hovering above his lips. "We both know this is a temporary blip with me. How long do you think it will be before I'm back in harness again? How do you expect to call the shots then?"

"I haven't given it any thought," I told him truthfully.

"Then I suggest you do so before you go too far with this… *power trip*… of yours and I reach a point where I won't be able to forgive you."

"Oh," I began with a nonchalance I knew would infuriate him, my response to just such a proposition as he had outlined having been prepared in my thoughts well in advance, "I don't think any of what you say is ever likely to happen."

His face reddened – reddened *further*, I should say – but he said nothing.

"You are a failed, middle-aged, businessman and a bankrupt at a time when the country's economy is bursting at the seams with the species – many of them, perhaps all, a sight more diligent and gifted than you. What could you possibly have to offer a company? Unless, of course, resumes of failure have suddenly come into vogue?"

For the first time, and as I spoke, I saw a flicker of recognition at the back of his eyes that told me he finally saw I might just have been worth more than the convenient cook, bottle-washer and fuck he had obviously seen me as at one time.

Before, that is, he lost interest in the third part of the triad.

At least with me.

“Listen, and listen good if you want to stay married to me… *Melvyn*…” I began, deliberately using his first name that he may be under *no* illusions whatsoever that I was *deadly* serious. “You’ve treated me as a convenience in our marriage and used your greater age and looks and the feelings inspired in me for you by them to fuck women other than me.”

It was the first time I’d given him any indication that I knew of his indiscretions beyond our home and his face was a picture. In fact, despite telltale signs and smells on his clothing and the odd inconsistency in his pitiful covering stories, I had no real evidence he *had* had been cheating on me.

Until now.

The expression staring up at me and his inability to frame a defence convincing me – had I needed to be – that I was on the money.

And bang-on, at that.

“Make no mistake… *Melvyn*…” I continued, rolling on over the revelation that I knew, and always had, of his affairs, “I call the shots in this marriage from now on and, unless you prefer the streets and the tender mercies of those nice people of the Coalition, you do exactly what I say.”

“Judith,” he began, desperation forcing a defence to his lips, and a feeble one at that, “it was just a way of relieving my stress. They meant nothing to me. The business wasn’t doing well and I…”

Sliding back a little to expose more of a target I slapped him.

He looked up at me angrily, eyes sparking and then calming as he thought of retaliation and, just as instantly, realised his position and the consequences of doing so.

For the first time, I had struck my husband.

And he could do *nothing* to prevent me.

It felt incredible.

After a few seconds to savour the delicious feeling of power coursing through my veins and to allow him to reflect upon the fact his young wife had just struck him and had allowed it, I informed him of just what it was I had in mind for us as a… *partnership*.

Well, a little of it, anyway.

"I've been doing some reading online," I began, edging my sopping cunt closer to his face that he might take in the scent of its arousal my dominant position had triggered.

The merest twitch of his nostrils told me he had *not* missed it.

"I've read some very sensible and instructive marital advice from women in marriages similar to ours," I went on. "And I think it would be good for our relationship if it became…"

His eyes stared up at me as I allowed some air to form between the main bulk of my sentence and its suffix, feeling near delirious with power as he waited on my words as I had once waited upon his.

Holding his eyes with mine that he might see the intent in them, I finished:

"…female-led."

Eight

"He has actually agreed to this?" Rajani asked.

I nodded as we sat across from each other her in the front-room of the home the industry of the late Mr Kapadia had ensured would be hers when he passed, childless and free of any extended family, from our mortal coil. Almost two months had passed since I had suggested a female-led relationship to Melvyn; though it was only

five weeks since he had actually caved in to my demand that he accept my authority or leave. Five weeks that had seen him slide even further down in my estimation and his own.

Exactly as I'd intended, in fact.

As I had expected also, she was in a state of high excitement at the prospect of *finally* playing an active part in his… *enslavement*.

"You must really have him under your thumb now," she went on. "That he would agree to become my gardener, knowing how little time he has for either me or people who are… *not*… British, shall we say."

I couldn't prevent a look of pride from transforming my features. Not five minutes ago, it seemed, I had been going through the motions in a marriage to an older man who, though undeniably handsome, was also chauvinistic and overbearing – faithless to be taken as read. Now he was becoming more and more my dependent and me the power in our relationship. That he was obviously unhappy at his change of status in the home, yet could not find a way to fetch things between us back to his liking, was yet another source of deep joy and arousal to me and boded well for being able to achieve the changes my, admittedly perverse, imagination still had in mind for him.

"With every little concession he makes to my authority," I told Rajani, "he loses more and more of himself to me. And what makes it so… *exciting*… is that he hates playing such a distant second-fiddle to me."

"And he just accepts this?" she asked with a sense of wonder and contempt. "How truly weak he must be. Mr Kapadia would never

have…”

“…Allowed such a state of affairs to exist?”

Rajani could not help but smile for having had the familiar refrain finished for her.

“Yes, Rajani, you’ve told me as much on many an occasion. But Melvyn is not – luckily for our perverted desires – Mr Kapadia.”

My employer nodded, acknowledging our good fortune.

“But, surely, he attempts to persuade you from your treatment of him in other ways?” she asked.

“That he does,” I agreed. “He has tried charm, reason and flattery on many occasions and is only now beginning to realise any such attempts will be of no use to him. He now licks at my pussy with the enthusiasm of the camel at an oasis after a long and sun-baked trek”

The simile provoked a smirk from my Sri Lankan intimate.

“It might be clumsy but it’s perfectly apt,” I told her.

Adding after a pause:

“It’s also *highly* addictive.”

I gave Rajani a questioning look, though I was reasonably sure of the answer to the spoken question with which I was about to follow it:

“Am I evil to enjoy treating my husband in such a way, do you

think?”

Rajani gave a snort that was both dismissal and self-expiation:

“If you are then it is a failing we have in common,” her perfect if heavily accented English assured me, the animation of fleshy, if flawlessly complexioned, cheeks, underlying her own investment in the situation I had engineered with her help.

Had such an underlining been necessary .

“And, anyway,” she continued, what is so evil in providing a home and shelter for a husband in return for his… *obedience*?”

She smiled:

“His… *abject*… obedience.”

I returned her smile with interest.

“You are doing,” she continued, “no more than exercise the authority and control over him he himself exercised over you in his position of breadwinner.”

There was a pause until our eyes met and Rajani’s serious demeanour became evil grin:

“Even if you will be exercising that authority and control with far more severity than he would ever have found possible to exercise upon you.”

It was not the first time we had run through the same conversation to address any issues of guilt arising from my… *our*… treatment of him. We both knew that we were using each other to vindicate that

treatment and assure ourselves that Melvyn was worthy of such treatment, but so what? It was a *"guilt"* that was not strong in either of us to begin with and was receding with each *thrilling* concession to my female power I forced from my husband.
"Besides," Rajani resumed, "have you not told me yourself that he takes a certain… *pleasure*… from your treatment of him?"

I nodded, feeling that familiar tingling between my legs whenever my thoughts were triggered to recall the ways in which I was not only demolishing his self-respect as a man but reducing him to the status of infant.

A thought occurred to me and the smile it brought to my lips brought in an intrigued Rajani:

"What is so amusing?"

"It just struck me that we all need aims and aspirations – even Melvyn."

Her dark, subcontinent eyes narrowed; not on board with me.

"If I am pleased enough with his progress in the future – and the respect he shows my great friend Rajani – I might just consider allowing him to move up the ladder a notch from infant to schoolboy."

Rajani's smile of enlightenment was a sunbeam entering the room.

"But *only* if he is *very* good."

Our laughter was so loud I wondered if, across the road in *my* home, Melvyn could hear it as he went about the household chores he had been set while his wife took coffee with her friend and – his

also now – employer.

“I still find it hard to believe,” Rajani asked when her laughter was under control, “that you could have him so… docile… already that he would agree to work for a woman he detests without protest.”

I was mock stern:

“Really, Rajani, you mustn’t put words in my mouth.”

Again, puzzlement and a narrowing of the eyes.

“When did you once hear me say he did *not* protest?”

Puzzlement became laughter renewed.

“He was clearing away the dishes after dinner when I dropped it on him and was about as angry as I’ve seen him since his… *role*… in our marriage changed,” I told her.

“Couldn’t believe, in fact, that I would expect him to take care of a – apologies, Rajani – *‘Sri Lankan peasant’s garden for her’*.”

Rajani’s eyes hardened at this and I could tell my husband would be paying for the insult somewhere down the line.

And at a none too distant point in the future.

Serve him right!

“At that point,” I told my friend as she, no doubt, considered retribution when she was in a position to dispense it, “I became angry myself and slapped him.”

Rajani's mouth dropped open.

"You…? You actually laid hands upon him?"

"It was the second time I had done so and felt even better than the first."

The rapid re-crossing of her legs that fetched the sound of hose rasping against hose into the room evidenced her excitement at the scene I described.

"What…?" What did he do?"

"I gave him no chance to do anything. I simply turned on my heel and went to what was once his study and is now my office and shut myself in there to catch up on some work."

"Did he not follow after you for a confrontation?"

I nodded.

"As I expected, he was soon banging upon the door and threatening to kick it in if I didn't open it and apologise."

"And?"

"I did no such thing, of course and remained silent. I actually slipped on my headphones and listened to some music as I worked."

"Which is when he kicked the door in, I take it."

"Then you take it wrong. Apart from the fact it is a heavy door and he'd have trouble budging it, I knew that the moment his anger

cooled and reality set in he would soon be taking a more… *conciliatory*… tone."

"And did he?"

I shrugged.

"I've no idea."

Rajani's eyes narrowed and I laughed.
"How could I?"

"But…?"

"The headphones?... Remember?... I was playing my music rather loudly."

Now it was her turn to laugh.

"Anyhow, after an hour or so I spotted him sitting in the dark of the garden through the window and decided it was a good time to go and move his things to the spare-room I intended him to occupy from now on."

My smile was devious:

"Apart from… *special*… occasions, that is."

The smile my friend returned me was not so much devious as… *delighted*.

"By the time he came in from outside, I'd left a note telling him that he was to sleep in the spare-room and that if I didn't receive an apology for his rudeness about you and some appreciation of your

offer to him of earning some spare cash from doing your garden each week I expected him to pack his things and leave. At that point, I told him, I would consider our marriage over."

There was something… *admiring*… in Rajani's eyes as I finished.

"You were either very bold or very confident or both," she told me.

"Just confident," I told her, omitting the jitters inspired in me when Melvyn did not cave in as I'd expected.

Not immediately, anyway.

"Ultimatums are all very well, Judith," she reminded me, "but if the desired effect is not achieved one cannot backtrack and renegotiate without a subsequent loss of face and, more importantly, authority. Do not think I am criticising you, but it was, perhaps, an unnecessary risk to take so early in your new relationship."

"I did consider it," I told her truthfully, "but the fact he had bent his neck under similar threats already led me to believe it was a risk worth the taking."

"That is true," she conceded.

"Just the same," I began with a concession of my own, "it took longer for him to buckle than I expected and the two days of total cold-shouldering, along with a further note telling him I expected him to be out of the house by the time I arrived home from the office, were more than I had bargained for."

"All is well that ends well, I suppose."

There remained a small amount of castigation – despite her protestation of not criticising me – in her tone and she was, of course, right.

It had been reckless of me to give him such an ultimatum so early in the play.

It had, however, also proved right.

Delightfully right…

…I'd been in his, now *my*, office when the capitulation had come. Ignoring, as I had done on the previous two evenings, the meal he had waiting for me, I'd gone up to take a shower without a word and not responding to his – rather *pitiful*, I noted with much pleasure – entreaties for me to be reasonable. Then after fixing myself a sandwich, I'd shut – not locked - myself away in front of the computer, and minus headphones, until it was bedtime.

On what was effectively the third day of our stand-off a timid knock at the door to *my* office made my blood thrill and pound in my ears.

The hangdog looking former lord-and-master who entered so sheepishly – forget the conflicting metaphors - not about to quieten it either.

"Judith," he began.

I cut right across him, wanting my husband on the back-foot from the get-go:

"This had better be an apology or you're history."

I had let the full and genuine anger I still felt at him for having tried to run my life and cheating on me at the same time surface in all its full glory and I could see, despite the changes in me he had already experienced, that it startled him.

I had continued in the same vein:

"You read my note and you're still here, so I take it you want to make good for your disgraceful behaviour towards both me and Rajani."

The look on his face, along with my knowledge of his distaste for our neighbour, told me he would rather do anything but.

Something else in that look told me also that he was far too weak a specimen not to do it.

Suffice it to say that the apology he offered – and I *eventually* – accepted was, while not as cringing and servile as I would have liked, satisfying.

"Now," I'd told him when he had finished. *"There's the matter of you accepting Rajani's generous offer to provide you with some meaningful work and earn yourself some spare cash…"*

The very next morning after our confrontation it was one very chastened older husband who slouched his way across the way road and – doing his best not to make eye-contact with the jubilant Sri Lankan woman for who he was about to become a part-time gardener - accepted his neighbor's *"kind and generous"* offer.

An *"offer"*, though he was not to know it, that was but the first Rajani was about to make him.

None of them, you may be sure, likely to raise his besieged self-esteem at any time in the future.

Nine

"Rajani – *'Ms Rajani'*, to you – is coming over tomorrow evening at seven and will stay until I arrive home."

Two months on from my dropping the bombshell of a female-led marriage on him and having overcome the predictable outrage not even my manipulation of his *"cockle"* could quell, my handsome, older, bankrupt and unemployed, husband and I were in quite a different space in regard of each other. In fact, given his anger when I had first suggested the prospect of him acknowledging me as the source of power and authority in our household, I had expected to have a much tougher time bringing him to heel. And that was *without* explaining anything of just how deep and draconian I intended that power and authority over him to be.

A tougher time, though he did put up a semblance of resistance to begin with, that did not materialise and, instead, saw him become more marginalised and demoralised with each passing day as I both took and demanded more from him in the way of obedience and service.

To begin with, of course – is it not always the way with these simple and transparent creatures – it was sex that ensured his capitulation.

That and the fact he had neither money, friends, family or employment to shore up a backbone I now knew for sure was unable to support him of its own volition.

All he had, in fact, was his loyal and loving wife.

A loyal and loving wife he needed only to serve and obey that he might be kept housed and secure from the hostile world beyond the home her efforts at the workplace ensured would remain intact.

"Is…?" he began, hesitancy in his speech when trying to talk me out of a course of action rather than the expectation of obedience he had once taken for granted, "Is that really necessary, hmm, Judith?"

The look I gave him would have melted a steel girder and doing so served only to enflame the pussy his growingly adept tongue had been lapping at not seconds before.

“I thought we’d agreed that you wouldn’t address me by my first name again?” I reminded him, loving the look of helplessness that was not *quite* resignation and masked the anger he dared not show me.

“Please, Judith,” he persisted despite the way I glared down at him, “I’ve… I’ve agreed to this… female-led… relationship you want and I’m trying to be supportive of you. But…”

“Go on,” I urged, expression stony as he struggled to get it out.

“Does it have to be so…”

“So, what?”

“So… So humiliating for me. It… It’s almost as if you get pleasure from making me miserable.”

He was kneeling, naked, on the floor at my feet as I sat in comfort on the edge of what had once been *our* bed and was now *mine*. My hands were still in place at the base of his neck from where I had guided his tongue to where it could be of most use. He had already eaten me to several orgasms and was, I knew, in a condition of high optimism that his *“mummy”* would soon return the favour for him.

Yet another strand of power that was binding him to me even more surely than his economic powerlessness.

“I’m already looking after the house for you and working for… for… *that*… woman.”

It truly was too delicious. From doing a few hours a week as her gardener and earning himself some spare cash – cash *I* saved for him – he had, at Rajani’s suggestion and my insistence - progressed to doing odd chores about the house for the woman he detested. A state of affairs that had continued for a couple of weeks until Rajani told him she was looking for someone on a more full-time basis and offered him the

position of her… *manservant*.

He had declined, of course. Though he had managed to keep his refusal as polite as possible. There would be, he knew, consequences from his now dominant wife if he were ever to treat her friend with anything other than respect.

I recall the conversation during which I confronted him on this *refusal* with intense pleasure…

"…What were you thinking?" I spat, replacing the receiver after speaking to Rajani and pretending to have heard of his refusal of her offer for the first time.

I had given him permission (yes, that's how low he had already fallen) to watch a Champion's League football match on TV and I'm still not sure what troubled him most: my anger; or the way I snatched the remote from him and switched the screen off.

"Rajani offers you the opportunity of a full-time position and you disrespect her?"

"Judith, you… you surely don't want your husband working for a… that woman... Think of what the neighbours and our friends would think."

I'd shaken my head with contempt for his stupidity and was rewarded with a reddening of those handsome cheeks where, not months before, behaviour of such a kind from me towards him would have resulted in a severe tongue-lashing.

"It might have escaped your notice, but you no longer have any friends. For some reason the shallow self-serving bastards dropped you when your business went under and you were declared bankrupt. The only people who've visited have been your family from Norfolk when you first lost the business, Rajani herself, and a few of my old Uni friends. And, believe me, they all thought what an improved husband you were."

I could he was chewing over the memory of serving them drinks whilst

trying to pretend it was the most normal thing in the world to cook and clean for one's wife and wait on her friends with wine and snacks.

"Trust me," I'd gone on. *"None of them could care less if you worked for our Sri Lankan neighbour…"*

…When I returned from another pleasant interlude spent recalling yet another capitulation on his part, he was still kneeling at my feet trying to convince me; obviously having taken my look of reflection as a positive response to his pleading.

As I've mentioned before: my husband has a talent for self-delusion.

"Please, Judith. You've more than repaid me for my behaviour towards you in the past. Can't we please put it behind us now and be the man and wife we were meant to be?"

"A man?" I spat, shattering any hopes he had that my reflection might lead to a rethinking of his position. "What man would accept what you accept from me? I'd have more respect for you if you had courage enough to tell me to go to hell and took your chances on the street."

He winced and, as always these days, I gloried in the fact I could treat him in such a way.

And, not that he couldn't be forgiven for not knowing it, there was worse to come for him.

"Get it in your head," I told him. "The nearest you'll ever come to being a man again – if I decide to let you stay married to me, of course – is when you're across the road and acting as Rajani's manservant. To me you're nothing but a big disobedient child who needs constant supervision and that's how I'll treat you."

It wasn't the first time I'd told him as much but hearing his young wife tell him as much still had the power to mortify him and, again *not* for the first time, I could almost hear his thoughts as they questioned how he could possibly have allowed himself to be placed in such a position.

“You really don’t have any feelings for me at all, do you?” he said with massive self-pity.

Self-pity I couldn’t let pass and greeted by rising to my feet and placing a resounding smack upon cheeks already crimson with humiliation as they stared up at me.

“How dare you say that to me!” I raged, allowing him to see the full range of my anger and gratified to see the debilitating effect upon him it now had. “Am I not a good mother to you?”

The look in his eyes told me he was again questioning my sanity but the arguments I’d supplied previously for wanting to treat him *“like the child he was”* had been reasoned – as far as such outré arguments can be reasoned – and ensured he could not convince himself of the fact entirely.

And, even if I was – and I suspected a strain of it in me at least – what good would my madness do him?

“For god’s sakes, Judith,” he cried, desperation lending him a courage conspicuous in its absence these days. “You’re my wife, not my…”

The contact made by the palm of my other hand upon his opposite cheek stopped him in his tracks.

“One more word and you can see if the welfare state would like to adopt you. I mean it, Melvyn. I thought we’d reached a certain level of acceptance about our positions in regard of each other but, if that’s not the case, it’s over between us.”

Real fear misted his eyes and trickled down one handsome and humiliated cheekbone and I used it to seal the deal:

“If I don’t hear what I want to hear right now then I’m going to throw your belongings into the street and we’re history.”

“Please, Judith,” he begged – and it was truly begging now, “do you have to shame me like this. I’m sorry for cheating on you. I’m… I’m sorry for everything. I don’t think I can take much more of this… *humiliation*.”

“Really?” I asked. “Your little cockle doesn’t appear to find it humiliating, I seem to recall. In fact, I don’t think I’ve ever seen the little fellow get so hard as it does when *‘mummy’* gives her good boy his pleasure.”

Still on his knees, his face reddened below me and he averted his eyes as the cockle betrayed his newly minted, and utterly unwilling, need for *“mummy’s”* attention.

It needing, we *both* knew, only her permission to ignite.

Not forgetting, of course, the hand that was the only part of me his manhood had been allowed into contact with since our… *arrangement*.

“Please, Judith,” he tried again. “I’m a man and…”

“No!” I cried, half acting and half enraged. “You’re not” And that’s the whole point of this. You’re no man at all. If you were you would have left and taken your chances outside rather than let me take over.”

My husband looked ashen, expression stricken as my words cut to his core and, for a glorious moment I thought that my *“little boy”* was about to burst into a flood of tears.

“You…? You don’t love me then?” he asked, face and voice pitiful as he sought that which hadn’t bothered him in the slightest when he had been in possession of the wherewithal and the domestic control supplied by it to leave me at home and fuck anything willing open its legs for him.

I reined in the urge to tell him as much and simply took him a few more notches down the ladder in both his estimation and my own.

And did it in the age old way in which women had manipulated men throughout recorded time.

I was sympathetic.

I was also stern.

“Don’t be silly, sweetie,” I told him, leaning forward to plant a kiss on top of his head I knew would both reassure him and cement the authoritative parent and needy child roles I intended us to adopt – with some crucial

tweaks - from now on. “Of course mummy loves her little boy.”

I added the proviso:

“But her little boy has to accept that’s all he is to her now. A *‘little boy’*.”

He looked thoroughly miserable.

And yet…

As I’d noticed when I first hit upon treating him in such a way, a subconscious part of him reacted positively to being treated in such an infantile way – even if the one treating him that way was a woman some years his junior and his wife into the bargain.

I went with it.

“Mummy will love and take care of her boy forever and ever. But he has to be a good boy and realise that mummy will punish him when he’s bad. All he has to do from now on is make sure his mummy is pleased with him and life will be very good.”

It was the first time I’d brought up the subject of punishment and, though his cock didn’t spring to attention, it certainly gave its usual tell-tale twitch to tell me I was mining a fruitful seam.

That a hidden part of his psyche might actually take some kind of warped pleasure from being punished at my hands came as still yet another surprise to me, however, for, despite the progress I had made in so relatively short a space of time and the certainty I now had that my husband was *not* the strong and commanding man I had thought him to be, I found myself amazed that he would let me speak to him in such a demeaning way.

Let alone *physically* strike him!

And now he knew for *sure* that this was *no* game, it made his acceptance of such treatment all the more telling. Hadn’t I just, after all, told him that I no longer saw him as a man and, though I loved him still, it was in a completely different way.

A way – and *ways* – he was only just beginning to experience.

“Be honest, Melvyn,” I said, retaking my seat upon the bed as I sensed yet another battle had been won, a manipulative foot insinuating itself between his legs to stroke the underside of his ball-sac, “doesn’t this feel more… *natural*… to you?”

The gasp drawn from him by the attentions of my slender and shapely foot did not mean he agreed but it certainly meant he was not about to confess to the opposite any time soon.

“Don’t you like being a big boy for mummy and getting all these nice rewards?” I went on as his eyes closed to the feel of my foot stroking his scrotum and the deliberately hypnotic cadence of my voice. “Isn’t it so much nicer to stay here and do chores for mummy rather than have to go to some stuffy office to earn the money she can make so much more easily?”

“Judith,” he began, still unwilling to cave in completely and address me in the way I now demanded – and without the pretence of it being some kind of a game - breath catching in his throat and causing him to pause as my foot at the underside of his scrotum divided his attention.

“What is it, sweetie?” I asked. “Does mummy’s little boy want to tell her something? Is he ready to admit he wants to be her best little boy?””

My confidence that I could treat him in such a way and he would now allow it as an unavoidable aspect of our lives together was not impaired any by the sudden lurch of his cock at the demeaning picture I painted of what I wanted our lives together to become from now on.

Demeaning for *him*, anyway.

I was also certain by now that I had struck a chord in his psyche. He had barely known his *real* mother, after all, and his willingness to let me treat him in such an infantile way could only be the subconscious flowering of a desire on his part to experience a part of childhood the absence of a maternal authority had ensured would be denied to him.

But *not* any longer.

Cod psychology or not, the realisation of what I'd stumbled upon and the fact it could help me become that figure of maternal authority absent from his early years – with sexual benefits of an oral kind denied a *real* mother – took my already stratospheric excitement to a level bordering on space itself.

"Judith, this… this…"

He struggled to complete his train of thought, so great were the conflicting desires coursing through him.

To be a man and simply bite the bullet and take his chances on the outside of his marriage?

Or stay and become no more than a child to the young wife he had once ruled?

Bringing up my other foot I pressed his ramrod erection to his stomach to concentrate his thoughts on the benefits of becoming that *"child"*.

"P-Please, J-Judith," he began in a doomed attempt to forestall the inevitable. "I… I'm still a man and… and…"

Caressing his engorged shaft with the sole of my foot and massaging the underside of his scrotum with the other, I cut his thoughts off at source. I pushed his cock against his stomach with more force and then proceeded to make gentle up and down movements that brought a gasp from his lips – though it was not my intention to allow him release at this point.

I knew that the longer I kept him at the edge the more *willing* he would be to listen to *"mummy".*

And, I was convinced, once he was over that hurdle and knew for certain it was no *"game"*, anything would be possible.

"See," I cooed to him. "Little Melvyn is protesting too much. In fact, I think he's always wanted a big strong mummy to take care of him and that's exactly what I intend to be for him from now on."

His breathing was growing more shallow by second and I realised, with a thrill of elation, that I had him.

“That’s a good little boy. Let it all out for mummy and show her who you really want to be for her.”

His groan sounded almost painful and, I told myself, probably was in terms of mental anguish.

I poured it on:

“I know you’ve been thinking that this is some kind of game I’m playing Melvyn, but I assure you nothing could be further from the truth.”

Knowing how close he was getting, I stilled my foot and allowed my sole to apply less pressure to his shaft while still exerting enough to keep it pressed to his stomach, noting – despite his protestations of manliness and supposed hatred of the way I was *“humiliating”* him - the look of loss that crossed his face as I did so.

“As I told you before when you thought I wasn’t serious,” I told his befuddled thoughts, “I believe we’ve stumbled upon a married life that suits us both – whether you think so right now or not – and you can either accept the fact I now control every aspect of it or you can take your things and leave.”

His eyes opened and the face he turned up to me was a picture of absolute misery as he realised his latest attempt to gain some normality in our marriage had again fallen upon stony ground.

“B-But, Judith,” he pleaded, “you… you’ve been treating me more and more like a child – even when we’re not in the bedroom. And now you’ve got this awful… *woman*… involved. What if our friends and family were to…?”

I placed a finger upon his lips to shush him and gave him a stern look:

“Firstly,” I told him, “she is not an awful woman but has been good enough to give us both jobs. I realise you do not like being her manservant but beggars cannot be choosers.”

He winced at the description and I could hardly blame him, given the pittance Rajani paid him was now paid directly into *my* bank account and, now he could no longer claim the other pittance that was the Jobseeker's Allowance, he was totally dependent upon me for food, board, clothing *and* money.

"Secondly," I continued, "I have no desire for our friends and family to discover that the strong man I thought I'd married was really a weakling unable to support his wife and fuck her the way a husband should."

"But…?"

"Be quiet!" I snapped out at him, achieving the desired effect and almost orgasming on the spot as I ensured he remained lost in a flow of pleasure supplied by my tiny foot on a penis that was as painfully erect as I could ever recall and contradicted the words with which he tried to refute its presence.

Contradictions that were becoming less… *manly*… by the second.

"Judith, I… I… Pleas, Judith, this… this isn't…"

"Isn't what, sweetheart?" I asked in the childish tone I knew he hated and yet could not help responding to for psychological reasons to which I've already alluded.

"Judith, please!" he almost begged, so far had I lowered his self-esteem from those days when he would never have countenanced such a state of affairs between us. "This isn't right."

The up and down motion of my foot against his cock increased its speed.

"If mummy says it's right for her little boy then it is right. I've told you, I no longer see you as a man anymore and if you want to continue to live here with me then you'll do so as my obedient little boy who loves no more than to be helpful to his mummy and make her life nice."

I gave him a few moments and then, ignoring Rajani's views on such a course of action, delivered him yet another ultimatum:

“I want to hear my little boy tell mummy she’s right and thank her for looking after him or mummy will have to ask him to look elsewhere for someone to look after him.”

“Judith, I…”

“No!” I blazed. “Enough is enough. Either do as I say or leave. Call me by my first name just once more and it’s over. I mean it.”

So convincing was I that I actually almost believed it myself.

And my husband *certainly* did.

“Well?” I demanded, removing my foot from his cock that he might not be under the illusion of not being fully compos mentis when he, as I was absolutely certain he would, capitulated. “Is mummy right?”

The eyes closed again and just from his body language as he rested upon his haunches I knew I had won.

“Say it!” I prompted.

“Y-Yes,” came his beaten voice.

“Yes, what?”

“Y-Yes… mummy.”

I sighed.

Then, in a less strident voice:

“Yes, mummy, what?”

Tears were trickling across defined cheekbones that would, to anyone else at least, have seemed utterly masculine and beyond such demeaning treatment.

Then finally:

“Yes, mummy. You… You’re right and… and…”

I realised I’d stopped breathing as I waited for him to finish, knowing

how important it was for him to do so and realise I had *forced* the admission from him.

"… and thank you for looking after me."

I'm not sure if it was his words or the way his head lowered in submission as he delivered them in that beaten voice that caused it, but I was glad his eyes were closed as I orgasmed with more force than that provided by his growingly expert and attentive tongue as I realised I had before me an utterly cowed and beaten man.

Wanting him to provide me with pleasure was one thing.

Allowing him the satisfaction of actually witnessing it was quite another.

When I recovered enough to trust myself to speak, I reached down and took his cock in my hand, voice a positive coo as I told him:

"There. That wasn't so difficult now, was it?"

He was unable to reply as I allowed my hand to pick up speed.

"You were mummy's good boy and she's very proud of you. So let's get this little cockle all nice and satisfied before mummy has to go out."

His groan was, again, a mixture of sexual delight and mental anguish as I finished with the words I was convinced would trigger his explosion:

"Then we can get you into you jim-jams like a big boy before Aunty Rajani comes over to babysit you."

Once again my conviction was justified.

Ten

I climbed on the bed wearing nothing more than the lacy panties and, by the tiny sidelight at the side of the bed in the spare-room that was now his, reveled in the tear filled and puffy eyes staring up at me in

supplication. My husband, I knew, was hoping something in his situation would strike a chord with me. A sympathetic chord.

A hope highly unlikely to find itself gratified as I was the one who'd engineered the situation in which he found himself in the first place.

I straddled the erection I could see throbbing painfully within the constriction of the CB6000 Chastity Device.

A device I had allowed – knowing it would add to his mortification – *"aunty"* Rajani to lock him in as I looked on.

And yet, for all the humiliation of his situation, he was still aroused.

In fact, dressed in pyjamas with a Rupert bear design the ever inventive Rajani had tracked down and purchased for him from an adult-baby site catering to wives and girlfriends who, for their own reasons, preferred to treat their husbands as children, his denied penis expanded against the clear plastic and added a new dimension to the misery of his situation as it attempted to become fully erect.

Some hope!

Rubbing myself against the plastic containing his erection, I fetched up one of my unresisting husband's hands and placed it against the wet gusset of my panties that he may feel for himself how wet his helplessness made his dominant young wife. Despite all the humiliations now heaped upon him on a daily basis, I knew he wanted nothing more than himself into my sopping cunt and the CB6000 only exacerbated – and exactly as intended – his frustration at finding an immovable object between his manhood and the prize it so dearly wished to take. Explaining my teasing as I ground him for a few moments as his hands reached up to try and make contact with the pert breasts and bullet-hard nipples that had once been his, and his alone, to take.

I slapped them away, denying him even this minimal assertion of his masculinity.

"Bad boy!" I scolded him, utterly comfortable now in my role of maternal authority figure. "Did mummy give you permission to touch her

bubbies?"

No matter how much he heard language of the type and tone I'd just used directed at him it *never* failed to demean him.

As well as inspiring a quite *different* and altogether unwilling and heretofore unsuspected response from him.

A response that could only have been seen as positive by a certain part of his anatomy, had that part of his anatomy in question been in a position to act upon it.

It was an *"unwilling"* response Rajani and I utilised to, effortlessly and effectively, bring home to him on a continuing basis his descent from master of his own household - and the long-suffering young wife within it - to no more than a dependent child with no say in anything whatsoever.

A *"child"* who just happened to be an adult of middle-years.

"What do you have to say to mummy?" I asked in a stern voice.

The face below me, with a scalp Rajani had only recently denuded of hair to make him look more infantile and make a match with the absence of body hair *all* over the rest of his body, was one-hundred-percent abject in its misery.

A misery I knew was made all the more potent and demoralising for the perverse excitement his treacherous cock took from such treatment.

"Mummy's going to count to three and if her bad little boy hasn't said sorry by then he will be going over her knee for another spanking with the hair-brush and some more corner time."

I didn't even get to begin the count as the memory of his first spanking, delivered by me as he lay naked across my lap with Rajani hanging onto his legs to keep him in place, and the prospect of receiving a similar chastisement – followed of course by an hour or two on his knees with his nose pressed to the corner as we both took a refreshing glass of chilled Chablis – overcame any intention he had of rebellion.

In fact, it had even seemed to myself and Rajani that he was even more shamed and discomfited by having his time in the corner witnessed by two women some years younger than him than he was at the pain he must have been experiencing if the red and angry buttocks on view to us were a guide.

“Melvyn’s sorry, mummy,” came the apology, made in the approximation of a child’s voice and phrasing Rajani and I insisted upon him.

His tears were falling freely now and, once again, I knew he was asking himself how I could ever have manoeuvred him into such a wretched and powerless position.

He was also asking himself, no doubt, just how he could have missed the signs of sexual perversion that surely *must* have been present in his young wife when he first met her and during the years of their until now.

In truth, I had to admit to being somewhat puzzled myself as to how I had kept the frustration of having no real outlet for my desires available in any way a secret.

Secrecy that was, of course, no longer necessary.

No matter. It would hardly serve him any purpose if he did manage to work out that no manoeuvring would have been possible on my part at all – sexual perversion or otherwise - had he not been, at heart, a very weak man whose outward appearance belied the fact.

“That’s alright, sweetie,” I cooed with mock reassurance. “Mummy forgives her little boy. Just remember, though, that you must never touch mummy without getting her permission first.”

Speaking to him in such a way never failed to thrill me and, no matter that only an hour or so earlier I’d had myself fucked to kingdom come by a black co-worker with a cock that kept on giving, I felt my demanding gash respond to the sight of my once strong husband lying miserably and submissively in his Rupert Bear jim-jams beneath me.

Not for the first time, asked myself why treating this handsome older man in such a degrading fashion thrilled me so much.

Not for the first time also, I told myself I couldn't give a flying fuck so long as the levels of pleasure imparted to me from his treatment remained at the same levels.

"As you were a good boy and said sorry right away you can lick and suck at my nipples," I told him, almost laughing at the excitement the prospect induced in his puffed and still tearful eyes and the sucking in of breath as the prospect of being allowed contact with my pert and full tits ensured his cock again made contact with the unyielding plastic of his genital prison.

Lowering myself, I allowed him – despite his discomfort – to nuzzle on the breasts for which he had, in the early days of our courtship, professed much passion.

Until other varieties and other women in possession of them took his fancy more.

A *"passion"* for them, I sensed to my amusement, that had returned with a vengeance now that, along with Rajani's, they were the only examples likely to ever be in his life again.

Considering I'd indulged him enough, I slid forward towards his shoulders until my lace covered pussy was above his face.

Then, holding onto the headboard, I ordered him to lick at the sodden gusset of the panties into which my latest lover's creamy sperm was slowly seeping to join the evidence of my arousal already soaking them.

I saw his eyes widen with puzzlement followed by the distaste of recognition as his tongue made contact with what was, in effect, his first creampie.

Unfazed – quite the opposite, in fact - I decided to come clean, so to speak.

"I have a little confession to make to my brave baby boy," I said, continuing to stare down at him as the reality of what he was tasting became undeniable and took his fall from grace yet another notch lower. "The big strong man who took mummy to heaven tonight refused to

wear a condom."

The tongue that had been lathing at my labia through the gusset covering it stopped and the expression he turned up to me was incredible.

The expression I sent down to him, however, was stern:

"Did mummy tell baby to stop licking?" I demanded. "Or does baby want to feel the hairbrush on his naughty behind again.

So far had I lowered both manhood and resistance, my former lord and master's tongue resumed its distasteful chore almost instantly.

Though, throwing a glance back over my shoulder, I could see that his poor deprived cock was no longer thrusting against the confines of its prison.

"Even better!" I told myself triumphantly.

Licking another man's spent cum from his young wife's pussy was *not*, it appeared, numbered among those strange new desires my domination of him had managed to unearth from under the obfuscating soil of both his image and his psyche.

"Keep your eyes on mine," I reminded him, knowing the defeat and submission I would see in them as he went about such an emasculating task for his own wife would add to the fire that submission already kept so well stoked at my loins.

"Good boy," I told him as beaten and tear-filled eyes found mine and fixed upon them, sliding the lace panties to one side that he may taste me – and my lover – at source.

He did.

We had indeed come a long way in our relationship.

If with differing reactions to the progression.

"The big bad man told me," told me, I went on, "that he'd had the snip and only ever fucked without protection of any kind."

I let out a long and luxurious sigh as Melvyn's tongue worked its way along my labia until it reached the clit before, as he had been taught – *"such a clever and obedient boy!"*, vacuuming it into my mouth and sucking at it for all he was worth.

"That's my lovely well-trained boy," I said from above him. "Mummy knows you wouldn't have wanted her to say no to a cock that was so big and hard. Especially when your little fellow is locked away and not up to the job."

The depth of despair and misery in his eyes as he, yet again no doubt, asked himself why he was suffering such treatment at my hands – the woeful condition of his financial and social situation sure to follow on the question heels by way of an answer, I was sure – had the potential to inspire orgasm that made a *cock* redundant anyway.

Redundant for *him*, that is.

"Mummy really finds it touching that her little boy wants her to be satisfied and then looks after her when she has."

He was, as one would expect of a husband with a mouthful of his wife's sperm coated pussy, speechless.

A *"sperm coated pussy"* that had not been coated by him.

"I just thought that since you were being such a good obedient boy for mummy and aunty Rajani these days you should get a treat," I said. "And what better than a fresh creampie."

I couldn't be sure, so great was the ecstasy inspired by my domination of him, but I could have sworn I heard my poor husband whimper.

Wonderful!

"I'm told that's what it called a little boy eats a grown-ups cum from his mummy's well fucked pussy."

Reaching down to my pussy with both hands, I pulled the lips of my labia aside to reveal my shaven pussy lips and spread them further that my

"little boy" might see the white cream filling the interior.

"Go on, baby boy," I urged, "taste the sperm of a real man. I promise you'll like it. The big bad cum tastes absolutely lovely."

As I prepared to add the coda, my smile was every bit as self-satisfied as it must have seemed to his abject eyes as they tried to maintain contact with my own:

"And mummy should know as she's already swallowed a full load of it."

Knowing he had no choice, the threat of the hairbrush *not* an idle one and the memory of the way he howled and screamed the last time I applied it, as Rajani ensured he remained draped across my – *deliberately* – stockinged thighs, he hesitantly inserted his tongue beyond the entrance to my pussy as I ground down upon that handsome and demoralised face to try and force as much of my most recent lover's semen into his mouth.

Suddenly, and not for the first time that night, the dam was busted and I screamed my release to the ceiling as I realised my husband was being forced to swallow the thick ropes of cum a man who had *not* been him had placed in his wife.

Life was good!

Eleven

It is the middle of the week and I am in my study going over some notes

for a meeting the following day. The time is approaching nine in the evening and the house is wonderfully quiet and cosy. Melvyn, as per the new regime, is tucked up in the spare room and probably sleeping soundly as he has been supervised throughout the day by his new aunty and she makes a point of finding plenty of chores to keep him on his toes.

The image of my xenophobic husband having his day directed by my own, younger, Sri Lankan boss in the home he once considered *his* never fails to set my juices to flowing and I love how simply locking his cock (Rajani's suggestion this) away and ensuring only *"mummy"* and *"aunty"* know the combination to the lock able to set it free makes him so willing to follow the lead of the young brown woman for whom he once professed much distaste.

Distaste, I'm sure, that runs at higher, if unspoken, levels now than ever it had prior to his…

Subjugation.

Just saying the word in his regard sends pulses of pure pleasure racing to a pussy that seems ever hungry these days.

Hungry for his humiliation.

Something of which I feel sure neither I nor Rajani will ever tire.

The CB6000 Rajani and I eventually agreed should be the model containing our *"little boy"* and his *"cockle"*, though only plastic, is a new and innovative design that, while offering its wearer relative comfort, is utterly secure. Unless, of course, the wearer actually takes cutting tools to it with aim of removal. Something beyond the reduced capacity for action our domination of my husband had put in place.

No.

My little Melvyn's poor ignored cockle wasn't coming out of its cage until his behaviour persuaded both his *"mummy"* and *"aunty Rajani"*, that it warranted a release.

I leave to your imagination the hoops he was required to jump through

before such a release was granted.

The most popular size - the size currently encasing poor Melvyn's manhood - measures at three and a quarter inches in length and the inside diameter of the plastic cage no more than one and three eighths of an inch. The package in full contains the cage itself, five size rings with locking pins and spacers that varied in sized and one secure brass padlock that we had exchanged for a similar locking device.

A device fitted with a combination lock instead.

I'm sure I have no need to tell you that this number was known *only* to Rajani and myself.

All in all, it was a *most* satisfying addition to those items of Melvyn's clothing and his day-to-day life and its introduction into that particular… *situation*… sent my handsome older husband's… *enslavement*… to his new "mummy" *and* "aunty" to accelerated levels of powerlessness and humiliation.

Even if it had seemed for a while that it might just prove a step too far when Rajani and I had first told him what we intended.

Even if, also by that time, I was confident enough concerning the weakness of the man I had married to treat what was, in effect, a mini-rebellion of short duration with the contempt and lack of concern both he and it merited.

Not for the first time, fond and recent memories triggered, I cast my mind back to that first night when I told him I would be going out for the evening and he would be having a babysitter.

Rajani.

By this time, of course, and exactly as we had intended, Melvyn had become somewhat used to being supervised by Rajani and had, reluctantly, progressed from part-time gardener, to odd-job man about her house, to being a virtual full-time servant – with, you understand, the relative pittance my friend and boss paid him for his efforts going into *my* account.

Strangely enough though, the position he would once have regarded as insulting and way beneath his dignity, seemed to return him a smidgen of his self-respect.

Rajani and I had agreed that she would, apart from supervising his efforts on her behalf, not rub his nose in the fact the was almost as much her flunky now as he was mine and our intent was to get him used to having the younger Sri Lankan he had so little time for in a position of some, albeit small at this point, power over him.

Our intention also being to increase that power by some means until he accepted he was ruled as much by his neighbour as he was by his wife.

So successful had this proved that he had not only – grudgingly and with much distaste, of course – accepted her direction in the cleaning and other chores of her household.

Unfortunately, however, there was a downside.

As far beneath him as he saw his position in Rajani's home he also, we sensed, seemed to enjoy his time spent in her employ in such a humble position.

Saw it, we knew with a certainty that troubled us, as a return to the workforce.

No matter how demeaning it was in nature.

It was something that would just *not* do.

Not at *all*.

Which was when, together with Rajani, I came up with the idea that would take him even further down the slippery pole of dependence and humiliation.

And just what was this epiphany, I can feel my more empathic sisters who are reading this ask themselves.

It was, as it turned out, *very* simple.

I had my friend and boss inform him she no longer required his services.

Calling him to her study one morning, Rajani told him that, quite frankly, his domestic skills were not to her standard and that, my being her friend or not, she really could not support his slapdash work and inefficiency any longer.

He had, she told me later - and, she had to confess, having worked quite hard to please her - looked absolutely devastated at the prospect of losing a position he would, at one time, have found risible to the point of offensiveness.

He had also, she told me with much pleasure for his discomfort, seemed utterly terrified at the prospect of informing his young wife of the loss of his employment.

Yet again!

It would, he knew, make no difference to me that the job he could not hold down was only that of a lowly domestic.

Far from it.

The fact that he could not even keep such an abject and simple position would, he knew also, make me even angrier.

Even if that anger was of the feigned variety.

Like the consummate actress I was fast becoming, I went absolutely ballistic when he finally found the courage to tell me – this after serving me what was one of his better cooking efforts on my return from the office and no doubt hoping the glass or two of cabernet Sauvignon I took with it would put me in a more mellow mood to hear his latest setback.

As you may have guessed from the opening sentence of the above paragraph, what he hoped for and what he received were separated by a multitude of light years.

Instead of giving him the sympathy and understanding he was hoping to get after telling me yet *another* job had gone begging, I berated him for

being a gutless liability willing to live off his young wife.

Certainly not a *man* worthy of any note.

More like a child, in fact.

So beaten did I have him by this point that he simply stood and took it from me as I allowed my disingenuous anger to lead me into a monologue listing his faults as a man and a husband and the fact he was lucky to have such a caring and considerate young wife willing to stand by him and provide for him when it was plainly obvious he just wasn't able to accomplish that task for himself.

It was a monologue that led, inevitably to his cheating and the times I had remained at home alone while he amused himself with fair-weather golf club friends and open-legged slappers.

"Where are these, so-called, friends now?" I'd asked him. *"Or the slappers you preferred to fuck rather than the young wife you left at home and ignored? Are any of them willing to take responsibility for you the way I have and do? Would they be happy to keep a roof over your head and feed and clothe you?"*

It really was both satisfying and amazing to me, despite the progress I had made with him, that he just stood there and took it.

As I continued to rant, feeling empowered simply from being in such a position of control and authority over him that I could vent so freely and be totally untroubled by the likelihood of any… *retaliation*… on his part, I felt utterly euphoric and self-congratulatory that I could have brought him so low and with such swiftness.

"All I asked of you was that you take on a simple job as my friend's servant to contribute a small amount of money to the household in which I allow you to live. And even that small responsibility is beyond you."

His face was beyond misery as my litany of dissatisfaction washed over his lowered and abject head – and my description of his former position with Rajani as that of her *"servant"* did not lessen his wretchedness any.

Which was when I told him that, as he wasn't a man and seemed to enjoy being treated like a child in the bedroom, that was what he would become.

"Full time."

This, as I had known it would, had brought his head up and he looked at me with eyes that were as puzzled as they were troubled and seemed to say:

"What now?"

He did not have to wait long to find out.

From then on, I told him, I would treat him just as if he were a pre-teen.

And not *just* when it came to sex.

It had taken the wind further from his already depleted sails and it was only with an effort that he managed a shocked and, again, hopeful:

"You…? You're not serious?"

After another tongue-lashing, and by the time I'd packed him off to his spare room, he was in *no* doubt of it.

None whatsoever!

What I was really doing, of course, was simply laying the groundwork for having Rajani come over and *"sit"* him whenever I felt the need to go out and have myself a good time.

A good time that meant, of course, having myself well and truly fucked in the knowledge that my good friend was in my home supervising my husband and enjoying being able to exert some control of her own over the handsome white man who had once looked down upon and, now, was not only her recently dispensed with employee but the husband of a friend and neighbour *she* was babysitting.

It really was – and *is* – too delightful.

The image of him as I readied myself to go out on what was,

unbeknownst to him at this time, my first *date*, and his final and futile attempt to persuade me that there was no need for Rajani to come over, was as fresh as it was on the occasion itself.

As fresh, in fact, as if it had happened minutes ago and not months before.

An image, as were all the images of my handsome older husband capitulating to my demands and those of our neighbour, that was dear to my warped female heart.

Yes. I confess it.

I am indeed warped.

Irreparably.

As is Rajani.

Sue us!

Anyhow, I had been seated on a stool before my vanity table in what had once been our bedroom and was now mine and mine alone.

A bedroom in which, not an hour previously, he had knelt before me and again capitulated to my demands. Winning, in the process, an orgasm from his *"mummy's"* loving hand.

Then, as I sat fresh from my shower and prepared for the evening ahead, a knock on the door told me he had summoned up the nerve to try and renegotiate…

"…Please, Ju…"

The look I flashed him as I interrupted the sliding of sheer black hose up the legs I knew he had once found so… sexy… and was doing so once again, killed the familiarity in its tracks.

I'd given him permission to enter and he had done so wearing the pyjamas I insist he change into after his own shower… "Like a big boy for his

mummy". He looked ridiculous but, having seen what Rajani had in mind for him from the website she had tracked down, I knew he was going to be looking a whole lot more ludicrous before much longer.

"P-Please, mummy," he began again, crimson cheeks telling me he would never get used to having to act towards me in such a way and thrilling me in the process.

"Yes, what is it, sweetie?" I asked, switching tone immediately once the desired response had been achieved while continuing to roll the hose up my leg. "Does my little boy want to help mummy with her stockings like a good boy?"

I caught his eyes flash to my legs and could see he was conflicted between wanting to do as his "mummy" asked and wondering why I was going out to meet friends wearing stockings rather than my usual pantyhose.

"That, hmmm, that would be nice but…"

"Don't forget your manners, Melvyn," I told him with a stern look.

He looked puzzled.

"Shouldn't that have been: 'that would be nice, mummy?', or have you forgotten what I expect from you already?"

"Yes," he began, shamefaced. "Thank you, mummy, that would be nice but… but…"

"Now, now," I said, smoothing the sheer black hose over my thighs as he looked on, too distraught at the prospect of the humiliation that would be arriving at our front-door for him in the next few minutes or so to be distracted by the sight in a way that had, again, become the norm for him. "No need for my little Melvyn to get tongue-tied around mummy when he wants to ask her something. As long as he always remembers to be completely respectful he can ask his mummy anything."

Taking up my other stocking, I balled it up and slid a foot into it as I sensed him evaluating whether to take me at my word or not.

He did.

And, most satisfyingly, with the respect he had been told was non-negotiable.

"Mummy, I… I just wanted to ask you again not to have Rajani…"

The first mistake of what had started as a promisingly respectful sentence and my flashing eyes let him know it.

"Sorry, mummy," he said instantly as I marvelled at how far I'd weakened his backbone and lowered his self-esteem in so short a space of time. "What I meant to say was… was… Is it really necessary for… Ms… Rajani to be here with me while you're out with your friends."

There was the slightest breath of air between his pause and the somewhat pleading and desperate "Please" that followed was intoxicating to me.

I tutted, long suffering parent to demanding schoolboy:

"You've already asked your mummy that, sweetie, and she told you no. Aunty Rajani is going to make sure you do all your chores the way mummy wants them done and see you don't get into any trouble."

"Aunty…?"

I waited, loving the effortless way I could now manipulate, lead and, yes, dominate my once socially and domestically all-powerful husband.

"Aunty Raj…?" he began again and couldn't finish, so stunned was he at my use of such a description when it came to him.

"That's right," I told him. "Mummy has had a rethink and feels it's more in keeping with her little boy's status if he thinks of his new babysitter as his aunty and addresses her in the same way."

I could see him asking himself if there was any end to the nightmare his weakness ensured he was powerless to halt for himself.

Had he addressed the question to his "mummy" he would not, I assure you, been thrilled with her answer.

I could also see that he was biting back the anger and recriminations he felt for my behaviour and my need to treat him in such a way.

"Anger" his weakness and dependency upon his young wife ensured was not about to surface any time soon when he knew the consequences of giving it free rein could lead to a deterioration of a situation he already found near to intolerable.

Worse, he could find himself on the street with his few belongings.

Without money.

Without friends or family.

Alone.

All the above, I knew placing all the cards in my hands and doing much to bolster my confidence in respect of him that was already close to total.

"I know your new aunty wouldn't let you do her own chores anymore," I went on over his look of horror for the scenario being put in place for him, "but, now she knows you do them for your mummy, she wants to make sure you do them to the very best of your ability and don't make your mummy mad with you."

The sudden realisation that another person – a young Sri Lankan woman, no less – knew something more than a little about his personal situation was appalling to him and allowed my besieged husband to find his voice.

Such as it was.

"You…? You mean she knows that…? That…?"

"That you are out of work?" I teased. "Of course she does. Why else do you think she tried to help by giving you work in her home."

I allowed my expression to darken and thrilled to the agitation the change inspired in him.

"Work, I hasten to add, that you proved yourself unable to handle."

He stepped towards me, manner imploring, and I half expected – hoped – to

see him drop to his knees to plead with me.

"Judi… Mummy… Please. Hasn't this gone far enough? I… I understand that you would be angry with me and want to… to punish me in some way… But… But now you're involving another person. I'll be a laughing stock to her. And what if she…? What if she tells people about… about…"

"About the fact the handsome Mr Melvyn Stirling is being treated exactly as he deserves for being the overbearing and faithless bastard of a husband to a loving wife? Is that what you're worried about? People finding out that you have so little manhood left in you that you're willing to allow yourself to be treated like a child? Our friends perhaps – or should I say mine, given your own no longer bother with you?"

His face was a picture of utter misery as he saw my gorge rise and sensed his latest attempt to placate me was doomed to the same failure as the others he had made.

Rising to my feet, though it left me some distance beneath his six feet and more, one stocking still balled around my ankle, I stared up into his eyes and allowed a look of complete inflexibility to unman him more.

"Is my big strong husband worried his new 'aunty' will tell people he's not a big strong husband anymore and that its his young wife who calls the shots in their relationship now? Does he think his aunty is going to tell all the neighbours that she gave him a chance to prove he could hold down a responsible position as her servant and he couldn't even mange that? Does he not trust his new mummy to keep the secret from his cousins in Norfolk who are still under the illusion he is a big important businessman?"

His cheeks reddened still further and I could tell my description of him as Rajani's servant had cut him to the core, knowing him as I did and certain he would have described his position in my friend's home as anything but that of a "servant".

I could also see that the prospect of his "cousins" discovering his bankruptcy and position of dependency in the home he once ruled was equally, if not more so, mortifying to him.

I finished on – slightly – more uplifting note for him:

"Does he think people would laugh at him when they realised his mummy and his aunty were treating him like the schoolboy he was until they felt he had learned his lesson and could be trusted to be more grown-up again?"

This was the "carrot" I had spoken to Rajani of not long ago.

For sure, it wasn't much of a motivator but I knew it would lead him to all kinds of thoughts along the lines of his believing this was just a temporary blip until I worked my anger with him out of my system and things could become more… normal.

Even as I said it, in fact, I could tell his predictable male mind was working in just such a way.

Time for more "stick".

"If that's the case, Melvyn," I told him, moving in close that my breasts grazed his chest and he could feel my breath on the underside of his chin, "then you are just going to have to be worried. I don't care that you're older than both me and Rajani and it is high-time you realised that there are consequences for misbehaviour."

Despite the presence of my tits close to his chest and his recently renewed interest in them in the absence of any others in his life, he took a step back to give literal as well as metaphorical evidence of my having him on the back-foot.

"Rajani," I went on, following his backward movement to ensure he remained intimidated, "is not only my boss whose employment of me has rescued us from the financial mess in which you placed me as well as yourself; a loss that could have seen us lose everything; but she is also a good friend who knows how you've treated me."

The "carrot" was again called for:

"She also knows that I still have feelings for you and has helped persuade me that, with her help, you might just become the kind of husband I have always wanted and deserve."

Again, I could see his transparent thoughts as if they were signposted in neon and brought the "stick" back into play:

"I shall say this once more and once only, Melvyn," I told him. "Rajani is coming here tonight to sit with you while I am out and she knows all there is to know about our marital situation. You are to listen to her as if she were me and if, when I return, I discover you've been abusive or disobedient in some way it might just be the last night you spend in this house."

"But…"

The hand with open palm I allowed to rise up and strike his face did not have the same impact as the first, nor even the second, time I had struck him, but it was satisfying just the same and got the message through to him that his most recent attempt to… manage… me into a relationship he found more suitable was over and done.

"Rajani," I told him, following up with an outright lie, "is giving up a night she would far rather spend relaxing in her own home to try and help put our marriage on a more… natural… footing."

I saw the stinging of his cheeks caused by my open-palm and the understandable and manly need to retaliate recede as he asked himself what I meant by "natural".

Time was pressing however, and, consequently, so did I:

"Isn't that nice of her?"

The fact he looked about ready to vomit at the prospect of the reality I had just outlined to him supplied me with his response in a way requiring no words.

That I had told our neighbour he did all the household chores for me – badly; though I fail to see how even he could have been so stupid as to believe I would not have confided such news to her; had hit him hard.

Being told I had asked her to babysit him and play an active role in making our marriage more… natural… supplied him with the look of a boxer imploring the referee to step in and save him further punishment.

But, wanting to torment him further by hearing him say it, I reverted to "baby-talk" and continued to press:

"Mummy asked you a question, sweetie. If you don't answer you'll make mummy angry and then she'll have to punish you for being a naughty boy."

The threat of some, as yet, unspecified punishment – his spanking over my knee was in the future at this point -and his new realisation that I wasn't joking penetrated the fog of his abject thoughts instantly.

"I shall ask you one more time…"

Moist eyes gazed into mine imploringly.

Not that he could possibly have had much by this time, but Melvyn, I had to confess, certainly had a talent for living in hope.

"Don't you think it's nice of her?"

Suddenly, my incendiary eyes blazing into his own, that mixture of his young wife's inflexibility, the dire nature of his financial and social situation, and that, heretofore, unsuspected weakness I'd teased from him all playing a part, my once proud and commanding husband caved before me:

"Y-Yes, hmm, mummy."

His voice was so low and beaten I had to struggle to hear it, but I waited for him to conclude as per my demand:

"It…" he began, seeming on the verge of tears again, " It's very nice of her."

"Very nice of who?" I asked, not about to let him off the hook now I had it so firmly embedded and emphasising the final word with just a hint of the whip.

His Adam's Apple bobbed convulsively in a shapely throat, beneath a chin that could still be counted as mono, and I knew it was yet another massive dose of humiliation and loss of self-respect making its way past his oesophageal tract.

Then, my eyes blazing into his expectantly;

"It… It's very nice of…" his eyes closed to the triumph he knew he would see in my own for his capitulation.

Then:

"Very nice of… of… aunty Rajani…"

I smiled indulgently and waited for the coda he knew I would insist upon.

It was not long in coming.

"…mummy…"

…Returning to the present, I realised my hand had slipped inside both hose and panties and was busily diddling my twat as the memory of that particular… *concession*… on his part. In a space of months he had become little more than my servant and, better – for me, was addressing me with regularity as *"mummy"* when nobody was present. Forcing him to concede he would now have to address our Sri Lankan neighbour – a young woman over a decade and more his junior – as *"aunty"* was…

Let's just say that I fail to see how any woman of any age with a desire to be in control of her man could find such a prospect anything other than orgasmic.

Totally orgasmic, in point of truth.

As I thought of Rajani memories of my birthday from two days before came back to me and I recalled her present to that, opened but unread as yet, lay in the top drawer of the desk that had once been *his* and was no longer.

It had not been my only present from her, of course, and she had also bought three tickets to see Cosi Fan Tutte at the Garden and I had allowed our *"little boy"* to accompany is for a rare *"seen but not heard"* night with the grown-ups in the one suit I had let him keep rather than give to charity along with the majority of his other adult clothes. He

really only got out to the shops with either Rajani or myself, or both, these days and a simple track-suit was pretty much the only adult clothing he needed. Better anyway than the shorts and oversized Rupert tee-shirts he was required to wear around the house.

Suffice it to say, opera never having been high on my golf-bore husband's list of recreational activities, he found the Mozart – philistine that he was and is – the most tedious of trials and, despite enjoying being allowed indulge in an adult pursuit, seemed on the verge of sleep as it came, for him, to a timely end.

An end and a journey home that signalled Rupert Bear pyjamas, the spare-room, and a return to the childhood that, far from making him a burden on his mummy and aunty or providing work for them, had delivered to them a totally compliant and growingly obedient chattel.

But back to the birthday present still residing in my drawer.

It was, Rajani had told me, a diary she had commenced from her first night of *"babysitting"* Melvyn and explained, she said, why she had been less than forthcoming with the events of that evening at my home as I had taken myself off for my first fuck with a man other than Melvyn since we had married.

It also explained, she had gone on, why she had asked me to trust her and not press Melvyn himself for anything other than the most sketchy of details about what had passed between them on that glorious and liberating night.

This way, she assured me, I could have a record of the final brick we had cemented into the prison in which we had placed him and could return to it whenever I was in a nostalgic mood or simply felt the need to be…

Titillated.

After going to the kitchen and making myself a nice strong coffee, knowing my *"little boy"* was safely tucked up in the spare-room that was now his and was soon to be decorated in a manner more suitable for such a weakling, I settled myself down upon the front-room sofa and

opened Rajani's gift to me…

Twelve

As you may imagine, I opened my friend and employer's diary with a sense of great anticipation. I did, of course, have *some* idea of what had passed between my *"little boy"* and his new *"aunty"* that evening. But, for the reasons I have mentioned, and at Rajani's insistence, I had not had an in-depth and blow-by-blow account up to now.

Sipping at my coffee, I prepared to take receipt of just that…

"My dearest Judith…

With this diary of my time with our " little boy", from that wonderful evening when you finally made him your cuckold as well as, effectively, your ward and servant, to that glorious afternoon as you looked on while I fitted his baby cockle with the cock cage that made him feel even less of a man, I hope to give you a more comprehensive and detailed account of what has passed and continues to pass between the creature you formerly viewed as a husband and the young Sri Lankan woman that husband once sneered upon and now acknowledges as "Aunty".

As I sit in my study to place the notes I have made of my encounters with "Little Melvyn" in a more readable form, this before it is presented to you as a birthday gift, I recall as if it were happening in front of me at this moment. I picture our "little boy" opening the door to his new aunty and cannot help but be reminded of just how arousing it was to see him dressed in the pyjamas you had insisted upon him wearing prior to my supervising his evening chores while you met with the man – the first of them, anyway – about to supplant the presence of his cock in your superior pussy.

You were present yourself at this point and I have no need to linger on the acute embarrassment my presence as his "babysitter" caused your husband, nor the way he was unable to meet my delighted eyes.

Suffice it to say that his face, as you placed a demeaning and patronising kiss upon the top of his head, such as a real mother might place upon the head of her school age son she was urging to behave for his babysitter, was everything two dyed-in-the-wool female disciplinarians and sadists – we can view ourselves in no other light I am afraid, my dear – could ever have fantasised over achieving.

When you left to meet the first of your lovers I was not, as you who know of my aversion to actually being penetrated by a cock, envious of you. Having experienced enough of Mr Kapadia's unwanted and untalented attentions in such a way and now preferring a servile male tongue and no more I was, you may be assured, pleased that you were about to receive something you desired so much.

And something that would make our "little boy's" torment even greater into the bargain.

But back to the events that transpired between "Little Melvyn" and his "aunty" after "mummy" had left for her… "date".

'Very well,' I told him when you had left, my tone and manner a marked contrast to the tone and manner he had grown used to when he considered himself in my employ. "Your mummy tells me she has left a list of chores for you to complete while she is out."

The nod he gave me was almost as imperceptible as it was sullen and his reluctance to acknowledge that he had been placed under my supervision for the evening was almost as thrilling to me as the thought of the control I would soon be exercising over him.

His refusal to supply a verbal response to my question was no more than the only means available to him to express his distaste for his "babysitter", but I let it pass on this occasion and contented myself with the anticipation of how wonderful it would feel to bring him even further down and more fully under yours and my own control.

"Fetch it, please," I told him in a tone that was worded with courtesy and delivered with the conviction there could be no other outcome than obedience on his part.

Dressed in the pyjamas you had chosen for him and which I, as you know, found too adult and manly by far, he averted scarlet cheeks from me and, as I had known he would, went to do as I had asked.

It was not good enough.

Not by far.

"Wait!" I snapped.

It was as if, and most satisfying it was too, a spear had embedded itself between his shoulder blades. His back tensed and he halted in his tracks.

"Turn and face me, Melvyn," I ordered – omitting the 'please' this time.

When he did as I had asked, I could tell he was mildly shocked at my attitude. As we had agreed, his time at my home working for me under my supervision had ensured, though unwillingly, he would be used to accepting my direction. But that, no matter how lowly his position there, had still allowed him to regard himself as my employee being supervised for money rather than as a grown-man who was being treated as a child and had no recourse but to obey his mummy and, now, his aunty.

"Your mummy told me I should expect you to be as obedient and respectful to me as you are respectful and obedient to her."

He tried to hide it but I could tell he was chewing upon the inner flesh of his lip in an attempt to restrain the temper born of a complete inability to fight me.

"When I tell you to do something," I told him, "you do not skulk off like a rude pre-schooler, but say 'Yes, aunty' or 'No, aunty… Understand, little boy?"

I could tell he thought I was trying to goad him into a retaliation I could hold over him for the return of his "mummy" and he was right.

"Yes, aunty," he said with what must have been a great effort of restraint. "I'm sorry."

It was not the response I had been looking for but I am, as you know, Judith, a patient person.

There would be other opportunities before the night was out I felt sure.

"You are sorry, what?" I snapped.

His Adam's Apple bobbed convulsively in just the way you had described to me as he swallowed back indignation that made a fine accompaniment to his tattered self-regard.

"I… I'm sorry, hmm, aunty," he said as I wished and I gave him a nice warm smile that I do believe patronised and chastened him still further.

However, I was not finished with him quite yet and wished to assert my

authority over our "Little Boy" from the beginning;

"That is very polite, Melvyn," I praised him, "though you must try not to stumble over your words. And it would serve you well if you remembered that a simple 'Melvyn is sorry, aunty,' is more concise as well as less verbally cumbersome."

As his shoulders slumped with the sheer futility and indignity of his situation, it struck me that he reminded his "aunty" of no more than a deflated balloon that had been pricked and sent to the ground.

Never to rise again.

We had, mummy and aunty, agreed beforehand that it would be pleasing if we could somehow limit his adult vocabulary to a range of childish responses. By doing this we hoped to rid him of the habit of adult conversation – even if could not, of course, prevent him hearing it spoken. So it was with some curiosity and interest that I waited to see if my first attempt to constrict his vocal range would be successful.

It was.

"Melvyn is sorry, aunty," he said, barely able to meet my eyes and rushing through it in the hope of getting it done with and making at least a brief exit from my unwanted presence.

"Very good, Melvyn. Aunty is pleased with her good boy," I told him in language I could tell he could scarce believe it possible to be aimed at him. "Now, run along and get the list of chores mummy left for you and we can make a start."

The power, my lovely Judith, was everything you said it would be and I had hoped it could. Just as it is with you, I knew I would never be able to give such feelings up and confessed myself addicted already from no more than having given your handsome husband a simple command that was not from employer to employee but rather a babysitting aunt to a sullen charge who would have liked nothing more than to defy her but knew also it was the one thing he could not do.

Unless, that is, he no longer cared to have a roof over his head.

It will not surprise you, my dear, that when he returned with the list you had written for him, though in no particular order, I chose the chore upon it most likely to embarrass him and thrill me.

Have you guessed?

I shall assume that you have and confess that it was to your bedroom that I led him with the necessary polish, cloths and a protective sheet to cover the carpet, to make a start on the cleaning and polishing of what I must confess was your rather extensive shoe collection.

"Aunty is going downstairs to watch some television now, Melvyn, and she doesn't want you to abuse the trust she is showing by leaving you alone to not work hard on mummy's shoes."

As he took up a pair of navy courts with spike heels from the wardrobe and placed them on the sheet, eyes fixed to them, to anything rather than look his "aunty" in the eye, I went on:

"Aunty will be up and down to make sure her little boy doesn't get lonely though and, when he has finished all the chores on mummy's list he can have a nice cold milk-shake and sit with her as she explains how things are going to be from now on. That will be nice for you, I think."

Your husband made no reply but a simple cough from his aunty rectified the omission.

"Yes, hmmm, aunty. That, er, will be nice."

I left him on his knees to make a hasty retreat downstairs.

Waiting for me there, as I am sure you will have guessed, was not an interlude with the television as our little boy polished your shoes but an insertion of fingers into a pussy that was about as needy and impatient as it had been in my life to that point.

I confess also, that it was not just being in command of an adult Englishman so many years my senior exciting me but the thought that, as he was performing his servile duties with your footwear, you were allowing another man to have that which he would never experience again…

Thirteen

Rajani's reminder of that first night had achieved a similar *"needy"* and *"impatient"* response from her own nether-regions and, absorbed as I was by her description of her own evening with my husband – her first in *real* charge of him, I could hardly help but cast my thoughts back to that night and *that* bedroom in *that* man's Barbican apartment as I prepared to take my first cock other than Melvyn's since we had married...

"…Now, hot-stuff," he told me. "You wanted cock and you're going to get it. You're going to ask to take all of it and not ask me to stop when you realise it's the biggest fucker your cunt's wrapped itself round."

His name was Denny and we had met on an Internet cuckolding site I had long been cultivating and had only now, emboldened by my success with Melvyn and assured he wouldn't be a problem, gone the whole hog and actually met up with someone.

A stranger, for all intents and purposes.

It was, I knew, a reckless and dangerous undertaking.

It was also highly exciting!

As for my choice of the fuck that would liberate me and cuckold the husband at home currently being babysat by my friend and boss?

Let's just say he was thuggish looking and thuggish mannered. Both attributes no doubt went a way towards explaining how he could afford an apartment in so expensive a development. The hairless and shaven dome topping off his six-four of height another incongruous attribute to go with his surroundings.

But it wasn't the apartment or Jake, his name, made enough to buy so swish an apartment that was interesting either of us at that point.

Without small talk, we headed straight for the bedroom and virtually ripped the clothes from each other's impatient bodies.

"You asked me to invite you here to get fucked and that's what's going to happen. You say you want to fuck so move like you want it," he said as he got between my legs and put my legs on his shoulders.

The scream I let out as I felt his cock penetrate me without further preamble was as genuine as it was distressed and was as much borne of wonder as it was by discomfort.

Some things, I remember telling myself as the air left my lungs, are worth a little pain.

"You're tearing me apart," I found oxygen enough to holler as I felt his long fat cock slide deeper into my pussy.

"That's nothing, you prick teasing tart," he jeered, totally in control of both himself and me. "I've only half of it in you yet. Here, take your hand and feel for yourself."

With a thrill of horror and anticipation my tiny hand confirmed the brute was not exaggerating.

"Not my fault your tiny-dicked husband can't fill you the way a real man should; so don't complain later when you can't feel him in you."

Neglecting to tell him my husband's tiny dick would never feel the inside of my cunt – or any cunt – ever again, and sensing he got off on the control, I played in to his sense Mr-Fuck-Machine-Almighty:

“I don't think I can take it,” I gasped, not entirely without honesty. “You must have eleven inches of fat cock. Please, let me just get you off with my hand. If you fuck me you will tear me apart.”

“In your dreams, you prick-tease cunt,” he snarled, driving more of his cock into me, leaving me unsure if, like me, he was acting as per the situation or really was as mean as he sounded.

As that wonderful cock went further I realised I didn’t care.

“You came her to have me fuck you and that's what you’re going to get. I’d bite your lip or the pillow or whatever it is you need to do, but I promise, you’re not leaving her until my cock’s had its fill of your married pussy for an hour at the least. If you get off on it, that’s great with me. And, if you don’t, well that’s fucking good too.”

“Please, take it slow,” I begged as he shove more of that hot fat cock into me.

“Just relax and concentrate on getting off. You’ve got a lot of cock to take yet and it’ll get easier after you’ve got off the first time. After that you’ll be my little hooked bitch and won’t care about a thing as long as good old Jake lets you keep his big baby-maker in you.”

I said nothing and simply clenched my teeth.

He ran his hands across my tits and bent down to suck a nipple into an uncouth and hungry mouth.

“You bastard,” I screamed, unable to help myself as his cock showed no sign of stopping its invasion of me anytime soon. “You… You… Oh, fuck!... It’s tearing me apart!”

“Yeah, never had your pussy pounded like this before, have you bitch?” he said as he pistoned me towards insensibility.

The bastard was totally, and gloriously, right and I wondered how I’d ever managed to be satisfied with the more handsome but massively less well-endowed Melvyn’s pitiful attempts to fuck me.

When he could be bothered, that is.

Taking Jake's cock made me feel like a virgin again and, after the pain eased it truly began to feel… incredible! Orgasm after orgasm crashed up and over me as he continued the relentless pounding of my delirious pussy with that wondrous monster of a dick. I knew he must have been at me for at least thirty minutes of the hour or more he had promised.

I also knew he had been right.

It was getting easier and easier to accommodate his python in my besieged cunt and the only thing bothering me at that point was that he might stop.

When he did, yet another twenty minutes later, and exploded for the first of many times that night, I was about as deleted and utterly satisfied as I had ever been from a straightforward fucking.

If such a cock – and such a fucking – could ever be described as straightforward.

Surprisingly, as we lay in post-coital silence on the black silk sheets in the bachelor blackness of my first bull's bedroom, my Neanderthal super-stud paid me a compliment:

"You truly are one beautiful fuck, lady. You might not be some catwalk stunner, but for the life of me I'll never understand why a husband would give a hot wife like you permission to fuck anyone but him."

I neglected to tell him that my husband had given no such permission, or even knew - yet, and simply gave him a grateful smile before reaching down to cup the massive scrotum that so complemented the all-conquering column above it.

"That's good," he told me. "You want some more?"

I nodded.

Eagerly.

"Then we're both going to be happy," he told me. "because I like nothing better than being the man that gives a wife cream pie to take back home to

her pussyfied husband."

Lifting my legs onto his shoulders, he proceeded to do just that….

…Coming back to earth, fingers soaked with my own arousal and evidence of the orgasm I had just screamed to the office ceiling – uncaring of whether my baby-cuckold-hubby heard it – I caught my breath and stared at the open pages of Rajani's diary that had inspired my trip down fat-cock lane.

Despite the force of my orgasm I realised I wasn't ready to leave her diary just yet, so, the coffee I had settled down with prior to opening my friend's gift to me cold, I headed for the kitchen to make some fresh.

When I returned and took up Rajani's description of events, I had a feeling this cup of decaf was likely to go the same way as the last…

Fourteen

"This is very serious, Melvyn," I told him when he had completed the last of his chores but one and was sitting on the carpet with the milk-shake that was his reward and by which he did not seem much enthused.

The last of his chores – of which I would soon inform him – would be to slide off her shoes and give his aunty Rajani a nice foot-rub.

But that would come later.

"You are on the verge of losing your lovely mummy if you insist on continuing to see her in your mind as your wife."

As I sat, cross-legged and authoritative, above him, I could tell he was asking himself what right this "Indian bitch" had to be commenting upon his marriage and wondered how deeply unimpressive his look of reproach appeared to me, given I had just supervised him in the polishing of his wife's footwear and a number of other menial household tasks no self-respecting man and husband would consent to perform. He was sitting on

his haunches before me as directed, a grown man in pyjamas and drinking a child's beverage he had been ordered to wear and drink by his wife and neighbour. What possible level of respect did he think he could command?

"She loves you still and has told me as much," I assured him. "But I am afraid she…"

His mouth opened and I just knew he was about to protest.

"No!" I snapped, halting him in his tracks, almost adding a 'naughty boy!' for effect.

He fell silent.

"I do not want to hear a word from my good boy and want him to listen. Aunty Rajani is only trying to make sure he stays where he can be loved and looked after. And for that to happen he must listen to what she is saying and do as she says."

In a way that probably owed more to your conditioning of him, Judith, but for which I would like to think my natural air of command and authority played a part, he fell silent as requested. And, wonder of wonders, actually sucked upon his milk-shake. Suddenly, I sensed that something inside him had simply given up the fight and was accepting not only your authority but mine too.

Becoming bolder, I reached out a hand and ruffled the hair that my razor has ensured he no longer has; just as if he truly were a little boy who had pleased his aunty.

My voice and its tone complimented the action:

"That is aunty Rajani's good boy," I clucked at him with praise. "If he just listens to his aunty and does as she says everything is going to be just lovely."

I must tell you, Judith, that even I was surprised by his reaction.

Expecting him to shy away from my touch he did no such thing.

To my amazement and deep satisfaction, he actually leant in to my

caresses as I transferred my hand from his hair to stroke his ears.

I promise you, my dear, that your husband had never looked as handsome as he did to me in that moment and I knew with utter certainty that we had him. Your treatment of him had paid off and the hopelessness of his situation were you to suddenly banish him from your life had taken its toll upon his resistance. He was caving in and I knew without any doubt that we could now do as we wished – and as we had often discussed – with him.

The realisation was magnificent!

"What I have to tell you will be painful, I am sure," I went on, still stroking his ear in a way that seemed to soothe him and keeping up the childlike talk to which you assured me he would respond. "But I want you to be a big brave boy for aunty and listen to her without interrupting."

A wicked little thought occurred to me:

"Aunty does not mind if her little Melvyn is upset and feels the need to cry. It is only understandable for such a young boy to get so emotional. My little boy can cry as much as he likes just so long as he listens to his aunty… Does he understand?"

Nothing happened for a moment and I was beginning to think that maybe I had overstated to myself his level of demoralisation and hopelessness.

Then, wondrously, it happened.

Your once-proud and masculine husband, my dear Judith, did something to tell me that not only had I not overstated his mental condition and that, rather, it was the opposite.

He sniffled.

Are you disappointed?

Were you expecting more?

No, I think not. You are too clever to miss the importance of what is, I confess, a singularly everyday occurrence.

For children, that is.

I sensed he was losing himself to the constant manipulation going hand in hand with his situation these past months and knew I had him.

I was, Judith, unrelenting.

"That's it my lovely boy," I cooed in his ear like the maternal earth-mother I have no intentions of ever becoming. "Do not be afraid to show your feelings to either your aunty or your mummy. We only want what is best for you."

My next move, if I must, perhaps, seem a little too pleased with myself, was to uncross my legs and manoeuvre him between them so that his handsome head was resting against my lap.

I almost felt his insides turn to mush and it occurred to me that you were totally correct when you said you were of the opinion he was vulnerable to that kind of authoritative and maternal supervision and affection he had not experienced when an actual child.

"That is my good boy," I told him. "You cuddle up all cosy next to aunty and she will tell you how things are going to be for little Melvyn with him lovely mummy and his loving aunty."

Incredible!

His eyes had closed and, though I knew he could hear me, he looked utterly at peace.

It led me to think that, again perhaps, I might have some hypnotic abilities I had missed up to now, but then I recalled reading about "subspace" on the Internet sites we had both visited and realised we had achieved something infinitely more valuable with him than a mere grudging acceptance of his dependence.

It was, to use another of your countries delightful sayings, "a green light".

Stroking his hair soothingly and that part of his neck visible at the collar of

the pyjamas for good measure, I began what we had agreed:

"I want you to be a big brave boy now, Melvyn, and listen carefully to what aunty is going to you. Nod to your aunty if you can do that for her.

The up and down movement of that handsome and utterly beaten head followed immediately.

"That's my lovely boy," I praised and rewarded his obedience by slipping my hand, brown and stark against the white of his neck and shoulders, inside his pyjama shirt collar to stroke the flesh awaiting me there.

He shivered and consented to it in just the way you had told me he would.

"Now, I am going to use a grown-up word, my little angel. But do not worry. If you are not familiar with it, aunty will explain exactly what it means and how it will affect her little boy afterwards… Are you okay with this?"

The nod was as instant as my stroking of his neck and shoulders was insistent.

With a smile he could not see and which I would have been unable to prevent had he been able, I went on:

"Has my little boy ever heard of the word 'cuckold'?"…

Epilogue

As you have heard me state on more than one occasion:

"Life is good".

There can surely be nothing more gratifying to a woman of dominance and authority than watching a man lick up his own semen. More so when it is being licked from the sole of her pantyhosed foot. And even more so when that man has effectively been demoted to the role of a boy and is totally dependent upon her.

For everything!

Of course, if the woman in question can contrive to effect this change in her husband then how much more sweeter it is and, as you know by now, this is exactly what I, with the help of my good friend Rajani, have achieved with my own.

He has been a very good boy lately and the intermittent tantrums he seemed unable to prevent when the true and dire nature of what was expected from him – and for which he had nothing left in him to fight – became… *clearer*.

This explains why I decided to let his little cockle out its cage and let him take down the shorts and the "Rupert" tee-shirt Rajani purchased for him and insists he wears about the house to kneel at my feet and have some fun.

And no, I have not suddenly gone soft with him and fully intend to lock him straight back again the moment he licks the last of his cum from my hosed foot.

He looks so pathetic crouching there with his tongue rasping over my black hose but, though I still receive the same incredible pleasure from seeing him reduced to such a position, I no longer feel the need to exercise the need to verbally castigate him for his shame and loss of masculinity.

Why would I?

I truly have it all now. A wonderful career with Rajani's flourishing company. A beautiful home that is close to being paid for and has now been transferred into my name alone, and any number of lovers when I feel the need.

Lovers I have not seen fit to flaunt in front of the poor wretch at my feet who, after all, has had enough humiliation for three lifetimes to contend with.

Just the same, Rajani has just driven to the station to meet the train from Victoria and yet another surprise is winging its way towards…

One moment though.

The front door has just opened and Rajani has used her key to allow herself in.

"Bad boy!" I scold when my one-time husband and, now, cuckold servant and child raises his head at the sound.

No further words are needed and the beaten wretch returns his tongue to my sodden hose as he awaits the return of his *"aunty"*.

Though no words in the world can prevent his head jerking up from his abject task when a rich velvet, and utterly masculine voice with a pronounced African accent erupts into the room:

"Judith, my goddess. It has been too long."

Forgetting my cuckold, servant and child, I rush into the arms of my black lover of the past four months and press my lips upon his in welcome. Doing so in the full knowledge that poor Melvyn will be looking on at this latest development. And doing so with horror.

I also know worse is to follow for him.

"Kobe," I say breathlessly, "I can't tell you how much I've missed you. How long can you stay."

Enfolding me in his strong arms my lover stretched to his full six-feet-four and looked down at me with possession that was at least matched by affection. Which was more than can be said for his expression when it took in my babyfied husband as he knelt, mouth open, on the carpet. Rajani, I saw, had moved behind him and had placed her hands upon his shoulders to ensure he remained in his abject position.

“My work at the Nigerian Embassy will keep me here for a month, but next time I hope for it to be a stay of longer duration.”

He looked down at the wretch who had once been my husband and I saw the beginning of fear in that former lord and master’s eyes and body language – at least the body language of which he was capable; given he was on his knees in shorts and a Rupert tee-shirt with a young Sri Lankan woman he now acknowledged as his aunty holding him in place.

“And who have we here?” Kobe asked, knowing exactly who it was but enjoying being able to use such a childish tone with what was, after all, a white and adult male.

“Where are my manners?” I scolded myself with mock asperity before taking Kobe’s massive black hand and leading him over to tower above my utterly insignificant husband.

“Kobe, this is Melvyn.”

Kobe nodded and I saw my husband could not meet the stare of a man who, at barely thirty, was almost twenty years his junior.

“Look up when an adult speaks to you, Melvyn,” I warned him.

He did, assisted by Rajani’s hands as they moved under his chin and exerted upward pressure.

“Be a nice polite boy now and say hello to Kobe.”

I waited a few seconds before I dropped the real bombshell on him.

Then:

“Kobe’s going to be your new daddy.”

THE END