My Not So Loving Wife

An Adventure in the Female-Led

The Complete Three Parts

By
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Prologue

Harry's alarm went off at 6.00 in the morning and he switched it off swiftly so as not to disturb his sleeping wife and rose from the floor at the foot of her bed where he had spent the night. Gathering up his pillow and blanket he quickly made his way to the guest-room that was now his and showered in its small en-suite they had only recently had installed. Then, changed into the shorts and tee-shirt Terry insisted he wear about the house, it was to the kitchen to prepare her breakfast before she took off for work.

There was a note on the kitchen counter with instructions and not for the first time he wondered why she just tell him what she wanted rather than leaving it in a note as if her some kind of flunky to her.

It was not for the first time, either, that he realised it was exactly how she now saw him and he had nobody to blame but himself.

"Tonight's Friday and I'll not be home until very late. I've left a list of the chores that require attention on your to-do-list on the fridge."

This was becoming more and more, typical behaviour and what had started out on his part as a means of showing her how much he loved her and what she would lose if she continued seeing the other man she had thought he was in the dark about, was becoming something far deeper, disturbing and, worse still, *addictive*. She rarely engaged him in conversation these days and, though she managed a normal front before friends and family – and especially when one or both of their two daughters were home from university, the normality lasted only until friend, family or guest left the house. Rather than become appreciative of how he bent over backwards to make her life wonderful, she seemed more contemptuous of him by the hour.

It had not been the result he had expected when he took the approach he thought would best save his marriage but he knew he wasn't quite ready to allow the guillotine to drop just yet.

And, as said, there was something highly perverse and addictive about the way the situation had developed and, though he marveled at his response to the submission he had gradually gifted to her, he was honest enough to admit the base and unworthy pleasure an unsuspected facet of his personal make-up took from it.

After a day's work at the computer and a desultory meal he had cooked himself, he started to set about the *"chores"* she had set him that were such a stereotypical component of the kind of lifestyle they shared with each other these days.

1. Vacuum, dust and polish.
2. Kitchen floor and surfaces.
3. Bathrooms and toilets.
4. Change bed-linen.
5. Hand-washing.

Shamed by his response but unable to prevent it, Harry felt his cock swell against the confines of yet another stereotypical component of their new wife-led relationship and marveled at how so demeaning a prospect as hand-washing his own wife's smalls could see him trying to come erect in his cage.

He also knew he was in for another painful time as the scent of her hose and panties supplied him a painful reminder of what was now denied him until she decided otherwise.

"Did you have a good time, Terry?" he asked later that night when she returned home, looking tired yet vibrant from what she insisted was her regular Friday with *'the girls'* and he *knew* was something entirely different.

As always, she looked and smelled as if she had just stepped out of a shower and he knew the simple reason behind her looking as fresh as she had looked when she left for work that morning in the same heels, pantyhose and flatteringly cut two-piece skirt and jacket was the fact she *was* freshly showered and bathed.

She gave him a smile and he sensed her mood was good as her gaze took in the spotlessly clean and tidy house he had laboured on while she was out.

The fact that he made a point not to question her on what she had done and who with yet another factor in her sense of well-being and, he knew, yet another brick in the wall of her growing contempt for him.

"Very nice, Harry" she said with tone a great lady might use for a servant who had been in her service for a number of years and for whom she had a certain fondness. Did you finish all your chores?"

"All done, ma'am," he said jokily, addressing her that way for the first time and not happy to have done so when he saw how her face lit up at what he had intended to be no more than a jest.
"Ma'am, eh? Hmmm, I like it."

He gave her a tentative smile and was amazed at the strength of the erection she could win from him these days as she stood before him freshly fucked and entitled.

Not that she suspected he knew, of course.

"Did you enjoy sleeping with me last night?" she asked, referring to how he had taken her up on the offer to sleep at the foot of what had previously been their marital bed as if he were of no more account than a family pet.

"I… I'd rather have been in the bed with you Terry, you know that, but… Well, until you're ready it was the next best thing."

She moved closer to him and laid her hand on his chest, expression unreadable.

"I'm not tired and I thought I might have a read," she told him. "While I'm getting ready for bed why don't you get me a glass of wine and bring it into me."

It wasn't phrased as a request and Harry immediately turned to do as she ordered.

Only for her to call him back.

When he turned to face her he was amazed to see his wife's blue eyes moist with the

beginning of tears.

“Harry, I know I’ve been difficult to live with lately and… and it’s not been easy for you, but…”
He waited, heart in his mouth, the contempt to which he was becoming more and more resigned absent from her face now as she stared at him with undisguised love.

Were his efforts paying off?

Was the love of his life he had refused to give up on, despite everything, coming back to him?

Not quite yet would be his answer:

“…but just because things are a little different between us it doesn’t mean I don’t love you every bit as much as I did when we first met.”

And still he waited as her eyes held his and he could see her fortifying herself in order to say what was on her mind, despite the fact he had pretty much, albeit gradually, ceded the role of head-of-the-household to her months before.

“Do you still feel that way about me, Harry?” she asked.

He was in her arms instantly at this first sign of real affection she had shown him in weeks.

“Terry, why do you think I’m still here? You’re right, it hasn’t been easy for me but… I stay because I need you to see how committed I am to our marriage; no matter the fact it’s going through a bad patch. Not to be with you would kill me.”

She allowed him to place a kiss upon her forehead and he luxuriated in this first real contact of a man and wife kind in what seemed like forever.
Extricating herself from his embrace, she took his hands in hers and took a small step back that she might look up into his eyes.

“Harry, I want to believe you but…”

“But, what, Terry? I love you so much it pains me. Surely you don’t doubt it? Why else would I…? Would I do what I offered to do for you?”

“It’s not your love I’ve ever doubted, Harry, but this… *‘Commitment’*… you just mentioned.

“You…? You don’t’ think I’m committed to you?” he asked, thoughts raging on the hypocrisy of a wife who could have just returned home to him after having allowed herself to be penetrated by a man not worthy to lace his trainers, and accuse *him* of lacking commitment.

It was, however, not the time to tell her he knew what she did each Friday and on those other occasions when she was late from school and would undo all the, admittedly unorthodox, work he had put in to keep their marriage at least intact until it could be returned to something approaching its original form.

If that was possible.

“Tell me, Harry,” she said retaining her hold of his hands while staring into his eyes unblinkingly, tears not so imminent now and replaced by a look of… *resolve*. “How many times in the years we’ve been together have you offered to please me with your tongue?”

He felt as if she had kicked him in the stomach, the answer to his wife’s question not requiring a degree in calculus.

“But…? I thought you didn’t like to…?”

“And why would you have thought that?” she asked, the tightness of her grip betraying her absorption.

“Well…”

“When did I tell you I didn’t like having a tongue worship my pussy the way it deserves to be worshipped? The way you often ask me to worship your cock with my mouth?”

“You… You didn’t… Not in so many words, but…”

“But nothing, Harry. All these years you were perfectly willing to accept oral sex from me but not *once* did you offer to reciprocate.”

“Terry, my love,” he began, trying to pull her into an embrace and finding his efforts resisted. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Why should I have needed to?” was her instant retort.

“I… I had no idea that was what you wanted. I’m sorry. All you had to do was ask.”

She was suddenly angry and released his hands to place her own upon her hips, hosed legs planted apart and making her look both fierce and imperious as her eyes blazed into his.

“Well I’m glad you feel that way,” she told him, “because if we’re going to stay married to each other your tongue is going to start making up for lost time. Starting right now.”

He looked at her with horror. Harry was a fastidious man for whom the idea of oral sex had never appealed – at least when it came to giving. Now here was his wife – the wife he was trying to win back – telling him that their marriage was at risk if he didn’t place his tongue at the same slit from which she pissed and…

Her voice cut through his thoughts:

“I’m going to my bed, Harry, and when you fetch me my wine I don’t want to hear a word from you. Just place it next to me and allow me to get on with my book.”

Harry waited, feeling a little sick as he knew she wasn’t finished.

“Then, while I’m reading, you’re going to crawl under the sheets and lick my pussy until I tell you to stop.”

Terry turned on her heel and made for the stairs, but stopped at the foot of them to face her shell-shocked husband:

“I do not expect you to be very good this first time and you might as well know I won’t be unlocking you to return the compliment with either mouth or hand,” she told him.

Then, contempt kicking in once again:

“But, if I think you’ve made a genuine effort to try and make up for all the years of neglect to now, I’ll let you sleep with me again.”

Distaste for what she was asking of him or not, the prospect of again occupying the bed they had always shared together and spooning with her in the way of old filled him both longing and hope.

Neither would survive her next words before she turned with total confidence and made her way upstairs:

“I enjoyed having you with me last night, so fetch yourself a pillow and a blanket and

you can sleep on the floor at the foot of the bed again."

One

First things first.

My name's Harry Madron and yes, I know, I sound like an LA detective from one of those old seventies NBC and CBS productions from across the pond.

The truth, however, is a deal more prosaic and I could barely be further away from a "Quincy" or "Baretta" or "Rockford" type with an incident filled past and a trailer-home at Paradise Cove.

Though life has become a little more… *interesting*… recently.

You see, and for those of you who haven't guessed, I'm the Harry of the prologue and at the time of writing I', about as confused, angry and anguished, as I ever expected to be or wish to be in the future.

I live just outside London, I'm fifty-three, and twenty-one years married with two grown up daughters who are no longer at home and are studying at separate universities in the north of the country. I work out of the house that's now bought and paid for as a freelance and *very* part-time copywriter. A transition I made with the support of my wife after having taken an early retirement package from the London agency where I'd spent my whole working life.

Physically I'm in decent shape but certainly no muscle freak. I weigh-in at 11lbs more than I did when I was married and Terry – short for Theresa – assures me I'm as handsome now as I was then and she loves the silver streaking my still full head of dark hair.

Nice to hear but carrying less in the way of cache than it used to when…

Excuse me. I'm racing when I need to be considered. I'm the one telling this story so you'll only be getting the one side of it. The least I can do is be calm analytical and fair to the others involved so that you can pretty much make your own mind up on the subject. Though I have to say, *"fair"* is about the last thing I feel like being after…

Excuse me once again.

Anyway, as I was about to say, I'm not in bad shape even if I eschew the efforts I see a lot of men my age putting in at the gym and elsewhere to try and hold back time's inexorable tide. Go with what you've got and compensate. A heart attack trying to pump iron doesn't make much appeal to me so that's why I walk, mostly with the son of some neighbours who live in the same cul-de-sac as us in the buzzy Kent village of Westerham. Chris is a shy but really bright kid who flunked out of university at about the same time my daughters went in and, at twenty-four, works out of Gayle and Brian's house designing software for computer-games rather than commit to the nine-to-five and the commuter run.

I mention this because Chris and his nous when it came to the computer and other technical issues is instrumental in my story.
Suffice to say that we both enjoyed recharging our batteries away from the computer with a daily walk around Westerham and it wasn't long before we started doing it in each other's company. Chris is a bit of a loner and I'd yet to see him with a girlfriend, so I got the feeling he enjoyed my company and looked forward to our walks and talks. Even more when we started rounding them off with a glass or two in one of the village bars or licensed cafes to people-watch the tourists who flocked to the birthplace of General Wolfe or stopped off after visiting Churchill's former home just up the road at Chartwell.

And yes, you guess correctly:

It was rarely men we people watched.

Normal stuff and life was pretty good.

No harm in looking, after all, is there?

So long as that's all you do.

Then again, I wouldn't be writing this now if the woman I loved so much it was painful had heeded that advice and…

Yes.

I know.

I'll calm down.

So now we come to Terry.

She was only a year out of teacher-training college when we met at a party and I pretty much fell in love with her from the moment she put the moves on me.

That's right. She chased me at that party and by the time we were sharing our second drink out in the garden the ten year age difference between us was of no account to me. She was smart and quick to humour, with an inclusive laugh and vivid blue eyes below short black hair that could do nothing to hide the depth of her interest. She was no supermodel and that made her all the more attractive to me. Her hourglass figure and womanly curves, even at the age of twenty-three, really hit the spot with me, even if – and despite my only part-deserved reputation at the time for being something of a ladies man and a beast between the sheets – when we finally got it together physically it felt nothing like the *"fucking"* I'd experienced prior to meeting her.

Though sexual attraction was obvious, immediate and enduring, I knew what Terry and I did when we had sex was not simply *"fucking"* but *"lovemaking"*.

Pure, simple, and delightful.

That difference being a big factor in what was to come.

Within months she had met my family and had taken me to visit hers. I had three sisters, she had three brothers. My parents and sisters took to Terry instantly and hers to me.

A month after, we were living with each other and another two after that we were married. She loved her work teaching physics at a private school in Woldingham, and between my agency work and her salary we were soon able to put down a deposit on the home we now live in. The only small drawback with living in Westerham being the absence of a train station for my commute into London and a problem that was

solved by Terry dropping me in the next village that did on her way in to work and picking me back up when she finished and my train got me back. Even on the many occasions when I was busy and had to stay late, she would still be outside the station waiting for me when I finished – despite me telling her I'd just get a cab.

Life seemed near perfect and became even closer to the ideal when Maria and Deanna came along one after another.

My wife is the world to me and remains, after everything, the woman I love who provided me with two amazing daughters and remains the only person in this world or the next I want to wake up and see first thing every morning. She is my soul- mate and I wouldn't be with someone else if my life depended on making the change.

I was a lucky man.

Sorry, I should have placed more emphasis on the…

"Was".

Anyhow, bear the above in mind as we go forward because it might make behaviour on my part you are likely to find wimp-like and contemptible more… *explicable.*

I was not going to lose the love of my life to someone else without one hell of a fight and despite a betrayal on her part I would have once found it impossible to believe.

But, just because I was going to fight for her, it didn't mean I was going to do so in the usual breast-beating way.
Even if I did want to eviscerate her lover and feed him to a mincer.

The best results when it comes to women, however, are not always achieved with a club in one hand and a great handful of her hair in the other.

Bear this in mind as we go forward.

So here we are, bang up to speed with my life at the time it started unravelling and became the nightmare of hurt, self-disgust and impotent anger my own inability to truly face it ensures I live.

A nightmare that, as I see it now, began with my wife's utter lack of any sense of direction.

Not that I picked up on it immediately…

Two

I didn't see it for what it was at the time, I admit, but my wife's out of character directions to me as we drove to a shopping precinct that was unfamiliar to me was certainly the catalyst for what triggered my suspicions the Saturday following this first.

And of course, once my suspicions had been triggered a whole hosts of little things began to gel in my mind.

The first of those things being that after twenty-three years you come to your woman pretty well in both mind and body.

And I had noticed small changes to both.

One of them being that my cock was no longer the snug fit it had always been for Terry's pussy. They say a man loses up to an inch of penis size in both girth and length as he gets older but at fifty-three the process hadn't seemed to have kicked in with me quite yet and I remained at what I saw as a reasonably average six-incher when erect. So what had happened to that *"snug fit"*?

Okay, Terry had given birth twice and some expansion was not only expected but necessary. But she had soon retracted to her normal size with a few months and plenty of Kegels under her belt. So why was I suddenly flopping around inside of her on what was becoming an increasingly less frequent bedtime connection?

My late in the day friend hindsight, however, was quick to remind me of other changes and I thought back to how fresh and… *energised*… Terry seemed on the growing number of occasions she had stayed late on school business during the week.

That and the subtle but unmissable lack of interest she seemed to show for the

prospect of sex with me.

Not that it became more infrequent, you understand?

No, not that.

Just less… *enthusiastic*.

But still I told myself that we were no longer newlyweds and nothing stayed fresh and vibrant forever.

We were simply growing a little more… *sedate*.

The fool there's no fool like, eh?

Stupidity and an inability to accept what was right under one's nose that led me to see her expanded pussy as no more than a simple consequence of nature.

Time, perhaps.

Gravity.

Any-fucking-thing but the explanation kicking my teeth out.

Until, that is, her newly kicked-in sense of direction on our shopping-trip and the events the following Saturday saw to it that this particular fool and his paradise was not about to last.

Her behaviour towards me – or should I say reaction – had undergone a slight change too, I need to add here.

Not for one moment did I ever feel she loved me any less than I loved her, and she was forever telling me how happy she was and how I was the only man she could ever imagine living with and sharing her life.

Assurances that were to prove *almost* true.

But every now and then, and especially when she thought I couldn't see her, she would give me a look that was both genuinely loving and…

…*guilt ridden*.

Though as I say, my recognition of the latter only came with hindsight.

“You need to take this left before the lights,” she told me as we approached the turn from the duel-carriageway that led towards Purley and on to Croydon and London itself.

She had read in the local newspaper that a jewellers was having a closing-down sale in Caterham, the third town on from Westerham and not one with which I was familiar, and I had offered to buy her something for our upcoming anniversary – though I knew I’d also need to have a surprise up my sleeve to go with it.

By now, I think we all know who got the surprise, don’t we?

“Since when did you turn into a homing-pigeon?” I teased.
“Since my stubborn husband refused to use the Sat/Nav he was given,” she came back instantly, smiling as she said it.

I smiled too as I remembered asking Deanna, our youngest, if she would mind me swapping the navigational aid she had gifted me on my last birthday for something else. She hadn’t and I swapped it for a hands-free device that, in truth, I wasn’t much fussed by either. But I’d had to get something to show my gratitude and at least a mobile phone in my new Alfa was less intrusive than some metallic voice giving out instructions and ruining the driving of it I enjoyed so much in the process.

When we turned-off and came to the roundabout in Caterham she surprised me again:

“Left again at the roundabout and then the first left after that.”

“Wow! Now I’m impressed. You normally need a map to get from our garden into the house.”

She gave me a look I couldn’t decipher as I took her directions and it was only later that I realised she was chewing herself out for being so careless.

“I came here with Gayle a few months back,” she reminded me. “Remember? When you were given those tickets and took Chris to see Crystal Palace play against…”

She threw up her hands and gave it up; unlike her husband not having the slightest interest in football.

“Manchester City,” I told her, remembering the game and taking Chris but not that Terry had gone shopping with his mother – and certainly not to Caterham.

“Like it makes a difference,” she scoffed. “Another left now and we can find a space

in the supermarket car-park."

"Jawohl, Herr Oberst!"

"And for that, smarty-pants," she smirked, "you can take us for a nice pub-lunch somewhere after you've taken your wallet out of mothballs and bought me some jewellery."

I did indeed find a space, and I also bought her a really nice – expensive too, given it was half-price – necklace, as well as a fish and chip lunch at The Fox in Old Coulsdon.

All was well in my world.

Until the following Saturday at a charity fund-raising barbecue run by her school.

Which was the exact time the wrecking-ball was well and truly lowered.

*****

"Is that young guy with Terry on staff, Ron?" I asked Veronica Hall, a History teacher and colleague of my wife who shared the same birth-year with me, a good friend of Terry's I'd come to like a great deal myself for her clear-sighted opinions and loyal-to-a-fault nature.

Ron looked to her left from the bar where we were sipping at a couple of white wine spritzers towards my wife as she chatted away gaily with an unprepossessing chap I took to be in his mid-thirties. Like me, Terry loved to flirt and we were both agreed it was one of the great harmless pastimes. A way, in fact, of assuring ourselves we were still capable of playing the game, even if we would never make ourselves available for the starting line-up again – though I found it hard to believe that a guy who looked so, well, *desperate*, could give my wife much in the way of assurance on that score.

"Jake Corbett. Recently qualified English teacher. Twenty-Five. Unmarried. Birthplace: County Durham, Sah!" Ronnie snapped out at me as if relating the record of a Private to the superior officer about to charge him.

"Any previous, Sergeant Hall?"

"No prior misdemeanours, Sah!" she told me drawing herself up erect, well as erect as she could, given she was holding a half-full glass of white-wine and soda-water.

By the way, Ronnie at fifty-three remains a curvy and attractive redheaded widow

with full and still proud breasts and a pair of great legs I was sure provided the boys in her classes much in the way of adolescent fantasy.

Or would have had Woldingham School not been for girls only.

I laughed at her less than convincing imitation of a no-nonsense RSM, though my amusement would not survive for too long after her reply to my next piece of sarcasm:

“Current address?”

“Caterham, Sah! Apartment complex at the back of the supermarket car-park, Sah!”

“Very well, Sergeant, at ease.”

My mind not having fully connected the dots at this point, I shared Ron’s amusement as she teased:

“Don’t worry, lover-boy, she only wants him for some sex on the side when you’re not available. As you can see – and not to stroke your ego too much – he’s not in your class in the looks department.”

The look she threw in Jake Corbett’s direction was not malicious exactly, but it wasn’t friendly either; and her words weren’t particularly flattering either:

“Not much in the personality stakes into the bargain,” she went on. “In fact, if it wasn’t for the fact of his tender-years I’d have to say I don’t like the oily little bastard and wouldn’t trust him as far as a two-year-old could throw…”

She caught herself and gave me a look of amusement mixed with self-rebuke:

“Instant dislike, I’m afraid. Always been my curse and always will be.”

Ron held out her glass for me to take.

“You haven’t finished that one yet!”
“Which is precisely why you’re going to hold it for me while I take myself off to the Ladies’.”

We laughed again as I took her glass and she made for the toilets. I liked Ronnie and I knew Terry thought the world of her and placed great store in her opinion – whenever she asked for it, that is. Smiling to myself, I made a note to suggest to my wife that we have her over soon for a barbecue of her own.

Which is when I took another look at Terry and Jake Corbett and felt the first rumblings of…

…*unease.*

They weren't doing anything blatant, you understand, and standing as close to other people as they were I was pretty sure nothing untoward was being said, but…

As I mentioned above, after twenty-one years being married to someone you get to notice small things about them other people wouldn't.

And especially once you start looking for them.

Well I was looking now.

Ronnie was right, and with all ego aside, Jake Corbett, simply wasn't in my league when it came to looks and, knowing Ronnie as a shrewd judge of character – despite her *"instant dislikes"* – I was pretty sure he didn't come close in terms of intellect and personality.

So why was my wife's body language screaming out to me a need to want his cock inside her?

Which is when it hit me:

And why had she gone from a woman who couldn't find her way from bathroom to bedroom without a guide suddenly giving me navigational instructions?

Instructions that led to the supermarket car-park at the back of which was the very apartment-complex in which Jake Corbett lived?

And now I knew.

I didn't need any more proof than the way they were with each other, her improved sense of direction, and the general address supplied to me by Ronnie.

My wife of twenty-one years, the mother of my daughter's and of whom not thirty seconds passed without me thinking of her, was having an affair.

She was fucking a fellow teacher almost thirty years younger than her husband.

Three

The thing is though, I did need proof.

We all do, because that's what hope insists upon before the ice-cold and pitiless hand of irrefutable evidence destroys it beyond repair.

Not just hope, but the ego too. Needing that irrevocable proof that the love of your life could possibly want anyone else but the man she professed to love also.

And certainly not an insignificant scrote along the lines of *Jake Corbett*.

So, after we returned from the barbecue and on the journey home, I'd forced myself to stay as normal as I could. Difficult as I knew it would be, it was clear to me that I needed to wait and see how things played out. Though I couldn't prevent myself from at least testing the waters.

"Who was the young guy who wouldn't leave you alone?" I asked, forcing myself to sound light and teasing as we made our way back to Westerham. "Ronnie told me his name but I've forgotten it."

I purposely kept my eyes trained on the road but her flinch was unmissable.

Even if she recovered quickly.

"Which one do you mean?" she asked, trying to buy her thoughts time.
Now I did flick her an amused glance.

"How many young teachers were hitting on you all day? Or did I miss something?"

"You mean, Jake?" she gave out with a big laugh I knew to be as forced as it was fake.

"Hitting on me?"

More fake laughter followed.

"Please! You're the cradle-snatcher in this relationship, not me. He's a boy for god's

sakes!"

This was a reference to the ten-year difference in our own ages and, as always when she referred to it, I laughed – especially as, attractive to me as she still was, most people thought we were contemporaries.

"Good point," I told her. "Anyway, Ronnie was telling me your Jake is… How did she put it…?

"Oh, yeah," now it was my turn to laugh:

"*'An oily little bastard she wouldn't trust further than a two-year-old could throw him'.*"

I chuckled to myself.

"Ronnie said, that?" she asked and I knew she hadn't sought an opinion of her lover from her friend yet, knowing it would have to be hard to just go up to her and say:
"I'm thinking of letting young Jake fuck me without Harry finding out, Ron. What do you think?"

Especially as she knew that Ronnie was at least as fond of me as she was of her.

Actually, a lot more if wasn't mistak…

Later.

I could also see that the negative opinion from someone whose views she placed great store in had made her think.

This made me chuckle some more before, keeping the atmosphere deliberately light, I observed:

"Our Ron certainly has a turn of phrase on her."

"Yes, well, he's never been anything other than pleasant with me," she said, hiding the disappointment she would be feeling for her mentor's disapproval of her choice in fuck-buddy's.

I said nothing and concentrated on the road, knowing she was on the backfoot and insecure about what I might know or suspect.

Sure enough, and as had always proved her way during the small disagreements we'd

had in the past, she defended with a full-on assault.

“What are you trying to say?” she blazed.

I gave her a sideways look that protested complete and utter bemusement.

“Say?”

“Are you accusing me of something?”

“Whoa, whoa!” I told her, laying my left hand on her arm. “Where’d that come from?”

“I had a drink with a young teacher and a few laughs, now you’re accusing me of having an affair?”

I laughed so hard I prayed I hadn’t laid it on too thick.

“An affair? With him?”

I laughed some more as we passed the sprawl of The Grasshopper Inn, a buffet-style pub renowned, aptly in this instance I thought, for its weekday *“Divorced & Separated Nights”*.

“What?” she snapped, “you don’t think I’m attractive enough someone would want me?”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” I told her truly. “You’re as horny to me now as you were when I met you. But the thought of you and him together…”

I allowed my laughter to intensify and could tell she was getting frustrated.

Take angry as read.
“But the thought of me and him together what?” she snapped again, anger on the rise.

“Come on, Terry!” I said through my mirth. “Ronnie’s opinion aside, the poor guy’s not exactly a catch is he? Have you any idea how ridiculous you’d look with each other?”

“Really? I had no idea my husband was so shallow.”

“Yeah,” I agreed, and with sincerity, “you’re right, looks shouldn’t make a difference. Trouble is, Ronnie said his personality was piss-poor too.

“Well, he seems perfectly pleasant to me,” she told me, on the defensive on behalf of her suspected lover and filling me with foreboding I struggled to hide. “And just because he’s not a pin-up boy it doesn’t mean he hasn’t got…”

She caught herself in the nick of time but not before leaving me with another opening to increase her discomfort.

“Hasn’t got what?” it was my turn to question; knowing now that a big cock was one of the attractions he held for her – maybe the only one.

In that, though, I would be proved wrong.

Even if he did turn out to have a sizable dick.

Again she went on the attack:

“Just what’s going on here, Harry?” she asked. “We have a nice afternoon at a school barbecue and the next thing you’re accusing me of having an affair with a colleague almost half my age. It’s ridiculous!”

“I couldn’t agree more,” I told her. “One second I was teasing you good-naturedly because a young guy was hitting on you – and what guy in his right mind wouldn’t – and the next you’re going into one because you think I’m accusing you of having an affair with him.”

I allowed a small look of suspicion to crease my features as I glanced across at her.

“So let me ask you: what’s going on, Terry?”

That small look was enough. Terry’s a bright woman and she realised the moment she saw the beginnings of my suspicion that she had protested too much.

The smile that answered me and the hand that laid itself over mine as it rested atop the gear-stick, was apologetic.

“You’re right, I’m overreacting. I suppose I feel a bit guilty for not spending enough time with you and leaving you alone too much.”

I smiled back, knowing she felt nothing of the kind, content that I’d sowed just a little doubt in her mind and not wanting to show my hand more at this point.

“Sweetheart, you have absolutely nothing to feel guilty about. How many times did

you come up to London for agency functions and I behaved just the same?"

She punched my arm playfully.

"That's right. I nearly let you get away with that one."

I laughed with her.

"Anyway, I wasn't alone and I had a great time with Ronnie."

"Should I be worried?" she asked in a voice that was playful yet held an undertone of concern that had me asking how the wife I adored so much and seemed to adore me could hold such a duality in her she could fuck around on her husband yet still be panicked by the thought he might consider doing the same to her.

"Well," I said with mock gravitas, "it's still a bit early to say. Tell you what though, if we do decide to get a room you'll be the first to know."

We were pulling into our cul-de-sac now and could see our home of the past twenty years ahead of us.

I activated the garage door to drive straight in but as I moved to get out a hand on my arm prevented me.

"Harry?"

The eyes waiting to greet me oozed sincerity and love:

"What is it, Sweetheart?"

"You know you're the only man there's ever been for me and ever will be, don't you?"
Her eyes were moist and, though I was now more convinced than ever that she was screwing oily Jake, the dork with the big cock, I also knew she was – *almost* – completely genuine in what she said.

I also, surprising as this might seem, felt in no danger of our marriage coming to an end.

Was I hurt?

Try walking on hot-coals without being able to at least scream by way of venting the feelings of purest agony transmitted to the nerve-endings being scorched underfoot.

Was I angry?

See above.

In fact, the only thing keeping me civilised at that point was having seen the scrote she was doing it with and knowing, inexplicable as it was to me, that it was just sex.

Even if it *had* to be stopped.

And in a way of my choosing without her knowing I'd been in the background forcing the issue.

So swiftly were my thoughts and reactions forming at that moment.

Even if realising them was going to prove a tad more problematic than I envisaged.

"Then that makes two of us," I told her with equal sincerity. "Because I promise you, if I were ever to do anything I thought might cause you a minute's pain the guilt would kill me."

She had thrown herself into my arms at that and, though it felt good, I knew also that she had done so partly to hide the remorse I would have been unable to miss written across the features I cherished so much.

My reaction to the sex she instigated later that evening which actually seemed enthusiastic for the first time in months, was, outwardly at least, the same as it had always been and I was at great pains not to give my knowledge – or at least suspicions away.

Despite everything, I enjoyed the intimacy, and I knew she had too.

But I also knew lust for her husband had not been its inspiration.

The motivation behind her sudden desire for me had been supplied by nothing more loving than guilt and a need to, somehow, hide it.

****

For the next few days when Terry was at school I was next to useless and only snapped out of my worry and self-pity when she returned of an evening – one of those returns *late*. An acting job even more necessary on that particular return for her entering once again smelling and looking freshly showered and radiant. As my outer

shell contrived to appear normal my innards writhed with anger and insecurity.

What the fuck was I going to do? Sure, I could tell myself it was just sex – and with a pretty unimpressive partner at that. But, surprise, surprise, it wasn't much of a consolation.

Should I just confront her and say I knew what she was doing but was willing to give her another chance if she ended it?

And if I did, how would that make things better for me?

I'd have forced her to give up her lover and she would not have reached the decision of her own accord?

How could that possibly help the issues of trust I'd have with her – even if I could forgive her for defecating over a marriage I had thought was just about perfect?

Along with the tears I shed in solitary there were so many questions buzzing around my head and I needed answers to all of them; even if each one led to the same high-rise-terminus:

How could Terry have trashed our marriage and the man she had never once stopped saying she loved as she went about it?

But how did I go about getting the proof likely to give me some idea of the why?

Despite my name and its American gumshoe sound, I'm no detective and, frankly, found the idea of hiring one and having to voice my suspicions about the wife I loved as she went about the process of ripping out my heart was simply too appalling to contemplate.

Somehow, I would have to get the necessary on my wife and her – it made me sick to the stomach just to think the word - *lover* myself.

In this, my early retirement and the fact I worked from home was in my favor. I could come and go during the day and Terry would not find it unusual if she rang the landline and I didn't answer. She knew I loved to walk or drive as a way of focusing my thoughts and wouldn't find it unusual to have to reach me on my cell-phone.

Just the same, I didn't see myself staking out her place of work or following her movements. I just wouldn't be good at it. I get bored very easily and sitting for hours in a car, despite the stakes involved, would more than likely see me do something

stupid that ensured the game would soon be up.

The question then, was how to get this proof I needed.

The answer came from an unexpected source.

“You don’t seem yourself, Harry,” a voice came at me as if from far away.

“Sorry?”

“You’ve barely said a word since we started our walk,” he said, cradling a bottle of Peroni in one hand while pulling at an ear nervously with the other, obviously ill-at-ease with situation but, bless him, and despite our difference in years, recognising I was in pain and wanting to give his older neighbour and walking friend some assistance.

“Chris, you’re a great guy and I know you’re not the type to blab off at the mouth about the private business of a friend. But…”

I was at a loss as to how to go on, though I could see my describing him as a friend seemed to hit a nerve.

A good nerve.

“Harry,” he told me as we sat outside the licenced café, the parade of passing and plentiful female flesh for once ignored, “I don’t make friends easily. Never have.

“All that male posturing and the juvenile bullshit that goes with it just isn’t me.

“That’s why I enjoy your company so much. I don’t feel the need to match up because you don’t expect it either. But I’d like you to know that if you need to get something off your chest or run some thoughts by someone then you can be sure whatever you told me would go no further.”

He indicated the world in general with his Peroni bottle:

“I mean: who would I tell anyway? We both know you’re the only friend I’ve got and my own mum and dad might love me but they think I’m a serious weirdo too.”

I couldn’t help but crack a smile:

“You have to be fair to them Chris,” I began, “you do have the serial killer look about you.”

He sucked up his lips in imitation of Hopkins' *"fava beans and a nice Chianti"* shtick from one of the Hannibal movies and got another laugh from me.

Then:

"Harry, I know the gap in years between us but I'm not an idiot and if it will help to get what's troubling you off your chest I'd be honoured to be the friend who helped."

And what do you know?

Tired of having these thoughts of Terry and what she was doing to me and our marriage running round in my head, I took him up on his offer.

Four

The world Chris introduced to me was alien and equally impenetrable to my somewhat technophobic mind. I wasn't a total klutz mind and, when it came to the computer, knew what I needed to get by when it came to creating documents, copying and pasting, emailing, and attaching those documents - and surfing the Internet, of course. But that was about the extent of my computer nous.

And when it came to mobiles – or *"Cell-Phones"* as our cousins across the pond described them?

Again, and to be kind, my knowledge of them was functional – and that on the most basic of levels. I receive a text, send a text, make calls and get them back. And that's it. My interest in new technology – at least in the faddy playground iPhone, computer-game area, etc., was minimal.

Which didn't mean I wasn't grateful that Chris new his way around this *"sci-fi"* world

so well and was adroit in its various applications.

Within a matter of days - and at no small expense to my pocket – our home telephone was bugged and recorded straight to my computer. There was a bug discreetly placed in Terry's car which transmitted to a tiny recorder hidden in the boot alongside her spare tyre (somewhere she'd *never* look) and three others so sensitive they could pick up and record from the linings of her favourite bags in which we'd secreted them. Each of them capable of holding and storing up to twelve hours of data until they needed to be transferred to another recorder and then downloaded onto my computer for listening to when I was ready.

All the above tasks performed by Chris, of course.

You didn't think *I* had the nous necessary to perform such a technical procedure, did you?

Her mobile phone had been cloned to mine and I still haven't a clue how this was achieved; though I did know that whenever she made or accepted a call my own mobile would bleep and I could not only listen in but record if I so chose.

Of that much I *was* capable!

Just taking some action rather than being a passive victim of her deceit had perked me up a little and it was to my complete lack of surprise when the money I'd laid out and Chris's efforts on my behalf bore fruit.

The Friday after those efforts, in fact.

Even if it was fruit of the poisoned variety.

And somewhat baffling pieces at that.

"Terry, it's Jake," I heard as I introduced myself into their conversation, the scrote's voice hesitant and hardly the masterful tones of a big-cocked lover. I could hear the usual sounds of passing traffic so I knew she was in the car and on the hands-free as she made her way back from school, a journey of about fifteen to twenty minutes.

"Yes, I believe I know your voice by now, moron," my wife answered, the scorn in her voice unmistakable – was there trouble in cheater's paradise? *"Want to try that again?"*

"I'm not with you. What do…?"

"Did I not hear you just call me 'Terry' or was I mistaken?"

I winced, even though it wasn't aimed at me. My wife was speaking in a voice I'd yet to hear from her and it wasn't pleasant. Transpose it to the banks of the Rhine and a different language, then travel back in time sixty-five years or so, and one would have had little difficulty believing it was some antique recording of a female Nazi interrogating a downed flyer in a Dusseldorf cellar.

Her fellow teacher and lover's reply had nothing in common, I'm sure, with any reply one of our brave flyers might have made in similar circumstances.

He sounded, in fact, more like one of Terry's more timid pupils, rather than a man who was putting the pork to her – or would have had those pupils been boys and not young girls.

I winced at the crudity of my own thoughts as the exchange continued:

"I'm sorry, I thought…"

"No!" she barked, making me wince this time for reasons not of my own making. *"You weren't thinking at all,"* she told him. *"Get it in your thick head that it's 'Ms Theresa' when we're in private."*
My increasing expletive ridden thoughts asked, *"What the fuck is this?"* before my not so loving wife – at least when it came to her vows – took my bemusement into a new star system:

"If your cock wants to come out of its cage anytime soon," I heard her say, *"you'd do well not to forget again."*

My surprise was at too high a level for his response to take it higher.

But it did, the beaten quality in his voice seeming… *real*.

"I… I'm sorry, Ms Theresa. I forgot. I'll try to make sure I remember in future."

My fevered imaginings had imagined a lot of things, one of them being the prospect I might have to listen to my cheating wife begging to sample his big dick and him putting her through hoops to ensure he let her.

It had *not* imagined this!

My wife was acting in a way that was alien, at least when it came to me. Far from theirs being a conventional affair it seemed they were involved in some

Mistress/Slave scenario. And a believable one at that. The man sounded *genuinely* afraid of her.

And I was not so clueless (I did tell you I was as capable of surfing the Net as the next man – I'm an ad man with a half-developed imagination for crying out loud) when it came to the nature of the cage into which she appeared to have locked his cock.
Though I had absolutely no idea the thought of doing such a thing, to *anyone*, had ever appealed to her.

I soon did.

"If I had wanted an equal," her voice jolted me from my thoughts, *"I'd simply go home to my husband and be Mrs Liberal values in our, oh, so bloody civilised, consensus-led, marriage. So get it into your head, you cretin, that this isn't some big wonderful romance we're having. If my husband wasn't so big on equality and let me rule the roost the way I want to and nature intended you'd never have had a chance with me in the first place, big cock or not!"*

As I listened in to the cloned and very one-way conversation, stunned at its unmistakable tone hinting at a relationship based on the sado-masochistic, I couldn't make up my mind if I was more relieved or troubled. Yes, I was thankful this was not some love-affair, or even a dalliance based on her physical need for his big cock – even if her words and attitude did bring it home to me that my wife had either become something of a size-queen or had been one all along and simply tolerated my 6-inch status-quo. On the other hand, when had she become a latter-day torch-bearer for Torquemada in female form? Or, again, had she been this way when I met her and simply buried her desires in order not to upset her *"Vanilla"* husband?

I had no time to explore the duality as she had not finished ripping into him yet.

Not by a longshot.

"My husband's smarter than you, better looking than you, more talented than you and more affluent. The only three things you have over him is two inches in length, one in width, and a weak character and a willing tongue that allows me to lead and have you worship my pussy the way a woman's pussy should be worshipped, rather than lay on my back as Mr Vanilla gets himself off."

Hurt as I was by the *"Vanilla"* reference, I told myself that, penis advantage or not, this did not appear something my wife would risk trashing our marriage over – though the jury was still out as to whether I might be. The fact she seemed so energised about being able to make use of his *"willing tongue"* surprised me a little as neither of us

were too keen – so she had led me to believe – on the oral sides of sex. My lack of interest in providing her pussy with oral attention was not a problem, she had always assured me. Even as I had lied and assured her I felt the same way when it came to the attention my cock was lacking from her own mouth.

I was interrupted in my conjectures and again had no chance to explore the contradictions of her profession of love for me and the fact she was engaging in sex with someone other than her husband, as she went on - obviously on a roll still - and much taken with the power she seemed to wield over her younger fellow teacher.

"Never forget," she told him in a forceful voice of which I would once not have believed her capable, *"my husband and my girls are everything to me and any feelings I have for you are as nothing compared to them. You can take it as gospel when I say that the merest hint that my putting you in your place as the worthless piece of shit you are is affecting my marriage or my family and you're history of the most meaningless kind."*

A few beats of silence, then:

"Understand?"

Followed by a longer pause.

As I waited for the silence to be broken, I couldn't believe my lovely caring Terry could speak to another human being in such a cold and unfeeling way and saw it as yet more evidence of how little I really knew my wife of the past two decades.

I was also as surprised to hear his response after she had, in effect, treated him as if he were of no more value than a dog-dropping she had stepped in:

"Y-Yes. I understand, Ms Theresa. I won't let you down and I'm sorry if I disappointed you earlier."

Unbelievable! I thought.

He sounded genuinely contrite.

In awe of her even.

He was, I told myself, either mentally unhinged or (another reference to my eclectic surfing habits) the biggest masochist since Sacher allowed himself to be tied to a cartwheel and be flogged by Wanda's maids.

His reply did seem to have pleased my wife though:
"Good," she went on as I tried to understand what a younger man, scrote or otherwise, could possibly get from allowing someone of the opposite sex – of any sex – to speak to him in such a way. *"That's better and more like the respectful attitude I expect from my man."*

I cringed and then found myself in a rage of anger.

"My man??"

What was she thinking?

I was her fucking man!

Not this puling excuse for a supposed lover!

"So," she continued, oblivious to her *real* man's outrage, *"if you ever want to have your tongue between my legs again, let alone have Mr Big come out to play, you had better start showing me how committed to me you are. And that means listening to my directions and obeying them. You'd do well to remember that the only reason I let you have this one small piece of my life is that I enjoy showing little boys like you their true position when it comes to women."*

In the air she placed between her next words, I asked myself if she actually believed the bullshit she was spouting and questioned where it had come from.

If it had been there all along I was certainly not as perceptive and intuitive as I had always believe myself to be.

I also realised I was not feeling the way I had expected to feel upon being given proof of her infidelity.

I was trying to come to terms with this… *response*… when her strict mistress voice cut into my thoughts:

"Got it?" she snapped and I could almost hear the sound of a whip as it landed upon flesh.

"Y-Yes, Ms Theresa," he told her, sounding genuinely terrified that he might have blown his chance with her – and for something so trivial as addressing her incorrectly. *"I'll try to do better in future."*

"Well, just see that you do," she told him, her voice telling me she was high on her

own authority.

"I won't let you down, Ms Theresa," he whined. *"I promise."*

"You had better not. And, while we're speaking, try not to make your puppy-dog devotion to your owner so obvious during school hours or around our fellow teachers. Ronnie – Veronica, to you – has already mentioned to me that you seem to be smitten with me and going out of your way to be nice. She was laughing as she said it mind and appeared to find it hilarious you'd think you have a chance given the husband I have at home. But it's the kind of remark I can do without hearing. So try to be careful. If you feel a need to drop to your knees and show me your respect and devotion by kissing my feet? Then wait until we're alone at your flat."

"But there was nobody in the staff-room at the time and I thought…"
"Again," she cut him off sharply, *"you're attempting things beyond your capacity. Thinking, as we both know, isn't really your strong point. A person who could actually manage the feat wouldn't have been so stupid, would he?"*

"N-No, Ms Theresa. I'm really sorry. I… I just wanted you to see how much I respect you. How grateful I am that you let me…"

"Someone," she overrode him, *"could have walked into that staff-room at any second. And what then? How would you have explained to them the fact you were licking the shoes of a fellow teacher?"*

Silence followed, then:

"Cretin!"

Another short, but even more charged, silence followed and I realised both of them seemed totally entrenched in their roles – so much, in fact, that they didn't come across as roles at all.

Quite the opposite.

Despite the puerility felt by any listener – in this case an unfortunate husband – they both seemed to have bought in to their positions in relation to each other and Terry's harshness of manner and verbal cruelty towards him seemed, to me, as if it came totally natural to her while his utter docility in the face of her dominance seemed as if given naturally.

So my thoughts told me, even as they made room for an image of the scrote with his

lips pressed to my wife's feet in such a communal area where any of her colleagues might walk in upon them as they played out their ritual of dominance and submission.

Even more alarming than this was my own reaction to both her faithlessness and the image itself.

She was speaking again now and I forced myself back to the present:

"We're meeting friends for dinner this evening," she told him dismissively, *"so I'm going home to my husband now."*

I cursed inwardly, having forgotten we'd arranged to meet two of our oldest friends who lived in nearby Brasted for an evening of pasta and Primitivo at a decent Italian we all liked in a few hours' time. Knowing my newly faithless wife – and especially *"Ms Theresa"*, as I now knew she preferred to be addressed – I was in no doubt she would want the run of the bedroom and bathroom when she got home. Knowing also that I only needed to shave quickly and put on a pair of fresh jeans along with a jacket and tee-shirt to be out of her hair in time.

Bitch!

Of course, her thoughts at that exact moment in time, were on things other than a pleasant evening with good friends and a clueless – she thought – husband.

The whiplash that was her voice when speaking to her… lover, submissive, slave – whatever the fuck he was – cut into my thoughts:

"*But I warn you… I had better see a marked improvement in your behaviour towards me the next time I see you," she warned, "if you ever want to feel fresh air and a warm and wet pussy around your cock again."*

Not giving him a chance to speak she ended the call and left me with dead air also.

And a mortifying erection I was at a complete loss to either explain to myself or understand.

Five

Gavin Morton and his wife Colette, had been our closest friends for some time now, he was Maria's godfather and Colette had stood up for Deanna. They were an attractive couple a year or two younger than me but still a ways older than Terry. Gavin and I had started together with the agency and grown with it, though I knew he was envious that I'd managed to finagle the part-time work enabling me to work from home and cut out the daily commute while he was forced to endure it still. Colette didn't work – hence his inability to go part-time himself – and they made a pretty attractive couple, even if they were in their late-forties.

"You're quiet tonight, Harry," observed Colette, after a joke from Gavin was well-received from all at table bar one.

"Yeah, sorry, Lettie," I said, using the diminutive only myself and Gavin were allowed to use – *"Or think we are,"* I thought, insecurities on behalf of Terry making an inevitable transference to all women.

"Things on your mind, old pal?" asked Gavin, allowing me to take the opportunity to test the waters a little.

After an interjection, playful I confess, from Terry, that is.

"The only thing he has on his mind right now are Colette's breasts," said my wife with mock contempt. "You know how tongue-tied he gets around those big-bazookas of hers."

The laughter at my expense was good-natured but, thankfully, Gavin got us back on subject:
"What's eating you, Aitch?" he asked using the first letter of my first-name instead of

the full, an example of verbal laziness that made no sense given it was equally as long as my actual name itself, but was totally in keeping with our advertising and marketing backgrounds.

I pretended to mull it over as if something were bothering me; which of course it was, just not the fiction I was about to lay on them.

Finally, when I knew I had their full attention, I took the first step:

"Remember Tony Garbutt?" I asked Gavin, unsurprised by the complete absence of any recognition from him, given it was a name my imagination had just plucked out of the ether.

He shook his head.

"Yeah, you do," I persisted. "United Biscuit? I got pally with him when we landed the contract? He was the one I liaised with at their end when I was told to take the helm for the poster campaign? Big guy. Good looking too. Had a really mousey wife named Lorraine?"

I heaved a big put-upon sigh when his expression remained a blank and turned to Terry.

"You remember Tony and Lorraine, don't you Terry?"

She gave it some thought, expression beneath the short page-boy cut hair not coming up with anything – mainly because there was nothing there to be found. My wife's still voluptuous body was looking particularly horny this evening, clad as it was in a sleeveless black cotton dress, matching black hose and dagger heels in electric blue. It was, I freely admit, a combination that would have had me champing at the bit for her when I didn't know she found me and my lovemaking *"Vanilla"*.

"Sorry, Sweetie," the would-be dominatrix said after the manner of a doting wife. "No bells are ringing."

"Would only be an excuse to make vows you can't keep if they did," I felt like saying before, aloud: "We had dinner with them and about eight others at Joe Allen's in Covent Garden a couple of years back," I reminded her; dinner factual even if two of the guests weren't. "You said what a nice guy he was? In fact, I was beginning to get worried the way you were eying him."

She lay a hand over mine and smiled in a way I would have found loving and

reassuring had I not know what I did.

“We all look, Sweetie. Even you,” she chided as Colette snorted and dug Gavin in the ribs good-naturedly. “But there’s only ever been and ever will be one man for me. And I have my hand on his right now.”

Gavin made a jokey gesture with two fingers pointed at his mouth but my own queasiness at the deceitful shit that had just left my wife’s lips was genuine.

“I hate to interrupt this love-fest,” Colette interjected, the *‘Bazookas’* normally guaranteed to rivet my attention doing nothing to deflect my thoughts as she aped her husband and tried to get me back on point. “But what have this Tony and his wife to do with you looking like you’re the victim of identity-theft?”

“It’s just that I became good friends with Tony and often did lunch with him when we could manage the feat. He brought Lorraine with him a couple of times and I got to know her as well. Seemed a lovely woman and they – without sounding too *‘Woman’s Own’* seemed like a couple very much in love.”

Again, Gavin raised the two fingers and repeated the jokey gesture of incipient nausea.

“You never mentioned these lunches to me,” Terry said accusingly.

“I’m sure I did,” I lied. “You probably zoned me out though. You know how bored you get when I talk shop.”

“Bored?” Gavin interjected with mock outrage. “I’ll have you know our glamorous careers are not…”

Colette’s well-groomed hand over his mouth cut him off.

“So,” she said, deigning Gavin a look that promised bad things if he interrupted again, “you became friends... So?”

“Well, Tony was offered a position in New York last year he couldn’t turn down and I haven’t heard from either him or Lorraine since.”

Colette’s expression said *“And?”*

“Until this morning, that is, when I spoke to Tony for over an hour on my mobile.”

“I hope he called you,” Terry snorted at my side, ever pragmatic when it came to me

'wasting' money on anything and anyone but her.

"Calm yourself, Ebenezer," I told her. "The call was on his dime.

Turning away from the loving wife I now knew was a faithless wannabe dominatrix, I addressed myself to Colette who had, by this time, removed her hand from the mouth of an amused Gavin.

"I was really pleased to hear from him and he said that not just his new job but the one his wife found in the local hospital at Bellevue, along with the apartment in a Manhattan brownstone, and the city itself, were a dream come true."

"But…?" asked the ever prescient Colette.

"You're right," I nodded sadly, head shaking. "And you could have knocked me unconscious with a feather when I finally got him to explain what that but was."

"Lorraine?" asked the prescient one.

"Give that lady a coconut," I said pointing to her stupendous chest, voice the closest I could come to a fairground barker before lapsing back into my somewhat solemn mien. "Turns out she opened her legs for a Radiologist at the hospital. And Tony has pictures to prove it."
"Cheating bitch!" hissed Gavin, anger unmistakable and all the more genuine for having been on the wrong end of the same in his first marriage.

"Yes. All right, Gavin. We all know your feelings on this particular subject. But it isn't always the woman's fault you know. We know nothing of these people and even Harry only knows what he's been told. How do we know he doesn't beat her in private or, heaven forbid, do the dirty himself? Could be a simple revenge fuck on her part for all we know."

Hearing the word *"fuck"* exit from Colette's luscious plump lips, and in tandem with the valley of her décolletage surrounded on either side by those magnificent tits, was almost enough to scramble my thoughts and scatter my little *fiction* to the winds, but I kept a grip on them.
"Sorry to tell you, Lettie, but I'm with Gav on this one."

"Surprise, surprise," came from my very own cheating bitch. "Two men sticking together? Who'd have thought it?"

"Yes, well," I began pleased at how well my concocted story was turning out and

sensing the mileage it had to embarrass my wife, or at least make her a little uncomfortable, ratcheting it up a little, "I'm not surprised to hear Gavin's opinion – especially given his first-hand experience of being stabbed in the back in such a way – but I am a little concerned to hear our wives take such a casual stance on the subject."

Colette's mouth opened to fight her corner but I cut her off:

"No! I'm sorry, Lettie, but you don't know Tony and I do. I've not only seen them together but had to listen to him when we're alone extolling Lorraine's virtues and assuring me he is the luckiest man on earth to have found not only the best woman on the planet but the most loving mother their grown-up son and daughter could possibly have had."

I took a breath for effect, then:

"Nothing! And I do mean: *nothing!!* Justifies betraying the man you say you love."

They, the women anyway, seemed taken aback by my vehemence and flinched a little in the face of it and I took the opportunity of their silence to press on:

"Oh, yes, did I forget to mention that? Apparently, she assures Tony that she loves him now more than she ever did."

"Must be reassuring for him," Gavin snorted. "I recall my first slut saying the same to me."

Colette's face was a mask of anger as she turned to him:

"And just who is the second slut, pray?"

"You know exactly what I mean, Lettie," he told her sharply, looking a little flustered in spite of his bravado. "Don't try that *'taking him off point'* crap you women do so well.

I went on over them as Colette's eyes promised him retribution:

"I just don't know how a woman – or a man," I began, "can cheat on a partner they promise they love and then go back home to them as if it means nothing. How do they justify it?"

Gavin's snort was sarcastic:

"In my case it was her saying, *'it was only sex. It meant nothing. There's only one*

man I love and that's you. He's nothing to me'… Stupid, cliché ridden, bitch!"

"Well, they haven't reached that point yet because Tony hasn't confronted her with what he knows."

"You mean, he's still with the trollop?"

I nodded.

"He says there's no way he can ever forgive her or, more importantly, trust her again. But he knows how much this is going to hurt their children and he doesn't want them hating Lorraine as she's still a good mother, even if she's somewhat lacking as a wife worthy of the name."

"For heaven's sakes," hissed Terry. "If they have grown-up children they must have been married, for some time. Surely she's allowed one little mistake. And I still don't see why what goes on in a relative stranger's marriage should have you looking as if your puppy just went under a steamroller."

I ignored the put-down and turned towards her.

"Firstly," I told her, attempting to make eye-contact and not meeting much success given the way her own eyes kept fluttering away from my own, "he is not a relative stranger and you didn't hear the pain he was suffering when I spoke to him. Secondly, I'm a little surprised to hear you describe a betrayal that tears out the very heart of what a marriage should be as a *'little mistake'*."

With a masterful acting performance, I allowed a range of conflicting emotions to cross my face before settling upon one:

"Or is it that you have a little mistake – or perhaps a few – you'd like to explain to me?"

For a few seconds her own expression underwent a similar confusion of thoughts until, acting beautifully herself, she picked the one likely to serve her best.

Anger.

"You bastard! How dare you accuse me of such a thing! Where do you get off trying to…?"

I took her hand tenderly and angered her more for doing so, though it did serve its intended purpose and cut her off in mid-rant.

“Nobody’s accusing you of anything, Sweetheart,” I assured her with my most open and disarming look (I told you it was a masterful performance). “But you surely don’t think a wife of over twenty years who says she loves her husband is making a *‘little mistake’* when she opens her legs and lets another man share what should be that husband’s and that husband’s alone.”

She was off balance now and I took the opportunity to press her:

“Do you?”

“Well…”

“I mean…? Really?”

The cogs in her mind were not so much turning as spinning now and I could tell she knew just how her self-justification for her own slutting around must have sounded.

“No. Of course not, silly,” she said, from vengeful harpy to faithful and adoring wife in the time it takes to flutter an eyelid. “It just seems such a shame that a marriage that’s lasted so long should end because of one slip. And your friend himself says what a good mother she is.”

Trying to support her friend, Colette put her penny’s worth in:

“You can see where Terry’s coming from though, Harry, can’t you?”

I waited, aware as I did so that Gavin was waiting also, interested and, given his marital history, anxious to hear how his second wife would justify another wife’s sexual betrayal.

In the space of a few minutes I had turned our usual pleasant and laughter-filled evening into a verbal chessboard.

Colette had obviously realised it too and, though intent on supporting her friend, had one ear open for her husband’s reactions also as she enlarged upon her theme:

“Your friend’s wife is probably riddled with guilt for what she’s done,” she put her hand through Gavin’s arm by way of… What? Reassurance? “She probably wants nothing more than to confess it to him. Who knows how it happened? There are a lot of predators out there. Perhaps she had too much to drink and allowed her inhibitions to lower for once.”

She gave Gavin a playful nudge in the ribs.

“It happens all the time with men, so we’re led to believe.”

Gavin, to my secret delight, looked anything but amenable to her playful manner on the subject.

She ploughed on just the same, sensing, no doubt that she had positioned herself at the edge of a precipice and was being sensibly careful that the next step she took was not life altering.

“From what you say, Harry, she obviously loves him and I’d be willing to bet she’s going through the tortures of the damned for the one-time she slipped up.”

“You could well be right,” I told her. “But I wouldn’t bet money on it. For a start, I don’t remember saying anything about it being a one-time slip. He has pictures, don’t forget, and it’s hardly likely he had someone available and at hand to take them when the first of these *‘slips’* took place.”

Gavin nodded at this and Colette looked more thoughtful.
“No,” I continued. “According to Tony, it’s been going on for months now and has got so bad that he’s had to invent a medical problem downstairs to explain why he won’t have sex with her. “He told her it keeps him awake of a night and that’s why he sleeps in the guest-room – to not interrupt her sleep.”

“Better off ditching the bitch and starting over, if you ask me,” Gavin snorted, grey areas when it came to such a subject non-existent, being something of a man of action itself when it came to such issues.

If, that is, the quicky divorce along with the broken nose, busted ribs and bruised testicles of his former wife’s lover spoke truly on the subject.

The wince this observation and somewhat to the point piece of marital advice elicited from my own wife did not go unobserved by me.

“Apparently, what he can’t understand is that though she continues to fuck…”

I looked around me, aware I’d been a little louder than intended and grateful nobody seemed to have heard me. I wouldn’t want to be thought of as some kind of uncouth thug now, would I? Then again, it was a busy and crowded Italian with a real buzz going, so the likelihood of being overheard over the flow of vino-led conversation, unless one was screaming at the top of one’s voice, was highly unlikely.

Just the same, I took the decibels down a few notches.

“What he can’t understand is that, despite still having sex regularly throughout the week with this Radiologist-cum-sewage-ball, she still acts as if nothing’s changed between them but remains sweet and loving and says she really adores making love with him and misses it. Tony says that if he didn’t have the evidence she was being porked by another man the most eloquent advocate since Clarence Darrow couldn’t persuade him of the fact.”

“Treacherous, deceitful, bitch!” Gavin hissed, almost beneath his breath, as past memories triggered his angst.

“It’s beyond me,” I said, almost as if to myself. “I mean, she takes something she promised to share only with him - her most intimate and vulnerable self - and gives it to another man. Then she acts as if there’s no change to her relationship with her husband. How stupid can a person be?”

There was no comment, though I knew Gavin would not be short of an answer if I were to press him.

I didn’t.

“Surely,” I continued, “if she feels that way why not just tell him and end the charade? Why prolong it if she needs something more? But how could she *possibly* believe it could make no difference and he wouldn’t notice eventually? Especially when she comes home to him after sharing another man’s bed? If she ever had any feelings for him in the first place the least she can do is show him that one small courtesy and simply tell him they’re done.”

At my side, I could sense Terry fidgeting and knew she wanted nothing more than an end to this discussion on my imaginary friend’s marital woes.

I also knew she had no idea how to bring it to a close without drawing attention to herself and, possibly, her own situation.

“Slut, probably gets off on coming home with a pussy full of lover-boy’s cum and giving him sloppy seconds, as they call them,” Gavin answered, unable to keep the sneer from his face as Colette pulled a disapproving face at him.

“Probably gives the bitch a sense of power over him,” he went on undaunted. “You know? The fact that she’s getting him to dine off another guy’s plate.”

Even I winced at this metaphor, and my wife went one step further:

“That’s disgusting,” Terry observed, finding her voice at last and knowing that staying too quite would arouse as many suspicions as if she were over vociferous.

I decided to help her out – no sense in arousing her suspicions in regard of my own knowledge when I still hadn’t come to terms with how I was going to handle it.

“Terry’s right,” I agreed in full innocent-mode. “No wife who has or professes even a smidgen of love for her husband could treat him with such contempt. Especially a man who’s loved her since they met and helped her create and bring up two kids. Any woman who could do that to her husband – especially one who’s done nothing worse than dote on her - must be one real sick puppy.”

The kiss I placed on the tip of her nose did not ease my hatred of my wife’s base betrayal, but it did seem to provide her with a sense of relief for my appearing to be the unknowing horses arse still.

At this point an authentic Neapolitan waiter with roots in South Croydon rather than southern Italy, chose this rather inopportune moment following Gavin’s metaphor of plates and other men’s semen to announce, in somewhat inclusive words and tone:

“Are we all ready to order our desserts?”
He seemed surprised when we all abstained.

Six

“Ta-Daaa!”

I looked at my wife as she stood in our in the doorway of the en-suite leading to our bedroom. After being strangely muted on the short cab-ride back from the restaurant, she had disappeared into the bathroom and, by the time I was naked and in bed, contrived to emerge in a black and transparent teddy. She was minus panties and her shaved pussy was visible where the garment containing her hour-glass body ended, her lovely breasts and perfect nipples showing clearly in the cosy light of a bedside lamp.

"What do you think?" she asked, sounding for the first time in a while – at least in the bedroom, like the Terry of old. Then again, it wasn't as if she had been depriving me of the quantity of our conjugals. Far from it. If anything they'd increased in frequency. Though, understandably so, given her secret life with Jake the submissive rake, the quality I had once taken for granted had taken something of a hit.

Not, you may be surprised after having mentioned the above, that I was going to look a gift horse in the…

Though the way I felt I might just ram a cock in it without asking just to be spiteful.

And yet, despite my anger towards her for what she was doing behind my back, I was also in something of a dilemma.

At forty-two, Terry remained the voluptuous and horny woman I'd married and could never get enough of – even after my *"Vanilla"* fashion. The inevitable effects of delivering two girls had been overcome seemingly effortlessly and her waist and hips had soon been back to the norm and remained that way. In short, she floated my boat and, despite everything, the erection that greeted her entrance into the bedroom told me she always would. At least sexually.

And there was the rub.

We were – or at least I'd thought we were – emotional as well as sexual partners. Soulmates, to trot out a much overused term. So how could I simply overlook what she was doing with another – and younger – man? It made no difference that she appeared to be controlling their agenda and simply underlined that the woman I thought I knew better than anyone on the planet had chapters I'd not been allowed to read before now and had only by the sheerest of accidents when she went out of character to give me directions in the car been given a glimpse of now.

She had a lover and it made no difference that she was the one doing the fucking and was, if the conversation between them was as genuine as I believed it to be, in total control of how she went about it. It was still a base betrayal and my feelings of pain

that she could do something of the kind to me were only slightly alleviated by having heard her affirm her love for me and my superiority over her pussy-whipped younger fuck-buddy.

“Wow!” I exclaimed. Genuinely. Because she was faithless it didn’t make her any less sexually exciting and she was no less physically appealing to me than she had been at our first meeting all those years before.

In that respect she remained the same.

Even if she was a cheat.

“You like?” she asked, playing the consummate coquette and tease rather than the supreme commander and cock-cage keyholder.

My eyes flickered to the tent my erect had made of the sheet.

“Take a wild guess.”

At that she fair threw herself onto me and smothered me in lip kisses and tongue until I was struggling for air and threw her onto her back simply to gain some respite from her ferocity.

“What’s got your juices flowing tonight?” I asked teasingly, knowing full well it was more guilt than attraction – though even after what I had already discovered I hoped she still felt at least some of that for me.

“The same handsome man who always gets my juices flowing,” she answered deceitfully – or at least semi-deceitfully, I hoped.
Allowing myself to simply go with the flow, I ran my tongue over her breasts and swirled her nipples in my mouth before lining my cock up with her hairless snatch and preparing to board.

Only for her to stop me.

“No, Harry. I don’t want that. Tonight I want to do something just for you.”
“What did you have in mind?” I began to ask, only for the words to die in my throat as she slithered down the mattress between my legs and I felt my bone hard cock engulfed by a pair of greedy lips and the warmth of her mouth. This as she reached up a hand between my legs and began a feathering of my balls with her deft and slender fingers.

As she fair hoovered my raging hard-on with relentless lips and vacuuming mouth and I raced quickly towards a crisis, I reached for her pussy with my hands to pleasure her at least a little.

Only for her to delay my imminent explosion by letting my cock slide from mouth and inform me:

“No, Harry. This is for you. I know how upset hearing about your friend in New York made you feel and I just want you to know nothing like that could ever happen to us. You and the girls are the most important things in my life and I’d rather go without pleasure myself than have you do the same. So just let me do this for you and relax and let go.”

And what do you know? That’s exactly what I did. I simply relaxed on my elbows as she squirmed below me with my hard cock in her mouth and a tiny hand cradling my soon to be emptied balls and let her have her way. If this was her guilt talking, I told myself at one moment of sensual overload, she could blab away until she was blue in the face.

Terry usually isn't keen on providing me with oral sex and, if I’m honest, I’m one of those men who finds placing his mouth on a woman’s piss-hole offensive. Prissy and unfair, I agree. But we can’t help who we are. Just the same, the blow job she was giving me was simply sensational. She teased me with the warm breath of that vacuuming mouth and the fluttering of her tongue and lips; all of this as her hands alternately feathered and squeezed the full to bursting scrotum beneath an erection that took me back to my youth. Everytime I got close she would stop and give my balls a none too gentle pinch to divert my crisis and prolong my anticipation of it.

I couldn’t see her face but I could picture the wicked smile as she took me to the edge, only to back off and leave me in a condition of frustration only made bearable by the knowledge my cock would soon be returned to that wonderful mouth and I would eventually have my release.

She licked down my shaft and sucked each of my balls into her mouth while stimulating them with her tongue before returning my desperate rod to her mouth and starting all over again.

Want to know something else?

Even as I revelled in her attentions and acknowledged what had precipitated them, I actually believed her when she told me of my importance to her along with the girls.

Hadn't I, after all, heard her tell Jake-the-submissive-rake exactly the same thing?

It didn't make me any happier about the situation but it at least stopped me from acting viscerally in the way of Gavin when he discovered his wife's cheating and made me consider… *other*… approaches that might save our marriage from the divorce court.

I told you at the top of my story that some of you might consider me a wimp for the approach I actually took but, unless you've yet to experience such a situation or possess all the sensitivity of a jagged Guinness bottle, you can't ever know just how it feels to contemplate the ending of a relationship to someone you love and – outlandish as her behaviour makes it seem – professes to love you in return.

For sure, her warmth and self-sacrificing attention felt like a dagger to my vitals, even as I revelled in it. My thoughts were a mixture of gratitude for the sensations she was providing me so selflessly and, yes, selfishly too, and the knowledge she had brought someone else – no matter how contemptuous she appeared to be of him – into our marriage without my knowledge. We were not and had never been swingers and I would have cut her off if she'd ever suggested such a thing. But I would have thought more of her if she had cared for me enough to tell me what she intended to do rather than simply go the route of any number of other faithless wives and get what she wanted without my knowing.

How could she possibly treat me with such obvious affection when she'd been allowing another man access to her in intimate ways? Love me or not, I knew this was simply an exercise in allaying any suspicions I might have that she could possibly behave in the same way as the wife of my fictitious friend and keep me in the dark where she preferred for me to remain. All this self-denying sexual warmth was a show and no more. A way of dealing with guilty feelings for her own sins against me.

None of which stopped me from begging when her mouth again took me to the edge.

This being the same mouth that had once professed itself disinterested in pleasing me in such a way and had suddenly become as talented as that of the whore the great Cleopatra used to please influential men who might prove useful to her.

"Terry! No more. I have to come."

I groaned as she allowed my frustrated cock to plop from her mouth once again.

"Say, please," I heard her muffled voice ask from between my legs and it struck me that perhaps there was something she intended to get from this after all.

I was too far gone to care.

“Please, Terry!” I all but screamed, wanting nothing more than the return of her lips and sensation of my balls emptying themselves into the cavern that was her lying and cheating mouth.

“How can I refuse when you’re such a good boy for me?” I heard her say and the knowledge she was treating me as if I were as submissive as her pussy-whipped lover seemed to trigger something in me.

Her lips had barely touched the tip of what was, by now, an excruciatingly sensitive helmet when my hips gave a seismic jerk and my balls gave up the ghost and covered what must have been her surprised face in the cream her efforts had ensured.

The last thing I heard as I rolled away from her and collapsed on my back upon the mattress, spent and gasping, was the cooing of my faithless wife as the tension of the day, twinned with my release, ensured my heavy eyes closed and I began the familiar visit to Morpheus:

“That’s my good boy. Tonight was all for you. All for you… All for…”

Seven

"I nearly died when he told us about that friend of his."

"I know, I saw your face. Lucky that Harry wasn't looking at you when he spoke or I think the game might have been up."

So Colette – my good friend *"Lettie"* – knew about her affair also. Between this news and last night's blow job of guilt from my wife, I can't say my sense of self-worth was running at a particularly high level – even if the level of pleasure I'd taken from having my wife's lips around my cock had surprised me under the circumstances. The situation was, if anything, becoming even worse and more convoluted.

This was the day following our evening out and the guilt-sex that followed, and my wife continued the conversation as I listened in via her cloned cell-phone from the comfort of my study while she, apparently, shopped in a Biggin Hill supermarket. For the life of me I couldn't work out why I just hadn't confronted her on her cheating. I had all the evidence I needed for her to be unable to deny it. So what was stopping me?

It was inaction on my part their phone conversation made no less explicable.

"You can see why I could never come clean to him after the things he and Gavin said about women who cheat."

"Didn't leave much room for equivocation, did they? Either of them. Believe me, if I thought for a second that Gavin would forgive me an indiscretion like yours, I'd do it in a heartbeat."
I listened, amazed, as Colette's voice became all dreamy and longing:

"The thought of having a fit young man – or any man – with his big, thick, cock locked up and at my disposal whenever I wanted it and felt in need of more than the efforts of his tongue really gets me off. And you, you lucky bitch, have just that."

Terry, in turn, sounded wistful as my suspicions as to the size of Jake's equipment were confirmed:

"Unfortunately, the cock doesn't belong to the man I want. If it did I'd be unlocking it a lot more to feel it inside me. Though I do enjoy having him kneel in front of me and pull himself off."

"You…? You've made him do that?"

"Sick, isn't it?" the soul-mate I knew less and less giggled. *"The rule is that for every three times he gets me off with his tongue, and if his behaviour warrants it, he gets let out of his cage to play with himself as I watch or… You know?"*

I did indeed know what that *"or"* meant and the knowledge was crushing.

"Just looking down at him as he works that beautiful cock of his and stares at my crossed legs is the biggest power rush I've ever had," the wife I no longer knew went on. *"He came over my stockinged feet the other night and I made him lick them clean."*

Unbelievably, her laughter seemed as playful as it was genuinely amused:
"Bearing in mind, of course, that I went to his apartment straight from school and having been on my feet all day."

She laughed again:

"The smell alone must have been indescribable!"

"Wow!" Lettie exclaimed.

"Wow is right. And it would be even more satisfying if he wasn't such a dyed-in-the-wool masochist. I must confess that knowing I'm giving him what he actually wants takes the edge off of it for me quite a bit – beautiful big cock or not."

"You have had it inside you though, right?" asked Lettie with an eagerness that would have had Gavin reaching for the nearest killing tool had he been unfortunate enough to be within hearing distance.

"Of course," answered Terry and my spirits sank further for the added confirmation.

"And?"

"And what?"

"Stop teasing… How did it feel?"

My wife laughed at her friend's impatience and seeming jealousy.

"What do you think, dummy? I enjoyed it. As you know, it's a fair bit bigger than Harry's, but…"
My pride was somewhere around my ankles and seeping into the cotton and wool mix socks my faithless wife had purchased for me only that weekend. For those men out there who've yet to hear themselves spoken of in such a way – or at least damned by comparison - it's not something I'd recommend. Eavesdropping on the wife you love speaking about her lover is bad enough, but to hear that lover's tackle puts one's own in the shade – and by a *"fair"* margin – is simply eviscerating.

"But," Terry continued, *"I think it was only the excitement of having a strange cock inside me – and one I had control over – that made it so pleasurable. Jake's not exactly skilled in the bedroom arts and, as I've told you, certainly not in Harry's class when it comes to looks and personality."*

Hearing about this lack of sexual expertise on the part of her lover helped, I suppose, but I wasn't sure it would be enough to save our marriage at this point.

Surprise, surprise!

Terry was continuing:

"In fact, the more I think about it the more I realise there's only one cock I want in me."

She paused for a moment and I realised I was holding my breath as I waited for her to say just whose cock it was she did want if it didn't belong to the scrote Jake.

"Shame," Colette agreed. *"Then again, perhaps it's for the best."*

"How do you mean?"

"Well, Terry, even if you could persuade Harry into a female-led marriage and the cock-cage that goes with it, there are too many dangers."

Me?

The cock Terry really wanted to lock up belonged to…?

Me?

So stunned was I it was only with a concentrated effort that I managed to focus on my wife's response:

"What dangers?"

"Come on, Terry. You and Harry love each other. You have two lovely daughters and respect one another."

"So?"

"So, would it be worth risking that?"

"What do you think I'm doing now with Jake?"

"That's a different type of risk. Jake means nothing to you and we both know it. You can't lose what you don't have and you have no respect for him as a man. How can you when you have him so pussy-whipped he drinks your piss and licks your anus."

Had a million homeless flies called by unexpectedly they would have found a ready-made home between my sagging jaw and upper lip as the image of Jake – or anybody – drinking another person's wastes, and especially my wife's, made a wasteland of what had been my reality until a few days ago. Bad enough to hear she had allowed another man to masturbate over her feet before licking them clean. But…

I mean, it was one thing to read of such things online but quite another to be confronted with it, albeit verbally, in real time.

And especially when one's wife was doling out the *not-so-good* goodies, so to speak, I had always considered no more than Internet fantasies.

Surely no person in their right mind would submit to such a thing!

Would they?

Lettie's voice was a little raspy as she asked:

"Does he…?"

"Does he, what?"

"You know…?"

"Drink it?" Terry answered with a question of her own, then, when Lettie's lack of a response provided its own answer, went on. *"Oh, yes. I make him lay face upwards and drape his head over the toilet bowl with his mouth wide-open."*

"Oh, my!" Lettie sighed, sounding as if she were on the verge of swooning.
"I have him so desperate to get out of the cage now that he's always willing to do something – anything - to please me."

"But…? Surely he could get out of it if he wanted to… Couldn't he?"

"Not from the one I chose for him he can't. Not without letting some very sophisticated cutting tools perilously close to his crown-jewels. The thing's German and cost an arm and a leg. Along with the key, it has a five-digit combination lock as a fail-safe, so guessing his way out's a non-starter too. Once this cage goes on it doesn't come off in a hurry I can promise you."

"Quite right too," Lettie provided moral back-up. *"Sounds a very sophisticated piece of kit."*

"Oh, it is," Terry assured her. *"It's lightweight and contoured to the body, so he looks really… sexy… in it. And all the more so since I'm the only one with both the key and the numbers to the combination."*

"Wow!" was repeated from her partner in crime.

"I raise your wow and raise you a zowie!" Terry came back without any hint of either regret, shame or guilt. *"It really is at the cutting edge of Box-Head technology."*

"Vorsprung Durch Technic, as they say in Bavaria." said Lettie with a hint of a giggle for my wife's uncharacteristic dip into the politically incorrect. *"Mind you, I can't see Harry being too happy to find out he'd paid for your boyfriend's cock-cage? So I hope the limbs you say it cost belonged to your toy-boy."*
I wasn't happy about a lot of things, I told myself as the co-conspirators giggled together now.

"Then again, I can't see Harry being happy about it full-stop," Lettie observed,

echoing my own thoughts at that moment.

"It's academic because he's not going to find out, Lettie," Terry assured her. And to answer your question, Harry didn't pay for it and neither did I. In fact, I was insistent that Jake pay for the device himself after I'd gone online to research and then choose it."

"So, you not only have his cock and balls under lock and key but you also have him on… on…"

"Toilet duties?" Terry offered.

"Ooooh, I must admit that I like the sound of that," Lettie sighed. *"Tell me, do you have him lick your arse after you've…? You know…?"*

"What do you think?"

I couldn't speak for Lettie, but the woman she was conversing with was a freshly minted entity to me. Forget that I'd known her in the most intimate and emotional terms possible for the past twenty years – well, semi-intimate, anyway, if what I was hearing was true; and why wouldn't it be? The degenerate speaking about cock-cages and toilet-duties as if they were as everyday as breathing was a complete and utter stranger to me.

"I won't lie," Lettie began after coming to terms with this latest revelation, *"I'm sitting here wetter than a Manchester park-bench in April…"*

I sensed its arrival:

"BUT… I still think you're taking the hell of a risk with your marriage and your future happiness. Especially if you try to involve Harry in some way."

"And I still don't understand your point," Terry told her with a huge and put upon sigh and no small… *abrasiveness*. *"If I could get Harry involved that would solve my problems, not cause fresh ones."*

Lettie – though I was already having difficulty even thinking of her in terms friendly enough to use the diminutive, given she appeared to be playing her own part in my wife's betrayal of me – gave out with a sigh of her own:

"You don't get it, Terry, do you?"

"No, but I am listening, so why don't you enlighten me."

Lettie rose above the sarcasm:

"Look, its one thing to feel the kind of disrespect you feel for Jake. He's just a man you're using to satisfy a few – let's be honest – perverted desires of yours while he gets up-close-and-personal with a few of his own. But do you really want to feel that way about someone like Harry? The man you say means more to you than any other. Would you really risk losing what you have with him just to chase a fantasy? Think how devastated you'd feel to know he'd never be in your life in a meaningful way again."

The airways were silent a moment and I assumed Terry must be thinking about it when Lettie – *Colette* – went on to enlarge upon her theme:

"Because that's what you'd be risking, Terry. That Gillian Ormendroyd book you quote as if it just arrived fresh from the Mount was no more than a fantasy dressed as reality. As you've told me a zillion times, Harry's the only man you've ever loved and the only one you can imagine ever loving. Would you really take the chance and risk that by turning him into some kind of household servant rather than an equal partner? Assuming he was weak enough to let you, that is."

"Oh, yes, like that's going to happen," I grimaced to myself, something intangible at the back of my thoughts, and a certain reaction while listening to my not so loving wife's earlier phone conversation with her caged scrote, contradicting my certainty and telling me my resolve might not be as impregnable as I thought it.

"Trust me," Lettie was still trying to get through to her, *"you'd soon come to resent him for being so wimpish, even if he was bending the knee out of love for you."*

When no answer seemed forthcoming she went on with another salient point; this as I at least felt some relief that my wife loved me still, even if it was tainted by what I now knew of her sexual desires and the strength of them that had led her to stray.

And in *such* a way!
"And how would you explain Harry kow-towing to you like some indentured coolie to family and friends? Not to mention Maria and Deanna! How do you think your daughters would like to see their loving mother treating the father they adore as if he were some no account flunkey? Assuming you could do all of the above, would you really want them hating you for stripping him of his status of a man in their eyes? Because, believe me, they will."

The question must have given Terry pause because she hesitated, allowing me the time to rethink my initial angry thoughts on *"Lettie"* and her involvement – especially as she seemed to be trying to make my wife see the risky game she was playing – even if it was one she herself seemed tempted to play and only the thought of a vengeful and unbending Gavin applied the brakes to her needs.

"That's not how it turned out for Gillian," Terry answered finally. *"She made sure they kept their relationship normal in front of people – even if her husband had to be on his best behaviour. It was only when they were alone that…"*

"Oh, don't be so ridiculous, Terry!" scolded an impatient Lettie. *"For an intelligent woman you really can be an airhead at times."*

"But…?"

"But nothing! It was a fiction! Hear me? A pretty hot one, I grant you, but Female-Led Marriage only works as a consensual role-play in which both partners agree to participate."

Given her knowledge on the subject, I asked myself if Gavin knew anything about the control issues his wife seemed to share with mine.

And closed myself down instantly.

Gavin?

In spite of the agonies of indecision my wife's behaviour had thrust upon me I managed a wry laugh to myself.

When it came to male-female relationships my good pal, Gav, made Attila the Hun seem like the most tolerant and forgiving of bleeding-heart liberals.

If he even suspected Lettie harboured such desires she could have expected herself to be nailed to a cross along the Appian Way.

My thoughts returned to the now in time to hear:

"And even this Gillian Ormendroyd made sure her fictional couple had no children," Lettie continued. *"I mean, if the story was so real, why did she write it under a pen-name?"*

"How do you know it's not her real name?"

Lettie's sigh was both answer and rebuke.

"Well," Terry pressed on undaunted, *"the way she wrote about it made the whole thing seem achievable to me. And when did you become such an expert, by the way?"*

"Tell me, Terry," Lettie asked with much sarcasm, *"has anyone sold you any decent bridges lately?"*

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Terry, if you believed for a second that what she wrote about – making her husband leave his job to become her housekeeper, cuckolding him with other men and even age-regressing him and making him call her mummy – was achievable, why would you waste your time on this Jake also-ran when you had a man like Harry available and ready for you to put his cock in your cage?"

"I… I suppose, it's because… because I'm not confident enough to take the chance."

I sensed she had wanted to finish her last sentence with a *"Yet"*.

"Of course you're not confident," Lettie told her. *"And that's because the intelligent half of you that your pussy and its needs have back-doored is still giving you the message that it's hardly likely to work in the real world in the way that woman described it."*

"It has for her."

"Its fiction, for crying out loud! Stop thinking with your cunt and ask yourself what you're risking!" barked an ever more exasperated Lettie, as I reminded myself to check the writer out to see if I could glean any insight from what she had written – at least this was my excuse at the time.

"Do you really believe for a second," Lettie ploughed on, *"that she could have forced her husband to submit to her in such a way?"*

"The blurb didn't say it was fiction. It says on the cover "Semi-Autobiography," Terry offered.

Lettie's sigh was so loud I felt as if it were in the study with me and she seemed about ready lose her much vaunted temper when Terry cut her off because she was going through the supermarket checkout and would call her back when she was in the car-park.

Again, my jaw dropped to my chest and would have gone onto my navel had it been in possession of the necessary extension.

She had been having this discussion while she was in a shopping aisle??

Eight

Lettie's impatience with my wife hadn't lessened any and she picked up right from where she left off when Terry called her back from the Biggin Hill car-park:

"So, which one was it: Waterloo or Tower?" Lettie asked the moment she answered.

"Heh?"

"The bridge that guy sold you?"

Terry made no reply to this and Lettie must have sensed her anger on the other end just as I did because her tone became more understanding and more… *helpful.*

"Look, my love, I'm not trying to put you down. But you and Harry have a great marriage and I'd hate to see you lose it because of a piece of storytelling. Shit, I've read the book the same as you and it was all I could do not to order Gavin to prostrate himself at my feet and give my toes a good long sucking. This as I did myself with one of the vibro's I keep hidden from him. Even the thought of being able to tell him I had a list of chores I needed doing that evening while I was out being fucked by another man sent me over the edge."

Terry laughed, over her snit it seemed, *"I think we both know how that would have worked out for you."*
Her laughter was joined.

"We certainly do, girlfriend. And that's the point I'm making. Gavin and Harry are who they are and if we had wanted something different we should have looked elsewhere in the first place. Sure, we can make them a bit more human, but we can't override their DNA. And I'm afraid living a female-led-marriage goes directly against both their instincts."

Terry's *"Hmmm"* wasn't totally convincing and Lettie went on:

"By all means, get it out of your system with this Jake, ride that cock of his when you let it out of its cage as if you've just been told you'll never see another one. But don't let a bit of role-play make you lose sight of the man in your life who's most important."

"Lettie," began a suddenly more… *reasonable*… Terry, *"you're right. A part of me recognises what you're saying and tells me I'd be mad to risk what I have for something so… so… off-the-wall"*

She took a few breaths to think about it before uttering the inevitable:

"But… I just can't help but think that if I approach Harry the right way. I can make this work. This isn't about any insecurities I have about him. He loves me to distraction. I know that. If I know anything, it's that we love each other."

More breaths followed, as if she were plucking up the courage to finally say something she really didn't want to say.

"But… But it's not enough. I'm sorry. Role-play, as you put it is simply not enough. If my time with Jake has shown me anything it's that I need it to be real."

"Then make it as real as you can with your lover and get it out of your system."

The description *"lover"* added salt to my wound and, strangely enough, it was Terry who's somewhat caustically toned straightener made me feel – a little – better.

"Lettie, Jake is not my lover and NEVER will be. He's just… convenient. And besides, how do you make something like this real when the man is a pervert who actually enjoys it?"

Stranger and stranger. She described her lover – slave, servant, whatever - as a pervert, without considering what being his mistress made her. My wife wanted to be the dominant partner in a relationship. But, it seemed, she wanted the submissive half

of it to be… *unwilling*. Though how she intended to pull this feat off was beyond me. Either she knew something myself and Lettie had missed or she was simply delusional.

My bet, despite my still raging erection, was the latter.

It only took her next words to prove me wrong:

"What I'd love is for Harry to agree that I was in charge of not just our home and sex-life, but EVERYTHING. And to do it even though he hates it because he knows it would please me and wanted nothing more than to show me how important I am to him."

"And, even if he does this," Lettie pointed out, *"you think he'll also agree to show you how important you are in his life by letting you treat him like a little boy and fuck other men?"*

"No," Terry answered instantly. *"I still haven't made up my mind about that part of it - if I can get him started, that is. I quite like the idea of being a mummy figure to him but I'm not at all sure about seeing other men."*

"Even if the idea does excite you and you're doing just that already," Lettie reminded her.

"If you say so," answered Terry in a tired voice that told me she was becoming irritated. *"But – whether you think its fiction or not – that book is right when it says men are simple creatures and easy to train. I really believe if I can get Harry to take the first step I can get him by increments to just where I want him to be. Just the way Gillian Ormendroyd did – alright: said she did – with her own hubby."*

"You really mean it, don't you?"

There was a pause then, in a voice that seemed almost as sad as it was resolute:

"I'm beginning to think it's the only way I can find fulfilment, Lettie. Apart from the odd frisson, doing what I've been doing with Jake is getting to be pretty meaningless to me. Law of diminishing returns, I suppose. You know that if Harry were able to satisfy me in the same way I wouldn't have spared the idiot a second glance. I'm not sure how long it would be before I got tired of such a relationship but I do know I want to try it."

There was a pause, before:

"Jake may be willing and not in Harry's league, but dominating him has whetted my appetite for the real thing and if I can't have it I really don't know if..."

Her voice tailed off and Lettie jumped in:

"Terry, what are you saying? Please don't tell me you're thinking of...?"

My breath had caught somewhere along the oxygenating process at this turn and it was with some relief that I heard Terry's instant rebuttal – though I would not remain relieved for very long.

"No. I'm not saying that, Lettie. There's no other man I can see in my life on a day-to-day basis than Harry."

Air filled my lungs and the presence of the scrote in her life – even if it wasn't *"day-to-day"* – and my anger and sense of betrayal at the fact was forgotten in my relief that my wife was not on the verge of cutting me loose.

The *inevitable* three letter word reared its foreboding head once again:

"But… It's getting so all I can think of is the relationship Gillian forced on her own man and wanting to do the same with mine. I love him, you know that, and I would never treat him so badly in front of people that they lost respect for him. I'd want them to know that I ruled the roost, of course. But not to the full extent or to a point where he – we – became a joke to them."
She let out a sigh before continuing:

"Just the same, I want to take him to a point where he is under no illusions that I'm the boss of him and he needs to accept my guidance and ask my permission for even those trivial pieces of everyday behaviour he would once not have thought twice about. NO grey-areas and NO play-acting."

"You really are serious, aren't you, Terry?" Lettie repeated becoming, by increments, convinced herself in regard of the gravity of my wife's intentions.

"As a pulmonary embolism, Lettie," my wife gave assurance, underlining her intent by twinning it with the cause of the blood-clots that brought about her beloved grandmother's death. *"I want to rule his life, Lettie. To be his queen. And, yes, that does mean I see his face as my throne and a place upon which to set my regal pussy."*

I heard a gasp from Lettie and knew the imagery inspired by my wife's words was

turning her on.

Worse, I realised the totally unsought erection I'd experienced while listening to Terry dominate Jake on the phone was again making itself felt with a vengeance.

Forget my wife.

What the fuck was happening to *me*?

"I want him to earn each piece of affection I give him the same way Gillian makes her husband earn the affection and attention she gives him, Lettie. I want him waiting on his knees to greet me when I return home from school. To show his respect and how much he's missed me by lowering his head and placing his lips on my feet before massaging the stress of the day from them before begging me to take his cock out of its cage and using those same feet to give his poor denied manhood some pleasure."

My heart seemed to stop beating as my wife's words translated themselves into imagery and were it not for the blood rushing to my *"poor denied manhood"* I would have surely believed it had done just that.

"I want to rule his world, Lettie," Terry finished. *"Completely!"*

There was no mistaking the intent and sincerity in my wife's voice and Lettie's own - when she finally found it - was not quite as confident, sure and dismissive, as it had been a few moments earlier:

"T-Terry, this is… is… I… I won't deny it, I'm rubbing my pussy this very moment. What you're saying excites me too…"

Now it was her turn for the dread word:

"But… Even if you could get Harry to such a point without losing him, wouldn't you simply lose all respect for him as a husband? As a man? How could you not if he let you walk all over him in such a way?"

"Respect can mean different things," my wife came back without the need to think, obviously having already given the conundrum much thought. *"Who would you respect more? The husband who refuses to indulge his wife's desires because his pride is more important to him? Or the husband who wants to please his beloved so much in private he's willing to sacrifice some of his self-respect to do so – perhaps all of it?"*

Another pause followed as Lettie gave this some thought, until:

"Terry, I can't deny that it excites me as much as it does you. To think a man would be so obsessed and dependent upon me he would place himself in such a situation just to please me, but…"

"Of course you're excited," Terry finished for her. *"You're like me when it comes to men. The only difference is I want to act on my desires. NEED to act on my desires. While you seem happy to content yourself with a dream and one of your industrial sized 'vibro's'."*

Despite my emotional conflicts of interest, the imagery of Lettie doing just that, magnificent breasts quivering as she pleasured herself, wasn't lost on me either as I tried to balance my anger, rage, sorrow and pain at what I'd discovered about my wife against the pleasure some perverse part of my mindset was set on transmitting to my groin.

Terry finished:

"Yes, I understand that there are dangers. And, as you say, while they have certain similarities, our husbands are different and there is no way you'd stand a chance of having this kind of relationship with Gavin. But I haven't entirely given up hope with Terry yet."

She hadn't?

"For me," she went on, *"the sheer pleasure I'm positive I'd get from knowing I was his boss completely outweighs any worries about losing some respect for him."*

"But…?"

"If you'd seen how submissively he behaved when we got home last night and I sucked his cock for him, you'd understand why I'm a little more optimistic there might be a way to get what I want."

I was uncomfortable hearing her describe our sex to someone else, even a friend of long-standing, and especially hearing her describe my part in it as *"submissive"*. We had always assured each other this was a no-no. It also occurred to me that I never had and never would confide the details of our lovemaking to anyone.

No matter how friendly I was with them.

For some strange reason, her… *indelicacy*… upset me almost as much as her infidelity.

Though my still rock-hard cock didn't appear to have received the message yet.

"You gave him a blow-job and because of that you feel more optimistic about him accepting you as his… 'Queen'?"

Lettie gave out a derisive snort.

"Right, Terry. That makes a lot of sense."

"Lettie, just because his cock was in my mouth while I was laying beneath him it didn't mean he was in control. Far from it. I've never felt so powerful with him when we've made love before. You know I don't like putting the filthy things in my mouth, but this time I actually got something out of it."

Lettie sounded shocked:

"You mean he went down on you afterwards? But I thought he didn't like to…?"

"He doesn't, Lettie, and didn't. You know how he is? Meat and potatoes. Great staying power but no tongue and nil imagination."

Another spear buried itself in my back. I had always thought the love we shared – the sex – was hot. Apparently, however, I was lacking when it came to variation. And, of course, orally.
Anger swelled in my breast and distracted some blood away from my erection – though only *some*.

If such was the case, however, why hadn't she mentioned it?

Or, and here's a thought, why hadn't *she* suggested something to help me improve my performance?

"What I got from it," Terry told her friend, *"was the feeling of being in complete control of him – even if it was only for as long as I kept him hard and in my mouth."*

She giggled:
"I even swallowed."

She giggled some more, before adding:

"It was every bit as repulsive as I'd thought it would be. Though I did make him beg before I allowed him to come."

"You're kidding?"

A few beats of silence followed, until:

"And he did it?"

Terry's nod was almost audible.

"For the very first time," she said, the hopeful note in my wife's voice impossible to miss, *"I actually began to believe it might be possible to get him to be what I want him to be."*

"Hmmph!" Lettie snorted, overcoming her own obvious excitement and totally unsold. *"We all know men will do a lot of things to get a pair of female lips around their best-friend. But I can't see him giving you the keys of the kingdom for something you've been giving him for years anyway – even if it has been only once in a while and this was the first time you've swallowed."*

"Then perhaps I should stop giving him anything."

"What do you…? And how on earth will you justify that?"

I could almost hear the cogs of my wife's mind whirring as she gave this some thought but her tone when she returned to the subject was suddenly ambivalent:

"Look, Lettie, you're worrying unnecessarily. Even assuming I can make it happen, it might just be that I'll get tired of it all and want things to return to the way they were. Who Knows?"

Lettie wasn't buying it.

"Yeah, right. And nature might get a conscience about Nigel Farage and start treating him better."

I felt a faint smile curl my lip, though I wasn't sure whether to be amused or justly offended at being compared to the weasel-featured nationalist-cum-xenophobe – jest or otherwise.

"I hardly think…" Terry began until she was cut her off:

"Listen, we'll talk more later," a suddenly hurried Lettie assured her. *"The Lord and Master's car just pulled in the drive. I'll give you a call…"*

As both phones went dead I realised I was more confused than ever.

Yes, the wife I adored, the mother of my children I could not imagine being without, was having an affair.

But it could not be said to be of the normal fucking and sucking kind of marital infidelity.

Not by a longshot.
Well, at least not on her part.

There was, I now felt certain no love of any kind on my wife's part for her scrote colleague – his feelings were of no concern to me anyway – and penetrative sex, despite the size of his prick, was not what had drawn Terry to him.

In fact, she said she hadn't let him put it in her.

Yet.

Even if I knew she couldn't say the same about his tongue and wouldn't deny herself the pleasure awaiting her in its cage down below for too much longer.

So long, that is, as it was on her terms.

So far, so relieved.

But where did it leave me?

Cut it any way I liked I still had a wife who was stepping out on me. *With* a younger man. And, penetrative or otherwise, it was still sex that was leading her back to him.

And sex of the perverted kind, at that.

I was angry, hurt, confused, angry, betrayed, belittled, angry, and *angry* again.

Did I mention I was angry?

But what was I to do about it?
Should I simply confront her and then get a divorce under way?

Isn't that what a betrayed husband should do under the circumstances? If he wanted to go on describing himself as a man anyway! What alternative did I have?

But then, if the simple prospect of thinking about doing such a thing could give me so much pain just considering it how could I possibly handle the reality of removing the woman I loved from my life?

And, as Lettie had said to Terry, how would I explain it to the girls?

"Your mum's in the market for a slave she can put in a cock-cage. She gave me first refusal but I've sort of gotten used to having an erection on my own time and in my own way."

Yes.

That could work.

Not.

Which was the precise moment, the image of the horrified reaction of my girls to hearing such a thing still playing behind my eyelids, that the germ of a strange and off-the-wall idea came to me…

Nine

"The aim is to exercise complete and utter control over one's male partner without finding oneself excluded from the usual social whirl and finding oneself on the end of the dread and maddening pointed finger.

"Believe me, if it's done correctly and with intelligence, then the control you exercise with more severity and less inhibition indoors and away from outside eyes can be exercised just as effectively – if less extensively – when in the company of family, friends and colleagues."

So ran the text of the book that appeared so influential to my wife and her thoughts of how a marriage should be.

The moment Terry had finished her call to Lettie I had gone onto Google and

entered *"Gillian Ormendroyd"* as a search.

There were twelve pages of entries but, thankfully, it appeared the lady in question had written only one book, under that name at least.

The title?

Unsurprisingly, *"A Female-Led Marriage"*.

Subtitled, *"One Woman's Path to Marital Supremacy"*.

Five minutes later, via Amazon and my debit-card, the eBook had been downloaded to me and I was making my way through a surprisingly well-written and (grudgingly under the circumstances and subject matter) entertaining foreword and intro.

The author made no bones about her story being only part autobiographical but was insistent that she was a real person, living in London with her subservient husband, about sixteen miles to our north on the south side of the Thames in an increasingly gentrified and inflatedly expensive place called Clapham.

So engrossed was I, especially as it seemed so relevant to my own situation, that it wasn't until Terry knocked on my study door and entered that I realised I'd been reading for a solid two hours and my wife had not only returned from her afternoon's shopping but had actually prepared our evening meal for later cooking – saltimbocca wrapped in gruyere, if you're interested.

"There you are," she said as I quickly switched screens to a YouTube video of the classic American comedy *"Dream On"*. I had teed it up earlier and now took off the headphones I'd been wearing for the appearance of veracity. "I thought you might have gone for a walk with Chris then I heard you on the keyboard. Watching anything interesting?"

"Just the usual hard-porn," I told her, face deadpan, noting to myself that, if the erection I was sporting at the sight of my wife in nothing more titillating than a pair of tight denims and a baggy tee-shirt were any guide, she had lost none of her ability to… *rouse*… me – despite the anger I continued to feel for what I could still only describe as her cheating; no matter how much she professed to love me. What amazed me was my ability to act normal around her. After over twenty years together, and still professing to love me, she

could do what she was doing and I could still…

Incredible!

If my wife was certainly not the woman I thought I'd been living with all these years, then I was certainly having to question myself in the same way.

"Oh, that's all right then," she breathed with a sigh of mock relief, coming around my desk to stand at my back and kiss the top of my head but not missing the opportunity to verify I was doing no such thing as lusting after nubile and naked young things onscreen. "For a second there I was worried you might be watching some Simon Cowell, X-factor, crap or other; which would, as you know, have resulted in an instant divorce."

Even though she was simply being genuinely lighthearted, hearing the *"D"* word on her lips left me feeling queasy as it played into fears of what was in my mind as well as on hers.

"And well within your rights you'd be," I agreed, my own light manner forced. Though I was serious when I added the critique: "The middle-of-the-road pontificated upon by the kerbside. No wife with an IQ in the double-figures and two working ear-drums should be forced to live with a husband who watches and listens to such dross."

"Just so long as we're on the same page," she smiled with a look of feigned severity I felt sure, given my knowledge of her previously unsuspected sexual desires, she would like to make real. "Dinner's ready to go in the oven later, so I'm going to take myself upstairs and have a nice soak."

She kissed me again and rested a hand upon my shoulder:

"Enjoy whatever it is you're watching and I'm just glad you're mood's better after last night."

"Yes, sorry about that," I lied. "I didn't mean to be a party-pooper. It's just I feel so sorry for Tony, I suppose. Couldn't help think how I'd feel if you ever found the need to step outside our marriage."

At my back I felt her tense and her hand upon my shoulder stopped the gentle rubbing motions it had been making since she placed it there.

"I'd been thinking about it most of the day before we went out," I lied, "and I

knew how devastated I would feel if I ever found out I wasn't enough for you… I just don't think I could ever be around you again. God knows what it must be like for him."

As I say, I was lying. I already knew I wasn't enough for her. And I was still here, wasn't I?

We already know that I was aware of her and the scrote by this point, yet I was still *"around"* her. I already had everything I needed to kick her out without my daughter's thinking I was the bad man. So why hadn't I?

That had been exactly my intention when I first suspected she was seeing the scrote but, upon having it confirmed with Chris's help, I was now prevaricating, telling myself that the nature of her affair changed everything. This, after all, was not about her running around on me because she was bored or out of love with me, but simply because she had desires for me and the way she wanted our marriage to go that she thought it impossible I would or could satisfy.

The very reason, I told myself, why I was considering taking the off-the-wall – some would say, *"Unmanly"* - approach I was going to take.

And the unsought and completely surprising erection I had experienced on two occasions now when hearing her describe her dominant desires had no bearing on my decision to take such an approach.

No.

Of course it didn't.

Hmm…!

"You know that's something you'd never have to worry about, don't you?" she asked, knowing nothing of what I already knew and feeling free enough to lie, and lie so convincingly, I'd have had no trouble whatsoever believing her had I not been in possession of the knowledge I had.

Hell!

Even with that knowledge I found myself trying to give her the benefit of the doubt.

How sad would that be in terms of denial?

I felt her move away from me and watched her still firm and shapely arse in their denims as she made for the door, face averted, as she added:

“It would kill me to think I had done something that would hurt you and our marriage in such a way.”

“I know that, Mrs Madron,” I told her, making an effort to keep my feelings from my voice as my thoughts screamed *“lying Janus-faced bitch!”*

I was glad she couldn’t see the sneer of contempt on my face as I added:

“You haven’t a treacherous bone in the whole of your body.”

Chew on that one, I thought, before finishing, still to her retreating back:

“And after what you did for me to improve my mood last night how could I even suspect you capable of such behaviour, let alone imagining you doing it.”

“And don’t you forget it, Mr Madron” she said playfully, still not looking back at me. “I’m going up for a soak now and I’ll call you when dinner’s ready.”

Heavy of heart and with mixed feelings, I waited for the door to close behind her then switched screens and returned to the eBook.

*****

“So what are you going to do now you know?” asked Chris as we sat in our usual Sunday lunchtime spot with a bottle of Becks in front of us and watched the world go by.

“It might surprise you,” I told him and was surprised to see him shake his head in contradiction.

“Nothing would surprise me after finding out Mrs M. is more Mrs S&M.”

I cringed at his attempt at word-play and brought the Becks bottle to my lips.

“Sorry, Harry. I was just trying to lighten the mood a little with a bit of humour.”
“No problem, Chris, but you’ve a bit of work to do in that area,” I told him, adding a smile to let him know I was kidding.”

Chris, having set-up the devices enabling me to listen in on my wife, was pretty much up to speed with the situation; given I needed his help to download the info recorded from the bugs in both her car and handbags onto the receiver in the boot of her hatchback under the spare-wheel – the retrieving and replacing of which was the trickiest part of our *“covert operation”*.

Along with my bumbling efforts with the computer feed and his need to supervise me occasionally, he was in the loop with everything save the info I got from the mobile-phone of Terry’s he had cloned which was mine exclusively.

“Any idea what you’re going to do?” he repeated.

I shrugged, the idea I did have not fully formed yet and not wanting to share it at this fledgling stage as my thoughts drifted back to the previous evening and my attempts to give Terry some of the variation she had told Lettie was missing from my love making…

…I had literally tried to pound her ass into submission. As if by doing so I could drive the other shit from her brain and reassert myself in her heart and her thoughts. My intention was that she wouldn’t be forgetting this evening for the rest of her life, well.

How delusional can one man be?

Pound her into submission?

Wasn’t that the exact opposite of the fantasies driving her?

I used my lips and my tongue over almost every inch pf her body – even if I

managed only a few tentative swipes of her labia and clit before my usual reticence kicked in and I switched my attention to her breasts. Other than out-and-out cunnilingus, I refused her nothing for well over an hour – well, aside from drinking her urine and...

Suffice it to say, I even began my seduction of her by sucking on the toes my insider knowledge led me to believe enjoyed such attention before using my tongue on her depilated and fragrant armpits for the first time in our marriage.

This, I was unsurprised to learn, was something she adored.
I was by turns masterful and attentive, even submissive and accepting. Taking my age into consideration and the understandable insecurities her affair was causing me, I was pretty much a sex-god that night and felt sure that the cock-caged Jake could not have come close to what I gave my wife – big cock or not. I delayed my own orgasm and then delayed it again as I delivered multiple versions of the female variety to her before beginning all over again until, finally, I could stand it no longer and pumped what seemed a never ending stream of pent-up jism into her faithless gash.

Even in the midst of my own release though, I found space in my thoughts to wonder if she had used protection with the scrote and whether I needed to have myself checked out.

She surely wouldn't have done it with him bareback and brought the aftermath back to me.

Would she?

At the very least, thoughts of STD's notwithstanding, I was shattered when our heads finally hit the pillow and my last waking thought as I listened to her trying to regain her breath was that I hoped the faithless bitch found it hard to walk for a few days or, if the gods were with me, the rest of the week.

Though it did make me ask myself why I was still with her at all if I had such vengeful feelings towards her for her infidelity.

When Terry came down to breakfast the next morning she did indeed have an *"I've been well-fucked"* look about her and I was feeling pretty smug.

“Good night, heh?” I asked, unable to help myself and, in truth, feeling pretty good about both my performance and the pleasure I’d gotten from it – even my more… *submissive*… moments, I have to say. She may very well have taken our marriage to a place from where there was no return. But it hadn’t lessened her ability to rock my sexual world.

“Harry, what was with you last night?” she replied, heightening my sense of accomplishment. “Don't take this wrong, I liked it - but you just seemed so… *different*.

She liked it?

That was it”

“Like?”

I’d busted my nits to ensure she was taken care of completely - if you put the oral and toilet aspects to one side – and that was the best she could come up with by way of appreciation?

She *fucking* liked it!

Mrs Whiplash of Westerham sensed my disappointment.
“I just told you I liked it,” she said a little offended, repeating the words that had pissed me off in the first place. “What more do you want?”

For a split second I almost lost it and told her.

Luckily, she continued before I had a chance:

“What got into you? If I didn’t know you better, I’d say you were trying to make some kind of a point.”

Unable to trust myself, I’d simply left the table without a word and retrieved my wallet from the study before going across to meet my walking partner and neighbour…

*****

…“You do know, Harry,” Chris’s somewhat hesitant voice brought me back to the present, “that its, hmm, not as uncommon as you think?”

“What isn’t?” I asked with deep sarcasm. “Wives cheating on their husband’s or acting like a torch carrier for Torquemada?”

“Huh?”

I couldn’t help but laugh. My young friend’s terms of reference when it came to Hobbits or Xbox characters was next to impeccable – or at least it seemed that way to a person - me - who had not the faintest of reference points when it came to his interests. Get him out into the wider and more eclectic world, however, and like many of his age the ground beneath him became less sure. A veritable bog, in fact.

“The inquisitor general for the Spanish Inquisition,” I told his disinterested expression, my doomed attempt to trigger recognition in him bringing to mind instead a hilarious Monty Python skit. Though I didn’t mention it for fear of having to explain just who they were too. The time allocated for our pre-lunch Sunday walk and drink not being infinite, you understand?

“All I’m saying,” he went on, looking a little uncomfortable I thought, “is that more people... You know?”

My eyes invited him to answer his own question.

“The, hmm, truth is Harry,” he began, voice lowering until it was barely a whisper that the octogenarian and his slightly younger wife at the next table couldn’t hear, “I… I sort of get excited by… by…”

His eyes couldn’t hold mine as he again asked:

“You know?”

I did indeed know, I thought.

Now, anyway.

Text inspired imagery from the Ormendroyd fiction that seemed to be the inspiration for my wife's sudden power-kick began to play at the back of my mind as I pictured myself in the role of my wife's cowed and pussy-whipped husband as Terry's voice supplied the voice-over…

…"He was barefoot and wearing the baggy tee-shirt and knee length shorts I'd suggested as his "househusband" attire and the look of my handsome dependent moved me to love, affection and, yes, disdain.

As it always did when he lowered himself to sit at my feet with his back to the sofa like the beaten man he now was and I intended him to remain.

My lightly tanned legs rose above him as he nestled in to hear what it was his "mummy" wanted to say to him.

That somewhat overused description, by the way, one I'd cribbed from some stories on the Net and incorporated into our day-to-day.

And especially when I supplied a soundtrack to my manipulations of his "pee-pee" on those occasions I felt he deserved a release or was just of a mind to play with the cock I no longer used except as a means of extending my power over him.

Knowing as I did that something deep in his psyche – perhaps all men's psyches – responded positively to hearing me describe myself in such a way.

"MUMMY."

A description of myself I was seriously considering getting him to use on a regular basis as a substitute for the more formal and, in this instance, less demeaning "ma'am".

Considering it now, in fact.

"You know mummy loves you, don't you sweetie?" I asked when he was settled and my fingers were toying with a lock of his hair.

"Yes, hmm, ma'am," he said with his usual hesitation over the word and

about to become even more hesitant with another.

"Call me mummy," I told him as I played with his earlobe.

I felt his body tense.

"Can you do that for me, sweetie?" I asked in a kindly voice. "I'd really like it if you addressed me that way when we're alone together from now on."

"I… I…"

"Well? Can you or not?" I said, allowing no more than a note of displeasure to enter my tone. "Is that really so much to ask after all I do for you?"

It was enough.

I was convinced now that even my tone of voice carried with it the weight of the symbolic.

So surely and so swiftly had he been conditioned.

And with such surprising ease.

"Y-Yes. Of course I can do that, hmmm, m-mummy."

Placing a hand beneath his chin, I tilted his head back and leaned forward to plant a great smacking kiss upon his lips before exploring the inside of his unresisting mouth with my tongue to let him know he had pleased me…"

…When I returned to terra firma it was to a raging hard-on that would have been obvious to all in the near vicinity had it not been for the fact my lower body was hidden beneath a table.

I was also, despite my earlier reactions, still shocked somewhat that such words and imagery could affect me in such a way.

And Chris was still waiting for me to reply:

"It's okay Chris," I told him, pulling myself together and allowing him off

the hook. “I know what you’re going to say and it’s nothing for you to be embarrassed about.”

The look on his face as he looked away to take a swig of Beck’s was unmistakably one of relief.

“We all have out little… *quirks*… shall we say. And if the number of sites on the Internet catering for the one in particular we’re talking about tell it as it is you’re hardly in a minority.”

His face when he turned it back to me was earnest:

“You…? You don’t think I’m a pervo then?”

I smiled and shook my head, “We’re all perverted in some way or other, Chris. It’s just that some of us have quirks our imagination is able to satisfy. Others, like my wife, I’m afraid to say, have a need to live them in real-time.” He was nodding, looking relieved as I went on:

“If I’m honest with you, my fantasies have always been more... *prosaic*, I suppose – at least in comparison to Terry’s. But, if I’m going to be totally honest, I was pretty surprised by my reaction to what I’ve been hearing over the last few days.”

“Must have come as a shock to you,” he nodded sadly. “Accepting we all have… you know… “*Fantasies”*, is one thing but…”

“No, Chris,” I interrupted, a little uncomfortable myself now but wanting to reciprocate and be honest with him. “What I’m saying is that, apart from my anger, my reaction to what she is doing and what I’ve since researched on the Net was not what I might have expected it to be in total.

I could see recognition slowly dawning in his eyes.

Referentially challenged and geeky he might have been, but *slow* he wasn’t.

“I would never have believed I could react in such a way,” I went on with a small shake of the head. “But…”

I raised my bottle for a clink as he shook his head and marveled:

“Well, aren’t you going to welcome me to the club?” I asked with an inclusive smile.

Without hesitation, he brought up his bottle to mine and we went on to have a surprisingly frank and – to my mind, at least – intelligent conversation on the subject of dominance and submission in relationships and how it could ever be anything other than a fantasy.

So engrossed did we both become that the somewhat snippy text on my mobile telling me the roast dinner waiting for me was fast on its way to cremation came as a complete surprise and sent us both scurrying homewards.

It was only as we were a few hundred yards from our road that Chris asked:

“So, what *are* you going to do?”

When I finally bit the bullet and told him my thoughts so far, I couldn’t say for sure if he was more shocked than excited.

Though I felt I could make an extremely well-informed guess if pressed.

Ten

“I’m sorry, Harry. I’ve wrestled with this since the school barbecue and I thought you should know.”

I looked across at Ronnie where she sat on my sofa nursing the coffee I had just made her, my eyes unable to ignore the matronly but shapely legs she had left bare today and which were decorated by nothing more than a slight tan; the underside of a powerful thigh semi-visible where she had crossed her legs in order to dangle a shoe with a low and spiked heel together with peekaboo toes from a rather attractive foot.

My thoughts had come to with a start:

"Since when had I started to notice women's feet?"

Tantalising high-insteps and bubble-gum toes or not.

I would later wonder if she was revealing herself to me in such a way – subtly or not – deliberately, but for the moment I was too absorbed in what had brought her to my door during a teaching day when she should have, along with Terry, been at school.

"That's why I took today off to come and see you on your own," she answered my unspoken question.

"What is it you think I should know, Ron?" I asked, suspecting I was already in receipt of that particular piece of knowledge even if I didn't know exactly what she herself knew.

"Do you remember at the barbecue asking me about a colleague of ours who was talking to Terry?"

I nodded, "You mean the scrote Terry's been seeing behind my back?"

She looked truly surprised.

"You know?"

Again I nodded.

She re-crossed herself, nervously or simply to entice me I couldn't tell, though my bet would have been the former. Long red-hair hanging loose for once, and dressed in a sleeveless tunic dress in a nice pastel green that did nothing to hide her womanly curves and the aforementioned *"matronly but shapely"* crossed legs, she was having her usual effect on my netheregions and I wondered, in the light of Terry's treachery, whether I shouldn't just give in to my baser urges for once and test the waters. Waters I felt sure, in light of the chemistry between us, which would prove as welcoming as they looked inviting.

Her next words came as a surprise to me, however, and killed any such thoughts in their infancy, even though I'm sure I wouldn't have acted upon them.

Not while still married anyway.

And regardless of my loving wife's more… *flexible*… approach to the same subject.

"I can't help but feel this is all my thought," she told me, looking genuinely anguished.

"And why would you feel that?" I asked, voice dangerously low as my hackles rose, taking her admission for another piece of female perfidy to set alongside Lettie's and that of my own wife – though it struck me almost instantly that, if it was indeed *"perfidy"*, then at least Ronnie was mitigating the betrayal via the cleansing process of confession.

"Harry, Terry's my friend and…"

"And I'm not, I suppose?"

"Don't be childish!" she snapped, expression framed by her hair complimenting its fiery colour.

The stare she gave me brooked no-nonsense and, despite my anger, a frisson of some heretofore unexperienced kind sent a surge of blood groin-wards and took me straight back to primary school and the female supervision I *had* experienced.

Confused thoughts coming back to hear:

"Why would I be here if I wasn't a friend?"

Her compelling green-eyes held mine:

"My advice to you is to start thinking with your head instead of your bruised feelings."

"Oh, I'm sorry," I began in mock conciliatory tones. "Are my bruised feelings making me childish? How inconsiderate of me. A guest to my home has just told me she thinks she may have contributed to my wife having an affair with an excuse for a man she, in her own words, described as: *'an oily little bastard I wouldn't trust as far as a two-year-old could throw him.'* And here I am with bruised feelings. Who'd have thought it?"

I could see she was already re-thinking her approach as I went on:

“Accept my most humble apologies for this regression back to adolescence. I’m sorry I responded to being told you’re responsible for my wife ruining a twenty year marriage and pray I haven’t upset you too much.”

Her face softened at this and she relented, her following apology sincere.

“I’m sorry, Harry. That was pretty unsympathetic of me. Too used to being around children the majority of my time, I suppose. It’s also what happens when you don’t have a sounding-board in your life to tell you when you’re behaving like the arse-end of the donkey”

It was a reference to her late husband Dennis, a decent, if meek, career Civil Servant who’d passed away with a heart problem a couple of years ago.

But not enough to allow me to let her off the hook:

“So, if you’re my friend as well as Terry’s, why did you persuade her to get involved with this *‘oily little bastard’*? Doesn’t sound like the action of a *‘friend’* to me, does it to you?”

Her cheeks flushed and I sensed she was on the verge of rebuking me once again when she let out some air and relaxed.

“I suppose I asked for that, didn’t I?”

I remained silent.

“Just so you know, though,” she went on, “I neither encouraged her and nor did I *‘persuade her’* to get together with the prat. If she had once told me that she was thinking about it even, I would have ripped into her for being the idiot she is now proving herself to be. Not only that but I would have told you and let her know I was going to do so.”

I must have looked unconvinced.

“Give me some credit, Harry. You know how fond of you I am… And of Terry,” she added quickly. “Why do you think I’m here if it’s not the truth?”

“Why now then?” I both answered and didn’t answer. “Why not tell me from the start if you’re really this truthful friend you say you are?”

Her sigh was indecipherable, so much did it contain.

“Because, Harry, I didn’t know myself until recently.”

Now it was my turn to sigh as she was making no sense to me.

“So, let me get this straight, my wife’s cheating is, in your own *‘I can’t help feel this is all my fault’* words, down to you. But you only found out recently. Make your mind up, Ron. Either it is your fault or it isn’t. And if you only just found out recently I don’t see how it can be. Unless of course, you run some agency offering sex-partners for cheating-wives and Terry made the date online without you being aware of it until now.”

My flippancy, I could see, wasn’t helping her keep that famous red-headed temper under control and my last piece of cynicism wasn’t guaranteed to help her either:

“Is that what you’re telling me, Ron? You’re some kind of a Dolly Levi matchmaker for swingers and cheats in your spare-time? Kind of a *‘Hello Ronnie’*, to pun on the musical.”

Rather than anger the sigh was back in force.

“I can only hope the copy you deliver is superior in quality to your sarcasm,” she told me. “Though if it isn’t it would certainly go a long way towards explaining the puerile quality of contemporary advertising – not to mention its somewhat transparent deviousness.”

“You can forget *‘contemporary’*,” I told her instantly. “Advertising’s always been puerile and devious. “Why do you think I committed to a career in it?”

“Whatever,” she snorted, ignoring the olive-branch that was the self-deprecation and tiny smile I had allowed to accompany my latest piece of flippancy. “What I’m trying to tell you, if you’ll let me, is that I had nothing to do with Terry cheating on you with the oily and big-dicked one.”

“She confided that last piece of information to you, did she?”

“No. I gleaned as much for myself when it was pressed up against my thigh at the school’s Easter-Bash, this after I misguidedly accepted a slow dance with him.”

“Then I shall ask again,” I began with the air of a man fast losing patience. “Why is it *‘all’* your fault that she is cheating on me.”

“Wrong choice of word. Okay? It’s obviously not all my fault but I do feel a bit responsible.”

“Should have said that in the first place,” I muttered.

Then, louder:

“Why?”

Again a sigh:

“Because, Harry, I confided in her about my marriage to Dennis before he passed.”

My eyes narrowed.

What was I going to hear now?

Though I’d already made an unspoken but informed guess.

“We’d gone to The White Lion in Warlingham with colleagues after work for a few glasses of the old sauv-blanc. Barry Mountjoy our head of the science department had offered himself as the designated driver so Terry and I decided to tie one on.”
“I remember the night. Go on.”

“Well, the two of us fancied a curry after the pub so we let the others go, telling them we’d split a cab-fare between us on the way home.”

“Getting a bit windy here, Ronnie,” I told her, the circuitous route she was taking to get to what she needed to tell me at odds with her usual straightforward manner and pointing up her unease.

“Sorry,” she told me – apology another pointer. “Anyhow, we toddled across Warlingham Green to India Dining and over another bottle of wine I told her about the relationship I had with Dennis.”

“Jesus, Joseph and Mary!” I blasphemed, a certain… *prescience*… placing me ahead of the game and certain of what I was about to hear. “Is it just this neck of the woods or is the whole world developing some kind of Cruella DeVille fixation?”

Ronnie at least had the grace to look embarrassed – a little anyway.

“The upshot was,” she pressed on, “was that I was preaching to the converted and when I explained that Dennis and I had lived in a female-led relationship, with me calling the shots on everything…”

I raised an eye.

“Yes,” she answered long-sufferingly. “That does mean in the bedroom too. Anyhow, when I told her she was almost beside herself with excitement. Said she had been reading some book that outlined a similar marriage – even if it sounded a few light years more draconian than mine – and would love nothing more than to have the same kind of relationship with you.”

“What did you tell her?”

“The truth, Harry. I told her that Dennis and I had based our arrangement on mutual trust and respect and that the sex that came from it, though satisfying to both of us, was secondary to the sense of calm and security having one person calling the shots lent our marriage. Dennis and I weren’t jumping on some *“Fifty Shades of Grey”*, BDSM for town-mouse couples, bandwagon. And it was more than us simply turning an everyday marriage on its head gender-wise. We, both of us, were making a pre-planned and sensibly thought out lifestyle choice that we had both agreed upon and was nobody’s business but ours.”

She paused to stare at me, as if to gauge how I was handling her revelation thus far.

Then, when she was satisfied I could hear her news and still function:
"I also told her that just because my husband was mature enough and realistic enough to accept that I was the stronger partner and our lives would run smoother with me in charge it didn't mean it would work for her."

"Implying, of course, that I'm not mature or realistic enough for something like that to work for us."

Her expression was long-suffering educator towards wilfully uncomprehending student.

"No, Harry. There's no *'of course'* about it. I was simply pointing out that my Dennis, through choice, inclination and taste, and recognising I enjoyed being in control of him, accepted my leadership. You, *of course*, are a different kind of man entirely. Not better and not worse, but just different."

"Thank you," I offered with unmistakable sarcasm that brought a flash of anger to her cheeks. "But I don't understand why your marriage to Dennis makes you at fault for Terry's cheating."

There was another moment of un-Ronnie-like indecision but it was soon gone and she was back in control of herself.

"As I said," she reminded me, "I'd had a lot to drink – we both had – and I was soon confiding to her the most intimate details of my life with Dennis. To be honest, she was the first person outside of my husband I had ever spoken to about it and it felt cathartic somehow."

"Okay, you told Terry that you had Dennis pussy-whipped and enjoyed doing it. Is that it? Was that all she needed to turn to a scrote like Jake Corbett and cheat on her husband of over twenty years?"

Her eyes were bright with fury.

“I loved Dennis and I don’t appreciate hearing you describe my relationship with him in such a vulgar and demeaning way.”

I leaned my face towards her, eyes stone-cold and blazing:

“Do I look as if I give a fuck?”

I seldom spoke to anyone in such a way, let alone her, and fury was instantly replaced with shock as she saw the anger on my own face and realised she had played a part in placing it there.

I took advantage to press on, sensing she had called to help me but unable to prevent myself unloading upon her – semi-innocent or not.

“So why the guilt, if that’s all it was, Ron? Just telling my wife about your marriage surely wasn’t enough in itself to make her shit over ours. What else did you suggest, Ron? Did you hook her up with Jake the in-house pervo?”

The slap that rocked my head to the side hurt almost as much as it surprised me.

“Is that how highly you think of me?” she blazed. “That I’d betray a friendship in such a way?”

I could see she was as disappointed with me as she was angry and all the angst I had been directing at her so unjustly vanished, her next words confirming what I should have seen from the start.

“Think about it, you cretin!” she said. “Why do you think I’m here? To get you to suck it up while doing a bit of PR for Terry? Is that what you think I’m doing? Paving the way for your wife to have the relationship with you I had with Dennis? And with some *very* specific extras?”

I stared at her for few moments, trying to decide whether to go with my rage for having dared raise a hand to me or to accept she was right in her description of how I perceived her motives and, consequently, I’d deserved her… *reprimand*.

“No, of course not,” I said, plumping for the latter with a sigh and rubbing my cheek where I could still feel the force of her slap. “I’m just… just…”
She didn’t let me finish.

“The life I had with my husband bought in to my own desires completely and fulfilled me in ways I had only dreamed were possible until he – *he* – suggested the possibility of a female-led-partnership to me. He might not have been as handsome as you but, from what I’m seeing, he was certainly less prideful and self-pitying. And believe me, what Terry had in mind for the two of you, drunk as she was when she confided it to me or not, had very little resemblance to the life I led with my own husband.”

My anger was back in an instant and manifested itself once again in sarcasm:

“Oh, I’m sorry, Ronnie. Am I being prideful and self-pitying? I do apologise. The wife and mother of my daughter’s, someone I love and who I thought loved me, has been seeing another man and riding his cock. Has even gone so far as to put that cock in a cage that she might have sole access to it. And here I am, feeling all sorry for the self-respect she’s butchered with a meat cleaver. My sincere apologies if I appear a mite… *snippy*.”

Now it was her turn to deflate a little during our rollercoaster ride of a discussion.

She reached out a hand to lay it over mine consolingly and, even in my current condition of angst, I could tell it was the sincere gesture of one friend to another.

“I’m sorry, Harry. I suppose the kind of relationship we’re talking abou…”

She cut off in mid-sentence.

“What do you mean? *‘Put his cock in a cage”*? Are you saying she…?

I nodded and could tell even she, erstwhile Domme herself, was taken aback.

“But…? How could you possibly…?”

My head shook this time, “Just know that I do, Ron. That and a lot more besides. But, it really makes no difference if she’s got his balls under lock and key or in cold-storage.”

She wasn’t with me so I performed the honours.

“The balls in question, Ronnie, and the cock that goes with it, belong to another man. *Not* to me. All bets are not off when it comes to our marriage just because she’s calling the tune with her new boyfriend. It’s called *‘infidelity’*, whichever way you cut it. From what you’re telling me, the life you and Dennis lived came about because of a decision you reached between you. What my wife is having is an affair. Pure and simple. Female-led or not.”

Ronnie was now nodding her agreement to this and now it was my turn to be not quite up to speed, I’d told myself even if she wasn’t here as some kind of apologist for Terry, she did at least intend to plead an ignorance is bliss, no-harm-no-foul, defence and persuade me not to ruin my marriage because of one slip.

Something of that nature, anyway.

That, however, did not appear to be her intention.

“Don’t take this the wrong way and go off on one,” she began, “But for a really bright guy you can be a bit slow on the uptake at times.”

Rather than *“go off”* on one, I waited.

“Why else would I be poking my nose into the marriage of two friends if it wasn’t because I didn’t want the stupidity of one of them to ruin their relationship?”

Well, I got that part of her motivation in visiting right, at least.

I also knew that she was being truthful with me and the air left my lungs with a whoosh of relief and regret. Relief that she was in my corner and regret for having believed anything else could have been the case and that I would have

had to lose this excellent woman as a friend. Which was the exact point at which the knowledge she and Dennis had been living a *"Female-Led"* lifestyle surprised me as it should have from the first moment she had mentioned it.

"Got to be honest, Ron, but I had absolutely no idea you and Dennis were into anything like that. Not a clue."

"Why would you have? There was no cage around Dennis's tackle and I wasn't into public displays of wielding authority even if it must have been pretty obvious he always deferred to me when it came to the crunch. And I certainly didn't disrespect him, either in public or in the home. Why would I when he accepted my word was law and always showed me the respect I demanded as a minimum?"

Her eyes held mine unflinchingly as I mouthed a *"Wow!"* and I was the first to look away as a certain colour stained my cheeks; though I did see a certain flash of insight stain her own before I took in the scatter cushions at her side, as if she had seen something in my expression that surprised as much as it informed her.

Once again I felt that strange frisson travel the length of my body that seemed an equal mix of some kind of delicious weakness and a perverse excitement. The exact same reaction I'd experienced when listening in on Terry.

And the fact I was in the presence of a commanding woman I'd long had sexual thoughts about made the same reaction no less powerful now.

In discovering unwanted knowledge concerning my wife and our friends I was also, it seemed, coming across unexpected and disturbing revelations regarding myself.

"I always suspected you were a strong woman, Ron," I confirmed, meeting her eyes again with an effort of will. "And I also knew that Dennis deferred to you in most things whenever we were all together. But then most husbands worth a carrot do that to keep the peace anyway, so I didn't see any need to get into simple arithmetic and put two and two together."

“And…?” she asked.

“And, what?”

“Now you have got the sums right, how do you feel about it?” Her eyes were bright and alive, as if something in the situation was exciting her too; either that or a memory of the control she exerted over her late-husband was brightening her day.
“I feel, Ron…” I began, “that it’s your business. The two of you were married to each other and it was your decision to make together. A courtesy Terry hasn’t deigned to show me.”

She was shaking her head, “No. I meant how do you feel now that you don’t have to get your times-tables out of the school desk?”

I stared at her and this time her sigh of impatience carried with it a smile:

“Now you no longer have to *‘suspect’* that I’m a strong woman?” the high-rise-terminal and a hint of exasperation reminded.

Unless my somewhat besieged thoughts were mistaken, she had flicked a quick glance at my groin as she said this and I prayed my erection wasn’t visible beneath the denim of the old 501’s I usually wore when flopping about the house.

Or, at least, not *too* prominent.

“Do strong women excite you, Harry?” she went on, expression telling me she already knew the answer.

“Never given it much thought until recently,” I told her truthfully, neglecting to add my reactions since hearing my own wife’s take on the subject, the sight of her smooth legs, bare and powerful in their shapely muscularity, doing nothing to lessen that feeling of *“delicious weakness”* I was now experiencing for the third time in almost as many days.

Was I some kind of closet masochist, the thought struck me as I wondered what it would feel like to defer to a woman mentally and physically?

Words other than those from the Ormendroyd woman that I'd discovered when checking out the countless blogs concerning female-led marriage rang in my ears as I struggled with the stiffness at my groin and the sight of the commanding woman seated opposite me and her… *taunting*… legs.

The writer was a woman I didn't know, but the voice reciting her words as they echoed against the walls of my skull was unmistakable that of Ronnie's…

…"Whether you begin your trip into wifely dominance as a piece of playful role-play or find your husband amenable to becoming your marital chattel, the end result will be the same.

In our case it did indeed start out as a kind of jokey role-play intended – he thought – to spark up our sex lives. And believe me, I made sure it did. So well did I pleasure him that he was the one to suggest we do it again and I take control of him. Again with the same pleasurable results for him.

I began extending our 'Game-time' and was soon insisting he do chores around the house he had never even contemplated before and, though I could see he wasn't happy, he started doing them.

I also had him waiting hand and foot on me, giving me foot-rubs and licking my pussy to put me in the mood.

On one glorious occasion early on in my 'Training' of him, I actually had him kneel between my legs with his hands behind his back and his nose to the gusset of my – saturated, I promise you – panties as I watched television. I told him it was because I wanted him addicted to my most intimate scent before I let his rock-hard cock anywhere near it. The truth, of course, was that I just wanted to place him in a position I knew would humiliate him and savour the pleasure of having him obey me unless he wanted to miss out on the sex he was so looking forward to.

The power-rush was incredible and I kept him on his knees for over an hour, taking deep breaths through his nose, before I took him upstairs and rocked

his world with the sex that was making him more and more submissive to me.

Never, ever, underestimate the power of the pussy when it comes to ensuring your man's obedience.

You see, when it comes down to it, men are very simple creatures. Nature may had given them greater muscle but it neglected to endow the poor beast with those qualities of patience, calculation, and resolution it gave to us women in abundance. Believe me, what might start out as playful role-playing soon becomes something entirely more serious and becomes highly addictive, to the wife as well as the husband. Before he knows it, what was once a game has become a life-style and is wife is his master.

Makes no difference that he might have been humouring her to begin with in the knowledge he could always stop and return to his big manly role as husband and provider when the urge took him. If someone lets another person win long enough it soon becomes engrained thinking in the subconscious and, pretty soon, it becomes impossible for him to win at all – no matter how hard he tries.

Which is when you turn the screw and…"

…"You do know he means nothing to her, don't you?" Ronnie's voice brought me back to the moment, the question tearing me from both my reverie and my, hopefully, subtle appraisal of her crossed legs.

"And you know this how?"

"She tells me."

My reaction must have been foreseen because she jumped in before I had a chance to respond:

"Not with words and confidences, Harry."

"How then?" I snorted. "Via Yankee-Doodle-Pigeon and television slots? Or has she taken a contract out on some local hoarding-boards: *"I have my*

lover's cock in a cage - but it's my husband I love"?"

Ronnie was unimpressed:

"By body-language, Harry," she told me, rising above my sarcasm. "Whenever she's with him it's obvious he's no more than a useful tool to her."

Unsurprisingly, I winced.

"Poor choice of metaphor, Ron," I pointed out, half-serious and half-jokingly. "And I have to say, they seemed pretty cosy at that school barbecue."

A thought occurred to me:

"And by the way, if she hasn't confided in you, just how'd you find out she was putting the leather to his back anyway – other than your insightful knowledge of body-language?"

"I caught him kissing her heels in the staff-room. Down on his haunches like a loyal poodle trying to ingratiate himself with its master."

This stunned me a little as, according to what Terry told Colette, the staff-room had been empty and she had torn a strip off the scrote for doing it in such a place.

I was about to blurt out just that and give away the fact I was keeping my own tabs on Terry when Ronnie saved me:

"Before you ask, the staff-room was empty and I closed the door quietly before they saw me."

Her eyes held mine inscrutably and I knew she was assessing my reaction as she added:

"He was placing little adoring kisses on her ankle as if she were great Cleopatra herself and he was her faithful hound."

Even now I still can't be sure if the derisive sniff she gave before finishing

held more contempt than envy.

“The only thing missing was a barge and the sound of hautboys.”
“Bet you found that exciting,” I observed, more to cover my own reaction than take a pot shot at her, amazed that the image her description suggested to me was of someone else entirely with his lips attached to my wife’s feet.

“So much so,” she began, completely straightfaced and not making the least attempt to deny my half-joking accusation, “and as disappointed with Terry as I was for what I suspected was going on, I had to take myself off to the nearest Ladies.”

My 501’s were feeling more… *confining*… by the second as I pictured the fifty-something Valkyrie opposite me as she sat in a toilet stall and…

“The question now,” her words, eerily similar to Chris’s, cut through my growingly lustful thoughts, “is what you are going to do about it?”

Her eyes held mine.

“Or should I say,” she went on, eyes unblinking, “what are *we* going to do about it?”

With an effort of will, I kept my eyes from those smooth and tan legs and the still full and firm breasts above them to focus on a pair of eyes that missed nothing; uncertain whether I should confide to her the idea I’d been mulling over for the past day or so.
As it turned out, my uncertainty was academic as she was about to answer my question for me.

And in a way that was not a million light years removed from the approach I had been trying to pluck up the courage to attempt.

“Because, if you’re interested,” she asked, “I have a few ideas of my own?”

Eleven

Over the next few nights, as Terry slept and I pleaded an inability to sleep, I used the privacy of my study to swap text on MSN Messenger with Ronnie on the best way to implement my plan to give my wife what she wanted.

A plan, incidentally, that would make Jake-the-scrote history, and give my marriage another chance.

The decision to keep our contact to email and *not* Skype or cell-phone made because we did not want to take the chance Terry might wake, find me missing from the bed still, come downstairs and overhear my side of any conversation. I had yet to put Ronnie in the loop about my cloning – Chris's cloning – of Terry's cell-phone and the recorders in her car and bags, though I couldn't understand why I hadn't. Time for that later.

What we both had in mind was a longshot and, initially at least, involved me gradually becoming more and more deferential towards Terry – domestically as well as sexually – until she felt comfortable enough to broach the subject of us becoming another Ron and Dennis.

Either that or I would find a way of introducing the prospect if she didn't bite.

But, with Ronnie's help and guidance, I was going to give her the fantasy she so cherished.

And I was not so self-deceiving – even if I didn't keep Ronnie in the loop on this particular aspect of our plan – that I didn't realise I'd be satisfying some curiosity of my own in respect of my own reactions to what I'd heard and been told.

Our thinking was that we would play the situation out and see what kind of an impact it had upon Terry. Though I hadn't shared it with her, Ronnie had taken Lettie's – *eavesdropped* – line that being allowed to treat me as a lesser being could only result in Terry losing her respect for me. So, if and when that happened, we needed to have not just damage limitation in place but a means by which to restore that wifely-respect if we were going to have a marriage worth keeping once the dust had settled.

We had both decided – Ronnie and I - that the moment my wife's treatment of me indicated her feelings for me were on the way towards that point from where there was but one direction they could go – *downhill* – then that would be the moment I would tell her I knew of her betrayal of me with the scrote. She would then be informed that I had only behaved submissively towards her to see if she would end her affair once she had what she wanted at home.

I would also tell her that I wanted her to see at close-hand the danger to our relationship her fantasy had already posed to our continuing marriage.
"Convoluted", I hear some of you men out there think.

"Long winded and prolonging the inevitable," I hear others mutter.

I agree.

Did you think I wouldn't?

But this way I at least – along with discovering something important about myself – gave our marriage a chance. I still loved Terry and twenty-odd years had to count for at least some effort on my part in order to preserve a union I had felt was wonderful up until my discovery. Simply confronting my wife, and telling her I knew of her infidelity, would be likely to back us both into a corner from which there could be no finding a way of escape. That thought, along with the love I couldn't shed for her and the knowledge of how our

splitting up would affect the daughters we both adored, made such an approach one I found difficult to contemplate.

Which didn't mean I was above fantasies of my own where I confronted my wife and her caged lover and took a just and terrible retribution out on them.

Many fantasies, if I'm honest.

There was no ideal approach to my problem, but the one Ronnie and I had hit upon did at least offer the possibility of some kind of return to the status quo existing in our marriage pre-scrote.

Of course, what we had trouble working out was how we would give Terry what she wanted and allow her to call the shots between us while thinking my deference to her superiority was unwilling.

That *"unwillingness"* on the part of her lesser-half, you might remember, was what she fantasised over most and what she was missing with the younger colleague who consented to his diminished role.

But how to explain my doing it?

That was the point Ronnie and I were stuck at and could find no *believable* way of solving.

At least until the situation came to a head the very next weekend and made the solving of the riddle unnecessary.

*****

"That bastard!" a tearful and incandescent Terry screamed at me as I entered our kitchen.

It was early-afternoon on Saturday and I had just returned from my usual stroll with Chris and what was, now, the usual update on the state-of-play in my marriage. Terry had been seated at the kitchen table when I entered, toying with the stem of a wine-glass containing the remnants of a Pinot Grigio. This early start on her grape intake my first clue that all was not well

in Cheater-Ville.

The other being the aforementioned words and the fact she was instantly on her feet at my entrance and ready for battle.

“Okay, okay,” I said in a soothing voice, at a loss to know what had brought this on and wondering if old Jake had somehow manage to free his cock from its cage; though it struck me instantly that she’d hardly be venting her anger before me if it had anything to do with the scrote.

“Which *‘bastard’* are we talking about?”

“Andrew!” she hissed, angry with me, it seemed, for not being able to guess it was Deanna’s long-term boyfriend who’d raised her ire, a pleasant enough guy but not someone I ever saw lasting the course with one of my babies.

“What about him?”

“What about him?” she hissed, paraphrasing with venom and filling her glass at the same time. “I’ve just spent the whole time you were having your *‘stroll’*”, she made those annoying quotation marks with her fingers to emphasise my activity and raced on, “on the phone with our youngest daughter.”

She stared at me as if waiting for a comeback, expecting, it seemed, for me to be up-to-speed on their conversation simply because she’d informed me one had taken place.

A piece of forearming that would indeed have been in place had our daughter called on my wife’s cloned mobile rather than the home land-line Chris hadn’t bothered to bug, given I was always there when Terry was present.

Most of the time.

“She’s in pieces, Harry! Our daughter’s miles away and she’s in pieces.”

Despite knowing how protective Terry was when it came to our offspring and knowing it required only the smallest of setbacks in regard of them to put her

over-the-top, I was still becoming a little alarmed – even if I already suspected what she was about to tell me - and had to force myself to stay calm.

“Okay. Deanna’s in pieces and Harry’s a bastard. What’s he done this time?”

The mask of anger that was my wife’s face was not improved any by the large swallow of Pinot that accompanied my question.

“Not *‘what’*,” she spluttered, “but *‘who!’*. The piece of slug-slime has been fucking other women.”

Another, equally large, swallow, followed and I wondered if she had any idea of just how hypocritical she sounded as my anger towards her was counterbalanced by the pain I knew from first-hand my daughter would be experiencing.

Absent twenty-year investment or not.

“Slug-slime is more valuable,” I told her as my concerns for my daughter’s feelings overtook my pain at Terry’s betrayal of me. “I’ll give her a call.”

“She’s gone out,” Terry told me as she slumped somewhat lifelessly into her seat and again toyed with the stem of her glass. “Said she was going to a bar with her roommate to get mullered - her words.”

“Yeah, well, that might be the best thing for her right now.”

“Really?” she spat, looking for something to vent on and taking it out on her convenient husband. “Pouring alcohol down her throat’s going to help is it?” I pointed to the wine-glass she was raising to her mouth:

“Seems to be the medicine of choice for her mother.”

She ignored me.

“How dare the bastard do that to our daughter?”

“Perhaps it’s for the best,” I told her, feeling myself getting angrier by the

second at her double-standard. “She’s nineteen, for crying out loud. Needs to learn something about the world before she ties herself down.”

“I don’t recall you saying that to me when we met,” my combative hypocrite-wife reminded me. “And I wasn’t much older than she is now.”

“Perhaps I should have,” exited my lips before I could prevent it.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

Instantly I was on the backfoot and my next words did nothing to mollify in the way I’d intended:

“I’m just saying that you might have been more satisfied with your life now if you’d experienced a bit more of what it had to offer when you were our daughter’s age.”

“You think I’m unsatisfied with our life together?” she asked, her manner telling me she was genuinely taken aback that I could suspect such a thing.

Lost for words, I just shrugged and in doing so allowed her knowledge of her own guilt to drive the conversation:

“What’s wrong with you? How could you say such a thing to me? Would you rather I’d just had a fling with you back then and left you to *‘sow my wild oats’*? Is that what you’re saying?”

“Let’s just leave it, Terry,” I sighed, not wanting to get into it and feeling control of my anger slipping.

It wasn’t to be.

“No. I won’t leave it. I get the impression you’re saying I might want to sow them now.”

“I said to *leave it*, Terry,” I repeated a little more forcefully.

With the same result.

“And I’ve told you I won’t. What are you saying? You think I want to try other men?”

My control was hanging by a thread and then, suddenly, it wasn’t.
“How fucking dare you!” she cursed, her own mixture of anger combined with guilt fuelling her words. “When have I *ever* given you a reason not to trust me?”

Think straws and camels.

“When,” I answered, expression incendiary as I placed my clenched fists on the table and leant in to her, unable to prevent myself, “you opened your legs and started fucking Jake Corbett!”

The silence that followed was, as they say, profound. My pale and shocked wife remained fixed in silence as I threw her a look of contempt and stalked to my study. This before slamming the door shut behind me and seating myself behind my desk to curse myself for having let her goad me into giving my knowledge of her affair away.

*****

When my study door opened some three-quarters-of-an-hour later, it was a Terry who had obviously shed some tears who stood framed within it.

A Terry who was still in denial as to the full extent of my knowledge, it turned out, tears or not.

“I can’t believe you would accuse me of cheating on you,” she spun it. “After all these years you think I could do that to you?”

For some reason I was calm suddenly and, more importantly, thinking with my head rather than allowing myself to be led by the anger raging at my breast.

“Yes. It would be a despicable thing to do to the father of your daughters and a man you profess to love, wouldn’t it?”

“Harry,” she began, still trying to spin the situation back into her court and contrive an unplayable return, “what’s got into you? Are you upset because of Deanna? Is that it?”

“I just asked you a question,” I reminded her.

She looked puzzled.

“I asked if you thought fucking another man would be a despicable thing to do to the father of your daughters and a man you profess to love. Any thoughts on the subject?”

“Of course I have thoughts on the subject,” she went on the attack. “Don’t you know me at all?”

“So you agree it would be an utterly repulsive, sleazy and disloyal, thing to do? Right?”
“Why are you even asking? You know my views on people who cheat. Why do you think I’m so angry about that shit Andrew and what he did to our daughter?”

I needed to hear her say it:

“So, you agree that a wife opening her legs for a man other than the husband she’s adamant she loves is just about the worst, most treacherous, piece of disloyalty there is when it comes to marriage?”

There was just the briefest flicker of unease behind those eyes I had once trusted and remained unable not to love still, but she steeled herself and, with a sigh indicating both impatience and forbearance, took the line I hoped she would take.

“Do I really have to answer that, Harry?”

I leaned back in my swivel chair and sighed myself.

“No. of course not.”

I caught the relief in her expression as she thought I was over my… *snit*.

Short-lived relief.

“How could you?” I went on. “Besides, I know the answer anyway.”
“I should hope you do.”

“Well, it took a while and I wasn’t really sure, but I am now.”

“I can’t believe you ever had any doubts about…”

“I first got suspicious when my wife, who normally has trouble finding her way to the end of the street where she lives without GPS, suddenly started giving me directions to a town we had yet to visit together and was, at least by her standards, somewhat difficult to find.”

I watched her expression change as she recalled our visit to Caterham and could almost hear her thoughts berating her stupidity for making the error that had triggered my initial suspicions.

“Then, when I saw how cosy you and the scrote seemed with each other at the school barbecue, my doubts strengthened. Remember? When Ronnie told me what a sleaze she thought he was when I pointed you out with him?”

She said nothing and I almost see her mind working out the best way to spin the situation.

“Then my hackles really did rise when you reacted the way you did during the ride back home and became angry when you thought I was accusing you of stepping out on me with such a loser.”

She was struggling to compose a response other than outraged and shocked silence now and I pressed on.

“Of course, I assured you I was simply pulling your chain and, once you calmed down, you told me how much you loved me and exactly what I meant to you. And very touching it was too. And would have been a sight more touching if Ronnie hadn’t innocently let it drop at the barbecue that your lover happened to live in an apartment complex at the back of a

supermarket."

Her face had lost its colour by now and she looked nothing like the budding domme who'd only recently locked a man's pride and joy up in a cage and kept the key on a key-ring in her purse and the numbers of its combination *"fail-safe"* combination lock in her head or somewhere equally close and secure.

A key she had told me was for her locker at school when I'd asked after passing the ring to her one morning.

"Of course, the fact your colleague-cum-loser-scrote's apartment is situated at the back of that very same supermarket in Caterham to which you were able to provide me with such precise directions was something of a giveaway."

I paused a moment to gauge her reaction and saw she was about ready to come back at me with exactly what I expected:

"And that's it, is it?" she asked, thinking she'd latched onto something likely to provide spin control. "On the basis of me knowing the way to a supermarket at the back of which, coincidentally, lives a colleague of mine – a supermarket I'd visited not long before with Chris's mum you might remember – on *that* basis you accuse me of cheating?"

She shook her head with sadness for my lack of faith in her.

"Thank you very much, harry."

"You're welcome, o faithful wife of mine," I mocked. "Funnily enough, when I mentioned it to Gayle she told me the only shopping trip she's been on with you these last few months was a visit to The Glades at Bromley."

"No! She's mistaken," cried a growingly anxious Terry as I sealed off her avenues of escape one by one. "You're mistaken."

Now it was my turn to give her a sad look for the insult she was aiming at my intelligence and to use the clincher of her infidelity I'd worked out in advance

with Ronnie that she might remain a confidante to my wife if the crap did somehow hit the fan before we could implement the scheme intended to bring Terry to her senses.

“And am I mistaken about popping into the school before the bell rang to see if you fancied a couple of drinks at The White Lion with your husband and being told by Ronnie you had a free period and I might find you in the staff-room?”

She flinched and I could tell she feared the worst.

“And was I also mistaken to see a colleague, the same fellow-teacher who lives at the back of a supermarket to which you conveniently know the way, kneeling at your feet in what he thought was a deserted staff-room slobbering over your ankles?”

The old saying about a person’s jaw dropping to their chest might have held true had my wife possessed Lettie’s twin endowments but, even without the aid of such wondrous breasts her jaw did reach her collarbone at least before she slumped into the chair on the opposite side of my desk.

Twelve

…“I’ve found out since, that the pig slept around on me with more than one girl.”

It was the voice of my youngest daughter on my wife’s cell-phone, the landline had rang in my study and I hadn’t picked up, thinking it was Terry calling and having no desire to talk to her. So Deanna had obviously tried to reach her on the mobile. Her mother was not home because, not twenty minutes before in this very study, I had allowed my not so loving wife to unintentionally goad me into revealing my knowledge of her affair. If not just how I’d discovered it exactly.

“Just get out of my sight while I try to calm down,” I’d told her ghostly white face after delivering the fact I knew of her lover slobbering at her feet in the school staff-room.

She had looked appalled, sickened and terrified all at the same time - about as far removed from the stereotype of the dominant woman as it was possible to get, in fact.

“Go for a drive to your lover’s or the nearest pub with some lad’s in it and up for some fun. But, for your own health, don’t stay here.”

“H-Harry,” she croaked, voice choked with emotion. “Please let’s talk. It… It’s not what you…”
“Don’t you dare fucking insult me by saying it’s not what I think!” I’d blazed, the spittle flying from my mouth and the uncharacteristic swear-word accompanying it leaving her in no doubt as to the frenzy of indignation her attempt to put the worst, and most disrespectful, of all overused cheater’s clichés over on me had inspired.

She seemed to shrink in upon herself as my anger, all the more powerful for not having had an outlet until now, filled the room.

“Am I wrong to think you’ve been getting together with him at his apartment? Am I wrong to think the pervert was on his knees kissing your feet? Or am I wrong to think that big cock you were on the verge of intimating to me he had on our ride home from Caterham has been pleasuring your faithless and now stretched cunt?”

The use of the word from me – knowing as she did how hateful I found it – only added to her sense of impending doom.

“Explains why your husband’s cock hasn’t felt quite as cosy and at home lately in the pussy its stayed faithful to all these years, doesn’t it?” I raged rhetorically; though I don’t think she’d have been able to frame an answer even if it had been a question requiring one.

She was sobbing soundlessly now, the noise of her misery sucked into her

lungs with each difficult intake of oxygen and morphing into some kind of pulmonary bawling that wasn't present in the exhaled carbon-dioxide.

"So please, do us both a favour and fuck off for a while," I said, maintaining my fury that she might not take a lessening of it as evidence of a weakened resolve on my part and an excuse to start with the excuses once more.

Which was when, thankfully, she turned on her heel and left my study before, some five minutes later, I heard the front-door close and the sound of her car pull away.

Which was when I took myself to the kitchen and poured myself a generous glass of the Pinot Grigio she had been drinking when I first entered and took it and the bottle back to my study to contemplate how I'd just ruined the plan Ronnie and I had so painstakingly worked out.

In fact, I was still kicking myself when my mobile told me Terry was receiving a call on hers.

My youngest hadn't wasted much time getting to the point of her call and certainly didn't pick up on Terry's own emotion as she pulled her car in to a parking spot to take the call; thinking, perhaps, that her mother's shaky voice was a result of the pain she herself was feeling for the betrayal of her daughter by her boyfriend:

"How could he do it to me, mum?" she asked the age old question mothers, maybe even my own mother-in-law, had heard from their daughter's down the ages.

To her credit, Terry tried to be supportive; even if the hypocrisy of ripping a young man to pieces for his faithlessness to our daughter could hardly be lost upon her after the way she had cheated on her own husband.

A fact that probably explained her continued reliance upon the usual and tired chestnuts as I listened in.
"I know it's not easy, pumpkin, but you have to put him out of your mind and move forward.

“What goes around comes around!”

“He’s just not worth it.”

Given she was normally an articulate woman, I managed a wry smirk to myself at just how strung-out she must be to speak in such a way.

Not that our daughter, wrapped in her own teen angst and passing misery noticed:

“Why do they do it, mum?” she asked the million-dollar question. *“He told me he loved me. Five months we’ve been together. We were talking about getting engaged. And then he goes and sleeps with someone else.”*
I suppose five-months does seem a lifetime when you’re still in your teens but I was finding it hard to juxtapose her loss of commitment alongside my own twenty-years before the mast, so to speak.

And, if I’m truthful, and as upset that she was hurting as I was, I can’t say I wasn’t more than a little pleased that Andrew was out of her life.

“How can anyone do such a shitty and hateful thing to someone they say they love?” Deanna asked.

Then, after a few seconds without a response:

“Mum? Are you still there?”

The Dalek voice that answered was thick with an emotion that had little to do with her own daughter’s pain and nothing whatsoever in common with the excuse she used to end the call:

“Pumpkin, I’m so sorry he’s done this to you, but we’ll have to speak later. My battery’s low and it could go any seco…”

The line went dead and I was in no doubt that Terry had ended the call herself rather than hear her own treachery reflected back at her via a similar betrayal perpetrated on her own daughter.

It was only then, as I turned my attention back to glass of Pinot, that I

realised the plan I had worked out with Ronnie to see if my marriage could be salvaged needed to be rethought.

And I can't say I was looking forward to telling Ronnie I'd scuppered the original it had taken us so long to come up with between us.

Thirteen

"I have a suggestion," I told her on the Wednesday following our confrontation.

Her head came up from the kitchen table where she had been marking school-work in a somewhat listless fashion. In the days following my telling her I knew of her affair she had made a few attempts to try and explain her position and I had shut her down every time. Until Sunday night. Which was when she tried to sell me on the turkey of there having been no penetrative sex between them and had gone on to admit that she was simply realising a fantasy she had long held.

Of course, after swallowing this latest untruth and managing to get her to tell

me – with great difficulty, I might add - the nature of this *"long-held"* fantasy, I then asked her why she couldn't have mentioned it to me, she had said that it just wouldn't have seemed real enough to role-play it with her husband and that she wanted to convince herself as much as possible that her control was real.

Bear in mind here that she was suffering the humiliated agonies of the damned as she confessed her fantasy to me, cheeks a vivid scarlet and eyes averted as she came to terms with the knowledge – and tried to get me to do the same – that the only chance she had to save her marriage was a confession that was at least part complete.

A confession, as already mentioned, that made no reference to her having ridden the scrote's cock or locked it in a cage; let alone the oral sex and toilet duties, etc. - though I could understand her desire for damage limitation in that regard, given the stakes on the table.

I hadn't let her off the hook entirely on the above activities but had managed to convince her I was at least part convinced that it was possible the ankle slobbering, and other similar gestures of his respect and submission to her, were as far as their intimacies and her infidelity had gone.

Yeah, right, and hot water *never* boils over, does it?

Accurate to say that she had spent the time between Sunday and Wednesday waiting for me to drop the boom on her.

I don't know how she had expected me to react to her confession but I'm sure my cold silence of the next few days was not high on her list of likely results. The truth being that I was merely buying myself time before an only mildly pissed-off Ronnie and I could come up with another way to spin the attempt to salvage our married life together.

A way we had agreed upon only this lunchtime during a call made to me from Ronnie's car during the school lunch-break.

"I've been reading up on these *'female-led-marriages'* that seem to excite you so much," I told my wife as she waited for me to fill her in on the fine

details of my *"suggestion"*, convinced it seemed that it would involve either a separation or a divorce.

"Harry, please," she pleaded instantly, the breaking of my silence opening the floodgates on er own. "It was stupid of me. I just allowed a silly little fantasy I've had since I was a child to get out of hand. There is – *was* – nothing between me and Jake except him having the same desires from a different perspective and agreeing to… you know? Knowing how much I've hurt you is killing me."

Oh, I did indeed know what he had agreed to and I also knew that while she may feel guilt for my *"hurt"* she was far more pained by having been caught.

"You don't love him, then?" I asked, knowing the answer already but enjoying being able to discomfit her.

"No, Harry!" she let out a cry that could only be genuine. "There's only one man I've ever loved and ever will love. And he's standing right in front of me now."

"Really?" I asked, voice even and totally in control of my emotions for the moment. "So tell me, when did you realise our love was so strong and all-encompassing it allowed you to see another man without doing that love any harm? And, when you did realise this and take advantage of it to become some kind of a middle-England Wanda von Dunajew, why didn't you see fit to include me in the loop?"

"Please, Harry. It was stupid. I've admitted that," she said. Her ready acceptance of my using the name of the heroine from Masoch's *"Venus Im Peltz"* highlighting both her interest and the depth of her reading on the subject of *"erotic female supremacy"*, as I'd heard it described. "But you must believe me when I tell you there were and are no feelings for him on my part and he knows that. I just thought I could get to experience this… *dream*… and then forget about it."

"We all have dreams and fantasies, Terry, they're the consolation provided to all people with even the most slight of imaginations. Harmless as well as

enjoyable – if, that is, we have the sense to content ourselves with them."

I was unable to prevent the anger coursing through my veins from raising my decibel level:

"What those fantasies are *not* is either an excuse or a blueprint for cheating on your husband of twenty years!"
"Never, Harry!" she cried, using some volume capacity of her own. Never say I've cheated on you because I never have and never will?"

I simply shook my head at her denial.

"The stupidity I allowed myself to share with Jake was neither intimate nor meaningful in any way and took nothing from you. He doesn't compare to you on any level and never will."

"Oh, Terry," I sighed, leading her ever nearer to the making of my suggestion. "You have no idea how much I'd like to believe that rather than simply toss our twenty years out of the window."

What colour remained to her fled the cheeks raised to me at the prospect of my proposed marital defenestration and I knew that no actress, no matter how great her gift, could have pulled off such a deception. Despite the lies she had felt free to make by omission because she had no idea of just how much I knew of her affair, I knew she was speaking truthfully. At least in general terms.

"It's over, Harry. I let my curiosity get the better of me. But at no time did I disrespect our marriage and I certainly did not cheat on you."

"Well, Terry, I realise we all define certain things in our own way but I have a bit of a problem hearing you say it wasn't cheating."

She was about to come back but I held up a hand to stop her – feeling a power over her I would soon be giving away.

"You see – and you may describe it to yourself any way you wish – your *affair* with Jake didn't just spring into existence with the morning dew. These

things take time. How did he know of your fantasies? How did you become aware of his? How many cosy coffees, lunches, or even dinners, did you take with him as you explored each other's hidden sexual desires and shared intimacies you should only have been sharing with one other person? And just how innocent could those intimacies be when you felt you couldn't tell your husband of twenty years about them?"

"Harry, I'm so…"

"Shouldn't he have been the one entrusted to hear your most intimate thoughts and needs?" I talked over her.

Terry fell silent and sat beaten as I hammered on, no doubt telling herself I was leading up to that aforementioned request for a separation or a divorce and waiting for the guillotine to finally drop.

"Let's say I believe you didn't fuck him," I told her. "Which is a bit of a leap for me, I have to say, given your somewhat… *relaxed*… pussy these recent weeks."

Cue more skin whitening.

"But let's say for argument's sake that I do. How then did you satisfy the arousal this fulfilment of your childhood fantasies must surely have inspired in you, if it wasn't via the use of your colleague's willing cock?"

"I… I don't know what you mean," she responded, growing paler by the second.

"Then all I can say is that your affair and the cock that went with it must have lowered your IQ. Allow me to put it in simple terms even you can understand? After he'd kissed your feet or…" I caught myself just in time to back away from giving her a more detailed breakdown of their activities and giving the sum total of my knowledge away, "…or whatever he did for you to satisfy your fantasy of control and his own obvious enjoyment of it, how did you satisfy the excitement you must surely have felt at the realisation of this… *dream*?"

There was a hunted look to her now but I pressed on, wanting the suggestion I knew I would be making later to come from a position of strength:

“I mean, if you didn’t fuck him what did you do? Did you order him to eat your pussy? Or did he help get you off with his fingers? You tell me. Perhaps you made him watch as you diddled yourself. Which one was it?”

“Harry, it’s not like you to be so… crude.”

“My apologies, my love. But you have to understand I haven’t much experience of the etiquette required when addressing a cheating wife.”

“I’ve told you,” she blazed, attempting to place her platoon on the offensive against my waiting battalions, “I did not cheat on you. I was… I was just curious as to how it would feel to be in control for once.”

“Tell me then, my *not* cheating wife; did you ever see fit to share these feelings of curiosity you had? You know, either before or after experiencing them via the generosity of a man *not* your husband? Because if you did share them with me it seems to have escaped my memory?”

Her shoulders slumped, “No,” came a whisper. “You know I didn’t share them with you.”

“No,” I repeated. “What you did instead was confide and share a deep seated and long held sexual desire with a man who wasn’t me - along with all the subterfuge necessary if I was to be kept in the dark about it. But, it wasn’t cheating. Have I got that about right?”

“I… I couldn’t tell you. I didn’t want to risk hurting or losing you.”

“Well,” I said with arms spread wide. “Didn’t that decision work out well for the two of us?”

I snorted.

“So well, in fact we’re looking down both barrels of a divorce.”

“No!” she screamed. “Don’t say that, Harry! We are *not* divorcing! This

meant nothing. *He* meant nothing!"

I gave her my saddest, most disappointed look, and shook my head, "Sorry, Terry, but it meant – means – everything to me. It told me – and goes on telling me – that the woman I loved for twenty years was not the person I thought she was and that the love for me on her part in which I'd placed so much belief and trust was not a match for my own."

"Never!" she cried, literally, tears streaming down her cheeks now as she sensed I was about to lower the boom of separation and divorce upon her. "Call me a cheat if you must. I can see that with my stupid curiosity I brought the insult upon myself. But *never*, *ever*, say my love for you isn't as strong now as it's always been."

"You still believe that?"

"With every fibre of my being," she said, holding my eyes with a desperation almost fierce in its intensity.

"And do you think our daughters – and especially one of them who's just had her own heart cut into pieces – will believe that too."

The mention of Deanna and Maria took her anxiety to an even higher and more terrifying stratosphere.

"Especially after you verbally eviscerated the *'pig'* Andrew for getting involved with other girls – even if he hadn't been married to our daughter for over twenty years. Wasn't married to her at all, in fact! Think about it and tell me how any of us can trust you again."

Suddenly fatigued, and knowing she would be all the more receptive to my *"suggestion"* if I gave her time to stew first, I waved a hand and turned towards the stairs without waiting for her reply.

"I can't do this now," I told her, semi-truthfully. "I'm going for a lay down. We can talk later."

"But, Harry, I…"

“I said later!”

*****

“He found out, Lettie!”

“Oh, shit!”

It was some twenty minutes on from our discussion in the kitchen when the sensor operated lights in our garden illuminated the bedroom window in which I lay face-up upon the mattress, sleepless and thinking. Sure enough, when I peaked through the slats of our window blinds, I could see Terry making her way to the far end of the garden and the bench waiting there. The ping of her cloned cell-phone a few moments later told me why she would want the privacy.

Privacy, she was not to know the efforts of Chris had denied her in this instance.

That it was Lettie on the end of the line did not surprise me, knowing that Terry would have called her when it all blew up had it not been for the fact she and Gavin were taking a mini-break in Brittany and Lettie’s mobile did not have international coverage.

“He’s going to divorce me, I know it.”

“Has he said that?” Lettie asked, responding to what pleased me to hear was genuine terror in Terry’s voice.

“Not in as many words, but I know hurt he is. What was I thinking? I can’t lose him, Lettie! I just can’t!”

“How did he find out?”

A tearful and growing more frantic, Terry, told her of the supermarket run, the barbecue, and the ankle slobbering episode.

“The last one’s a bit damning,” Lettie observed. *“The other two you could explain away, but letting him at your feet in the staff-room of all places,*

empty or not, was ill-advised by even a charitable description."

Terry explained she was not culpable in that instance, at least, and went on to evidence equally as damning and *far* more hurtful to her husband:

"He also said… Said I wasn't so tight downstairs."

"Oh, dear!" Lettie breathed. *"So the 'No penetration' defence was a non-starter as well then?"*

"I tried, but I know he doesn't believe me. I told him the truth, that Jake is absolutely nothing to me other than a means of experiencing a fantasy…"

"And a big cock," Lettie reminded her, echoing my thoughts in the process.

"What am I going to do, Lettie? I love him so much. There's nobody else who could ever take his place. And what about my daughters? Deanna's just caught her pig of a boyfriend cheating on her and I verbally destroyed him to her. Said that people who cheat on their partners are lower than filth! How do I turn around and explain to her that I've done exactly what her boyfriend did and performed exactly the same treachery on her father?"

"Hmmm, don't think 'Do as I say, not what I do', is going to be much help to you on this occasion somehow," Lettie agreed. *"If I'm honest, girlfriend, and knowing Harry as we do, I can't see how you're going to swing this one."*

"Tell me about it."

"So, what are you going to do about Mr Big-Dick?"

Terry sighed into the phone, unappreciative of her friend's descriptive powers, *"Already done. I told him Harry knows about us and that he's history."*

"How'd he take that?"

"Crapped his pants to begin with," Terry responded with some less than poetic powers of her own. *"Calmed down a bit though when I told him Terry wasn't the vengeful type – or at least hasn't been until now. We're meeting*

up one last time for me to let him out of his cage and that's it."

"And, after you let him out, will you have one last…?"

"No!" Terry leapt in forcibly… *angrily*. *"I was stupid once but I'm not going to make the same mistake twice."*

"That boat's already on the high sea," Lettie reminded her. *"And from what you told me you were stupid a lot more than just twice."*

Though I knew as much it didn't hurt any less to hear my *good friend* Lettie re-confirm the knowledge.

Terry's next words on the same subject not filling me with joy either, even if they did leave me a little more upbeat on the importance to her of our continuing union:

"Yes, well, I won't lie to you and say riding a big-dick – a dick one has complete control of – isn't exciting. I'd never come close to taking one that size before marrying Harry and always wondered what it would be like. "The feeling of being… filled… is quite something."

"Well, isn't that good to know," my thoughts ran sarcastically as my anger rose from a seldom far away surface and made me wonder if our marriage was worth saving – even if I could.

Her next words helped.

A little.

"That said, it didn't come close to what I have with Harry and, if it hadn't been for the thrill of being in charge for the first time – and yes, I know it was with Jake's consent – I would never even have considered stepping out on my man… big cock or not."

As I say, her words did help a little.

The wail that came from her was almost enough to make the cloning of her cell-phone academic, so high-pitched and anguished was it.

"What have I done, Lettie? What on earth was I thinking?"

It was too late, of course, the damage had been done and even the best outcome if our marriage was to survive would be a *limitation* of harmful after-effects, but it was at least something.

"We both know the answer to that, Terry," Lettie told her, voice that of the concerned friend she hadn't been to me, despite the fact Gavin had told often said how much she cared for me. *"But you did what you did and it's over. The tricky part now is getting Harry to believe it's done and dusted too."*

"I disagree, Lettie. The problem I have is keeping him. If you'd seen his face you'd know how much I've hurt him. The trust is gone."

Her wail the second time around was no less piercing:

"*I've lost him Lettie."*

The conversation continued in this vein for another twenty minutes with Lettie trying in vain to apply some kind of damage limitation that would at least supply a way forward, but by the time Terry rang off and returned to the house she was obviously feeling no better.

Worse, in fact.

Ready, I thought, for just about any suggestion I made that would offer her a way out of the mess she had created.

Even if it was a suggestion I'm sure that would have been the furthest thing from her mind.

Fourteen

"Harry, this isn't working for me," she told me that fateful Saturday morning.

I looked up at her from my position on the kitchen floor where I was busy polishing her shoe collection. It was two weeks on from her amazed and, eventually, grateful acceptance of my offer to try the *"female-led marriage"* she so desired, and I thought all was working well. She had bought into my reasons for making the suggestion and was happy I was willing to let her get her *"fantasy"* out of her system, though I hadn't told her my real reason was simply to wean her off the scrote Jake and to allow her natural intelligence to work out how damaging what she wanted could actually be to our marriage if it meant her losing respect for me.

That it hadn't worked out quite that way, given my sexual reaction to her dominant desires when hearing of them, should not have surprised me.

I was beginning to enjoy deferring to her.

It was with a sense of disappointment that I looked up from the shoe in my hand as I knelt by the rest of her collection I'd placed upon newspaper on the kitchen floor.

Had what Ronnie and I intended happened so swiftly and was Terry realising our marriage was far more important than her getting her dominant rocks off?

And, if that was the case, why did I feel that aforementioned disappointment at the prospect of my service to her coming to an end?

"What's not working, Terry?" I asked. She had just returned home from school and looked every inch the no-nonsense school-ma'am in a severely cut two-piece jacket and skirt in bottle green, legs clad in tan opaque's and feet clad in spiked court-shoes that matched her outfit. "I'm just giving you your fantasy."

The look she threw me was one of displeasure and I wondered if she harboured some resentment for me for my having given her what she said she desired and having it prove so ultimately unsatisfying.

With this, as with so many things, I was wrong.

"Isn't this what turns you on?" I asked as she seated herself at the table and

looked down upon me as I squatted on my haunches by her, somewhat fragrant, feet.

Her eyes were unreadable as she thought about it and I realised that no scintilla of the fear she had experienced when she felt I was about to leave her remained. After all, any man who could adopt the position in his wife's life I'd adopted after discovering her *"affair"* was hardly someone to feel insecure about. Was he?

"Frankly, no," she answered. "You simply going through the motions and doing what I want until I come to my senses and ask for us to go back to normal is *not* what I want."

I felt uneasy.

Had she read myself and Ronnie so easily?

"See you and raise," she might have said to use the poker vernacular.

"I've been thinking a lot since our chat of a few weeks ago," she told me, referring back to my *"suggestion"* and the way she'd agreed to it with such relief and amazement. "And I really think our marriage is in trouble."

I was beset by a feeling of relief that she had seen for herself how damaging my adopting the position she wanted could prove and by an equal measure of disappointment that the submissive pleasure I was taking from the role – even if I hadn't confided it to her – was coming to an end.

I was wrong on both counts.
"If we are going to do this," she said, "and remember, it was your idea, then it needs to be done properly."

Her manner was firm and confident and I felt a debilitating warmth flush my system as I looked up at her shapely legs from my floor-bound position. The terror and indecision that had made her near hysterical after my discovery was absent in its entirety. Instead, she seemed almost… *dictatorial*.

And, without my giving it conscious thought, my body was responding.

Succumbing, in fact.

“To be honest,” she went on, eyes unblinking and totally inflexible, “I’ve come to the decision that either it is done correctly or…”

I stopped breathing.

“…Or, we divorce.”

“No!” I heard myself scream, the cry drawn from me without any thought on my part. “I don’t want that!”

The look she beamed down upon me was frightening. No longer did I recognise her as the woman I’d married. In fact, the incarnation holding court above me was nothing like the woman of only two weeks before. That woman looked positively petrified by the prospect she was about to lose her husband and would have agreed to just about anything to keep him. This one looked totally inflexible and meant exactly what she said; whether her husband came on board with her or not..

“It’s no longer about what you want, Harry. I refuse to live a half-life with you any longer.”

“Half life?”

“I want the life Gillian Ormendroyd described in her book.”

She gave this a moment’s thought before conceding:

“Maybe not exactly the way she described it, but near enough.”

The eyes holding mine were truly terrifying as she added:

“I know you’re read the book, Harry, so don’t pretend not to know what I’m talking about.”

I didn’t.

Couldn't.

"Do you think you can give me that, Harry?" she persisted, eyes cold and indomitable.
To my amazement, role-playing was one thing after all, I heard a voice that sounded suspiciously like my own answer:

"I… I'm not sure."

"Yes you are," she told me with utter certitude. "You've never been a hypocrite so don't start now. In its own different way that book moved you as much as it moved me. You want my control over you to be real as much as your younger wife. It feels… *right*… to you. You like me being in control – even if you have been playing at it. I've seen how hard your cock gets when I tell you to do something."

She stretched out a foot and prodded the front of my 501's.

Her smile was almost evil.

"You're hard now."

I felt my cheeks flush crimson.

"Here you are, kneeling at your wife's feet as you polish her shoes – a task I did not set you, by the way, though I like your keenness and willingness to please – and how are you responding?"

"I… I…"
"No! Don't speak. I don't want to hear a word from you until I give you permission."

I lowered my head, amazed at my reaction. Somehow, and in a matter of moments, she had turned role-play into real-life. I looked at the foot that had just prodded at my groin and was beset by a desire to take it in my hands and smother it with kisses.

"Get a grip of yourself, man! This is the wife of your children at whose feet

you're kow-towing!" my thoughts screamed, assuring me there would soon be no way for me to regain my position as a man in her eyes in any real sense if I continued down this line.

But now, having taken her past her own fear of my divorcing her she was now threatening *me* with just that.

"Having you play at being my… *lesser half*… these past weeks," she went on, "has been pleasant despite not being believable. But it has proved one thing to me."

I felt an equal measure of sickness and exhilaration as her words washed over me.

"Look at me when I speak to you," she barked, manner totally alien to the woman I'd married and with whom I'd had children, the growingly confident Valkyrie above me becoming more dictatorial and… *real…* by the second.
As if on an auto-pilot triggered by her tone of command, I raised my eyes to hers and realised for the first time that I was *truly* afraid of the woman I loved.

She sensed it too.

"You know, Harry, it might have been better for you if you had just divorced me after catching me with Jake. But by playing this little game of yours you made me realise that I can never be fulfilled in a relationship with a man again unless I have complete control of that relationship."

"But…"

The slap that rocked my head to one side seemed to surprise her as much as it did me but, rather than leap to my feet in outrage and call her bluff to divorce – if such it was – I felt tears flood my eyes; though not enough to totally blur the recognition in her own that she had struck me and I had accepted the rebuke in a most unmanly way.

There was no apology and no hint of regret upon features that were at once animated and deadly serious.

“I told you not to speak until I gave you permission,” she said and I could see she was totally revelling in the level of control my weakness was allowing her to exercise and becoming more confident by the second in her *real* ability to *master* me.
“Understand?”

I could barely keep my eyes upon hers, so scary did she seem.

“This-is-not-a-game-any-longer!”

I flinched in the face of her intent as she added:

“At least not to me.”

I felt both a numbness and a debilitating arousal, if you can imagine such a juxtaposition. My wife of over twenty years had just struck me. And not only had I accepted it but was nodding my understanding about not speaking without her permission.

“Until you decided to play this game of yours I would never have believed for a second that I could have the marriage I fantasised about with you. But the natural way you’ve taken to obeying me and deferring to my wishes these past two weeks has made me think again. Whether you tell yourself it’s a game you’re playing or not, I sense your body and the reaction of your treacherous little cock are supplying the lie to your delusions.”

At her description of the cock she had allowed to fuck her for over twenty years with no complaints as *“little”,* the equipment in question throbbed with an even greater intensity in the confinement of the Levi’s.
“I realise a part of you will always resent my control,” she said almost thoughtfully, “but that only makes it more pleasing to me.”

My thoughts were growing ever fevered and I truly felt as if I were being overmastered by her.

I was beyond rational thought, let alone speech, and even the jeering look she was bestowing upon me seemed… *exciting*.

“But,” she went on, “one way or another, we are going to resolve the situation between us. I want you to agree to at least think seriously about what I’m proposing before I leave this kitchen.”

Leaning down, she took my chin between my fingers and brought her suddenly compelling eyes close to mine:

“I won’t expect an answer immediately but, if you don’t supply me with what I want to hear soon, one of us will be leaving this house.”

I sucked in air as she finished:

“For good.”

*****

“I did warn you of this,” Ronnie told me.
It was the Sunday following my confrontation with Terry and Ronnie had just finished a run and a fifteen-minute workout in her garden when I’d arrived and we were now drinking coffee in the front-room of the Chelsham cottage she had shared with her own submissive husband. If the way her tight workout clothing clung to her shapely if matronly and sweaty curves embarrassed her I could not detect it. Though, in truth, and for once, her latex clad legs and the conical breasts barely constrained by a tight tee-shirt were not making much impact upon my natural urges as I brought her up-to-date with the latest developments in what I was beginning to regard as my misguided attempt to salvage my marriage.

She had kicked off her trainers and my eyes seemed unable to stop flicking from her own eyes to her bare and shapely feet with their high insteps as I imagined them in a pair of dagger-heels with pointed toes – though it would not be until a little while later in our conversation that I realised she had noted my interest..

“I said there were dangers for both of you and I can’t say I’m surprised by what Terry wants from you.”

“What on earth can I do, Ron? I don’t want to lose her, but…”

“Are you not enjoying being her… *lesser*… half, then?” she asked me, eyes holding mine with a complete frankness that told me she would expect nothing less from me in return.

I couldn’t meet her stare and looked down.

“I thought as much,” she said, voice not inviting contradiction but, given her own marital experience, not judgmental either.

With no advance warning I was about to do it, and absolutely mortified when I did, I began to cry.

For the first time since I was skinning knees in playgrounds I began to sob.

And not in a sniffing, if no less weak, way, but full-on and debilitating sobbing for the wreckage of what had once been a happy marriage.

I was about to try and choke out an apology for my spineless behaviour when Ronnie was suddenly at my side, one arm going around my shoulders while the other lowered my head into the breasts I had so often fantasised about and been content to keep the desire as an unfulfillable wish.

Far from consoling me, and as per similar childhood experiences, the contact made me cry harder.

“That’s alright, sweetheart,” she told me in a soothing voice I would not have believed a woman so forthright and full of purpose could possess. “Just let it out. It’s nothing I haven’t seen before and nothing anyone else will hear about from my lips.”

“I’m so sorry, Ronnie,” I managed to choke out. “I don’t know what the fuck’s happening to me.”

“I know, I know,” she cooed, actually stroking my hair as if I were a pet she were calming and inspiring an erection in me that was almost as much of a surprise as my sudden hysterics. “It’s all a shock to your system. How could

it be anything else? Equal partners with Terry for so many years – though I think you must agree that when it came to decision making you were a little more equal than her – and now you discover she wishes to turn your whole relationship upon its head and run the show completely."

I nodded against her wonderful, and slightly clammy, post-workout breasts and prayed she wouldn't discern the unbidden excitement raging at my groin for her close proximity.

"Of course you feel off-balance," she went on. "Your whole background as a man screams that you will be something less than that if you give in to what she wants. But…"

I waited, sobbing under control but not prepared to move from my current position – as much for the embarrassment of having to meet her eyes as having to remove my head from a pair of tits that were even more spectacular than Lettie's when experienced up-close-and-personal.

"But… I think you have already made your decision."

She kissed the top of my head as if I were one of her pupils she had just consoled and saw no further purpose in prolonging contact.

"What…? What makes you say that?" I asked, still unable to meet her gaze as she returned to her seat opposite me, listening instead to the swish of her latex clad legs as she crossed one over the other.

"Are you telling me I'm wrong?" she queried, voice even.

"I… I…"

"Dennis once told me that he could not find words adequate enough to describe the sensations he experienced whenever he bent his neck to me and felt my power."

I felt my cheeks redden.

"Would I be right in saying that you too experienced this when you first

began… *playing*… with Terry?"

My silence was all the answer she needed.

"And would you say, like my Dennis, that the only word to describe your feeling of giving sway over yourself away was… *'delicious"*?"

There it was again.

That word.

"Delicious".

Only now it was not simply in my thoughts as a description of my feelings whenever I *bent* my own neck to Terry, but on the lips of a woman who knew exactly of what she spoke.

"Did you know that T.E. Lawrence," she went on in school-ma'am mode, "described his own experiences when it came to the loss of personal power and being on the receiving end of flagellation with that self-same word?"

I shook my head, fearing for one moment that she was going to supply her dullard pupil with a potted biography of the Arabian legend and a brief synopsis of his tome, *'The Seven Pillars of Wisdom"*, from which, no doubt, the description came.

"He described the assumption of control by another and the submission it inspired as a feeling of *'Delicious weakness'*."

Now my head did come up. I had yet to read the book in question, and most likely never would and yet, despite spending my career in advertising, could not recall ever having heard or come across the sound-bite until hearing it in my own head as I analysed my feelings after discovering my wife had locked another man in a cock-cage.

"Strange, isn't it?" she smiled, no trace of mockery or contempt for my weakness visible. "The description of choice for masochists new and old. Almost as if it's coded into you at birth."

“I’d hardly describe myself as a masochist, Ron,” I rebuked her, the perceived insult restoring my combative side somewhat, even if my croaky and post-sobbing voice took the edge from its effect.

“Really? Then how else would you describe yourself?”

“I just want my marriage back. I thought – and you agreed – that giving her what she wants for a while might bring her to her senses.”
“That’s almost utter bullshit and you know it,” she said, still evenly toned but her eyes dancing with animation now. “The only thing qualifying it for an *‘almost’* is the fact you genuinely want to be married to her. The rest was just a way for you to sample a strange new desire without feeling a wimp for doing so.”

She had me dead in the water and I couldn’t be so dishonest as to even try and wriggle free of her logic.

“I bet you’ve never felt so alive sexually as these past few weeks when you’ve been doing your best to get her to *‘come to her senses’*.”

Bang to rights – *again*.

“Admit it, Harry. This is me you’re talking to. Ronnie. Remember? The woman whose husband had passions that were almost a replica of your own. Though at least he had the guts to be upfront about them with me.”

“For fuck’s sakes, Ron! “ I finally exploded, even if my overdue outburst did seem lacking in… *depth*. “I didn’t even know… *shit*… like this turned me on until I…”

I hesitated, aware I was about to give away the knowledge I had, courtesy of Chris, Terry cloned and bugged.

“Until you what?” she pressed.
“Until I found out what Terry was into herself,” I told her, not altogether untruthfully. “Even now I feel like the world’s biggest loser for having feelings of such a kind.”

My head went to my hands as if the feel of them either side of my forehead would result in a solution to my problems.

“Why not just go with it?” Ronnie asked after a long silence.

I looked at her, puzzled.

“She enjoys being in control and your cock enjoys her taking it,” she told me, totally unabashed in her use of the “C” word. “As long as it’s kept in-house, what’s to lose?”

Was she mad?

“Try my fucking self-respect for starters,” I all but yelled. “I can barely look at myself in the mirror now.”

Ronnie was not optimistic:

“Get used to it, because if you fold to her demands it’s going to get a lot worse.”

“Is that how it went with Dennis? Is this you speaking from experience?”

Her head was shaking before I finished.

“I told you: Dennis actively sought my domination and control of him. If anything, I was the one in your position. Having to come to terms with a bunch of unexpected and, I have to say, incredible sensations when I knew my husband was being serious about it and really wanted me to boss our marriage and control him.”

Her thoughts seemed to take her far away.

“I had no idea I would react so positively to actually ruling another human being’s life so fully. We went from a democracy to a tyranny with no more than the passing of a week and I’ve never felt so alive in all my life.”

“A *‘consensual’* tyranny,” I reminded her.

Her answer was instant:

“A tyranny remains a tyranny whether it’s benign or otherwise, Harry,” she enlightened me. “Read your Plato.”

“So why will it be worse for me?” I asked, the task of wading through the extant works of a long dead philosopher and teacher not making the least appeal to me.

“Think about it,” she urged. “Despite the fact I enjoyed the command aspects of being married to Dennis, he was still a willing submissive and I had no intention of locking him in a cock-cage – as exciting as I have to admit that sounds – or beating him black-an-blue. Though I do confess to having contemplated doing so on more than a few occasions. Our arrangement. Harry, was more metaphysical than physical. And by that I don’t mean we never had sex. We did and it was good, but I was the one who drove the where, the when and the how.”

My expression invited her to continue, the image of her having any kind of sex far more galvanising than a plod through the output of a dead Greek intellectual – no matter how revered.

“But Terry isn’t me, is she? And you are certainly not Dennis,” she went on. “Terry doesn’t want a willing partner. You said it yourself and she confessed as much to me. No problem if the unwilling partner gets excited by the treatment she dishes out and takes an *‘unexpected’* pleasure from it. That only gives her more leverage over him. But what she doesn’t want is someone who actively embraces her control… At least not in the beginning”

She could see I wasn’t following her still.

“Think Frankenstein, Harry.”

I did and came up with nothing immediately useful or, even, relevant.

“Your wife has no use for Ygor, as useful as she finds him. What she wants is the Monster. Something that will be her creation and *not* end in tragedy. She has now found the raw material on her front step and who better than the

husband she loves to supply her the gratification she desires?"

I understood what she was saying but had still to connect the dots linking her thought processes.

Fortunately, my friend was in a giving vein.

"Believe me," she went on, "it won't matter to her if you come to take a warped pleasure from the demands she makes upon you – and, believe me, there will be many of them. Some too demeaning to describe if I gauge her correctly. But it won't matter because they will be pleasures she has forced upon you and trained you to desire."

She allowed me a few moments to digest this.

"More importantly from her point-of-view, the pleasures you will come to hanker after will be inextricably linked to the pleasures she receives. And that's what I mean about it being worse for you. Certainly, she is aware you are not entirely unwilling to satisfy her in such ways. But she is also aware you are nowhere near willing either and have only come this far because of your love for her and the marriage you cherish. She is gambling on your feelings for her and your fears for the death of your marriage to make you cave in to her demands."

I found myself more than a little irritated with her.

"So, Veronica," I began, using her full name the way I always did when miffed with her. "You didn't mean it when you told me there was a chance she'd see the danger she was running and might come to her senses?"

"If you remember, it was your idea and I only agreed that it *might* work. You might also recall that I told you there was a good chance of a quite different outcome – for you as well as her."

This was the simple truth and my irritation faded. So taken had I been with the idea of allowing two birds to be felled with one stone, I had decided to press ahead with an approach that allowed me to experience the *"Delicious weakness"* of ceding control to a woman while holding out the prospect of

saving my marriage at the same time.

That both women would see my motivation for what it was – Ronnie sooner than Terry – had not occurred to me.

“Now that it clearly hasn’t worked,” Ronnie continued, “the situation is both worse and, in my opinion irredeemable for you – if not for Terry.”

“Meaning?”

Ronnie sighed at my seeming inability to follow her train of thought:

“Meaning, your marriage as you once knew it is already a memory and may be over in its entirety if you refuse to agree to Terry’s terms.”

It was nothing I hadn’t worked out for myself, but hearing those self-same thoughts exit my friend’s lips sent a shiver of pure fear through me.

Despite the surprises she had sprung on me after twenty years, the prospect of there being no Terry in my life was not one I could countenance with any equanimity.

At least not yet.

“And,” Ronnie continued, “now she seems to think you are growing fond of having her as your *dominant* partner, her confidence is as high as the feeling she gets from her sense of power over you.”

The eyes she fixed upon me were unblinking:

“Trust me, Harry, what Terry has in mind for the two of you has very little in common with the relationship of female control based upon respect that I shared with Dennis. Concede to her on this and you will be quite the different man at the end of the process.

“Perhaps even sooner.”

She gave it some thought:

“Perhaps already.”

My pride was hurt to have her think so poorly of me:
“And you really think I’m so weak of personality I could let that happen? Is that how highly you regard me?”

“I didn’t think such was the case at one time,” she answered, as it struck me that for some reason she didn’t seem entirely unhappy with her reply. “And my regard for you, even now, has *never* been low.”

“But you do think such is the case now? You see me as weak.”

She shrugged and her eyes never left mine as she considered her reply while, for some reason, I found myself blushing like a village virgin in front of the local slut as I awaited her words.

Finally:

“Tell me, Harry; I’ve just been for a run and some exercise and it’s a warm day out.”

I took in the drenched tee-shirt adhering to her admirable upper body and could not refute her observation, even if I had no idea where she was going with it.

I soon would.

“Given that,” she went on, eyes still on mine as she rotated a bare foot in my direction, “how would you feel if I were to ask you to kneel in front of me and give me proof of your friendship towards me by placing a suitably reverent and deferential kiss upon my foot?”

I felt as if the power to and from my brain had been shut off and only the kicking-in of an unsuspected emergency-generator had stopped me from being unable to function at all – even if the flow of blood to my painfully confined cock seemed to ebb not one bit.

“You see,” she went on after a charged pause, a certain colour in her own

cheeks telling me the situation was not without pleasure for her also. “You see how much power your new pleasure has over you now?”

I was as incapable of words as I was incapable of removing my eyes from that shapely foot and its pink painted nails as it rotated from side-to-side.

“I remember seeing an old TV series set in a German POW camp,” I heard her say through the fog of my sudden desire to smother her perspiring foot with kisses and the revulsion I felt for myself at wanting to behave in such a craven fashion in front of a close friend. “A British officer had decided his best means of escape was to fake insanity so that the Germans would see no point in keeping him and would have him repatriated.”

She paused, and when I tore my eyes from her rotating foot I saw she was sipping at her coffee and regarding me thoughtfully.

Ronnie continued:

“The plan worked well. *Very* well. So well, in fact, that by the time the officer was repatriated he was genuinely out of his mind.”

I must have looked nonplussed because she went on:

“He had acted the part so perfectly and for so long that his subconscious had taken such behaviour as the norm and refused to allow him to simply switch between playacting and reality and made a choice between the two.”
I waited.

“Unfortunately for the British officer,” she finished, “his subconscious did not come down on the side of reality.”

“Must be some seriously disturbed stage-actors around then,” I offered, attempting to lend some levity to a situation in possession of none and, apparently, not about to take it on board.

“An actor,” she informed me, “is in rehearsal for a month or so and then spends a couple of hours or so on-stage in his role – double that if there’s a matinee performance - before returning to his own personality. He or she is

not playing the role 24/7."

"Look, Ron," I began, unable to refute her argument or the effect my new *"role"* was having upon me, but attempting to do so nonetheless. "I admit to finding the situation a little… *exciting*. But that's a long way from wanting to find myself in such a position permanently."

"You can if you'd like to you know?" was her instant as well as baffling reply.

"I… I'm not with you? I've just told you. I don't want to…"

"I meant," she said, coming in over me quite forcefully, "you can show my feet their due respect if you like."
The reminder of her offer brought the air travelling towards my lungs to a complete standstill.

"Ronnie, I…"

"I know you want to, Harry," she overrode me once again. "I see you looking at them and wondering how *'Delicious'* it would feel to drop to your knees and place your lips upon my toes. To feel that loss of personal power as you concede your pride to my superiority."

"R-Ronnie, I…"

"Isn't that what you want, Harry?"

"I…"

"Honestly?"

Disgusted, I realised I was near tears again as the pal I thought was supporting me pointed out what the disturbance at my groin made self-evident.

"I thought you were a friend, Ronnie," I told her in a voice that sound defeated and small even to me.

“Oh, Harry,” she sighed, again leaving her seat to take me in her arms and awake in me the same disturbing and exciting feelings of powerlessness. “Of course I’m your friend. I wouldn’t let you debase yourself to me in such a way when you are so… *vulnerable*. You must know that. You’re married and, despite everything, Terry is a friend of mine as well as a colleague. It just wouldn’t be right.”

“Then why?” I asked, struggling to keep my voice from breaking.

“For god’s sakes, Harry! Has your newly minted masochism lowered your IQ? All I was doing was trying to show you the power of your new fixation. Can you honestly tell me you weren’t actually thinking of placing your lips on my feet in the way I described?”

“No,” I admitted as tears again flooded my eyes and she pulled me in tighter to the considerable security and consolation of those wonderful breasts.

“Of course you can’t. How else would you explain that monster of an erection tenting your jeans?”

“Oh, fuck,” I sobbed. “What’s happening to me, Ron?”

I felt her shrug.

“Life, I suppose, sweetheart. It gave you twenty years you loved and now it wants to… *play*… with you a little.”

No reply handy, I contented myself with the close proximity to my friend’s tits and the usual feelings they inspired that even the depressing aspects of my current situation couldn’t prevent entirely.

Then, after having allowed me my fun for a few moments she took my chin between her fingers and raised my eyes to hers:

“So, how were things left with Terry, yesterday?”

Fifteen

Much had changed since my return from Ronnie's that fateful Sunday.

Not least the twin facts that I had conceded to Terry's demands rather than have her leave me or, more to the point, removed from the house, and that my wife and Ronnie were no longer friends and interacted only as colleagues.

As I knelt between Terry's legs and nuzzled my head into the apex of her thighs as per our nightly ritual after she had returned from work to shower and eat - this as she read the local newspaper would you believe! – I could still be amazed at how much my life had changed in mo more than six or seven weeks.

Even the prospect of placing my tongue where she pissed no longer filled me with the disgust I once felt for such an act and even the scent of her intimate places infused me with a perverse desire to please rather than the revulsion I would once have experienced.

But by far the worst aspect of the whole situation was the ever more peremptory way she acted towards me. She may well, as she had said on more than one occasion, be grateful to me for allowing her to experience a long-held fantasy without the necessity of having to go behind my back, but this on its own was not enough to prevent the loss of what respect she held for me. Respect I knew would not be slow to vanish in its entirety.

She had been, *mostly*, true to her word on the subject of keeping our female-led relationship in-house, as it were, even if a few of our friends – though not, thank the Lord, our daughters, had commented upon the way I seemed to defer to her wishes lately. So that was something, despite the fact I knew Lettie had been involved in the process and could tell she found it hard to meet my eye whenever the four of us got together. Gavin, of course, suspected nothing and was, refreshingly for me, as full-on and guy-like towards me as ever. I truly think the thought of my friend's reaction were he to discover just how much of a flunkey I now was to my wife mortified me as much as the position I now held itself.

Terry and I hadn't fucked for some time now and her answer to my concerns on the subject wasn't likely to either thrill or make me feel more manly:

"Quite frankly, Harry," she told me as I applied E-Cream to the back of her legs and her arse as she lay upon the bed, "intercourse with you has got a little old."

Yet another barb penetrated the Madron epidermis and I again asked myself how much more my self-esteem could take without vanishing into the ether in its entirety.

"Having your cock inside me just isn't important to me anymore when there are so many other ways you can show your… *devotion*… and please me so much more.

"In fact, I have a present for you I bought online and I think it will really spice up both our sex lives."

I knew from overheard conversations with Lettie that she was referring to a cock-cage and that she was only waiting until she considered me broken and pussy-whipped enough before suggesting I wear it.

Of course, I had assured myself that this was an indignity too far and there was no way I would ever find myself in such a contraption, but it should go without saying by this point that my newly minted submissiveness and still free cock had *other* ideas.

“The sooner you start thinking of my pleasure rather than your own the sooner your role will seem more natural to you,” she told me. “In fact, I want you to take a more pro-active part in more aspects of my daily life.”

“Now fucking what?” my thoughts screamed. I was already cutting back on my part-time and self-employed work for the Agency in order to take over the running of the house and prepare meals, etc. What more did she want?

“It would be nice if you took over the laundry from me from now on,” my thoughts were part answered. “That way you can familiarise yourself with my wardrobe for those times when I want you to assist me bathing and dressing.”

My treacherous cock jumped at the imagery those words had inspired and I could see from Terry’s expression that my reaction was not lost upon her.

“That will probably be only on special occasions or when we – or I – go out for the evening,” she went on. “But I like the idea of you becoming proficient in choosing my work outfits for me and having them ready for me to wear each morning.”

She was making me sound as if I were some kind of lady’s maid rather than her husband and the father of her children and yet my erection had not withered a tad.

“Doesn’t the idea appeal to you, sweetheart?” she asked as I pretended to concentrate on rubbing cream into her skin by way of not revealing my unmanly excitement. “We both know how much you love my legs. Wouldn’t you like to smooth my pantyhose over them after picking it out for me to wear for the day and then slipping my feet into the shoes you’ve chosen to match? Think of the sense of pride you’ll have from sending me out to face the day looking my sexy best and knowing how other men will look at me.”
My face must have taken on a look to match my thoughts at this as a fleeting look of worry overtook her own momentarily and caused her to backtrack.

A little, anyway.

“Not that I’d ever be unfaithful to you,” she lied. “Jake was just curiosity and had nothing to do with my feelings for you.”

My anger was reaching boiling point by now and yet still I managed to keep it internalised, helped no doubt by the competing imagery of me upon my knees as I slid sheer hose over her legs and felt the static crackle beneath my fingertips.

She must have sensed this because her next words were free of any doubt or worry:

"Yes. I think that's just what you'll do for me from now on. You have plenty of time now you've cut back even further on your workload with the Agency so it makes sense that you not only take on responsibility for the house and the chores that go with it, but make yourself more useful to me."

Her smile was that of a great lady adding extra responsibility to her housekeeper's duties and acting as if she were doling out a bounty of some kind – which, if my traitorous cock spoke truly, was not so far from the truth.

"And, of course," she went on, "now that your tongue has realised what its missed out on all these years and seems anxious to make up for lost time, you'll have plenty of time to perfect your… *technique*."

The look she threw back over her shoulder to me was nothing less than a mixture of insult and contempt and for the life of me I still couldn't fathom why being on the wrong end of such treatment from the woman I was supposed to love affected me sexually in such a potent yet debilitating way.

"And what about me?" I suddenly piped up, made bold by the cock currently raging at the sight of her still pert buttocks and the sexy legs attached to them, this as my hands stopped their kneading of the cream into her already smooth skin. "I've agreed to give you your dream but what do I get out of it? Do you love me so little my needs and feelings are of no account?"

"No, Harry," she sighed as if dealing with a petulant pre-schooler. "I don't think you're feelings and needs are of no account."

I felt a little pacified; at least until she spoke again.

“But I do feel they are of *less* account.”
“What?”

“You heard me, Harry, and I don’t like the disrespect I’m hearing in your voice.”

“Disrespe…?”

“This is not a game and if you think it is you may as well leave now. I gave you the option of either a divorce or a female-led marriage and you chose the latter. So, unless you intend to change your mind and go your way, I need to hear you address me with respect and courtesy.”

“But…”

“No, Harry! The moment you agreed to become my… *lesser*... half you relinquished your position in our marriage. *You* no longer make decisions. I do. You no longer get to decide when and what kind of sex we have. *All* decision making is mine now and you either abide by the decisions I make or we are finished as a couple.”

The threat had its usual effect upon me – even as I cursed my weakness – and my crestfallen look must have inspired some sympathy in her breast as she looked back at me over a should to which I had yet to apply cream.

“There will still be sex for you,” she told me, her softer tones doing nothing to diminish the obvious delight she took from being able to speak to me in such a way. “But it won’t involve your cock entering me except on those occasions when I consider your efforts to please me merit it. I have no intention of depriving you of your little orgasms but, from now on, you are going to have to be on your best behaviour around me to earn them.”

It struck me for the first time, given the tone of her voice, choice of words and sentence structure, that her becoming a teacher had been no accident and that her DNA had drawn her to a vocation with in-built control aspects.

“I still love you, Harry, and always will,” she went on, “but it’s no longer the love one has for an equal partner. The fact we have reached this point tells me

you were never the man I took you to be and that if I'd only acted upon my desires from the beginning our lives would have been so much more rich and fulfilling."

"Have you really been that unhappy with me?" I asked, voice as needy as it was disturbing – to me anyway – cut to the quick to hear so unflattering a description of me exit the lips of my daughter's mother.

"Oh, Harry, wake-up. If I'd been unhappy with you I should have left years ago. Of course I've not been unhappy with you. But then I haven't exactly been happy either. Or at least not as happy as I should and could have been. If nothing else, what you discovered I was doing with Jake surely must have told you that."

"And did you tell Mr Big-Cock he wouldn't be getting to feel the inside of your pussy either?" I snarled out.

Her eyes narrowed and I realised I'd made a mistake:

"I don't recall telling you he had a big penis."

I kicked myself. I might have gone along with Terry's desire to make her fantasy more real, and for all the self-serving and perverted reasons of my own Ronnie had pointed out to me, but there were limits to just how far I would go. Remaining in the covert loop via my wife's cloned mobile phone was not something I saw as advisable to give up if I was ever to have surprises and, therefore, leverage of my own to apply.

"Just guessing," I lied. "You just confirmed it for me."

She winced for a small fraction of a second but soon recovered herself:

"Big or not, it makes – *made* – no difference. I would never disrespect you in such a way by letting another man put his cock in me while we were still married," she lied to me as rage again boiled in my veins.

"If," she added, as I tried to keep my anger for her mendacity and treachery in-house, to use the buzz-phrase, "you decide to end that marriage, well…"

Her smile was a threat as well as a piece of mockery.

"…Then," she finished, "it will hardly be your business whose cock I decide to grace with an entrance to my pussy."

Not for the first time, and understandably so I'm sure those reading this will agree, I wondered just who this woman was and in which faraway land she had imprisoned my loving wife of twenty years.

Thoughts that would be no clearer two weeks later after listening in a conversation my wife the alien had with Lettie.

A conversation that gave the lie to her solemn promise never to allow another living soul any knowledge of our new arrangement…

*****

"…I can't believe it!"

"You better had, girlfriend. It's completely true and I'm living with it."

"Wow!"

"Wow is right, Lettie. I've never felt as alive as I do now. Even Jake and that monster cock of his didn't come close."

"Yeah, right. Like you don't miss it filling you up and giving your cervix a massage. Sorry, Terry, I can see how much more exciting it would be to have your own husband kissing your arse, but that one isn't going to last after the way you described Jake's cock to me before."

"All things considered, I suppose bigger is always better when it comes to a good fucking, but even then only if the man knows what he's doing or has enough sense to let a woman who does into the driver's seat. There are other things though and having a man who you know loves you jumping through humiliating hoops to stay in your life goes way beyond anything a big cock alone can provide. I promise you, Lettie, when I locked Jake's cock into that cage and put the key in my purse I'd never known such feelings. But doing

the same thing to Harry took me so far higher that what happened with Jake seemed like nothing so much as child's play."

"You…? You have Harry's cock…?"

"Locked away all nice and secure with the key on a silver neck-chain I chose for that very purpose."

"Oh, my!"

"You should have seen his face as I showed him what I intended for him to wear for me from now on."

"Terry, I…"

"Of course, I made sure he was smoothing the hose he'd chosen for me to wear that day over my legs and his cock was throbbing before I took it out of my bedside cabinet and… I did mention that he's not allowed to sleep in the bedroom unless he's curled up on the floor at the foot of the bed didn't I?"

"I… I thought you were joking."

"No joking, Lettie. Once I agreed to his provisos that I never see Jake or another man again and kept what went on between us completely secret then he agreed to mine – so don't let the cat out of the bag or even hint that you know when the four of us are together. *That* would *not* be good."

"Oh, my god! You're really serious, aren't you?"

"I'm amazed you could ever have thought I wasn't."

"Don't be ridiculous, Terry. Making your own husband a servant in his own home? Why wouldn't I have thought you were joking or simply looking to 'Play' a bit?"

"Hmmm, well, maybe I could have accepted it as *'Play'* at one time, but not anymore. There'll be no role-playing, no cop-outs or safe-words, and if I have my way *no* going back."

"And you're not worried about losing all the respect you once had for him?"

"No. In fact, watching him become even more servile towards me is an even bigger sexual rush than I imagined it would be. The moment I knew Harry was more desperate to keep our marriage going than I was everything changed. And especially when I realised the original arrangement he suggested was made so he could get his own masochistic rocks off and keep his options open at the same time. Now he has only two options where I'm concerned. Either he commits to the kind of female-led relationship I want. Or he leaves."

"Terry, I… I can't say this isn't… exciting. I wouldn't lie to you. I'm listening to you now about as wet as I can remember being. But…? But aren't you taking an awful risk with your marriage? You've told me enough times how much you love Harry, and this… What you're doing now sounds to me like a cul-de-sac. What if you continue going down it only to find it narrows so much there's no room for either of you to manoeuvre yourselves into a position that enables you to retrace your steps and return to something like normality?"

"Who says I'll ever want to?"

"And what Harry wants counts for nothing?"

"If you saw for yourself how obedient he is when we're alone now you wouldn't be asking, Lettie. With every day that passes he surrenders a bit more of himself to me. I told him he's cock would rarely, if ever, feel itself in my superior cunt again and rather than fight me on it or walk out he accepted it. If you had seen his face when I produced the cock-cage from that drawer and explained what it was to him you would have thought that his world had ended. But, had you looked down and saw how his cock raged at the prospect, you'd have known there was no way he would ever have a say in anything again when it came to our marriage and life together."

He simply let you lock it on him? Just like that?"

"No, Lettie. Of course not. Men – even Gavin if you could find the key to

start him down the road – are simple creatures whose logical capacities are easily circumvent by an appeal to their senses. And especially if that appeal is sexual."

"You promised to fuck him if he wore it for you?"

"Really, Lettie. Have you been listening to anything I said? I just told you how I explained to him that his cock would rarely or ever find itself in my pussy. I hardly think that giving him access to it a few minutes after the proscription would send the right message. Do you?"

"I suppose not."

"What I did do, however, was take him by the cock and lead him into the bathroom."

"Go on."

"I made him stand on a bathmat by the wash-stand and jerked him off before soaping up his cock and balls and shaving his pubes."

"Hmmm…!"

"He came about as explosively as I could ever remember him coming. Then, when he was completely hairless, I made him stay in place while I went and fetched the cage from the bedroom.

"Terry, I think I'm going to… How did it look, all bare and naked?"

"Vulnerable, Lettie. As if her were a little boy waiting for the nurse to give him his first cough-and-drop exam. Surprisingly though, being denuded actually made his cock look bigger. Nowhere near Jake's standard, you understand, but still pretty pleasing to look at."

"And that…? That's when you locked it on him?"

"No, Lettie. By this time he was pretty worked up again and, after scolding him for being a naughty boy, I feathered him to another crisis before cleaning him up again."

"Then…?"

"Yes. Then I locked his pride and joy away and it's only been out to play once since – and only then with my sweaty, post-classroom, feet around it."

"Terry!"

"Just as I had with Jake, I made him clean his goo off my feet with his tongue."

"You mean…? Harry actually cleaned his own…? His own stuff from…? From…?"

"From the very same sweaty hose I'd spent the day in, Lettie. Yes. And you know what made it even more special?"

"Go on."

"He *absolutely* hated it! At one point I thought he might vomit and I'm pretty sure he did just that when I sent him to run me a bath afterwards. Right at that moment I understood how personal power had gone to so many people's heads. It was utterly incredible, Lettie. This wasn't a willing Jake I had just forced to degrade himself in front of me, but my husband of twenty years. I even caught the whole thing on my cell-phone."

"Oh, my! But Terry, isn't that a bit… risky?"

"How so? Was worth it just to see the look on his face when I asked him what he thought his daughter's would think to see him getting a foot-job and then cleaning up his goo afterwards. It could be any woman's feet in the picture, after all and it doesn't hurt to have a bit of extra leverage at one's disposal."

"You…? You'd do that to him?"

"No! Of course not. What kind of a monster do you take me for? He might not be the man I thought he was but I still have feelings for him. And there's no way I'd try to interfere with our daughter's love towards him."

“Glad to hear it.”

“Just the same, *he* doesn’t need to know that, does he?”

“I suppose not… So… Hmmm… I don’t suppose there’s any chance of…? Of…? You know?”

“Having a look for yourself?”
“Well…”

“I suppose something might be arranged. Let’s see… We’re going shopping together Saturday while Gavin and Harry have a drink. I’m sure we can find a nice quiet spot of our own to do some… *viewing*.

“Just make sure to wear undergarments that are very… *absorbent*.”

*****

It was yet another betrayal and only the fact I had known beforehand that Lettie knew something of the situation between us allowed me to manage my humiliation of having a close friend privy to the disgrace I was permitting my own wife to heap upon me.

My mortification was not so complete, however, that I couldn’t realise the truths in much of what Terry had told our friend.

My orgasms when she deigned to free me from my restrainer were certainly more explosive than I could recall – even when they had taken place in the glorious pussy now denied me.

And seemingly all the more so for being delivered to me in the most humiliating and degrading of ways.

Even the prospect of a having an undeniably aroused and anticipatory Lettie witness my shame via an iPhone could not prevent my penis from becoming erect.

Though the cock-cage could.

As I told myself I could live with Terry breaking the terms of our agreement on this occasion and confiding it to a friend, I was not to know that another such phone call in a few weeks' time would bring our new domestic tyranny to crisis point.

Sixteen

"I knew it would happen."

Lettie's voice was the first I heard after the beep alerted me to the fact Terry had an incoming call. My hands had been wrist deep in soapy water as I hand-washed Terry's dirty panties and soiled hose - this, I am ashamed to admit, so far had I fallen, after having sniffed each garment before consigning it to the sink. Consequently, the necessary drying of my hands before taking up my phone and joining their conversation had been delayed.

"I warned you of this, Terry," a displeased Lettie told her. *"You're taking it too far. He's given you everything you wanted but it's not enough for you, is it?"*

"Oh, don't make my husband out to be some kind of long-suffering martyr bending over backwards to save his marriage," Terry came back at her, the unmistakable contempt for me I could hear in her voice making me shiver with a feeling of impending doom for our marriage. *"He's where he is because at heart he is a weak-willed little wimp who's found his rightful place in life."*

To my surprise, her confidante – a woman and friend I now knew had rushed home to a trusty vibrator after having watched me receive a foot-job and then lick my cum from the feet providing it, - was not buying it:

"Listen to yourself, Terry. Are you so hooked on this power kick of yours that you actually believe the horse-shit you're spouting?"

"You didn't seem to think it was horse-shit when you all but had your fingers rammed up your pussy in Café Nero. Remember? When I showed you my iPhone footage of my husband cleaning his own semen from my feet?"

I think I knew at that moment that the end had come for us if something didn't change. Sure, I was as to blame as her for having wallowed in the crap her desires had led us towards. But I had never stopped loving her and, despite everything, held out the hope that things between us would return to something like the way they had been before the advent of sub-Jake and his monster tool. What I was hearing in Terry's voice and tone was telling me we just might have gone beyond the point of no-return.

"Just like Gillian Ormendroyd's husband," she went on, *"he gave up any right to either tell me what to do or affect any decisions I might make when he accepted my cock-cage and the fact he was my lesser half."*

"So you have no obligations to him?" Lettie asked.

"I didn't say that. He's my husband and his obedience gives me great pleasure. But we don't allow our dogs to tell us what to do simply because they fetch our slippers when commanded do we?"

"This is your husband, Terry. Not an animal. He gave you his word to let you have the female-led relationship you wanted and he's kept to it. But what about your word?"

There was a silence and I could almost hear my wife's thoughts as she strove to come up with a reply her friend would buy.

When there was still no comeback, Lettie went on:

"You told him nobody would ever know of the sacrifice he made for you."

"Some sacrifice!" Terry snorted, derision heavy. *"First he tried to get his own masochistic rocks off by saying he was doing it for me and then, when I*

saw through what he was doing and called his bluff, he was too far addicted to letting me rule both roost and sex-life to take the divorce option."

Now it was Lettie's turn to struggle for a comeback.

"Harry's weak, Lettie. And weak men don't get to tell strong women what they should or shouldn't do. We called a truce and now I'm changing the rules of our armistice. It's what victors do. If he doesn't like it he can walk."

I felt sick to my stomach. I knew she had changed and I knew how power could corrupt. But I had changed and my lack of that power had not corrupted me. I still loved her and could think of nothing more painful to me than her pain. The fact that this didn't seem to match her feelings in regard of me – despite the sexual aspects from which we both took a warped pleasure – was about the most saddening and hurtful thing I'd yet to experience.

I said: *"Yet"*.

Lettie echoed my own thoughts:

"Terry, I just don't know you anymore. Sure, I've taken some pleasure from what's been happening in the life you share with your husband. But that was when I thought it was just you working your way through some issues and desires before putting them behind you and getting your life back on track. Harry's a good man, despite what you say, and what you're doing to him isn't right."

"Bit late in the day for you to come over all holier than thou, isn't it?"

"Yes," Lettie answered. *"Far too late. I've been no kind of a friend to Harry and should have told him the first time you fucked Jake behind his back."*

"As I recall, you were too busy quizzing me about how it felt to take a cock that size to climb the steps to the pulpit."

"It's called being human, Terry. Something you seem to have gone beyond. Succumbing to an unhealthy desire is as natural as the desire itself is unnatural. But allowing our own fixation to ruin the life of another person as well as our own is just plain wrong."

"Who says my life is ruined?"

"I do!" Lettie blazed. *"I don't recognise you. You're treating one of the best men I know as if he's a piece of dog-shit and your word means nothing. THAT-IS-NOT-THE-FRIEND-KNOW!"*

To my surprise, Terry sounded rattled, the first time I'd heard her sound that way since I'd first confronted her with my knowledge of her affair with Jake.

And what was that about her word meaning: *"Nothing"*?

"Come on, girlfriend," she began in a more playful tone that did nothing to hide her unease. *"You're overreacting. You know I love Harry and never intend to lose him. It would kill me and you know it."*

"That's not the picture I'm getting and I'm pretty sure he isn't either"

"Rubbish, Lettie! I promise you, in his own way he's loving every minute of having me in control and being free not to have to make decisions for himself. If you only saw how excited he gets when I…"

"…When you let him out of his cage and beat him off with your feet? Yeah, yeah. I get it and I'm sickened it excited me so much when I first saw it. You manoeuvred him into the position he's in Terry and now you're acting as if he arrived there under his own steam. That's crap and we both know it."

"He wouldn't be where he is at all if he hadn't been a weak man all along."

"We're all of us weak in some area or other, Terry. And he's not so weak he's ever broken his promises to you."

This silenced Terry.

"The man worships the ground you make contact with. He's never cheated on you, doesn't lie to you, provides for you, and has given you two lovely daughters."

"Lettie…"

"And what's his thanks?"

"Lettie, you're making far too…"

"A big cock in his wife's cunt," Lettie overrode her as tears came to my eyes at having her defend me in a way I was singularly incapable of managing for

myself.

"Then, when he finds out and forgives you and even allows you to experience your desires with him, what's his reward?"

"That's enough, Lettie. You're…"

"His reward is to reach another agreement with you whereby he gets treated like shit and you do exactly as you please apart from honouring your part of that agreement and not telling anyone about it while never cheating on him with another man again."

Was it my imagination or did I hear a strangled sob from Lettie's end of the conversation?

"Given I've been discussing your private life before and since that agreement, and continue to do so now, we both know how much your word meant on the former of your obligations is worth."

This time I definitely heard a sob from Terry.

But it was what Lettie said next that changed everything:

"Knowing your husband," she said, voice dripping with recrimination for both my wife and herself, *"I think he'd get over knowing you'd told me about your… "Arrangement". And especially since I would never treat him any differently or even mention it."*

All the resentments I'd held against Lettie and bottled up since discovering her role of confidante vanished as she took my part so sincerely.

Then:

"But you sampling Jake's cock again on a regular basis as you have been will kill him when he finds out."

*****

When my wife returned home that evening she was surprised to find neither a foot-rub, a glass of chilled Chilean, nor a meal waiting for her.

"What she found instead was her erstwhile pussy-whipped and submissive

husband sitting in her favourite chair waiting.

“I don’t smell anything cooking,” she said in a tone both accusing and threatening.

“Be a bit difficult,” I told her.

“In what way?” she asked.

“I’m sure you can work it out.”

My tone surprised her and I could see her mind working.

“Are you saying the cooker isn’t working?”

I shook my head.

“What then? And why are you sitting when I’m standing? You know the drill by now.”

She was referring to the fact I was expected to greet her with a nice glass of wine as she seated herself before I knelt at her feet, removed her shoes, and massaged the day’s toil from her aching peds.

“I’m sitting because that’s what a man does in his own home; despite the fact it might not be his for much longer. And the *‘Drill’*, as you describe it, only works when both the parties who agreed it live up to their obligations.”

Being close to what Lettie had accused her with earlier, my words captured her attention immediately and I saw the first frisson of unease, if not fear, crinkle her eyes.

“You’re saying I’ve not lived up to my obligations?”

“Give that girl a coconut!” I cried with a sarcasm she did not appreciate.

Her response was to attack:

“Harry, you’re beginning to piss me off. Now get up off your arse and get me a glass of wine. Then you can…”

Her mouth dropped open when I cut her off and pointed to my cases behind her:

“I’m going to ask you a question,” I told her. “Answer it truthfully and we

may be able to salvage something. Lie and I'm gone."

"What are you…?"

"Are you fucking Jake again?"

Epilogue

Harry was becoming more and more used to it. So used to it, in fact, he wondered why he'd been so resistant to the experience, and for so many years. As his cock hardened against the metal preventing it from reaching its full glory, he realised he felt as if he had reached exactly that position in his life fate had always intended for him. Such as it was.

"I don't hear you sniffing, Harry," her voice drifted down to him as his nose nuzzled against the entrance to her bare and thoroughly denuded cunt. She was neither as strident nor as demanding as she had been in the early days of their *new* relationship when she was unsure of both herself and him and wondering if his decision to commit himself to her was temporary in nature and had grown to a level where she seemed totally secure in her ability to… *manage*… him.

The twelve months since the crisis had been reached and dealt with had seen both of them become more and more engrossed in their positions in regard of the other and supplied the cement that would keep them in their respective roles for the foreseeable future.

As Harry knelt between her smooth and tan legs in the position she expected of him, he couldn't help but marvel once again at just how much his life had turned around since young Chris had cloned his wife's mobile – amongst other examples of eavesdropping – and he had learned of the desires causing her to cheat with another, better hung, man.

Though he remained clothed in the crisp white shirt and figure hugging black

slacks she insisted would replace his habitual tee-shirt and 501's when around the house, the position he adopted could hardly have been more… *submissive*.

With his hands clasped behind his back and the hair he used to wear fashionably long shaved almost to the scalp in the way she demanded, Harry felt that *"delicious weakness"* flowing through him once again and becoming even stronger and more excitingly debilitating as the smell of his *"Master's"* arousal insinuated itself past his nostrils and into the very recesses of his mind and soul.

She had insisted he know and recognise her each intimate smell, be it her feet, arse, pussy or armpits, and it was not unusual for him to spend an hour at her feet each evening as she marked school-work, feet still clad in the same hose she had worn when leaving the house the morning of that same day.

If anything, he told himself, and far from their female-led life together becoming more routine and regimented, she seemed intent upon finding new ways for him to roll-over for her and show her the levels of his devotion and obedience.

And, surprised as he still was that she could take such pleasure from… *debasing*… him in such a way, Harry not only submitted to these *"new ways"* but actively embraced them.

Of course, they remained an outwardly normal couple in front of colleagues and friends – though Gavin had remarked how *"pussy-whipped"* he now seemed – but in the privacy of the home she ruled and he obeyed.

Case closed.

Harry had remained adamant on one thing, however, and luckily for him she had been in agreement.

His daughters were *"Never!"* to know what went on between them behind closed doors.

That, he had told her, would be the *real* deal-breaker and if he ever even sensed his daughters were losing respect for him as either father or man she would be history.

Rather than argue with him on the point, she had been livid with him for suggesting such a thing. It would hurt her as much as him for Maria and Deanna to discover the kind of life they led together – even if it was acted out in private.

“Do you like the smell of my pussy?” she asked as he complied with her wish and began to take long and deep sniffs of her most intimate aroma.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he answered, ending the positive with the respectful honorific she demanded of him when the two of them were alone, her face never failing to colour with joy and achievement for having brought him to such a point and, despite the inevitable lowering of his status as a man in her eyes, displaying an affection for him that was unmistakable.

“Love it?”

He nodded.

“You’re not dumb and you’re not an animal, Harry,” she told him, “so don’t behave like one. “Respond verbally the way I’ve taught you.”

He knew that anyone listening in would find it risible for two adults to be speaking to each other in such a way and had it not been for the warped pleasure he took from abasing himself to her in such a way would have felt it himself, but did as she ordered anyway:

“Sorry, Ma’am. Yes, I love the smell of your pussy.”

“Good boy!” she cooed in a humiliating and patronising way that should have angered him and only served to fuel the sense of helplessness that motivated him these days.

He was more her creature now than a partner and the knowledge it was her womanhood and his need to be within its compass that had lowered him to such a point only served to make her feelings of security and superiority all the more deep-rooted.

“And do you love the smell of it as much as you like the smell of my feet in their sweat-soiled nylons after a day at school?”

Despite the unrelenting power of her dominance to turn the blood in his veins to tap water before it erupted back into full vibrancy upon reaching his caged

cock, Harry felt the familiar low-burn of anger as his sense of manhood kicked in.

A familiar *low-burn* of anger that was burning with less power as her control of him intensified in the home and beyond – even if it was her domestic treatment of him that was by far the hardest to countenance; despite the arousal it provoked at his trapped netheregions.

“Or do you just pretend to like the smell because you know it pleases me and I’m more likely to unlock your little cock and manipulate it between my hosed toes that you might shoot your little load?”

Far from turning the low burn of his anger to high, the imagery inspired by his being in such a familiar and demeaning, as well as wholly humiliating, position forced his pained and restricted penis against the bars of his restrainer.

He groaned.

She gave a sigh that was, if such was possible, both disgusted and indulgent at one and the same time.

“Who would ever have believed it?” she asked herself, a hand coming out to ruffle what remained of the hair she now insisted he kept close-shaved. “Certainly not your good friend Gavin!”

She laughed and he felt a little uneasy at the mention of his pal’s name. He didn’t think for one moment that she would tell him what really went on between them, just as he was sure Lettie wouldn’t either, knowing as she did how Gavin would react to her knowledge of Terry’s affair and the fact she had more encouraged than tried to talk her from it – at least to begin with. Especially as Harry had taken her aside to let her know just that on one of their last evenings out as two couples and that it would not turn out well for her if Gavin were ever to find out.

Just the same though, he couldn’t be entirely sure about *“Ma’am”*.

Like so many people recently, she had turned out to be not quite the person he had always believed her to be.

A revelation that had dawned on him in correlation with the increase of her

power over him and was now manifesting itself in this desire to both physically and verbally torment him.

It was not what he thought he'd signed up for but, the longer he simply bent his neck to her growing sense of power over him and the need to extend its boundaries, he seemed unable to take anything but a submissive line in response to her.

No matter how much he told himself his manhood was being so submerged in the mix it might never surface again.

"Even if its true purpose isn't immediately transparent, fate does have a way of throwing people together," she told him, still massaging his scalp. "For good and bad. Seems to me that it's managed to spring a surprise on both of us. I never thought it was possible to have you where you are now and I'm as surprised as you at just how weak a man you turned out to be."

Harry winced, even as he accepted she was totally within her rights to describe him in such a way. It had been his decision. Nobody else's. He could simply have filed for a divorce after learning of her perverted faithlessness and got on with the rest of his life the best he could. He was a relative young man still, and as attractive as he was handsome, or so he had often been told. Life was still to be lived.

But he hadn't done that, had he?

Not by a longshot.

So why should he feel uncomfortable at hearing himself defined in such words?

"Yes. I know it hurts your poor manhood to hear itself described in such a way. But… well, if the cap fits."

He had stopped sniffing by now and lowered the eyes she insisted he kept fixed upon hers as he serve at her shrine – this that he might be in no doubt as to whom it was he was performing such a servile and unmanly duty.

Not for the first time he pondered just what he had given up in order to experience sensations he knew were harmful to him as a man and ensured any respect she might still harbour for him would vanish as surely as a bad

wig in a tornado. He had given up his equality, his career – part-time or not – and his self-respect. And for what? To act as a flunky and erstwhile domestic and sexual slave to a woman he cared for and who was supposed to care for him.

That the respect she had promised him at the beginning of their arrangement seemed to recede by the hour rather than the day and she had begun to demand things from him she had assured him she would *never* ask, made his sacrifice and the fact he remained in place for her to hit him with such demands all the more baffling.

As he stared at the pussy that, more and more, was coming to obsess and control him, he realised he had been about to ask himself the oft internally quoted and unanswerable question:

"Why?"

Which was when the groan forced from his lips at the intensity of the erection thrusting itself against unyielding metal supplied its own pre-emptive response by way of an answer:

"Because I've never felt so turned on in my life."

"If it helps any," Harry, she went on, voice clear and devoid of hesitation, confident in her new ability to manage and control him, no matter how debasing the *duties* she insisted upon, "I'm as surprised at myself as I am at you. Given the feelings I've always had for you, I sometimes have to shake myself when I realise it's you with your tongue buried in my pussy or arse and that I'm the one who's ordered you to put it there."

Above him he could sense her own wonder at the life they now lived with each other but knew with certainty there would be none of the regret and self-recriminatory angst his interior dialogue aimed at him for allowing his manhood and self-respect to have been stripped from him in such a way.

"I thought I was relatively happy before but now I'm ecstatic."

He felt her hand stroke the back of his neck and, like the obedient pet she had said she wanted to make of him, he leaned into her caress, the arousal at his groin even more urgent as it struggled in vain to express itself.

“And, if you’d only admit it, so are you,” she went on. “Oh, I know you’ll always hate your own weakness for serving me in such ways, but that’s what makes you so special to me. There will even be times when you will try to assert yourself as a man with me again.”

She laughed.

“How ridiculous that will seem when you try it,” she said, tone as unkind as it was dismissive. “How could you ever expect me to see you as a real man again after having let me put your cock in that cage and making you wait upon me hand and foot?”

Unsurprisingly, he made no answer and she went on:

“Even your daughters see the change in you.”

Now his head did come up and the look in his eyes was combative – or at least as near confrontational as it had been since they had started the new arrangement and she had gradually lowered him in status and self-esteem. The two *“Deal-breakers”* in that arrangement had been that there would be no blatant signs of her authority likely to embarrass him outside the home and, most importantly, no hint of what was transpiring between them would *ever* be allowed to taint the relationship he had Maria and Deanna.

She was laughing again and, to his surprise, kissed him on the forehead and pulled him into her chest.

“Silly boy. I didn’t mean they saw *those* changes in you.”

The un-breathed sigh of pure relief she knew he wanted to make and hadn’t was all she needed – had she needed it at all – of the power his love for the two girls wielded over him and she knew it was one of the only two areas where she had to tread carefully.

For her own benefit as well as his.

Which didn’t mean she couldn’t torment him on both pieces of no-go territory.

“Of course, they’re bright girls,” she went on. “So they’re hardly likely to miss the fact you are so respectful around me. I expect they also wonder at why you keep that hair you’ve always been so proud of so short nowadays.

But none of that's enough to make them suspect their father likes to lick feet, pussy, arse and armpits, for his dominant and superior other half.

"Oh, poor, Harry! Even just thinking about them finding out terrifies you doesn't it? To have your own daughters realise just how weak the man they've always looked up to really is. But don't worry. If it consoles and reassures you any, I feel the same way too. What we have is between us and the four walls in which it takes place. So long as you go on proving to me that you realise I'm your superior in everything and make me want to keep you, nothing of your weakness need ever come out."

Her eyes held his and she knew he recognised her threat and the fact she was deadly serious in making it.

It would just be too, too, mortifying for you if that footage I have of you sleeping in your basket at the foot of my bed, naked apart from the cage containing your little balls and pee-pee, were ever to be seen – not to mention the look on your face as my feet are wrapped around it after I've let the poor little thing out for some exercise. I mean, it wouldn't look too good for me either. But then I would just be another woman trying to satisfy her man's perverted needs. Especially when they saw the look of pure adoration and satisfaction on your face as my hosed feet worked that little willy of yours into a frenzy."

Looking into the eyes in which he had once seen nothing but comradeship and shared affection, Harry knew nothing – or at least very little – remained of the respect in which she once held him.

The knowledge burned.

So why didn't he claim back what was rightly his? Take back at least something of his former self-respect and simply leave? Be able to look at himself in the mirror again without feeling a need to throw up?

He knew the answer to the above questions even as he asked them of himself and, more revealingly, so did his cock as it strained uncomfortably against the bars of its confinement.

His discovery of Terry's needs, together with the way she had attempted to satisfy them with the scrote Jake, had opened up a whole hidden world of

need and weakness in his own psyche and the effect upon him had been, at once, both debilitating and unavoidable.

Even if he had fought the inevitable with a convoluted approach to experiencing the effects of that hidden world unlikely to prevent what was happening to him now, but which might have just allowed him to keep some of the pride he took from being a man.

Pride that was still important to him but, terrifyingly, was beginning to seem less and less relevant.

That he was currently on his knees with his hands clasped behind his back, this as he adopted the *"position of respect"* his *"Master"* insisted upon while sniffing at the pussy that now obsessed him, was all the evidence he needed of his manly pride and just where it stood at this point. And, if he needed further evidence, he needed only to look back upon the times he had spent either at her feet or kneeling in the corner as a means of punishing him for some infraction or other. Also, though she had declared an aversion for such things, he sensed she was coming closer and closer to adding a more physically painful dimension to her correction of him.

Worse than that, a part of him professed itself excited at the prospect.

"The good news for both of us," her voice cut in upon his reflection, "is that we are finally where nature intended us to be in regard of each other."

Leaning forward with a smile, she kissed the top of his head and massaged the back of his neck with fingers confident of their ownership of the skin beneath its touch.

"Never doubt for a moment how important you are to me, Harry. Just because I'll never be able to regard you as a man again it doesn't mean I can't value you as my soulmate and partner."

Her laughter as she added the revision was no less serious for being spoken in playful terms:

"My *far less* than equal – partner."

He was again leaning in to her caresses now, eyes closed as that *"delicious weakness"* overcame any rational response he might have been persuaded to

give and she chuckled to herself at the *"delicious"* power she now wielded over him as she prepared to tell her chattel of the surprise she had planned for him.

"We have an appointment in East Grinstead tomorrow," she began.

His eyes flickered open questioningly.

"Nobody knows us there and we are going to see a very discreet young lady I've been corresponding with online recently."

She saw the fear that she might be about to break their agreement and allow a stranger or strangers to see his shame at first-hand and kissed him on the forehead affectionately and reassuringly:

"Silly. You know I promised never to tell anyone of our real relationship. Ms Davina is a tattooist, that's all."

He looked no less afraid, thoughts an open-book:

"Why the fuck are we going to East Grinstead to see a tattooist?"

Her voice took on a firmer tone:

"You do want to belong to me still, don't you?"

"I… I…"

The slap stung his cheeks.

"Don't stammer like an idiot!" she snapped. "You know I hate it."

"Sorry," he said, the apology almost unbelievable even though he had been the one to deliver it."

"Or are you saying you don't want to feel your worthless tongue in your Master's luscious pussy again? That you don't want to lie at her feet like the dog you are as she relaxes after a day at school? That you never again want to feel her shapely feet in their sheer nylon against the pitiful little cock she has just let out of its confinement that her pet can be rewarded if his behaviour has warranted it?"

Her words and tone of voice had taken him to subspace yet again and he felt as sick with the desire to prostrate himself before her as she felt the need to

flay his back with the scourge she was still considering purchasing.

“Is that what you are saying?” she demanded.

His head shook before his lips opened.

“N-No, Ma’am,” he answered, not for the first time amazed that hell could feel so… *exciting*.

“Then you are committed to my service and wish to remain in it. Is that what you’re trying to tell me?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Then you will be honoured to know that I intend to keep you. And, as I do, I intend to have you marked so that we both know without any doubt just who you are and who you belong to.”

“M-Marked?”

“That’s what I said. The tattoo will read *‘Property of…’* followed by my name and the date of my birth.”

The colour had drained from his features and she cooed at him soothingly as if he were no more than a small child needing reassurance that a coming inoculation would not be painful, rather than a handsome man of middle years who had fathered two daughters and was well-respected in his chosen profession – even if she had insisted he no longer needed to follow it.

“Oh, don’t look so worried my lovely boy. The words will all be scrolled in Latin and Ms Davina doesn’t seem the type to be up-to-date with the dead languages. Of course, she might look the meaning up afterwards but by then we will have gone and she will be unlikely to ever see us again.”

She could tell he hated the idea and went on:

“I’ll even let you ask her to do it for you while I wait outside if you like. That way she’ll have no idea of the tattoo’s true significance.

There was a look of intransigence on his face she hadn’t seen for a while and she wondered if she had pushed him too far,

With this *small* worry uppermost in her mind, she decided not to tell him she

was going to anoint both him and the tattoo with her piss when they returned and, instead, dangled a carrot she knew he would be unable to resist:

“I’m so excited by having you marked as mine in such a way that I think I’ll take you out of your cage when you get home and ride your cock with my pussy to celebrate.”

She saw his breath catch in his throat and knew she had won.

Again.

“Would my lovely obedient boy like that?” she asked, leaning in to kiss him on the tip of the nose.

He nodded, unable to find words, so excited was he at the prospect of actually being allowed inside her… *shrine*.

“That’s settled then,” she told him before settling back onto the couch and spreading her legs to reveal the cunt he wanted to ride him so badly in all its depilated glory.

She pointed to her clitoris with the pointed nail of an imperious forefinger:

“Now show me how excited you are to be marked as mine.”

Feeling as if he had no will save that of hers, Harry Madron bent his head in to the still tight and girlish cunt and began to lap at it as if his very life depended upon it.

“Oooooh, yes! That’s the way, my lovely boy. Show your Master’s cunt how much you revere it. Show it who you really are.”

In a frenzy of debased lust, the pain and discomfort of his cock trying unsuccessfully to harden in its cage *almost* forgotten, he took her clit between his lips and began to manipulate it between them.

“Yes! Good boy. Master loves that. Keep doing it. And as you do it think about being the best well-behaved boy you can be for me tomorrow and how wonderful it will feel to have your Master’s pussy either side of your cute little cock when you return with her mark.”

A groan that was part arousal and part pain as the conflicting premises of promised pleasure and restraining cage supplied competing dualities came up

to her and she felt its vibration play against her clit as it left his lips.

“Just think my little darling. By this time tomorrow you will no longer be Harry Madron to me but simply:

“*The Property of Ms Veronica.*”

I wondered how my recently divorced wife would react to the news if she ever found out.

THE END